ABSTRACT


Robert Keith Chester, Ph.D., 2011

Co-Directed By: Dr. Gary Gerstle, Professor of History, Vanderbilt University

Dr. Nancy Struna, Professor of American Studies, University of Maryland, College Park

This dissertation interrogates the meanings retrospectively imposed upon World War II in U.S. motion pictures released between 1945 and the mid-1970s. Focusing on combat films and images of veterans in postwar settings, I trace representations of World War II between war’s end and the War in Vietnam, charting two distinct yet overlapping trajectories pivotal to the construction of U.S. identity in postwar cinema. The first is the connotations attached to U.S. ethnoracial relations – the presence and absence of a multiethnic, sometimes multiracial soldiery set against the hegemony of U.S. whiteness – in depictions of the war and its aftermath. The second is Hollywood’s representation (and erasure) of the contributions of the wartime Allies and the ways in which such images engaged with and negotiated postwar international relations. Contrary to notions of a “good war” untainted by ambiguity or dissent, I argue that World War II gave rise to a conflicted cluster of postwar meanings. At times, notably in the early postwar period, the war served as a progressive summons to racial reform. At other times, the war was inscribed as a historical moment in which U.S. racism was either nonexistent or was laid
permanently to rest. In regard to the Allies, I locate a Hollywood dialectic between internationalist and unilateralist remembrances. On one hand, narratives of the U.S. as the dominant wartime power affirmed the nation’s benevolence and might, attesting to the United States’ right to dictate the terms of postwar international politics. On the other, progressive filmmakers used images of the Allies to challenge postwar U.S.-centrism and bemoan the Cold War nation’s military and economic mismanagement of international relations. Emphasizing the contested character of the war’s cinematic image, the dissertation recuperates a tradition of dissent, complicating our understanding of World War II remembrance and postwar Hollywood history. The project also considers the relationship between the Department of Defense (DoD) Pictorial Division – the military’s liaison with Hollywood – and the film industry. Drawing on DoD records, I show how the postwar state influenced representations of racial diversity, and how the military shaped images of the U.S. in interaction with its wartime Allies.
WORLD WAR II AND U.S. CINEMA: RACE, NATION, AND REMEMBRANCE IN POSTWAR FILM, 1945-1978

By

Robert Keith Chester

Dissertation submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Maryland, College Park, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy 2011

Advisory Committee:
Professor Gary Gerstle, Co-Chair
Professor Nancy Struna, Co-Chair
Professor Mary Corbin Sies
Professor Saverio Giovacchini
Professor Jonathan Auerbach
For Isla, Nancy, Alex, and Sam, in the dim hope they will have no wars to remember
Acknowledgements
I have accumulated many debts, intellectual and otherwise, while researching and writing this project. I would like to thank the members of my dissertation committee, Mary Corbin Sies, Nancy Struna, Saverio Giovacchini, and Jonathan Auerbach, for their time, advice, and ideas. To Nancy and the Department of American Studies at the University of Maryland, College Park, I owe particular gratitude for steadfast support over the past eight years. I hope I have repaid the faith shown in me. In my time at Maryland, I have also appreciated and enjoyed the solidarity and talent of fellow graduate students in American Studies and History. Throughout the process of research and writing, Gary Gerstle has been an inspirational mentor and friend. As an editor, advisor, and thinker, his guidance and insight enabled me to approach sometimes daunting tasks with confidence and fresh impetus. The opportunity to spend time with Gary during a fellowship at Vanderbilt University in 2010 was valuable and productive (despite Nashville’s numerous attempts to distract me). The gracious assistance of archivists at National Archives II, the Library of Congress, and the American Heritage Center in Laramie, Wyoming, has been indispensable. Special thanks, also, to the archivists at Georgetown University Libraries Special Collections, who helped me to navigate the Department of Defense Film Collection. The chance to talk with Lawrence H. Suid about war, cinema, and the U.S. armed forces was a great pleasure. Lastly, thank you to my wonderful wife, Jess, who has endured (and, I like to think, sometimes even enjoyed) more World War II cinema than should be asked of anyone for whom it is not a personal obsession. For her love, support, and unflinching optimism, I am forever grateful. While I have had much help in writing this dissertation, I should add that its deficiencies are all my own.
Table of Contents

Chapter 2: Commemoration and Democratization: Veterans and the War’s Racial Legacy in Progressive Hollywood, 1945-1949 .................................................. 65
Chapter 4: “Time Will Heal the Wounds of Memory”: Forgetting Pearl Harbor and Making Japanese American Citizens in Postwar Cinema ..................................... 235
Chapter 5: No Aliens in Foxholes: Race, Citizenship, and the Combat Soldier in World War II Films of the 1950s ................................................................. 326
Chapter 8: War without Victors: Cold War Détente, the Vietnam War, and U.S.-Allied Relations ................................................................. 557
Chapter 9: Conclusion: The Death and Rebirth of World War II ................................................................. 619
Film List ........................................................................................................ 642
Bibliography ..................................................................................................... 657

At the conclusion of United Artists’ 1945 film *Story of G.I. Joe*, a late wartime combat picture based on the writings of journalist Ernie Pyle, the Second World War’s most celebrated “typewriter soldier” (played by Burgess Meredith) turns away from a line of American corpses laid out in Italian soil to follow the remnants of the U.S. Army’s C Company, 18th Infantry, on towards Rome and victory. Backed by a hilltop line of white crosses, Pyle speaks in voiceover for the surviving veterans and martyred dead of World War II, addressing as he does so the coming victory and the subsequent task of shaping the war’s legacy:

That is our war, and we will carry it with us as we go from one battleground to another until it’s all over. We will win. I hope we can rejoice with victory – but humbly – and that all together we will try, try out of the memory of our anguish, to reassemble our broken world into a pattern so firm and so fair that another great war can never again be possible. And for those beneath the wooden crosses, there is nothing we can do, except perhaps to pause and murmur, ‘thanks, pal, thanks.’

Behind Pyle’s words, weary U.S. soldiers recede into visual indeterminacy, director William Wellman creating from these “G.I. Joes” distant and indistinct silhouettes, blank screens onto which postwar doubts and dreams await projection.

Killed in April 1945 by Japanese fire on Ie Shima, near Okinawa, Pyle did not witness the world premiere of *Story of G.I. Joe* in June or the final surrender of the Axis Powers that summer. It was all the more appropriate that having joined the ranks of
fatalities to whom he paid homage, Pyle should invoke the task of creating from the conflict a useable past, of remembering the war and reassembling the “broken world.” Appropriate, too, that he should do so as a cinematic image, for motion pictures were a preeminent medium through which the war’s significance was articulated, debated, and recast in postwar U.S. culture.

In reference to a war so often later recalled with triumphalist clarity by U.S. filmmakers and policymakers, it is telling that Pyle’s gesture lacked a sense of confidence concerning how “the memory of our anguish” would be deployed. Leaving behind the patriotic pieties and propagandist certainties of the many war films made between 1942 and 1944, Story of G.I. Joe reflects the heightened ambiguity with which U.S. cinema’s late wartime output began to confront the challenges awaiting the most powerful and least damaged of the victorious nations. A clutch of Hollywood films featuring amnesiac veterans (who demobilize into U.S. culture unsure even of their own names) attests that the war’s meanings were, in 1945, as indistinct as the soldiers departing the battlefield in the closing frames of G.I. Joe. “The sooner I learn about my past,” says “Johnny March” (Richard Arlen), the G.I. protagonist of spring 1945’s Identity Unknown, as he seeks to recover his lost memories of wartime (and with them his identity), “the sooner I can start my future.”

Johnny March’s future (and that of his nation, for March, Identity Unknown declares, “is all men”) produced little to match Pyle’s dream of a “pattern so firm and so fair that another great war can never again be possible,” the century’s greatest bloodletting instead bequeathing further military, political, and cultural conflicts on both national and global scales. The war having propelled the United States from prewar
“isolationism” to unprecedented international influence, Cold War expediencies and the fears endemic to the ideological tug-of-war with communism bestrode the U.S. stance in foreign affairs, producing yet more battlegrounds onto which World War II was carried as cultural memory. There were also home front battles left unresolved by the war, and national mobilization gave way to an era of political and ideological turmoil that bubbled interminably beneath the thin veneer of postwar consensus.

Identity Unknown’s Johnny March, it turns out, was a history professor before enlisting, and could thus keenly appreciate the importance of the values retrospectively attached to the war. In this he was far from isolated. Between 1945 and the mid-1970s, Hollywood filmmakers – often themselves veterans of the war in one capacity or another – turned time and again to the Second World War and its aftermath, reassembling and reshaping the conflict’s significance to befit the changing contemporary agendas of Cold War culture. Throughout this timeframe, the soldier, the veteran, and the war dead (“because,” Identity Unknown insists, “when Johnny March came home, they came home too”) remained central to U.S. cinema’s engagement with World War II, serving as vessels of image and imagination by which the film industry negotiated postwar issues domestic and international.

This dissertation interrogates the meanings imposed upon World War II in U.S. motion pictures released between 1945 and the mid-1970s, exploring through feature films what historian Andrew Huebner calls the “multiple continuities and gradual shifts” in the postwar “warrior image.” Focusing on combat films set during wartime and images of veterans in a variety of postwar settings, I trace representations of World War II between the two most culturally resonant of America’s twentieth century wars: the
Second World War and the War in Vietnam. Drawing upon Amy Kaplan’s contention that “wars continue each other,” that they “generate and accumulate symbolic value by reenacting, reinterpreting, and transposing the cultural meaning of prior wars,” I document the contested connotations attached to the conflict from war’s end through the Cold War, the Korean War, and finally the War in Vietnam, asking how these subsequent conflicts reshaped remembrance of the “prior war” through which their meanings were in turn filtered and understood.⁹

I focus in particular on deconstructing two distinct yet overlapping representational trajectories in postwar cinema. The first of these is the meanings attached to images of U.S. ethnoracial relations – the presence and absence of a multiethnic and sometimes multiracial soldiery set against and alongside the hegemony of U.S. whiteness – in depictions of World War II and its immediate aftermath. The second is that of the representation (and erasure) of the United States’ Allies, Hollywood’s vision of their contributions (or lack thereof) to winning the war, and the ways in which these images negotiated the postwar U.S. role in international relations. These two threads have often been overlooked by scholars of film and war, yet they were pivotal to the ways in which memory of World War II shaped concepts of the U.S. “imagined community” and its postwar rights and responsibilities.¹⁰ In our contemporary climate of ongoing international conflict, wherein World War II is almost inevitably surrounded in U.S. culture by the cushioning cloud of “greatest generation” nostalgia, it is expedient to note that these postwar narrative strands also expose World War II’s status as contested memory, retroactively subject, like any other event, to the vicissitudes of
historical change and the conflicting agendas of cultural producers with differing ideological sensibilities.\textsuperscript{11}

This project also makes a significant interjection in our understanding of the relationship between the Department of Defense (DoD) Pictorial Division – the U.S. military’s liaison office with Hollywood, founded in 1949 – and the film industry in negotiating images of the nation at war. Throughout much of the dissertation I focus on films made after some degree of interaction (either in endorsement and cooperation or objection and rejection) between various branches of the military and filmmakers requesting production assistance from the National Military Establishment (NME), which was formed via the consolidation of the Department of War and the Department of the Navy in 1947.\textsuperscript{12} Drawing on records of the War Department and the DoD (the title chosen when the NME was renamed in 1949), I show how the state sought to influence representations of racial diversity and its relationship to the nation, and how the NME shaped images of the U.S. in interaction with its wartime Allies.

\textit{The War, the State, and the Postwar Image}

For the United States, a nation born, sundered, and reunited in warfare within little more than a century of its political inception, war possesses an especial potency.\textsuperscript{13} The many conflicts in which the U.S. has engaged have been fundamental in imagining and reimagining the spatial, political, and cultural contours of the nation, icons of war and militarism remaining quintessential facets of U.S. culture across the span of the twentieth century and into the twenty-first.\textsuperscript{14} In contrast to Europe, which has entered, James Sheehan argues, a “post-heroic age,” warfare, militarized metaphors, and honorific rhetoric concerning the soldier’s calling are pronounced facets of U.S. culture (purchased
today, many “classic” World War II films arrive with a yellow “support our troops” magnetic ribbon tucked inside the packaging). Michael Ignatieff claims that following the demilitarization of postwar European culture (perhaps excepting Britain), the U.S. is, “alone among the great powers, a nation in which flag, sacrifice, and martial honor [have] remained central to national culture and identity.”

Existing scholarship reveals the importance of World War II remembrance in defining and directing the postwar nation to which Ernie Pyle pointed with trepidation. Sheldon Anderson contends that the “lessons” of World War II, particularly the “Munich analogy,” which cautioned against repeating prewar European appeasement, propelled the U.S. towards a foreign policy that helped provoke, prolong, and intensify the Cold War, eventually precipitating disastrous embroilment in Vietnam. In his study of postwar politics, Michael Sherry identifies World War II remembrance as a phenomenon through which Americans came to privilege military spending, a militarized approach to domestic issues – “wars” on poverty and drugs – and a persistently belligerent international posture. Indeed, so strong is the war’s “living hand” in the U.S. that Marianna Torgovnik finds the nation gripped by a psychological “war complex” in which wartime consciousness is central to national identity even in peacetime.

According to Kurt Piehler, though, the state’s official commemorative apparatus was not, at least in the immediate postwar period, mobilized to any great degree in shaping narratives of the Second World War. The subsuming of official World War II remembrance into the already existing Memorial Day, Piehler suggests, indicates widespread consensus that the conflict was marked by unity, sacrifice, and altruism in aiding the Allies and repulsing fascism. So broadly accepted was World War II’s
overarching goodness that no state-sponsored manipulation was deemed necessary.\textsuperscript{22} Instead, it was popular culture, and perhaps most powerfully cinema, in which the war was given meaning, frequently in buttressing the nation’s Cold War commitment to far-flung military and political engagements and pronouncing its conflicted racial landscape (also a Cold War front) healed. “To a large degree,” Piehler writes, “it was not traditional monuments that preserved and commemorated World War II, but newspaper photographs, newsreels, motion pictures, and, eventually, television.”\textsuperscript{23}

Delving deeper into the postwar era, it is clear that the Cold War state eventually felt the need to direct national sentiment through the erection of memorials to the veterans and dead of World War II (the Iwo Jima Marine Corps Memorial was unveiled in 1954, while the U.S.S.\textit{Arizona} Pearl Harbor memorial was dedicated in 1962). But the state, and notably the military, had by this juncture already sought to influence World War II remembrance through the avenue of motion pictures, selectively facilitating the production of dozens of military feature films through the provision of technical advice and cost-saving materiel: weapons, vehicles, venues, men, and stock documentary footage. This state-cinematic association was not born in wartime or the postwar period, as the U.S. military had, by the middle of the twentieth century, long recognized the value of positive imaging in mass media. The NME’s affiliation with Hollywood, as Lawrence Suid documents, dates back to the early twentieth century.\textsuperscript{24} The relationship between the DoD and Hollywood points to the state’s investment in shaping the image of national history. “Every state,” Maurice Aymard claims, “needs a history that is placed at the heart of its education system from primary school on.…”\textsuperscript{25} In U.S. culture, part of that history-making (and nation-making) “education system” has been enacted through
the DoD’s influential engagement with feature filmmakers, and the postwar period marked a particularly prolific time in what Suid calls the “marriage” of Hollywood and the DoD.26

During the war years, the liberal state, via cooperation between Hollywood (experiencing a zenith of political progressivism) and the Office of War Information (OWI) and War Department, advocated interracial and inter-Allied harmony, nudging the film industry toward sympathetic depiction of the Allies, including the Russians, as well as visions of a harmonious postwar world characterized by an inclusive, colorblind racial philosophy and international camaraderie.27 After 1945, as representations of World War II navigated the place of race and international relations in U.S. culture (and as the military dealt with the responsibilities of Cold War leadership and the process of armed forces desegregation), this relationship became a great deal more complex and inconsistent.

Existing studies, most notably Suid’s Guts and Glory, neglect U.S. race relations and inter-Allied politics. Suid’s expansive text is invaluable to any exploration of DoD-Hollywood dynamics, but his primary goal is to determine the extent to which the military has influenced filmmakers, and he is often invested – as other scholars of the war film are – in measuring whether or not Hollywood renders history in an “accurate” way.28 To my mind, this epistemological bent is somewhat reductive. It presumes the preexistence of an empirically-verifiable, “authentic” version of history that a filmmaker can access and choose to distort or replicate, and thus negates the need for interaction with the representational politics of cinematic texts (all the scholar need ask is “does this film render history [or rather History] accurately?”).29 Fundamentally, the impulse to
measure historical veracity overlooks the constitutive nature of cultural representation in history- and memory-making.

Suid contends that the NME has never been able to exert all-determining influence over the ideological contours of military feature films (producers are, he argues, at liberty to make their pictures without DoD assistance or interference). Recent work by journalist David L. Robb challenges Suid’s assessment, however. Robb locates multiple postwar occasions wherein the provision of military assistance – a tremendous aid to cutting production costs and achieving the appearance of representational authenticity – was leveraged against narrative content, noting a number of instances in which the presence of racial prejudice within the ranks was written out at the insistence of military overseers. Robb’s chief aim is to contest the right of the military, as a public institution, to be selective in providing or withholding cooperation. Suid accuses Robb of overstating the military’s power and sensationalizing the issues, Robb countering that Suid underplays the military’s influence and that, in allowing the Pictorial Division to see his work before its publication, constitutes something of an establishment voice.30 What these scholars reveal, despite their differing perspectives, is that military cooperation with Hollywood is almost invariably a negotiated process, and one that frequently bears fruit for both parties.

The weight of scholarly opinion considers the state and Hollywood as postwar allies. Theorist Paul Virilio, for example, argues that Hollywood has served U.S. war efforts as a “perceptual arsenal” – a weapon of conceptual and ideological warfare formative of a “military-industrial cinema.”31 Similarly, in his study of state-influenced Cold War film, Tony Shaw posits that postwar Hollywood formed with the military a
“state-cinematic network” built on mutually beneficial consensus and cooperation.  

Many postwar World War II films were produced, as was the case with both Story of G.I. Joe and Identity Unknown, in concert with the DoD (or other state agencies), and were thus molded in part by the agendas of the nation-state. Hollywood’s rendition of World War II, as Suid acknowledges and extensively maps, often served as (albeit negotiated) vessels of Cold War military policy at home and abroad (in reshaping the image of Germany, for instance, or removing in adaptation contentious elements of novels such as James Jones’ From Here to Eternity). This dissertation expands upon Suid’s study to consider U.S. race relations and the Allies in DoD-backed (and rejected) films, and also, in drawing on the records of the OWI and the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), looks at other branches of the “state-cinematic network” as they engaged postwar images of World War II.

I focus primarily, though, on the DoD Pictorial Division, the most influential of state institutions in molding Hollywood narratives of the nation at war. It is therefore important to address the dynamic of the film industry’s association with the military’s Hollywood liaison office. While, as we shall see, the structure of the DoD’s interactions with Hollywood has not been static, assistance has generally remained contingent upon a film’s perceived fulfillment of two important criteria. DoD guidelines (written in 1949 and reflecting a fairly consistent policy) state: “Cooperation with motion picture producers will be considered providing that the finished product: (1) Benefits the NME, the best interests of national defense and the public good. (2) Is not detrimental to the general policy of the NME regarding the operations, discipline of its components.” “Full cooperation,” the document adds, which might encompass,
assistance in the preparation or revision of scripts; loan of military materiel in any considerable amount; use of personnel; clearance for location companies and camera crews into military installations or occupied areas; use of unedited official motion picture footage; assignment of military technical advisers and similar aid...will be authorized only when the completed motion picture will serve the NME for an informational or recruiting purpose.”

To access DoD assistance, studio representatives and independent filmmakers must initially submit plot outlines and draft scripts to the Pictorial Division, which forwards them to the relevant branch or branches of the service for comment. Producers must subsequently satisfy the NME that any complaints against a script have been recognized, and offending lines, scenes, or sequences excised or rewritten to the armed forces’ satisfaction. With the above criteria in mind, the DoD often leveraged materiel and expertise against content that it deemed detrimental to the military image (and thus to recruitment) or to the nation as a whole.

Suid is correct in noting that neither the Pictorial Division nor the branches of the military to which it forwards screenplays can compel any filmmaker to amend a narrative. Producers have walked away in favor of preserving their creative independence, and some have promised one thing before doing quite another. The DoD was open to negotiation, but the armed services provide valuable help to filmmakers, and have been able to influence the politics of many films, even, at times, to render a production untenable by denying assistance. This dissertation examines films approved and rejected by the DoD, and also takes into account the somewhat inconsistent standards that the DoD has applied. It is imperative to recognize, for instance, that after a 1964
rewrite of the DoD guidelines, cooperation became harder to obtain. Coupled with the rise of countercultural perspectives on war and the state, this prompted many filmmakers to borrow materiel from overseas militaries and sidestep the U.S. military altogether.

With regard to World War II’s image in feature films, scholars have thus far focused attention on the propaganda work of wartime cinema, and, more recently, on the post-Vietnam and post-Cold War periods (the years of the “memory boom” of World War II nostalgia, provoked in part by fortieth and fiftieth anniversaries of major wartime events). Less work exists on images of World War II between 1945 and the Vietnam era, and no study approaching the historical scope of this one, and thus illuminating important shifts as the image of World War II negotiated subsequent wars and cultural events, has yet been undertaken. Neither, as I shall later discuss, have scholars paid sufficient attention to postwar World War II cinema as a filter for race relations or to images of the Allies as mediations of foreign policy.

As well as inserting these important themes into academic discourse, this project responds to what I consider shortcomings in existing works on the postwar World War II film. Surveys of war films in Hollywood history often brush swiftly through time periods and cinematic texts, paying little mind to the politics of production, to the films’ textual content, or to audience reception. Furthermore, some works limit the scope of the “war film” to the combat picture, or focus on one genre or sub-genre (ground combat, aviation, navy operations) and fail to consider World War II as it was represented across the spectrum of Hollywood filmmaking. My study locates the “war film” in multiple genres, encompassing combat films dealing with every branch of the service while also
approaching home front dramas and romance films set in Allied nations as “war films” relevant to the construction of World War II and its legacy.

Scholars often neglect the ideological content of war films, treat their subject texts with somewhat superficial analytical attention, and fail to factor in the role of the DoD. 41 Jeannine Basinger’s extensive study of the World War II combat film centers on form rather than ideology, delineating generic contours with little attendance to the social issues and political agendas with which these films engage. 42 Other scholars, even if focusing on World War II cinema more broadly conceived (to include, as I do, narratives of the veteran’s return home), have produced monographs in which the textual politics of particular films are subsumed into sweeping and reductive generalizations, and which are often peppered with inaccuracies of detail and deficiencies of interpretation. Emmett Early’s study of the veteran in postwar cinema recognizes that such films did not always engage in triumphalist flourish, but falls short of achieving analytical depth, becoming instead a list of plot summaries. 43 Robert Fyne’s recent survey of postwar World War II films meets a similar fate, depending on fleeting engagements with a clutch of movies, lumping films from different nations and timeframes into awkwardly imposed categorizations and periodizations, and frequently misreading (at least by my reckoning) those films to which he pays specific attention. 44

Elsewhere, scholars assess films they have not seen. Russell Earl Shain’s work on the war film from 1939-1970 is a valuable resource, but relies in no small part on plot summaries drawn from magazines (as does Lary May in his book on Hollywood and national identity). 45 From these, Shain quantifies the content of films, enumerating the absence and presence of certain character types (Allied nationals, for one) without the
means to interpret the politics of the image (presence is one thing, what a filmmaker does with it quite another). Such studies lose their engagement with the cinematic text as a complex entity, instead offering only passing glances at individual pictures. My aim here, in focusing in depth on a selection of films representative of certain trends in postwar Hollywood, is to restore narrative and visual intimacy through analytical depth with regard to aspects of the production process and the final product as it was seen by mass audiences.

If, as Michael Sherry and others argue, World War II as remembered in political discourse served most often to buttress the Cold War agendas of the nation-state, what scholars of war and cinema have highlighted on many occasions is the tendency for Hollywood filmmakers, especially if depending on military assistance in order to fashion their war stories, to serve as bedfellows of the NME. Ivan Butler, for instance, contended almost forty years ago that the war film, “with fawning eagerness…has offered itself as a medium of propaganda (the supreme one)…”. Little has changed in more recent assessments, as scholars assail what they variously deem Hollywood’s “warrior culture,” the “Hollywood war machine,” and “Operation Hollywood.” While war films occasionally impart narratives running counter to patriotic, exceptionalist tropes of necessary war, heroic sacrifice, and U.S. national supremacy, the prevailing wisdom runs, they do not do so around World War II. J. David Slocum’s recent edited collection on war and cinema locates the “apotheosis of the Hollywood war film” in World War II, while the volume’s section on “shadows of ambivalence” leapfrogs the Second World War, encompassing cinema of World War I, the Korean War, and the War in Vietnam. My intention here, in introducing lesser-known pictures produced independently or at the
margins of the studio system, and in pursuing greater depth in unpacking their
iconography, is not to imply in any way that World War II has escaped extensive
celebration by Hollywood, but nonetheless to cast some “shadows of ambivalence” upon
the postwar cinema of World War II.

In so doing, I take film as an aspect of culture, and thus, in Lisa Lowe’s terms, as
“a mediation of history, the site through which the past returns and is remembered,
however fragmented, imperfect, or disavowed.”\(^49\) I also approach the (endlessly complex)
concept of culture, as theorists in British cultural studies asserted some time ago, as
invariably contested terrain in which hegemony and resistance are negotiated
dialectically.\(^50\) Within hegemony there exists space for competing ideologies, and with
this in mind I argue that, for all its nationalistic inclinations, the war film has, to a
significant and overlooked degree, provided a forum for the articulation of dissenting
visions of World War II and its meanings.

Oppositional sensibilities, when located around World War II in postwar culture,
are rarely attributed to the cinema. Philip Beidler, for instance, finds in literature not
unchecked exceptionalism but a dialectic between triumphalist rhetoric of “the good war”
and representations of what he calls “the Great SNAFU.”\(^51\) Early postwar novels such as
Norman Mailer’s *The Naked and the Dead* (1948) and Irwin Shaw’s *The Young Lions*
(1948), alongside later works including Joseph Heller’s *Catch-22* (1961) and Kurt
Vonnegut’s *Slaughterhouse Five* (1969), Beidler notes, make no attempt to gloss anti-
Semitism and other forms of ethnoracial prejudice, nor to blanket the U.S. war effort in
glorious, affirming purpose.\(^52\) Literature was not, of course, governed to the same extent
as was film by proscriptive codes and censorial impositions, and Beidler notes that the
critical elements of these stories (especially Mailer’s and Shaw’s, both rendered on celluloid in 1958) were excised in adaptation for the screen, while dissent was at any rate “largely limited to the literary-critical intelligentsia.”53 But his analysis nonetheless reveals zones of contest shaping the place of World War II in U.S. cultural memory, an aspect of postwar film to which I seek to draw attention.

In attempting to convey contests over meaning in film, I place alongside perhaps more familiarly patriotic, militaristic renditions of World War II the works of U.S. progressives (such as G.I. Joe screenwriter Philip Stevenson) who challenged prevailing triumphalism in the war’s image, and European émigrés, who often operated outside U.S. exceptionalist idioms. I find in regard to Hollywood’s images of both race and foreign relations narratives skeptical of, or at least ambivalent towards, the U.S. establishment and its manipulation of the war’s legacy. Moreover, I consider in these pages the presence of critical voices from outside the film industry – black commentators and U.S. communist film reviewers, for example – as they responded to postwar war films. Even at times of apparent consensus, these marginalized voices retained a corner from which to fight their postwar battles, revealing once more the conflicted nature of World War II remembrance and helping to complicate our understanding of leftist politics in postwar U.S. filmmaking.

Postwar Narratives of Race and World War II

World War II in postwar feature film was a salient arena in which the relationship between racial and national identity in U.S. culture was negotiated. I approach the concept of race as a complex of ideologically-loaded connotations attached, arbitrarily and inconsistently, to different bodies: to bone, hair, skin, and the less tangible notion of
“blood.” I also consider cultural representation – such as cinema – a formative aspect of what sociologists Michael Omi and Howard Winant call “racial formation,” a concept they define as “the sociohistorical process by which racial categories are created, inhabited, transformed, and destroyed.” The centrality of race to definitions of nation and belonging in U.S. history cannot be contested – the U.S. is, critic Mason Stokes suggests, a culture in which race is “never not an issue” – and the history of warfare (and in particular World War II) is an important component in the mediation of race, citizenship, and national identity.

Ostensibly fought for democracy and against Aryan supremacy, the war threw into stark relief the United States’ volatile racial landscape, while at the same time providing impetus for democratizing reformation of national ethnoracial hierarchies. For “new immigrant” Europeans the passage to a freshly homogenized “whiteness” was smoothed by military service, while nonwhite Americans gleaned from their wartime contributions and concomitant exclusion from full citizenship the impetus to challenge with greater force their sociopolitical status. The wartime nation remained characterized by inequality, yet the racial codes of the Axis powers prompted a government-led effort to celebrate the U.S.’s capacity to contain, assimilate, and unite a multitude of ethnoracial subjects under the (blood-stained) flag. The ubiquitously multiethnic, sometimes multiracial composition of wartime cinema’s combat platoon (a central metaphor for the nation at war) has been well noted, scholars generally in accord with Thomas Doherty’s assertion that the “assimilationist credo of the war years found vibrant expression and visible confirmation on the Hollywood screen.” “[W]ith an inclusiveness remarkable for its time,” Doherty writes, “more exotic and heretofore invisible peoples – Hispanics,
Asians, Native Americans, and blacks – also appear, and not always as expendable tokens.\(^57\) These shifts represent, Richard Slotkin notes, wartime progressive dreams rather than contemporary realities, and despite such nods towards racial inclusivity, the war remained through its duration and beyond a primarily white enterprise (even as the notion of “whiteness” expanded).\(^58\) *Story of G.I. Joe,* for instance, beyond its collection of European ethnics – most notably Sgt. Warnicki and Pvt. Dondaro – found room for just a single Latino (Tito Renaldo in a minor, uncredited role as Pvt. Lopez). The location of the nonwhite G.I., constructed in absence as often as presence, was, at best, shrouded in ambiguity as the war drew to a close.

In the postwar timeframe, as military integration and subsequent institutional reform in other areas of U.S. culture unfolded amid pressure from overseas and from domestic civil rights movements, some commentators were satisfied that the conflict with fascism had sown the seeds of racism’s ineluctable decline. “In fighting fascism and nazism [*sic*],” wrote Gunnar Myrdal in 1944, “America had to stand before the whole world in favor of racial tolerance and cooperation and of racial equality.”\(^59\) By 1957, historian Oscar Handlin felt confident in claiming that revulsion to Nazi crimes “destroyed racism” as a viable position in the U.S.\(^60\) In this way, the war became for some enshrined in memory as a moment curative of national racial ills. Michael Adams writes that the wartime nation, in popular mythology, is frequently perceived as a “family” unit in which “the cause was not marred by racial tensions.”\(^61\) A contemporary example of such thinking can be located in conservative political scientist Samuel Huntington’s nostalgia for World War II as a zenith of national identification among all ethnoracial groups.\(^62\)
But, as Adams and others (including ethnic studies scholar George Lipsitz and Normandy veteran Edward Wood) argue, the narrative of racial redemption is guilty of “oversimplification and glamorization,” and race long remained conflicted territory in U.S. culture (Wood observes that the 1955 murderers of Emmett Till were decorated World War II veterans). Indeed, recent work by Wendy Wall characterizes the postwar period as one in which two visions of race and nation competed for primacy in U.S. culture. In the first of these (as in the thrust of Handlin’s surmise), the nation was already “perfected,” the war having facilitated its passage away from prejudice. In the other, the movement of such democratization remained “in process” (and, one should add, in a state of fierce contentiousness). These two perspectives on race and national identity form the substance of Hollywood’s postwar depictions of World War II, as the war’s legacy for U.S. racial formations was recast over and over in postwar Hollywood cinema, morphing with the changing demands of national and international politics and with the shifting, often repressive winds sweeping through Cold War Hollywood.

At times, notably in the early postwar period (1945-1949), the war, narrated by a corral of Hollywood leftists (sometimes with War Department countenance), functioned as a summons to equalitarian reform. Such, it was suggested, was the proper, yet unrealized, legacy of an anti-fascist war, and Hollywood progressives imbued returning (white) veterans and combat soldiers with anti-racist philosophies to be imparted on the home front to Americans still burdened with prejudicial views. At other times, particularly after the ascendancy of the Second Red Scare all but eclipsed Hollywood progressivism and tainted anti-racist discourse with the stigma of communistic “racial agitation,” the war was overwhelmingly inscribed in film as a historical moment in which
U.S. racism was either already nonexistent or, alternatively, was laid permanently to rest (and therefore not a Cold War issue still at stake). As numerous analyses have shown, Japanese Americans were a favored symbol of such healing in the 1950s, while the situations of black Americans and other nonwhite groups were often sidestepped. In the late-1940s and the 1950s, both the FBI and the DoD viewed invocation of a national “race problem,” particularly in the democratic theatre of World War II, as an un-American, even communistic, activity. Yet, beyond the height of the red scare, the iconography of race and World War II turned again. With the coming of the 1960s and War in Vietnam, a resurgent leftist critique capsized the colorblind conservatism of World War II remembrance, employing generic and ideological subversion of earlier images to expose the nation’s egalitarian promises as unfulfilled or, worse still, entirely hollow.

Much analytical work, like that on the multiethnic platoon, addresses images of ethnic and racial diversity during wartime, but the postwar timeframe, at least as far as cinema is concerned, is yet to receive extensive exploration. Nonetheless, scholars have pointed to the ways in which Hollywood’s images of the war frequently attempted to achieve some form of nation-affirming reconciliation between nonwhite Americans and the white nation. Much of this attention focuses on the early postwar films produced by the Hollywood left as part of the “social problem” genre, which, despite the progressive, colorblind intentionality of its authors (colorblindness was, at least before the civil rights reform of the 1960s, a liberal mainstay), has been criticized for framing prejudice as a matter of individual conscience rather than societal structure, and for positing the solution to such divisions as the denial and abandonment of nonwhites’ racial heritage. In 1949,
critic Parker Tyler derided Hollywood’s engagement with issues of war and race in films such as *Gentleman’s Agreement* (1947) and *Lost Boundaries* (1949): “the human objective,” he wrote, “is profit and nothing more.” The social problem genre, Albert Auster and Leonard Quart argue more recently, exhibited “intellectual faintheartedness,” approaching postwar issues in “pallid, evasive, and sentimental” fashion.

What this points towards is the prevailing assimilationism of such films, as well as their tendency to advocate for nonwhite Americans to shed their history of “difference” in order to attain full citizenship (if Americans were sometimes bigots, the political system was not at fault). Essays by Michael Rogin and Martin Norden uncover the ways in which black soldiers and veterans were employed to convey messages both anti-racist and assimilationist in films such as *Home of the Brave* (1949) and *Bright Victory* (1951), while T. Fujitani’s analysis of *Go For Broke!* (1951), a combat picture about the all Japanese American 442nd Regimental Combat Team, considers the war film’s power to reconcile racial conflict while eclipsing its uncomfortable legacies. In this conception, ideas stressing the containment of a multiracial citizenry inflect, as Lisa Lowe writes, an “erosion of exclusions,” constituting an “incorporative process by which a ruling group elicits the ‘consent’ of racial, ethnic, or class minority groups through the promise of equal partnership or representation.”

Yet, if the early postwar left advanced a muted critique of racism facilitated by the democratic impetus of the war, it did so in difficult and trepidacious circumstances, and was, by the 1950s, relegated to near-total obscurity. Scholars have shown how the Cold War, which threw U.S. racism into the global spotlight, produced an ethnoracially-charged purge of the Hollywood left. Little has been written on the image of World War
II and race in this period, though academicians reveal that while Hollywood’s representations of the war tended to eclipse the “problem” presented by racism (as the conservative agenda demanded) they also continued, on occasion, to facilitate critiques of racial exclusionism.

This dissertation brings to bear recent work concerning race and the Cold War on the image of World War II. Examining the retroactive construction of the wartime and postwar nation, I explore the production of both whiteness and nonwhiteness in dominant and oppositional postwar narratives of the nation at war. In chapters two, four, five, and seven, through engagement with secondary literature, biography and autobiography, war fiction, archival materials, and, of course, films, I explore how postwar cinema proffered ideas about the belonging and unbelonging of those racial groups most obviously excluded from the wartime nation: African Americans, and Japanese Americans. I also consider other marginalized constituencies such as U.S. Latino/as and Native Americans.

The place of nonwhites was, of course, always crafted in dialogue with changing formations of whiteness, another equally constructed and unstable racial category. Thus, I am concerned with representations of white U.S. identity arising from the war, with how postwar narratives disrupted or reinforced whiteness’s status as a “universal, unmarked signifier” – what David Lloyd calls the “subject without properties.” I should also recognize anti-Semitism as an aspect of U.S. ethnoracial formation. An extensive body of literature exists on the Holocaust in U.S. culture, and scholars have explored that event’s ramifications for U.S. conceptions of the nation’s character (Edward Wood argues that in representing itself as the “white knight” of Holocaust liberation, America has “assiduously avoided our own sins of ethnic cleansing”). However, there is not
space within this survey to pay anything but scant attention to Holocaust images in Hollywood film, and I will not do so here for fear of treating the subject too thinly. Instead, I limit myself to representations of Jewish Americans within the rubric of national ethnoracial relations.

Visible and Invisible Allies

While the war destabilized U.S. racial formation and was long used to debate and negotiate its postwar contours, it also had dramatic (and not unconnected) repercussions for the nation’s international stature and place in global politics. Scholars have documented the swiftly changing images attached to the United States’ wartime enemies, as both Germany and Japan were reconstructed as Cold War allies, but the postwar image of the wartime Allies – foremost among them the Soviets, the French, and the British – has received less attention. Like representations of nonwhite Americans at war, the postwar relationship of the U.S. to the European Allies was crafted as much in absence as in presence, and a dialectic formulation between internationalist and unilateralist remembrance of World War II characterized postwar Hollywood filmmaking. In film studies, the postwar image of the Allies and its function as a means by which postwar foreign policy was debated and conducted is little covered. Yet, as the war propelled the U.S. into maintaining increasing presence in (and influence over) other nations, it also underscored the potential diplomatic value and propaganda power of U.S. popular culture, and especially Hollywood film, in enemy and allied nations alike. Scholars have explored with great skill the film industry’s overseas impact from an economic and political perspective, but have given less attention to the representational politics of films depicting Allied nations and nationals in the postwar timeframe.
Studies of American cinema’s images of the Allies during World War II are more extensive than those covering the postwar years. H. Mark Glancy, for instance, documents the frequency and sympathy with which Hollywood depicted the British, while other scholars note that the film industry and its predominantly Jewish moguls occupied the vanguard of interventionism even before the U.S. officially entered the war. The Soviet Union, too, received sympathetic screen time, as filmmakers, acting in concert with the Roosevelt administration, attempted to solidify the tenuous friendship between the ideologically divergent Allies. Yet existing scholarship also shows that wartime filmmaking contained seeds of tension, hinting towards the Allies’ post-war exclusion. In 1945, for example, controversy erupted over Warner Bros.’ *Objective, Burma!* when Britons protested that despite British and British Empire forces undertaking the vast majority of the fighting, the film made Americans the primary combatants in the Burma campaign.

In postwar war film, the visibility and invisibility of the Allies, and the ideological implications attached to such, negotiated the U.S. rise to global power and the nation’s place at the head of a morphing and often fractious Cold War alliance. If the war produced, as Robert Divine has suggested, a “triumph of internationalism” in U.S. culture, inter-Allied relations (as the *Objective, Burma!* controversy suggests) were nonetheless dampened by a degree of friction, and the postwar period gave way to further ambiguity and acrimony, swiftly dispelling optimistic notions of fashioning “one world” from the wreckage of war. In 1949, German scholar Siegfried Kracauer noted that the prevalence of empathetic depictions of the European Allies in film had diminished into pungent silence with notable speed. Indeed, *Story of G.I. Joe* foreshadows this
development, dramatizing U.S. forces soldiering on without Allied support, the only mention of the international alliance arriving in the form of a propagandist radio broadcast by Axis Sally, who informs the nervous Americans that Germany has already swept before it the armies of Russia, France, and Britain. When Pyle refers to “our war,” in the film’s closing frames, he does so in an exclusively U.S. idiom.

Cold War histories cover the passing of alliance with Russia into the open ideological belligerence that saturated U.S. culture, and which the association of communism with troublesome racial critique only served to exacerbate. With respect to France and Britain, who remained, for the most part, aligned (if not entirely allied) with the postwar U.S., the war nevertheless fostered in retrospect conflicting imagery. On the one hand, images of the U.S. as the dominant power affirmed the nation’s benevolence and might in rescuing Nazi-occupied Europe, attesting to the superiority of American muscle and the U.S.’s right to dictate the terms of postwar international politics. On the other, postwar filmmakers invoked images of the Allies as a means to challenge postwar U.S.-centrism and bemoan the Cold War nation’s military and economic (mis)management of international relations. This critical trajectory emerged in the mid-1950s, challenging the patriotic certainties of early-postwar combat films, and persisted through the cultural “coming apart” of the 1960s.

Essays discussing the postwar war film as mediation of national identity and foreign policy are limited in number and scope. Some scholars make the mistake of lumping together films produced in different national contexts. “Anglo-American narratives of the Second World War,” James Chapman writes, “tend to represent it as ‘the good war’: one that was fought in a righteous cause to protect democracy and to destroy
the evil of National Socialism.” Hollywood filmmaking has often been international in tenor, and the British and U.S. film industries have a particularly interrelated history, but it is equally true that each Allied nation developed a particular collection of often contradictory narratives around the war, and that Hollywood has been pivotal in shaping a distinctly American typology of war cinema (albeit with a uniquely global reach). For that reason, and because of my interest in discussing images of the Allies primarily as they constructed U.S. identity, I focus in this project only on films with U.S. money behind them and U.S. (or U.S.-based) filmmakers behind the camera.

Thus far, perhaps the best survey of the Allies in post-war U.S. film is that undertaken by Russell Earl Shain. Adopting a quantitative methodology, Shain enumerates the appearance of Allied characters in either “dominant” or “subordinate” roles from 1939-1970, finding that representations of the Allies diminished markedly between 1945 and 1970, the date at which his analysis concludes. Shain’s is a useful survey, but his willingness to rely on summaries of films, alongside the brevity with which he discusses them, diminishes the interpretative worth of his work. However, like Kracauer’s earlier analysis, Shain sheds light on the prevailing unilateralism in U.S. memory of the war, a proclivity confirmed elsewhere.

“The American memory of the war,” Richard Pells writes, “is peculiarly parochial.” In his study of postwar constructions of World War II in U.S. culture, Michael Adams also identifies a pattern in which “the American war machine is sometimes seen as not one factor but the only factor in the Axis defeat.” Historian Richard Overy notes the Cold War origins of this phenomenon, which pointedly refused to permit communist Russia a claim to the fruits of victory. “The Soviet Union,” he
writes, “bore the brunt of the German onslaught and broke the back of German power. For years the western version of the war played down this uncomfortable fact, while exaggerating the successes of democratic war-making.” In chapters three, six, and eight, drawing once more on secondary literature, fiction and theatre, archival material, memoirs, and diplomatic history, I reveal clashing internationalist and unilateralist depictions of World War II, showing how postwar representations of the wartime alliance both debilitated and nourished the perception of World War II, in Colonel Oliver North’s phrasing, as the conflict that “America won for the world.”

As well as viewing representations of the Allies as a conduit for and forum of postwar U.S. foreign policy, I also analyze these images through lenses drawn from gender studies. Feminists and students of foreign policy reveal how national identity, in time of war, has been negotiated through gendered tropes (and gender identities negotiated through times of war), notably in responding to the seemingly endless “crises of masculinity” that punctuate U.S. history. World War II, Christina Jarvis argues, produced a reaffirmation of U.S. manly prowess in the wake of the emasculations associated with the Depression. I attempt to trace postwar U.S. masculinities – which I approach as cultural constructs – through the postwar period in films depicting G.I.s at large in Hollywood’s often feminized rendition of wartime Europe.

In the earliest of postwar combat films, made with DoD assistance in the late-1940s as the Cold War armed services competed for postwar funding and prestige, U.S. troops appear often as the manly saviors of a Europe empty of masculinity and too weak, aged, or feminine to marshal its own defense. These pictures, eclipsing the fighting contributions of the other Allied powers, claimed for the U.S. the lion’s share of credit for
the victory and concomitantly asserted the necessity of maintaining a strong military
presence in Cold War Europe. In early postwar combat films, gendered national identities
represented, in line with Jarvis’s thesis, an emboldened U.S. masculinity, capable of and
necessary for the defense of postwar “freedom.” These films of 1948-1950 were, then,
little more than mouthpieces for the various branches of the NME and for containment
policy.

It is commonly suggested that the Cold War saw the eclipse of oppositional
voices on U.S. foreign policy. Yet, as recent work by Andrew J. Falk argues, “While
policymakers tried to construct public information and propaganda campaigns for global
consumption, individuals in culture industries – film, television, and theater – offered
competing messages about American foreign policies.”98 Room for such perspectives
grew with the Korean War, to which Andrew Huebner ascribes “a crucial role in
generating cynical and critical depictions of the armed forces.”99 I contend that in the
post-Korean War timeframe of the mid-fifties, one venue for Falk’s “competing
messages” was the gendered image of U.S.-Allied World War II relations. Despite the
attentions of Cold War conservatism and militarism, the mid-1950s and onwards
witnessed a reassessment of the exceptionalist masculinity through which filmmakers
validated state agendas in the early postwar period. As Christina Klein notes in her study
of U.S.-Asian cultural relations, the G.I. stationed abroad became in the Cold War a
vessel of ambassadorial citizenship.100 In the mid-1950s and through the 1960s, European
émigrés and remnants of the Hollywood left used the G.I. overseas – this time in Western
Europe – to advocate a form of military masculinity detached from nationalistic bravado.
The G.I.’s romance with Europe carried cautionary lessons against excessive dollar
diplomacy, and attempted, in so doing, to recapture the collaborative internationalism characteristic of much wartime cinema.

The DoD’s perspective on the European Allies was, in the first three postwar decades, largely consistent. From war’s end on, the Pictorial Division invariably sought to erase any and all reference to the Soviet role in Germany’s defeat, while at the same time trying to avoid impolitic snubs to Cold War allies (notably Britain). That said, the DoD’s and the services’ fixation on the U.S. military image in film, and the fact that the absence of Allies such as Britain and France was not something upon which NME film readers were likely to pick up, meant that unilateralist representations of the U.S. winning the war alone frequently (though by no means always) passed unquestioned. At the same time, the DoD was sometimes attuned to critiques of U.S. foreign policy constructed through the metaphor of G.I. romances with European women, occasionally asking filmmakers to tone down inter-Allied hostilities.

The wartime alliance contained many more nations than France, Britain, Russia, and the U.S. In focusing upon these particular powers I commit my own sins of erasure, neglecting such nations as China, the Philippines, and Canada. I limit my study to the major European powers, however, in the interest of containing the scale of the project, and because, as the “big three” wartime nations and the stage for most of the fighting in Europe, they were the most represented of the Allies in wartime and postwar film. Russia, Britain, and France have their own mythologies of World War II, but I should note here that even as I attempt to build to some degree on the internationalist turn in American Studies, I am essentially examining images of the Allies for the ways in which they imagined via juxtaposition U.S. postwar identity. This is, again, contested cultural
terrain, and I engage a clutch of less-known and little-studied films in order to explore the complexity of postwar cinema.

The two major themes of the dissertation intersect, and I attempt to remain conscious of this throughout. As historians such as Mary Dudziak and Brenda Plummer document, U.S. racism was very much an international issue during the Cold War, as communist nations attempted to curry the favor of nonwhite cultures by pointing to glaring holes in the U.S. promise of freedom and democracy. The postwar image of the Russians (and of communism) in particular, then, was wrapped up in a paradigm in which race was always at stake. Moreover, Allied nations such as France and Britain sometimes enjoyed in U.S. culture a reputation for exhibiting a level of racial tolerance surpassing that of the U.S. Progressive filmmakers turned this putative Allied racelessness against the U.S., using European settings as spaces in which American prejudice could be unmasked. Reciprocally, images of race and racism in the U.S. military were always viewed, by institutions such as the DoD and the FBI, with an eye on their reception in overseas nations both friendly and hostile.

The overview above underscores World War II’s status as fluctuating and contested memory. Yet, for all this conflict (perhaps in compensation for it), the dominant narratives attached to the remembered World War II frequently furnished in the postwar period a certain reassurance, a sense of national point and purpose that would later develop into the pietistic certainties of much present day remembrance. The bloody horrors inflicted by Japanese imperialism (including the “stab in the back” at Pearl Harbor) and European fascism, alongside the undoubtedly crucial contribution of the U.S. to Allied victory, meant, amid the (potentially apocalyptic) insecurities and upheavals of
postwar life, that a sense of the war’s (and the nation’s) essential righteousness prevailed. The perceived unity of the wartime nation also lent the war years clarity, a sense of singular directionality and shared national goals to which Americans often looked back wistfully from the fractious postwar cultural landscape. Without question, the film industry participated in heroizing the conflict during the postwar years, embracing as it did so the imprimaturs of Cold War militarism. More often than not, cinema confirmed both the nation’s primacy within the wartime alliance that won the war (and thus asserted its right to direct the peace), and affirmed the conflict’s curative nature in matters of racial inequality. Long before Studs Terkel coined the phrase (and even then ironically), elements of the “good war” narrative had fallen into place.103

*Vietnam and the Death of World War II*

Although critical voices persisted throughout the postwar timeframe, it was War in Vietnam that erected the strongest barriers to the preeminence of triumphalist World War II storytelling. Both World War II’s elevated status and the capacity of filmmakers to undermine its iconography is exposed in the ways that the earlier war filtered the conflict in Vietnam (and vice versa). Thirty years after World War II’s end, as war in Indochina concluded with juddering defeat, cultural disillusionment, and widespread deterioration of the military image, it appeared to some that whatever sense of national unity and purpose had been ascribed to the World War II years was now spectacularly disintegrating. The “quagmire” of Vietnam ushered in a period that Tom Engelhardt dubs “the era of reversals,” and one of its principal victims was triumphalist imagery of World War II.104
In the 1978 film *Go Tell the Spartans*, an independent production set in 1964
during the early involvement of U.S. “advisors” in Vietnam, an aging Major, Asa Barker (Burt Lancaster), laments that young draftee Corporal Stephen Courcey (Craig Wasson) did not witness the armed forces fighting World War II. “Too bad we couldn’t have shown you a better war,” the veteran officer says, “like hitting the beach at Anzio, or smashing through to Bastogne with Patton. That was a tour worth the money. This one? This one’s a sucker’s tour, going nowhere, just round and round in circles.” Pointlessly tasked with defending an abandoned, strategically-irrelevant fortress, Barker remembers in the Second World War a contrasting and comforting certitude. It was, quite simply, “a better war.”

*Go Tell the Spartans* derived from Daniel Ford’s 1967 novel *Incident at Muc-Wa*, and these lines were additions by screenwriter Wendell Hayes, an attempt to place the conflict in Vietnam in dialogue with the earlier conflagration and in doing so dramatize not only the defeat of the U.S. Army, but also the capitulation of the narratives of military glory so often spun around the Second World War. “We won’t lose, cos we’re Americans,” comments Lt. Hamilton (Joe Unger), but the young officer is proven as fragile as the exceptionalist ideology to which he clings. Surrounded by landscapes evocative of defeat and isolation (the ghost of Allies past is summoned by a nearby French military graveyard), Hamilton is killed by the North Vietnamese as he attempts to retrieve a wounded comrade from the river. Such bravery (and the patriotic narratives of which it forms part) cannot be sustained in the wake of Vietnam.

Like Hamilton’s, Major Barker’s death bespeaks the dissolution of triumphalism into aimlessness and loss. For not only does Barker nostalgize World War II, he is also its
embodiment, his antipathy toward the conflict in Vietnam and the new military technologies employed in fighting it earning him the affectionate (yet also mocking) nickname “World War II” from his radio operator, Signalman Toffee (in another change to the novel, Toffee is the film’s only black character, an imposition connecting the nonwhite G.I. to the collapse of triumphalist discourse). The morning after the Americans and their South Vietnamese allies are routed by the NLF at Muc-Wa, Courcey finds Barker’s body, stripped naked and bullet-ridden, laying face down in the mud of a riverbank. Here, in the closing frames of one of Hollywood’s earliest engagements with war in Indochina, lies “World War II,” exposed, defeated, and (figuratively if not literally) dismembered.  

Paired with the conclusion of G.I. Joe, the climax of Spartans bookends this dissertation’s examination of World War II as it was reconstructed in postwar Hollywood. What began in death and ambiguity in 1945 had, by 1978, I will show, passed through moments of relative clarity and dissipated into the shattering loss of what Christina Jarvis calls the “Vietnamization” of World War II.  

G.I. Joe and Spartans are also representative choices with which to frame this project because both were made after interaction with the U.S. military. G.I. Joe, with its grim combat scenes, redoubtable soldierly courage, and gallows humor, received full technical support from the U.S. Army, many veterans of the North African and Italian campaigns appearing as themselves. Spartans, however, representing U.S. military narratives and bodies torn asunder, was considered inappropriate for DoD assistance, the Army declining a request for cooperation.
Approaching the War Film

As Carl Plantinga writes, we might divide film study into three phases, each rendering particular insight into a motion picture’s intentionality, ideological content, and cultural dissemination. These phases he identifies as context, text, and reception, and I attempt to attend to each in regard to my chapters’ central films. In the area of context, I explore the cultural climate in which each film was made, the political leanings and intentionality of those behind it, and the outside influences that shaped its production. Where possible, I consider through the DoD archive the NME’s interaction with and impositions upon film scripts, and also examine the process of adapting filmic texts from the literary or theatrical source material from which so many were drawn. In terms of textual analysis, I offer in each chapter a detailed decoding of several films as they were finally released for public consumption, bringing to the narrative and visual elements the insights and intersections of multiple scholarly fields – film history, cultural studies, memory studies, diplomatic history, critical race theory, and gender studies. The third phase, reception, is perhaps the hardest to access, but I consider how these films were decoded in multiple critical, popular, and, where possible, state-institutional forums.

It is necessary also to explain my decision to privilege visual media – overwhelmingly Hollywood feature films and the occasional made-for-TV movie – as the body of sources with which I have chosen to work, and to consider the particularities of visual media’s relationship to memory-making and forgetting. Cultural memory – both official and vernacular – is created, as Robert Moeller notes in his study of postwar Germany, “in a range of infrastructures,” none of which are self-contained. However, my focus is on cinema, more specifically the Hollywood feature film, as among the most
powerful and widely circulating mediums through which representations of the past reach mass audiences. Theorist Pierre Sorlin argues that war exists, at least for those who do not experience its impositions directly, at the “fringe of meaning,” a notion “more akin to mental images or impressions than to defined concepts.”

This surmise is eminently applicable to the U.S., from which, Paul Fussell notes, the war was fought at great distance, leaving its meanings acutely “inaccessible” to much of the population.

This distance and inaccessibility left more room for cultural production to construct the war’s meanings in U.S. society. As Michael Paris suggests, “it might be argued that the popular memory of the war has always been shaped more by the moving image than by any other form of cultural transmission.”

This dissertation approaches film as an influential means by which, in Stuart Hall’s assessment, the process of representation constitutes the meaning(s) of historical events (rather than recreating preexisting truth in an accurate or inaccurate way). I share Merlin Donald’s belief that creative arts are, as well as almost invariably commercial enterprises, a form of “cognitive engineering,” which aims at “the deliberate refinement and elaboration of mental models and worldviews.”

In the U.S. in particular, wherein war has been so pivotal and formative a cultural and political force, Paul Virilio suggests a singularly intimate connection between nation-making, war-making and filmmaking, with cinema a primary medium through which Americans vicariously experience wars in distant lands. The twentieth century rise of film, Virilio contends, created a “new form of collective memory,” a powerful experiential force able to “compound…the unity of the nation.” Such a development is particularly pertinent to the war years, wherein film’s popular ascendancy, according to some, supplanted other cultural forms in preeminence.
Historian Thomas Doherty identifies the period 1941-1945 as that in which America’s “book-bound mentality” was superseded by “a movie-mediated vision.”

Furthermore, the moving image, critics contend, possesses a uniquely emotive and visceral power to move audiences, reshape subjectivities, and influence historical understanding. Alison Landsberg argues that mass cultural forms create a motile form of memory, detached from the ties of family and community that traditionally shaped collective recollection. This “prosthetic memory,” she writes, “emerges at the interface between a person and a historical narrative about the past, at an experiential site such as a movie theatre or museum,” causing individuals to develop “a more personal, deeply felt memory of a past event through which he or she did not live.” Landsberg hopes that filmic memory will induce progressive, empathetic alliances, but recognizes that no such power is inherent to film. As Ella Shohat and Robert Stam (among others) have documented, film can pull with equal vigor in the opposite direction, solidifying the hegemony of historical and cultural parochialism and ethnocentrism.

Yet Landsberg’s theories stray perhaps too closely to the notion of cinematic “suturing,” a concept that underplays the audience’s capacity to engage with film from multiple, sometimes oppositional, perspectives. Plantinga asserts that audience reaction is often “aligned with the intended effects of the film,” but other theorists posit otherwise. Jennifer Barker, for instance, views the relationship of viewer to film as conflicted, “marked by tension as often as by alignment, by repulsion as often as attraction.” Murray Smith, too, insists that a film’s “structure of sympathy” is negotiable, that identification with characters can be multiple and shifting. A film’s “encoding” by cultural producers, to borrow again from Stuart Hall, does not necessarily
correspond with its “decoding” by audiences, and a variety of subject positions from which alternative readings can proceed are possible.\textsuperscript{126} Even if we accept that film is capable of inducing a perspectival shift toward an “Other,” neither this authorial intentionality nor reception in line with such intentionality is guaranteed.

 Nonetheless, as representations of historical events, visual texts possess an apparently reproductive, mimetic quality, a capacity to appear authentic in recapitulating the past. Film, Joel Black suggests, “shapes and fixes the very notion of reality itself by registering seemingly objective, indexical images of the world-as-it-is.” Black’s work relates most directly to documentary, but recognizes that the feature film often asserts what he terms a “semblance of authenticity.”\textsuperscript{127} Such is often the case with war pictures, which not only situate themselves within the context of an evidently “real” history, but also, as Parker Tyler observed in 1949, include documentary footage and historical details designed to create the impression that they are presenting “a slice of history” in objective fashion.\textsuperscript{128}

 Such qualities enhance the feature film’s capacity to shape popular historical understanding, as a well-developed body of academic work contends.\textsuperscript{129} Explicit engagement with history distinguishes filmic memory-making from the broader notion of representation, giving the cinematic past something of the nature of a national “flashback,” a narrative device through which, Maureen Turim writes, “a juncture is wrought between present and past….”\textsuperscript{130} I am thus approaching film as active force in creating the postwar meanings ascribed to World War II, in giving shape to the postwar world to which Ernie Pyle pointed with uncertain hope at the end of \textit{Story of G.I. Joe}, and
in disseminating ideas with repercussions for popular understandings of history and national identity.

There has, in the last twenty years or so, been an explosion of scholarship concerned with how the past is put to use in the present. Theories and methods proliferate, so much so that by 1997 historian Alon Confino was claiming that memory had become “perhaps the leading term… in cultural history.”\(^{131}\) This outpouring of academic interest was both a product of and a contributing factor to what is commonly known (after Jay Winter’s term) as the “memory boom” – an upsurge in commemorative activity that developed in U.S. and other western cultures during the latter part of the twentieth century.\(^{132}\) The terms memory and collective memory, Winter and Emmanuel Sivan point out, are “so frequently used that one would think we all knew what they meant.”\(^{133}\) In fact, their meanings are so diverse that conceptual clarity has proven elusive.\(^{134}\)

Postwar filmmaking was, in shaping presences and absences, emphases and elisions, forgetting and remembering, pivotal to narrating and commemorating World War II.\(^{135}\) It performed this function in three distinct ways, which I hope give clarity to the notion of film as cultural memory. Firstly, and most obviously, the historically-based postwar World War II combat film, to which I give much attention, creates what I am calling remembrance through representation. By retrospectively depicting, interpreting, and imposing narrative meaning upon the war and events within it, war films – like Story of G.I. Joe – claim an intimate connection to the history with which they engage. Often inter-splicing documentary footage, carrying indications of official countenance by the DoD, and featuring veterans as performers, the postwar combat film asserted what Joel
Black calls the “reality effect,” avowing historical authority even while performing ideological work pertinent to contemporary context(s).136

Secondly, I consider a number of films that, like Identity Unknown, directly dramatize the process of remembering the war and the soldier, living or dead. This paradigm I refer to as representing remembrance. In these instances, wherein a film engages explicitly with remembering and memorializing – most often through depictions of the award of military honors and/or explicit recognition of the mediated construction of war stories – the effort is not to represent the past in order to imbue it with a particular significance, but instead to ideologically steer the contemporary act of remembering, and thus shape the meanings attached to commemorating the war. As Pierre Sorlin notes, the presence of diegetic remembrance has been an important facet of World War II film – a character’s memory, often of his companions’ sacrifice, is what guarantees the significance of such sacrifice.137 Film, and notably the flashback device, Maureen Turim suggests, “often merge[s] the two levels of remembering the past [collective and individual], giving large-scale social and political history the subjective mode of a single, fictional individual’s remembered experience.”138 I pay attention to productions dramatizing veterans’ memory of the war, as well as those that interact with national modes of remembrance, notably medal awards and the mass mediated construction of heroism.

Finally, drawing from scholars such as Marita Sturken, I return to Ernie Pyle’s invocation of the postwar task of “reassembling our broken world” from the ruins of war. In this respect, I consider memory in the sense of re-membering, or reassembling, postwar society. Numerous films with which the dissertation deals, particularly those
made in the first five postwar years, depict individuals or nations (or individuals standing in for nations) engaged in the task of reconstructing and reshaping both U.S. society and the postwar international (dis)order. These films’ ideological injunctions with regard to the shape of the postwar world constitute their effort to direct the re-membering of what war had demolished and dismembered.

Chapter Outline

World War II, its soldiers, and its veterans were, between 1945 and 1975, the subject of literally hundreds of Hollywood motion pictures. I focus detailed attention in each chapter on a collection of films (usually four or so) that encapsulate important trends in representations of race and of the Allies in a given period. An extensive collection of other films forms the background to these centerpiece analyses. This has, of course, been a necessarily selective process, guided in large part by the films’ particular relevance to my central themes, but I have limited myself to films I have been able to view in their entirety.

Following this introduction, chapter two explores most directly the fate of Ernie Pyle’s returning veterans as they emerged from silhouetted ambiguity between 1945 and 1949. In this timeframe, Hollywood progressives sought to shape from the war a colorblind and religiously-tolerant consensus born of veterans’ imagined interracial and interethnic brotherhood. Chapter three shifts attention to the image of the U.S. and the Allies from the end of World War II to the 1950 outbreak of War in Korea. Hopes for continuing anti-fascist affinity with Russia disappeared after 1948, as did the racial critiques of 1945-1949, which began to appear dangerously communist. While the
Russians evaporated, both Britain and France were feminized or infantilized as helpless victims of Nazism rescued by U.S. masculine prowess.

Chapter four responds to the Asian Cold War theatre of the 1950s and to the reshaping of U.S. racial formations that accompanied the rehabilitation of Japan (as Cold War ally) and Japanese Americans (as archetypical nonwhite citizens). Focusing on images of Japanese American soldiers and Japanese war brides, I analyze films that urged Americans to “forget Pearl Harbor” in favor of enacting racial reconciliation in line with Cold War needs. Chapter five remains with the ethnoracial politics of war remembrance in the 1950s, tracking the conservative reappropriation of race as it pertained to representations (and non-representations) of U.S. white supremacist ideology. As the nation attempted to manage its international image as a racist society, World War II became more frequently encoded as a historical moment of breakage during which the “problems” of race were either non-existent or spectacularly cured. The chapter considers U.S. whiteness in relationship to black Americans, Latinos, and American Jews.

Chapter six returns to the World War II film and postwar foreign policy, arguing that despite conservative hegemony over the 1950s film industry, Hollywood liberals and European émigrés found room to critique through the trope of U.S. servicemen engaged in romantic entanglements with European women the unilateralist dynamic of early postwar combat films. In these later productions, excessive arrogance alienates the G.I. from his feminine European associate, and lessons are imparted about the internationalism required for astute global leadership. Chapter Seven assesses images of race in World War II films of the 1960s and into the Vietnam era.  As dissent became a more prevalent and acceptable Cold War posture, progressives returned to World War II
as a proxy through which to respond to Cold War détente and, subsequently, the War in Vietnam. Through images of wartime racial conflict on the battle front and the home front, World War II triumphalism herein dissolved into critical remembrance of the unfulfilled assimilationist legacy of the war.  

Chapter Eight examines images of the Allies in the 1960s and early ‘70s. I locate a growing critique of U.S. triumphalism, enacted either through the use of the wartime Allies as surrogates confronting dilemmas born of the Vietnam War, or through depictions of fractious inter-Allied relations in World War II settings. My conclusion considers World War II remembrance from 1978 onwards. Go Tell the Spartans, heralding the cultural “death” of World War II, provided a premature obituary. Hollywood was soon recovering tropes of World War II memory putatively lost in Vietnam, birthing a new, compensatory triumphalism. In contemporary U.S. culture, the ongoing veneration of World War II attests to the resuscitation of “good war” narratives.  

In tracing these multiple strands of World War II remembrance, this project offers, I hope, much of relevance to contemporary American studies. As Jonathan Auerbach observes, the field has had a rather ambivalent relationship to film, with essays on cinema lacking in the flagship journal, American Quarterly. My effort is to bring film together with areas in which much American studies scholarship has long been engaged, including national and subnational identity, the study of collective remembrance, and constructions of U.S. history through raced and gendered tropes. Most immediately, though, my goal is to bring greater clarity and complexity to our understanding of the shifting cultural repercussions of perhaps the most represented war in U.S. history.


3 Other war films upturning or engaging satirically with wartime propaganda include *Hail the Conquering Hero* (1944), *A Walk in the Sun* (1945), *A Medal for Benny* (1945), *They Were Expendable* (1945), and *Pride of the Marines* (1945). On demobilization, see Thomas Childers, *Soldier from the War Returning: The Greatest Generation’s Troubled Homecoming from World War II* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2009).


Anderson writes that the nation, “is imagined as a community, because, regardless of the actual inequalities that may prevail in each, the nation is always conceived as deep, horizontal comradeship,” 7.

According to Tom Brokaw, as they “answered the call to help save the world from the two most powerful and ruthless military machines ever assembled,” the U.S. citizenry of the 1940s and ‘50s proved themselves, “the greatest generation any society has ever produced.” Tom Brokaw, _The Greatest Generation_ (New York: Random House, 1998), xix, xxx.

See [http://www.defense.gov/about/#history&id=public_main_menu_History](http://www.defense.gov/about/#history&id=public_main_menu_History) (Accessed December 9, 2010). Most of the records of the DoD Pictorial Division are housed in the Special Collections of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., while some are held at National Archives II in College Park, Maryland. On the history of engagement with the film industry of the War Department and the formation of the DoD Pictorial Division, see Lawrence H. Suid, _Guts and Glory: The Making of the American Military Image in Film_, Revised and expanded edition (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2002).

Gary Gerstle, for instance, suggests that the rifts created by the Civil War were in large part healed by the Spanish-American War, a conflict out of which the nation “can plausibly be said to have been born.” Gerstle, _American Crucible: Race and Nation in the Twentieth Century_ (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2001), 13.


James J. Sheehan, _Where Have All the Soldiers Gone?: The Transformation of Modern Europe_ (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2008), 223.

Michael Ignatieff, _Empire Lite: Nation Building in Bosnia, Kosovo, and Afghanistan_ (Toronto: Penguin Canada, 2003), 15. Historically, Gary Gerstle writes, “Wars provided opportunities to sharpen American national identity against external enemies who threatened the nation’s existence, to transform
millions of Americans whose loyalty was uncertain into ardent patriots, to discipline those within the nation who were deemed racially inferior or politically and culturally heterodox, and to engage in experiments in state building that would have been considered illegitimate in peacetime. Americans do not usually think of war as determinative of their nationhood, but...at least for the twentieth century, war has been decisive.” Gerstle, *American Crucible*, 9.


Harry Truman frequently urged an aggressive posture towards the Soviet Union, citing the failings of pre-war appeasement to warn Americans as to what might unfold were Soviet expansionism left unchecked. Pearl Harbor was often used to call for military preparedness in case of an equivalent “sneak attack” by the Soviets. John F. Kennedy, another cold warrior, turned to World War II with great frequency in outlining the Communist threat to U.S. democracy, while Richard Nixon even attempted to apply World War II lessons to Vietnam as he urged increased commitment. In sum, Sherry finds that World War II: “Taught Americans to associate defense spending with prosperity, even if they did not think much about how the connection might be sustained, and it taught them to regard their industrial and technological muscle as the key to prosperity at home and power abroad, even if they could not anticipate how much they would flex it.” Michael Sherry, In the Shadow of War: The United States Since the 1930s (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1995), 126, 244, 286, 79. On the centrality of war and military service to notions of national belonging, see also Cecilia O’Leary, To Die For: The Paradox of American Patriotism (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1999).


I use the term “official” memory as shorthand by which to refer to memorial activities sponsored or sanctioned by institutions of the nation state. In doing so, I do not mean to naively juxtapose a monolithic “official” memory in binary opposition with “vernacular” memory. I recognize that the two domains are not entirely separate but often overlapping.

Piehler, Remembering War, 5.

Ibid., 135.

Suid, Guts and Glory.


Suid, Guts and Glory.


33 On G.I. Joe, Suid, *Stars and Stripes*, 224-225; on Identity Unknown, Office of War Information, Motion Picture Reviews and Analysis, RG 208/ 350/75/33/02 Box 3519, Archives II, College Park.


35 NME Guidelines, Department of Defense Film Collection, Georgetown University Library, Special Collections, Box 15, Folder 6.

36 Before 1949, branches of the military dealt with film assistance independently. In 1949, the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs set up a Motion Picture Office that subsequently served as a central liaison between Hollywood and the services. Shaw, *Hollywood’s Cold War*, 201.


*Basinger, World War II Combat Film*; the same might be said of James Chapman’s recent study. Chapman, *War and Film* (London: Reaktion, 2008).


SNAFU is an acronym standing for the wartime phrase, “Situation Normal—All Fucked Up.”


held together by common blood and skin color and by an inherited fitness for self-government.” “Civic Nationalism” contains the “promise of economic opportunity and political freedom to all citizens, irrespective of their racial, religious, or cultural background….” Gerstle, *American Crucible*, 4, 7.


51
58 Slotkin, “Unit Pride.”


60 Oscar Handlin, Race and Nationality in American Life (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1957), 177, 178.


63 Adams, Best War Ever, 156, 71, 79, 82-83, 86. George Lipsitz suggests that “good war” remembrance reflects a longing for “a preintegration America, when segregation in the military meant that most war heroes were white and de jure and de facto segregation on the home front channeled the fruits and benefits of victory disproportionately to white citizens.” Lipsitz, The Possessive Investment in Whiteness: How White People Profit From Identity Politics (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1998), 75. See also Edward W. Wood, Worshipping the Myths of World War II: Reflections on America’s Dedication to War (Washington, DC: Potomac Press, 2006), 77-78, 152, 81, 13, 20, 125-126, 154.

64 Wall, Inventing the “American Way,” 218.


72 Noakes, “Racializing Subversion.”


80 Britain was portrayed as a society democratizing its class hierarchies through the clash with Hitler’s Germany. Three wartime aviation films – Fox’s A Yank in the RAF (1941), Warners’ International Squadron (1941), and Universal’s Eagle Squadron (1942) – depict U.S. pilots fighting alongside the RAF, learning lessons about British courage and the U.S.’s responsibility to join the anti-Nazi struggle. Mrs. Miniver, a hymn to British resolve, won the best picture Oscar in 1943. H. Mark Glancy, When Hollywood Loved Britain: the Hollywood ‘British’ Film 1939-1945 (Manchester & New York: Manchester University Press, 1999), 10-11. Russell Earl Shain finds that in 405 war pictures made between 1939-1947, British characters featured more than three times as often as French, and more than eight times as often as Russians. In fact, Germans as allies appear in Shain’s sample more often than either sympathetic French or Russian characters. Shain, An Analysis of Motion Pictures About War Released by the American Film Industry (New York: Arno Press, 1976), 215. On Hollywood and Britain during the war, see Michael Todd Bennett, “Anglophilia on Film: Creating an Atmosphere for Alliance, 1935-1941,” Film and History Vol. 27, Nos. 1-4 (1997), 4-21. Russia, too, was a major beneficiary of Hollywood’s wartime internationalism, and 1942-44 saw more positive images of Russians than Hollywood had managed in its previous history. Koppes and Black, Hollywood Goes to War, 185-221. Also Todd Bennett, “Culture, Power, and Mission to Moscow,” Journal of American History, Vol. 88, No. 2 (September 2001): 489-518; Robert Fyne, “From Hollywood to Moscow,” Literature/Film Quarterly, Vol. 13, No. 3 (July 1985): 194-199. Other national groups, such as the occupied peoples of Europe, featured less prominently, but citizens of the “United Nations” of Europe, Asia, and Africa all received representation as part of the anti-fascist struggle and heirs to the democratic promises of victory.


88 James Chapman, War and Film, 137. See also Fyne, Long Ago and Far Away.


90 Shain, An Analysis of Motion Pictures. Economic rivalries over the import and export of film between the U.S. and Europe, and especially the imposition of quota systems in many of the wartime allies, contributed to this diminishing image of the British and French. Sklar, Movie-Made America, 275.


92 Adams, Best War Ever, 69.


Jarvis, *Male Body at War*.


Klein, *Cold War Orientalism*, 100-142.


Engelhardt, *End of Victory Culture*.

Directed by Ted Post, *Go Tell the Spartans* had taken some ten years to finance and produce, and eventually failed to secure cooperation from the DoD. As well as the film’s anti-triumphalist tone, the DoD objected in particular to a lewd story involving Barker and a Colonel’s wife. Suid, *Stars and Stripes on Screen*, 94-95.


As if to confirm the death of U.S. mythologies of war as a source of societal progression, a young Corporal by the name of Abraham Lincoln is blown up by North Vietnamese shells in the middle of drunkenly reciting the Gettysburg Address.

This observation is indebted to Landon, “New Heroes,” 25. Both Landon and Jeannine Basinger, in *The World War II Combat Film* state that Barker is dubbed “Old World War II.” In fact, it is just “World War II,” although the difference in connotation is negligible.


Plantinga, *Moving Viewers*, 16.


134 The term used perhaps most frequently to understand memories shared by groups is “collective memory.” In Barbie Zelizer’s definition, “[C]ollective memory refers to recollections that are instantiated beyond the individual by and for the collective. Unlike personal memory, which refers to an individual’s ability to conserve information, the collective memory comprises recollections of the past that are determined and shaped by the group. By definition, collective memory thereby presumes activities of sharing, discussion, negotiation, and, often, contestation.” Barbie Zelizer, “Reading the Past Against the Grain: The Shape of Memory Studies,” Critical Studies in Mass Communication Vol. 12, No. 2 (June 1995): 214. Winter and Sivan prefer the term “collective remembrance,” which for them draws attention to the agency absent in the term “collective memory.” Furthermore, Winter and Sivan distinguish “collective remembrance” from “historical memory,” which they delimit to the works of professional historians. Winter and Sivan, “Introduction,” 5, 9. In distinction, Emily Rosenberg, in her study of Pearl Harbor in American memory, makes no such differentiation, using the terms “historical memory” and “history/memory.” Rosenberg, A Date Which Will Live, 3. Of late, though, the term “cultural memory” has come to the fore. For Marita Sturken, “The self-consciousness with which notions of culture are attached to…objects of memory leads me to use the term ‘cultural’ rather than ‘collective.’” Sturken, Tangled Memories, 3. Accepting this definition, “cultural memory,” with its ability to convey conflict, is perhaps the better term.

Despite the absence of conceptual clarity, there exists a usable consensus around the study of what is variously labeled collective memory, cultural memory, historical memory, social memory, public memory, or collected memory. Firstly, the study of memory is concerned with how groups understand the past and make it usable in the present. Secondly, as Francisco Delich notes, memory-making is a collective process – “constructed in intersubjectivity” – through which groups come to share (and sometimes challenge) a loosely unified view of the past and its meanings in the present. Thirdly, collective memory gains significance through the imposition of narrative on the past. Paul Connerton writes, “To
remember...is precisely not to recall events as isolated; it is to become capable of forming *meaningful
narrative sequences.*” Cultural memory, like historical cinema, in superimposing narrative coherence upon
the past, is necessarily selective, imaginative, and subjective. Susan Sontag suggests that “what is called
collective memory is not a remembering but a stipulating: that this is important, and this is the story about
how it happened....” Memory-making activities such as film production, then, draw attention to certain
meanings derived from history, and they are also constantly contested, constituting, Marita Sturken asserts,
“a field of cultural negotiation through which different stories vie for a place in history.” The analysis of
memory, then, is also the analysis of identity politics and power dynamics at both national and sub-national
levels. Finally, the study of popular culture’s engagement with the past is as much about what is forgotten
as what is remembered. Every memory (every film), in focusing attention in a certain direction,
concurrently renders other elements of the past invisible. Every act of remembering entails directing the
collective gaze away from other potential events, narratives, and meanings, and every act of forgetting
entails the foregrounding of an alternative narrative to that which is laid aside. Francisco Delich, “The
Social Construction of Memory and Forgetting,” *Diogenes* No. 201 (February 2004): 69; Paul Connerton,
Rubin Suleiman, *Crises of Memory and the Second World War* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press,
2006), 3-4. Marita Sturken, *Tangled Memories: The Vietnam War, the AIDS Epidemic, and the Politics of

135 According to Czech writer Milan Kundera, “Remembering is not the negative of forgetting. Remembering is a form of forgetting.” *Testaments Betrayed: An Essay in Nine Parts* (New York: Harper Perennial, 1996), 128. On the creation of silences and the stages of representation at which such silences
occur, see Michel-Rolph Trouillot, *Silencing the Past* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1995). Trouillot writes,
“[A]ny historical narrative is a particular bundle of silences, the result of a unique process, and the
operation required to deconstruct these silences will vary accordingly,” 27.

136 Black, *Reality Effect*,

137 Sorlin, “War and Cinema,” 142.

138 Turim, *Flashbacks in Film*, 2.

Chapter 2: Commemoration and Democratization: Veterans and the War’s Racial Legacy in Progressive Hollywood, 1945-1949

During the war, as Hollywood and the state allied against the Axis powers, invocations of harmonious ethnoracial heterogeneity, despite abundant contradictions present in American life, offered reassurance concerning the United States’ democratic qualities and confirmation of the homogeneity and racism of the enemy.¹ For the most part, the cinema’s nascent embrace of diversity, led by a corral of New Deal Democrats, veterans of the Cultural Front, and those inclined farther left, entailed the inclusion of Americans of new immigrant heritage within the multiethnic wartime platoon: Jews, Italians, and Slavs, for example, all became more generically “Caucasian” (and American) through the discovery of commonality with compatriots of differing backgrounds and unity in anti-fascism. Prompted by the state’s need to cultivate patriotic identification among the nation’s marginalized constituencies, and the wartime activism of the NAACP and other civil rights organizations, what Thomas Cripps calls the “liberal drift” of wartime film also incorporated to an unprecedented degree African Americans, Latinos, and Native Americans. Their roles remained minor and often stereotypically scripted, but in many cases nonwhites were integrated within the multiethnic camaraderie on screen, each proving their devotion to democracy and nation through military service and sacrifice. In wartime cinema, ethnicity and race exist only as evidence of strength; they cannot be divisive, as every serviceman is fittingly colorblind.²

Such cohesive images expressed how national mobilization had inflicted structural and discursive dislocations on the racial taxonomies by which the nation-state was previously organized.³ Claims of the anti-racist implications of the war were made
more pointed as visual evidence of the fate of European Jews disseminated in U.S. culture, and as black soldiers and other nonwhites, emboldened by service to the nation and time spent in the more racially-tolerant climate of some European nations, asserted their war-won rights at home, claiming the domestic portion of the “Double Victory” for which they had labored in the theatres of war. World War II inflicted significant symbolic and substantive damage on white supremacy, yet, alongside the solidification of European ethnicities into the domain of whiteness, the segregation of blacks in the armed services, including, with potent symbolism, blood supplies for the front lines, confirmed to many the depth to which racial separatism was embedded in U.S. culture.4

Dominant in the postwar conception of race was the color line between black and white, but the war did not, of course, pertain only to racial formations relating to these groups. For Japanese Americans, internment and dispossession signified clearly their continuing status as what Mae Ngai calls “alien citizens,” and for groups not subject to official exclusionary policy – Latinos, Jews, and Native Americans – experiences with discriminatory ideology and practice in the military made clear that the equalitarian imagery inching its way into wartime film was very much unrealized.5 Instances of wartime and early postwar racial conflict, such as urban unrest and the violent treatment dispensed by white Americans, including law enforcement officers, to returning soldiers of color, likewise belied Hollywood’s visions of multiracial fraternity.6 “Our nation has been called the melting pot of the nationalities of the world,” wrote one of many anxious commentators on postwar “readjustment,” but “race riots of the past and racial tensions of the present make it clear that much of the melting is still to be done.”7
In 1945, with eventual victory appearing assured, discursive attention turned to the monumental task of returning over 12 million uniformed Americans to civilian society. Some veterans would be bearing home the debilitating imprint of war-borne trauma, and many observers were concerned that demobilizing troops constituted a potential threat to the democracy for which they had fought. Early in 1945, sociologist Robert A. Nisbet identified the problem of “re-assimilation” as that of attaining empathetic understanding within a society fractured into civilian and military realms – “two worlds,” he charged, separated by a “tragic cleavage.” This was the upshot of vastly differing wartime experiences, and was characterized by “accumulated bitterness in the hearts of many soldiers for what they feel has been the double standard of sacrifice…and by a developing cynicism about the objectives of this war.” Indoctrinated into a “military socialism” potentially inhibitive of veterans’ “capacity for self-governance,” and yet, Nisbet suggested, likely to be possessed of a reforming “restlessness of spirit” as well as a collective sense of “diffidence and rootlessness,” white veterans’ potential alienation, if addressed insensitively, threatened to spill over into a “revolutionary fascism” of the kind that prospered among disillusioned German veterans after the Great War.

Much of the problem, Nisbet claimed, lay in a lack of clarity regarding the war’s aims and purpose, leaving the conflict’s legacy open to racist, even fascistic, appropriation. Speaking in the Senate in 1944, for instance, Mississippi legislator James Eastland announced that “the conduct of the Negro soldier in Normandy, as well as all over Europe, was disgraceful, and that Negro soldiers have disgraced the flag of this country.” On the wartime home front, eruptions of anti-Semitic violence in Boston and New York gave rise to fears over “incipient fascism” in the postwar U.S. This specter
haunted late wartime literature, too. In Jewish ex-Marine Richard Brooks’ 1945 novel, *The Brick Foxhole*, the Marine Corps is a breeding ground of violent bigotry, its members largely disconnected from the official goals of the war. “Many of the men who had fought on Eniewetok and Kwajalein and Guadalcanal,” ponders Pete Keeley, one of Brooks’ liberally-inclined Marines, “had peculiar ideas about liberty and freedom which sounded like white supremacy and Protestant justice.”

If the white veteran represented a potential “Storm Trooper” capable of bringing fascism to the U.S., the veteran of color, and particularly the black veteran, presented a dilemma by his claim, emboldened through wartime service, to full and equal citizenship. Even before the U.S. had officially entered the war, observers such as Pearl Buck were predicting that domestic peace could not long sustain while glaring inequities persisted between white and black. “It is upon this rock,” Buck warned, “that our own ship of democracy may go down first, and upon this rock, too, that all peoples may divide into the ultimate enmity” (armed conflict). During wartime, as the African American press championed the service of such figures as Doris Miller, the messman hero of Pearl Harbor, black commentators also faced with trepidation the prospect of “race” veterans returning to see their rights once more denied. Should it be the case, wrote educator Rufus E. Clement, “that the Negro race has lost ground in its attempt to gain full citizenship status, he is likely to be bitter.” Diplomatic historian Merze Tate conjured with more severe terminology. The “colored American,” she wrote, “…is willing to die to destroy Nazism abroad only if he is certain that principles of that philosophy shall not prevail at home.” Should the victorious powers reject a universal standard of human rights in favor of preserving racial hierarchy and colonial rule, Tate warned, the result
could be “an inter-continental war between the East and West, the greatest war the human race has ever seen, a war between whites and non-whites.” 17 In the pages of *Opportunity*, the National Urban League’s Alphonse Heningburg wrote, “Many Americans are deeply and justifiably disturbed over the possibility that the Negro veteran, embittered by our consistent refusal to give democracy a chance here at home, may initiate the use of violence to register his protest.” 18 Although Heningburg ultimately dismissed this possibility (Nisbet’s “tragic cleavage” did not emerge) returning veterans nevertheless constituted an unpredictable and potentially violent ingredient in civilian society. 19

Filmmakers believed that mass media would play a pivotal role in negotiating demobilization, although the contours this process might trace, like much else about the cultural and political landscape of 1945, were uncertain. “What part will the motion picture and the radio play in the consolidation of the victory and in the creation of new patterns of world culture and understanding?” asked the editors of the newly-founded *Hollywood Quarterly* (*HQ*), an offshoot of the leftist Hollywood Writers Mobilization (HWM), in October 1945. 20 The assumption that the cinema would adopt a significant sociopolitical postwar function was confirmation of the ways in which the film industry’s war effort propelled an elevated sense of responsibility and influence. “One of the first casualties of the conflict,” *HQ* asserted, “was the ‘pure entertainment’ myth, which had served to camouflage the social irresponsibility of much of the material presented on the screen and over the air.” 21 Home from an inauspicious stint with the Army Signal Corps, Fox production head, Darryl F. Zanuck, agreed. “The war has made Americans think, and they aren’t going to be so interested in trivial, trashy movies anymore,” he asserted. “Vital, thinking men’s blockbusters” were now required. 22
In the opening issue of *Hollywood Quarterly*, Dorothy B. Jones, who had previously headed the OWI’s Hollywood office and was now employed at Warner Bros., urged that motion pictures could help heal a “world shattered by conflict,” bridging divergent cultures and ensuring “enduring peace.” But Jones, like many industry liberals, was unsatisfied with Hollywood’s wartime product, which reflected inexperience in dealing with “actual social problems” and had thus tended to sensationalize and trivialize the politics and ideology of the war via conventional spy plots and tales of individual heroism. Filmmakers, “like the rest of America…,” Jones wrote, “lacked real understanding of the war.” The task now confronting Hollywood progressives was to clarify its meanings.\(^2^3\)

The cinematic soldier served as national synecdoche in wartime cinema, and the image of the veteran figured preeminently in Hollywood’s attempts to grapple with demobilization. *HQ*’s second contribution, written by UCLA professor and HWM vice-chairman Franklin Fearing, turned to the postwar film, attempting to articulate how cinema could mediate issues of “re-assimilation.” “The effective use of radio and motion pictures offers the best, perhaps the only, solution,” Fearing argued, adding, “the meanings with which we clothe the bare facts of demobilization will reveal our basic conceptions of the war itself and the reasons for which it was fought.” Troubled by the potential lapse into a “literature of disillusionment” such as followed the First World War (and the potential for which he espied in Brooks’ *The Brick Foxhole*), Fearing called for a counterbalancing “sense of the values for which the war is fought.”\(^2^4\) Mass media, Fearing elsewhere suggested, were uniquely positioned to communicate unfamiliar experiences and identities. “It is the special characteristic of these media that the
individual has an opportunity to project himself into situations and in some degree share
in experiences otherwise denied him,” Fearing wrote, “He may move into a world other
than his own and acquire social identities and play social roles in groups otherwise
inaccessible to him.” The cinema, then, was the balm by which to soothe wartime rifts
and defuse postwar tensions.

Pivotal to progressive Hollywood’s negotiation of the postwar period, particularly
in the five year span after war’s end, was a grammar of colorblind and faith-blind reform
intended to disable the menace of the disillusioned veteran and neutralize the potential for
domestic racial conflict. Enacted on screen either in wartime settings or in films depicting
the combat veteran’s return to civilian society, Hollywood progressives approached re-
assimilation by attempting to craft empathy between civilian and veteran, and white and
nonwhite – uniting them around what historian Gary Gerstle calls the “civic nationalist”
construction of U.S. identity.

The progressives reached what many consider the apogee of Hollywood leftism in
1943, and, in the postwar period, despite the gradual winnowing down of the industry left
by the impositions of Congress and the FBI, progressive filmmakers, including two
Jewish New Dealers on whom I will focus attention – Dore Schary (at RKO and later
MGM) and Stanley Kramer (an independent) – sharpened the colorblind wartime idiom,
posing tolerance and unity as essential to a newly democratized Americanism forged in
the crucible of anti-fascist war. Liberal cinema thus negotiated the fragile ground of
Cold War racial formation, fending off allegations of communistic “racial agitation” by
presenting and solving within integrationist paradigms a problem of discrimination and,
in so doing, communicating to home front civilians and potential Storm Troopers alike
what the world’s recent cataclysm had meant and for what contemporary purposes it
should thus be remembered.\textsuperscript{29}

It was in remembering the war, then, that progressives hoped its meanings would
cohere, and the soldier of color, either as wounded (often decorated) veteran or as
remembered martyr, featured prominently. But liberal timidity, exacerbated by intense
scrutiny from the FBI and HUAC, meant that memory of nonwhite service and sacrifice
often hinged on a partial effacement of the nonwhite warrior, a relegation (which was
also a promotion) to the status of commemorated hero or passive witness to white-led
reform. It would not be the nonwhite soldier who asserted in film his own postwar
claims, but instead the colorblind white who would champion his nonwhite comrade’s
place in memory and nation. Progressive filmmakers’ desire, as Schary put it, to place
“an accent on the affirmative” in the context of the Cold War, to restate the nation’s
capacity to contain and embrace ethnoracial diversity, meant that reform was always
enacted in nation-affirming ways, through acceptance of diversity within the terms of the
prevailing racial hegemony.\textsuperscript{30} Accordingly, as the white veteran “re-assimilated” into
U.S. culture, the nonwhite veteran assimilated to the nation-state via the time-honored
paradigm of military service and sacrifice.

Postwar war films and narratives of domestic readjustment hung their
redefinitions of Americanism on a reformulation of whiteness, creating a fracture
between those whites who had learned the colorblind lessons of the war and those who
persisted in maintaining discriminatory attitudes. Such symbolism was accentuated, or
universalized, by the tendency of Hollywood progressives to hold all forms of
discrimination equivalent. Thus, whether the subject of prejudicial attitudes was Jewish
(as were many of the filmmakers), black, Latino, or even disabled, the solution remained the same: recognize prejudice as the nation’s enemy embrace diversity as a source of American strength. As Ralph Ellison, addressing more broadly the “social problem films” of the period, stated in 1949, “Obviously these films are not about Negroes at all; they are about what whites think or feel about Negroes.” Yet even in this narcissistic approach, postwar film denied white Christian identity its unmarked status, splintering whiteness between those who rejected prejudice and those who persisted in defining national belonging in unequal terms. World War II films were not, of course, the sole setting for such narratives, but the earliest postwar films addressing race, ethnicity, and nation often did so through the powerfully signifying image of the veteran, marking the conflict as a historical breaking point after which U.S. whiteness had to adjust to an egalitarian framework.

The reforming white veteran was, then, the tool by which progressive filmmakers dramatized the postwar nation reassembled. The image of the soldier, and the meaning given to his sacrifice, functioned in postwar film as what critic Alison Landsberg, mirroring Franklin Fearing’s ideas on cinema’s capacity to communicate unfamiliar experience, has described as “prosthetic memory.” Prosthetic memory, via the experiential power of mass media, especially film, creates transference of experience and in doing so forges pathways to intersubjective empathy. As Landsberg notes, empathetic shifts in perspective have often been conveyed in film by alteration to the physical body, and the metaphor of prosthesis befits early postwar cinema, as it was either the absent martyred body of the soldier of color, appended in memory to the national body politic, or the disabled white G.I. (often an amputee), through which the
route to interracial empathy was plotted.\textsuperscript{33} Thus, soldierly bodies, either in absence or remembrance (the nonwhite casualty), or in exhibiting the physical absences inflicted by war service (the white veteran), became the texts on which were configured war-borne equalitarian shifts.

Also important to liberal Hollywood’s paradigm of commemoration and democratization is that the lessons imparted by colorblind veterans were often supported by institutions of the nation-state. Positing military service as the highest evidence of Americanism, industry progressives restated notions of political reform and nonwhite assimilation as old as the nation itself, but they also presented national military institutions as a wellspring of democratic change.\textsuperscript{34} Often, the military’s reforming role is indicated in the award of medals to returning or martyred veterans (white and otherwise), official commemorative sanction confirming the veterans’ authority to guide the postwar world. The War Department, although often seeking to soften images of racism among U.S. fighting men, frequently saw utility in cooperation with liberal producers, and Hollywood progressives reciprocated by positing the armed services as a trailblazer in colorblind racial reform, aligning state power to postwar colorblindness.\textsuperscript{35}

Focusing on four groundbreaking films written, directed, and produced by industry leftists – Paramount’s \textit{A Medal for Benny} (1945), Vanguard Films’/RKO’s \textit{Till the End of Time} (1946), RKO’s \textit{Crossfire} (1947), and Stanley Kramer Productions’ \textit{Home of the Brave} (1949) – this chapter charts, through context, text, and reception, progressive attempts to shape the legacy of World War II into colorblind consensus. In the immediate postwar years, these liberal visions dominated Hollywood’s images of ethnicity, race, and nation in wartime, yet analysis of how these films were received in sections of U.S.
society – including by the FBI and the HUAC – reveals the continuing lack of cultural accord regarding the racial legacy of the war. By 1949, the progressive vision was fading sharply.

In late-1945, HQ’s Franklin Fearing had little positive to say about the messages of Hollywood’s films of soldierly readjustment, which had, he regretted, addressed problems “romantically, sentimentally, in terms of weeping wives and young love blighted, or as farce or fantasy.” Fearing could point only to Paramount’s A Medal for Benny (released in April 1945) as a model for progressive engagement with the war. “In it,” he wrote, “a so-called minority group is treated with dignity and respect. This, in itself, is very rare. But its most important achievement lies in its affirmative statement of the war, its goals, and the future.” The “so-called minority group” is Mexican Americans – “Paisanos” of “mixed Spanish and Indian descent” living in southern California – and the “affirmative statement” hinges on undermining racial hierarchy and broadening the nation’s representational boundaries through commemoration of World War II. If the war itself left indefinite ideological consequences, in A Medal for Benny the process of remembering becomes the arena from which democracy accelerates and exclusionary privilege is undermined.

The film originated with a story idea by screenwriter Jack Wagner. Wagner struggled to attract studio backing until he enlisted the help of family friend John Steinbeck, whose co-authorship secured Paramount’s interest. Directed by the Christian Socialist Irving Pichel, an idiosyncratic B-movie director and “cerebral radical” of the Hollywood left, and produced by Paul Jones, a veteran collaborator with liberal filmmaker Preston Sturges, the film had behind it a strong progressive core. It is also a
particularly pertinent choice with which to begin a discussion of Hollywood’s “memory”
of World War II, as it exhibits a rare awareness of the constructed, fictive nature of
narratives of military heroism, and of the importance of mass media in communicating
historical narratives and their meanings in U.S. culture.

*Medal* is thus a film about the political and ideological shape of national memory
– an example of what I earlier defined as “representing remembrance” – rather than a
drama of veterans’ readjustment. Indeed, no veteran comes home, the titular hero, Benny
Martín, having been killed in the Philippines while winning a Medal of Honor. In his
absence, Benny becomes a haunting presence, and there are left only stories spun around
him to create his place in memory. The subject thus becomes (as the title suggests) the
medal this martyred Chicano has won and its implications for U.S. national identity.
Ultimately, official state remembrance, allied with the interests of Benny’s community,
creates an affirmative statement about the war’s place in democratizing the nation,
defeating vested (white) interests who seek to further their own financial and political
agenda by co-opting the meaning of minority heroism.

*A Medal for Benny* centers on a community of Mexican Americans who live in
Slough Town, an impoverished *barrio* in the small California city of Pantera. The
destabilization of exclusionary narratives of U.S. history begins with the picture’s
opening caption, which establishes the “Paisanos”’ longevity and legitimacy in U.S.
territory (calling them “original California settlers”). The narrative then conveys the
economic plight of the central characters, including Charley Martín (Benny’s father,
played by J. Carroll Naish), who faces imminent eviction from his dilapidated home for
non-payment of sixty dollars in back rent. At the same time, Joe Morales (Arturo de
Cordova), another “Paisano” and supposedly Charley’s good friend, exacerbates the situation by embarking, with Charley’s rent money, upon a quickly failing fishing business, much to the chagrin of Lolita (Dorothy Lamour), whom Joe wishes to marry but who is promised to the absent Benny. Soon after, when Charley receives twenty-five dollars from a friend in repayment of an outstanding debt, Joe, offering to act as his personal “bank,” again swindles Charley, taking the money to buy a fancy party dress for Lolita.

At this point, neither Charley nor the audience is aware that Benny is a war hero, nor even that he has joined the armed services. We do learn, however, that the young man had a predilection for stealing chickens and wine for his family, and that he was involved in many a fight, including a massive brawl, vividly described by an acquaintance, with most of the Pantera police force on July 4, 1941 (the narrative is set in the summer of ’42). Conflict with the town authorities on U.S. Independence Day conveys the Mexican Americans’ outsider status within the national memorial symbolic, and has caused Benny to be literally excluded from the town by the local magistrate. It also facilitates the collapsing of war-spun mythologies, for when news arrives that the exile is, suddenly, a nationally-renowned hero, the audience is already aware that Benny is a far cry from the idealized citizen soldier. Moreover, Benny is no conventional romantic hero, for while his community expects that he will return to marry Lolita, Joe’s encounter with Toodles Castro, a woman of dubious repute from nearby San Marcos, exposes Benny’s infidelity. Toodles is wearing a ring given to Benny by Lolita (her father’s wedding ring, no less), and the fact that Benny has made a gift of such a precious keepsake confirms the
questionable character of this putative hero, preemptively undermining the fictions that will be woven around him once news of his combat exploits arrives.

Indicative of the highly segregated structure of life in Pantera, Benny’s shortcomings and Charley’s economic troubles are established without visual or narrative reference to the more prosperous, white side of town. The film’s critique of the potentially antidemocratic cooptation and commercialization of remembrance – its attempt to redirect whiteness and economic privilege towards the equalizing legacy of war – begins in earnest as Charley visits the local bank in search of a small loan with which to pay his rent and avoid eviction. Importantly, Charley’s arrival in the Anglo district coincides with that of an Associated Press bulletin at the town’s Pepsters Club meeting, reporting both Benny’s death and his status as “America’s number one hero.” Having no recollection of Benny Martín, and anglicizing his name (as Mar-tin rather than Mar-teen) in the presumption that any war hero must be white, the local government and economic leadership, including the banker, Mr. Mibbs, the press agent, Mr. Lovekin, and the political leader, Mayor Smiley, delight in the prospect of fame and financial windfall. Interrupting Mibbs’ sloganeering speech on the people’s obligation to the war effort, the news of local heroism sends the Pepsters into a frenzy of media management planning. “Can’t you see it?” asks Press Agent Lovekin excitedly, “Pantera: Home of America’s number one hero! I’ll plaster it all over the country… radio, newspapers, newsreels, oh boy, oh boy, what a break!” At no point do the Pepsters pause to consider the cause in which Benny fought, instead mindlessly reiterating that he has “killed Japs” in great numbers.
As the Pepsters eye economic boom, Charley, still unaware even of Benny’s enlistment, is at this juncture expelled from the bank with forceful narrative irony, his small loan request denied by Mibbs’ abrupt order to “get out” even as the fiscal elites plot to profit from his son’s death. Only when they discover that Benny Martín is a Latino expelled from Pantera by the town authorities (i.e. them) do Mayor Smiley and his entourage, concerned that they might miss out on a “million dollar” opportunity, venture into Slough Town, quite unnecessarily accompanied by a Police escort. Charley expects the worse: “Benny didn’t do it,” he protests, only to be thoroughly surprised by the Mayor’s declaration that Pantera is “mighty proud” of his son. Only now does Charley learn that Benny is dead.

The Pantera Chamber of Commerce lies to the press about Charley’s longtime patronage of the bank and his status as a “pillar of the community” and head of a “fine old California family.” News that the state Governor and an Army General will visit the town to present Benny’s father with the Medal of Honor prompts further manipulative endeavors. Attaching to Benny and Lolita a story of true love shattered by war (a story which we have already learned lacks much truth, as Benny has been exposed as unfaithful and Lolita has fallen for Joe), the Pepsters and the national media care only for the dollar value of spinning a conventional, sentimentalized tale. “In the heart of Lolita, the girl who loved him, his memory will be enshrined forever,” chimes the radio before cutting swiftly to a commercial.

Crucial to its attempted redirection of remembrance and heroism, the film makes clear that what is at stake is how Benny’s story will be mediated to the public, how the enshrinement of the hero will be inflected by those with the power and means to
disseminate the image. Wholly ignorant of Slough Town, Lovekin and Mibbs examine a photograph of Charley’s small, run-down home, deciding that it will not suffice as the impression of Pantera to be exhibited in 30,000 newspapers. “That’s awful,” declares Mibbs, appalled. But the Pepsters perceive no irony in Benny’s courageous service and his father’s concurrent marginalization, and the “solution” they devise seeks only to efface the lowly status from which Benny derived, masking with image the town’s color line (which is also its economic dividing line). Charley is promptly relocated to an ostentatious white house in the prosperous district, and the medal ceremony is arranged for the local ballpark, where a large crowd of out-of-towners is anticipated. Charley, projecting the Pepsters’ notion of a “pillar of the community,” is forced into a suit and a Derby hat for the benefit of visiting cameras (he resists a sombrero). Told to “imagine that your ancestors owned this land,” Charley responds, “They did,” the film again noting that the U.S. flags bedecking the Martins’ phony home belong as much to these “original settlers of California” as to anyone else.

The democratic legacy of the war is not to be lost without a struggle, though, and, when it is revealed that the house has not been gifted to Charley, but merely loaned for the benefit of the Pepsters, Lovekin’s plans come apart. As Lolita questions why, if not as reward for fathering a hero, Charley has been moved to this relatively palatial domicile, Lovekin attempts to justify all the pretence by informing Charley of the financial windfall the town will accrue. The newly formed Reception Committee (composed entirely of members of the Pepsters Club), Lovekin explains, feels that pictures of the Mexican American community might cause newspaper readers and newsreel viewers to “get the wrong impression” of Pantera. After all, the town is expecting 5000 visitors, “every one
of ‘em good for three bucks.’ “You get the glory, we get the gravy,” he concludes happily.

For the bereaved father, though, this is the last straw, and he begins to reclaim the commemorative process. “Even Benny would not think to do a thing like this,” Charley protests, reminding the audience that the very notion of Benny as a hero depends upon forgetting his civilian immorality in favor of his military immortality, “Never he would use the bravery and the beautiful medal to sell a lot of hot dogs and real estate. No, even Benny would not do that.” At this, over Lovekin’s panicked pleas, Charley gathers his few trappings and returns to Slough Town, leaving the Pepsters, the 5000 outsiders (and their three dollars each), the governor, and the visiting Army brass without a recipient for their “beautiful medal.” Thus snubbing Lovekin’s materialism, Charley becomes guardian of his son’s state-sponsored sanctification.

Co-guardian, that is, in concert with the Army, as critical to Medal’s democratic repossession of World War II is the cooperative and authoritative role attributed to the services. Like many war pictures made before, during, and after the conflict, Medal was produced in dialogue with the War Department, Paramount securing that agency’s approval after a review of the screenplay in May 1944 (shortly before production began). At the scripting stage, the studio’s recently hired military advisor, W.C. Powers, formerly of the Marines, cautioned that Benny’s illicit past would incur dissent: “In my opinion, the War Department is likely to object to the ‘Jail Bird’ reputation of Benny prior to entering the Army,” Powers wrote, suggesting that the delinquent Latino would not have been accepted as a volunteer due to his felonious record.41
Anticipating War Department agreement with Powers, Paramount’s Robert Denton hurried to submit corrections, promising to substitute any implication that Benny was a “confirmed criminal” with a sense that he was a rambunctious youth who might “steal a chicken now and then for his family.” But the War Department required no such alterations, being instead happy to align itself with the redemptive role given the U.S. Army in the screenplay, both in lending purpose and posthumous honor to the youthful miscreant, and in guiding the wider society by waylaying the effort to co-opt Benny’s actions. “The question brought up…in regard to Benny’s background,” wrote Captain Stuart Palmer, on behalf of Lt. Col. Gordon Swarthout, Acting Chief of the Army’s Pictorial Division, “was not touched upon by any of the reviewing officers here…. Benny’s absence from the screen, alongside the “‘Robinhood’ character of his civilian exploits,” Palmer noted, mitigated any concern in this regard, and the enlistment of men with criminal records was, he added, a fact of military life.  

The War Department’s only issue was with a plot device that saw the Pepsters hear of Benny’s death before Charley receives official notification. Proposing alterations to address this implication of governmental indifference, Palmer explained, “The main point is to make clear that the Adjutant General’s office exercises the greatest care and expediency in notifying the relatives of those killed or missing in action.” Pichel shot an additional scene, accounting for any misgiving by having the local bar owner arrive, after Charley has been moved uptown, with a two-day-old telegram, and by late November the War Department had screened the film, informing Paramount that, “with the added scene now incorporated in the picture,” there were no issues with “military propriety and security.”
As it would in many of the postwar films of racial reform, the Army appears as the foe of prejudice, spearheading the equalization of notions of military heroism and the right to citizenship accompanying such. It is, after all, the state’s decision, through President Roosevelt and the Congress, to award Benny a Medal of Honor (something that happened to just eight Latino GIs during the war) that sets events in motion, and it is the Army’s intervention that reconciles Charley and the Mexican American community to a suitably grateful nation.\(^{45}\) Upon his arrival in Pantera, the visiting General, towering over the sycophantic Lovekin, wishes to visit Charley’s home, but Smiley and Mibbs seek to dissuade him, hoping to keep the barrio buried under the town’s image-conscious carpet. “Ballpark my eye,” says the General, upon learning that Charley will not attend the medal ceremony, “where does he live?” “You can’t go over there,” Lovekin feebly interjects, “It’s just a bunch of shacks.”

Informed by Mayor Smiley of the Slough Town address, the General, disdainful of Lovekin’s protestations, means to head out there. Representatives of the nation-state do not assist private interests in bending the martyred soldier’s legacy towards profit and posture. “Some mighty fine Americans have come out of shacks,” the officer informs Lovekin.\(^{46}\) With this historical admonishment leveled, the General and Governor depart, along with Mayor Smiley, leading the grand procession, replete with military band and hundreds of soldiers, across the tracks to Slough Town.\(^{47}\)

The detail charged with presenting the medal moves off, flags, honor guard, and all, bringing with potent symbolism the pomp and ceremony of martial honor to a neglected corner of the U.S. “Charley, Charley, they’re coming to you!” Lolita exclaims, confirming the democratic movement of the nation as a whole. Visually, the grandness of
the ceremony upstages anything else in the film, extreme long shots capturing massed ranks of flag-bearing soldiers and military musicians, and the medal award itself, a public performance of the state’s embrace of heroes from all backgrounds. As the procession travels, the citizens of Pantera spill from their houses to watch, until “the perches, the balconies, the slopes of the hills are crowded with spectators.” As the General speaks, presenting “in the name of the Congress of the United States the Congressional Medal of Honor for services rendered in battle above and beyond the call of duty,” close ups capture Charley, wearing Benny’s medal, swelling with pride and emotion as the nation’s flag hangs behind him.

Thus, a Mexican American and a white General unite to impart democratic principles to exploitative whites who would otherwise have turned Benny’s death into an impetus for capitalism. “When honor came to Benny and his family it was good,” says Charley to the crowd, “Benny came from this house and he is a hero. I know there can be heroes from other kinds of houses because a man is only what he grows out of: his family, his friends, and his home.” Here, as the camera pans the gathered soldiery and citizenry, Charley confirms that in the nation’s diversity inheres its strength and vitality. “Maybe it is good for the country that she must depend for life on all kinds of people,” he adds, “on men like my son, and on such women as their mothers, wives, and sweethearts.” Following Charley’s speech, the band passes in review, with no trace to be found of Mibbs, Lovekin, or a hotdog vendor.

The conclusion of Medal, emphasizing the cohering power of military service and national commemoration, recuperates Latino identification with the nation. Joe Morales, criticized by his prospective bride, Lolita, for his failed business schemes, sees in
Benny’s medal a potential route to respectability and honor. “I was always twice as good as that Benny,” he says, “I’ll come back with two medals.” With this, Joe volunteers for the Army, and, waved on by crowds holding patriotic banners and flags, he departs with a kiss from Lolita. For critic Charles Ramirez Berg, the conclusion is problematic, as it “frames their union in dominant terms: Joe is most worthy of Lolita’s attention when he becomes a proper American and joins the army to fight the ‘Japs’ in the war.” The union being cemented is not that between Joe and Lolita, however, for the two are already committed to one another. The union here forged is actually that of Latino to nation-state.

Nonetheless, and despite Army approval, the OWI’s reaction to Medal offers a foretaste of the state’s postwar distaste for images of racial inequality in the U.S. Considering the film’s suitability for overseas audiences, the OWI’s Ed Simmel, reviewing the script in early April 1945, took issue with “the clear evidence of segregation of Mexican-Americans in the community.” “While they never express any resentment over their humble lot,” he noted, “their shanty-like houses, their apparently inferior social and economic status in the community, and their isolation from the rest of the town all serve to imply the existence of barriers against them.” Furthermore, Simmel worried at the town officials’ lack of “the slightest appreciation of Benny’s sacrifice for his country,” and felt perturbed that “there is no indication of any effort to correct the social injustice implicit in the segregation of the Mexican Americans.” William Roberts, also of the OWI, concurred, arguing that the depiction of “dollar patriots,” alongside the picture’s “basic theme – an unredeemed social justice – would have a negative propaganda effect in liberated areas at this time.” Despite these objections, the
OWI New York Review Board’s decision to approve the “human and heartwarming” tale for overseas distribution prevailed.52

“The effectiveness of the film is in no way diminished because it offers no solution to the problem which it exposes,” Franklin Fearing wrote. Indeed, Medal’s effort to shape future narratives of war remembrance hinges in part on its refusal to offer an easy solution. For while Benny has been rightly honored, and the assertion that “some mighty fine Americans have come out of shacks” made with a General’s authority, there is little implication that Benny’s service, or Joe’s decision to follow the dead hero to war, will provide lasting social change for the Pantera Chicanos. Charley’s immediate financial problems are assuaged by the insurance money he will collect from Benny’s death, but the film, made with the war still ongoing, suggests ambiguity and contingency in its closing shots. While patriotic banners wave Joe off on the train, his three Mexican American friends – Lolita, Charley, and Lolita’s young brother, Chito – are set behind and apart from the predominantly white crowd, their somber expressions suggesting the indeterminacy of both Joe’s future and the place of Latinos in national remembrance.

Liberal reviewers embraced the message. Bosley Crowther of the New York Times declared it Steinbeck’s redemption after the controversial representation of a German in 1944’s Lifeboat, and predicted that audiences would be moved by its affection for “plain humanity.” James Agee of The Nation praised it as a “furious and well-filmed piece of invective against the attempt of some small-town boosters to exploit the death of a proletarian war hero.”53 The film also received industry acclaim, attracting Oscar nominations for the screenplay and for Naish’s performance as Charley, while Naish received a Golden Globe as best supporting actor.54 Less excluded by national wartime
policy and less categorically removed from whiteness than African Americans, the image of Latinos was a safer place from which the meaning of World War II could be negotiated, and Medal provoked little overt conservative opposition, its politics made more palatable by its gentle, comedic tone.\textsuperscript{55}

In the immediate postwar period, Hollywood liberals continued to tip-toe towards and around the more contentious issue of black exclusion. This, the major issue of the postwar years, they approached more tentatively, but the association of military and state with anti-racist progress was restated in a 1946 ‘B’ release, Till the End of Time, which addressed, albeit peripherally, World War II remembrance and the positionality of Jews and African Americans in the national symbolic. While Medal depended on an absent nonwhite martyr, Till was among the first postwar films to posit affinity between nonwhite veterans and disabled whites. In this narrative, white veterans carry to a home front still beset by bigotry remembrance of Jewish sacrifice and recognition of black service.

Behind the making of Till the End of Time was Dore Schary, the son of immigrant Russian Jews, a committed New Dealer, and a veteran of the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League and the Anti-Defamation League. Proud of his colorblind philosophy, Schary, “wanting to break the color barrier in American films,” cast black actor Kenneth Spencer in 1943’s Bataan, lining him up amid a diverse collection of fellow G.I.s in the quintessential expression of Hollywood’s “multiethnic platoon.”\textsuperscript{56} In March 1945, turning attention to the returning soldier, Schary submitted to the OWI a script entitled When I Come Home, which dealt with two veterans – G.I. Joe and G.I. Bill – suffering from shell-shock and the failure of civilians to appreciate the reality of “battle fatigue.”
Objecting to the focus on the veteran as a potential problem, the OWI and War Department ensnared the proposal with demands for revisions. Schary’s enthusiasm for postwar politics was unabated, though, and it was through feature film that he emerged as an influential molder of cinematic war remembrance, consistently advancing an ethnic tolerance and colorblind patriotism that earned him accolades from civil rights groups and unwelcome attention from the FBI and HUAC. 

Produced on the cusp of Schary’s move from Vanguard Films, a low-budget offshoot of Selznick International, to the Production Head’s chair at RKO, and directed by the later-blacklisted Edward Dmytryk, *Till the End of Time* (1946) was based on novelist and screenwriter Niven Busch’s book *They Dream of Home* (1944), and was overshadowed by the release of the multiple Oscar-winning *The Best Years of Our Lives* four months later. Perhaps due to its artistic deficiencies (including a remarkably wooden performance from its lead, Navy veteran Guy Madison), *Till* has often been critically sidestepped, or dismissed, in one scholar’s words, for failing to develop a “narrative…of physical or spiritual rehabilitation as did Wyler’s film.” Nevertheless, while *Best Years*, despite inferences drawn by FBI informants, does not directly address racial reform as part of postwar readjustment, *Till the End of Time* does so, revealing progressives’ continuing engagement with the veteran as conveyor of lessons in tolerance. At the same time, the film attests to the limits of postwar liberal iconography, as changes made to Busch’s novel erased the presence of nonwhite soldiers and civilians even as the film forwards ethnoracial reform as the war’s proper legacy.

*Till* features no war scenes and thus required little in terms of military assistance. It did, however, receive limited cooperation from the Marine Corps, which lent the use of
a San Diego boot camp for shooting, and the film reflects a generally salutary image of the Marine Corps and the official machinery of demobilization. The picture begins with the Marine hymn playing and a collection of “dogfaces” being mustered out of the service with help from Marine Rehabilitation Officers, including Sgt. Earl “Gunny” Watrous (William Gargan). Directed towards the official help available to them, not just in the form of a Red Cross pension and government insurance schemes, but also via personalized guidance, Schary’s film opens with images of a benevolent state shepherding its soldiery peaceably back to civilian life.

Despite its somewhat upbeat opening, as soon as the Marines leave the bosom of state-sponsored paternalism and reenter civilian society, the atmosphere changes, establishing the disquietingly noir world of placelessness and uncertainty to which many cinematic veterans returned during the early postwar period. Cliff Harper (Madison) is a former high school football star and a decorated veteran of Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima (where he won a Silver Star) whose only “work experience” is with the Marine Corps. Returning to his parents’ home in leafy, suburban Los Angeles, Cliff finds the house dark and the door locked, the mise-en-scene troubling at the soundtrack’s claim that “There’s No Place Like Home.” Indeed, Cliff’s childhood bedroom appears little like home, the boyish trappings of his youth now as ill-fitting as the clothes hanging in his closet. Civilian life has not waited (his dad is out golfing, his mother has gone shopping, and his next-door neighbors have moved away for war work), and, as a mirror shot of the young veteran conveys by splitting his reflection unevenly in two, his identity in postwar society is as uncertain as the legacy of the war. Experiencing, like Fred Derry (Dana Andrews) in Best Years, a string of difficulties in the postwar job market and troubles in romantic
readjustment, Cliff feels cheated, “robbed,” as he puts it, “out of three-and-half years.”

The point of his sacrifice in the Pacific seems, upon returning home, disturbingly unclear. “Somebody stole my time,” Cliff complains to Pat (Dorothy McGuire), the war widow with whom he strikes up a tempestuous romance.

Bill Tabeshaw (Robert Mitchum), the second of a trio of decorated wartime comrades and Cliff’s companion since boot camp, represents another set of tribulations facing the returning hero. With a silver plate in his head (to accompany his Silver Star and Purple Heart) after being wounded in action, Bill suffers terrible and persistent headaches for which he refuses, despite Cliff’s urgings, to seek medical help from the Veterans Administration. Gambling and drinking his money away, Bill becomes a placeless itinerant frequenting disreputable locales like Tijuana and Las Vegas, his mental health issues exacerbated when, the audience learns, he is forcibly ejected from a Vegas casino, landing (now penniless) on his already fragile head. In the Pacific, Bill laments, they were a team, working towards the same goals. “Now we’re civilians: rugged individualists,” he tells Cliff, “We’re on our own – Perry, you, me, all of us.”

The third veteran, Perry Kinchloe (Bill Williams), is a friend of Bill’s from their time in the VA hospital, and the travails of re-assimilation face him with particular intractability. A double amputee, Perry’s missing legs connote his debilitated masculinity, and have sent him spiraling into melancholic nihilism: “I’m twenty-one and I’m dead,” he tells the visiting Bill. Perry’s loss is accentuated by the destruction of his promising prewar career as a boxer, and this bitter memory propels him into seclusion. He refuses to don his military-issued prosthetic limbs as a first step towards rehabilitation and independence. The first line Perry speaks, heard through his closed bedroom door, is
“I can’t do it,” as Sgt. Watrous of the Marine Rehabilitation Office tries to coax him into his new limbs. Believing that he has “no life of my own left,” Perry is resigned to live through his younger brother, Jimmy, who he hopes will fill his shoes in the boxing ring. Trapped by regret, Perry can envisage no future, and will not leave behind his dreams of a boxing career. When Gunny, ever sympathetic to veterans’ issues – “it’s tough getting yourself reorganized,” he says – brings Perry a set of books on becoming a boxing instructor, Perry refuses to even crack the covers.

Compounding the physical and psychological dislocations of the war, Dmytryk’s film depicts a civilian society, which, despite good intentions, is failing to smooth the veterans’ passage to peacetime. Cliff is cut off whenever he tries to discuss the war, as his parents, anxious for him to leave the past behind, accentuate his isolation by silencing his remembrances. “Don’t talk about it, Clifford, dear, I know you don’t want to talk about it,” says his mother, Amy, as he begins to voluntarily reminisce about the misery of combat. She and Cliff’s father, C.W., consistently cajole their son towards the future, towards the normalizing institutions of marriage and work, shutting out the past in a manner that, rather than lending Cliff direction, endows him with a greater sense of pessimism. “No one’s gonna listen to us,” he tells his sailor friend, Pinky, and, in confirmation of this, as Cliff later attempts to relate the tortuous time he spent in a Pacific foxhole, Mrs. Harper shrilly interjects, “Clifford, darling, please don’t live in the past.” Before long, the Harpers’ frustration with Cliff’s failure to return to college, along with his continued comradeship with Bill, boils over into a parental lecture. “We’re very disappointed with your behavior,” his mother admonishes, accusing him of “gallivanting around.” “It’s just not like old times,” adds Mr. Harper, offering yet another indication of
civilian society’s failure to empathize with the veteran’s experiences. Seeking, and failing to find, permanence and solace in the affections of Pat, herself still distraught at the death of her pilot husband in France, Cliff is again silenced as he tries to understand his current directionlessness. When he tries to tell Pat how he won his Silver Star, she responds, “I don’t want to know anything about you.”

*Till the End of Time* insists that a reintegrated future for veteran and civilian hinges on the home front learning what the recent past means to the combat veteran, and on the combat veteran bringing the lessons of the war to the home front. It finds the solution to uncertainty and miscommunication by asserting concurrently the masculinity and ethnoracial blindness of the white veterans in a concluding moment of democratizing, anti-racist belligerence. Devising an escape, Bill, Cliff, and Perry, each at a personal low point, meet at a local nightspot to plan an ex-servicemen’s business enclave on a New Mexico cattle ranch. Perry is, at last, wearing his prosthetic limbs, something that the need to persuade the troubled Bill back into the VA Hospital requires, and which he is inspired to do by his mother’s invocation of a man who lost his legs at age 39 and ended up as President.\(^62\)

At this moment, when retreat from an uncomprehending society appears the only resolution, their futures are drastically reshaped after they encounter a veterans’ organization named the “American War Patriots.” The Patriots, a collection of whites with John Rankin-esque politics (an invocation of the “Storm Troopers” anticipated in late wartime commentary), challenge the point and purpose of the war, alleging that returning “American” (read white Protestant) veterans have been sold out to “foreign-born labor racketeers” who are exploiting their union members economically. “That’s the
kind of free country we were fighting for,” the Patriots announce, before elaborating pointedly on the exclusive nature of their organization: “We have certain restrictions,” the leader states, “No Catholics, Jews, or Negroes.”

Critically, the community of ex-servicemen is in this penultimate scene extended beyond Bill, Cliff, and Perry, to include veterans undesirable to the “American War Patriots.” The first of these is an African American Corporal who is also frequenting the bar and with whom Bill has, by the time of the fascists’ arrival, already shared a friendly exchange and a game of pinball. The black G.I. (played by Caleb Peterson and listed in the credits simply as “Black Soldier”) is witness to the Patriots’ diatribe, and a series of quick-cuts – to Bill, then Perry, then Cliff, as each glances concernedly at the African American – communicates the white veterans’ individual and collective anger at this fascistic appropriation of their war, and is followed by a lingering oneshot of the black soldier clad in the uniform of the nation’s armed services. The black G.I., however, will not complicate matters by defending his own place in the postwar nation, and he slips quietly out of the shot, clearing the screen for the three whites to rebuff the “Patriots”’ corrupted version of Americanism with curative violence.

Absent, too, as an active figure, but present (like Benny Martín) as a memory in need of custodial preservation, is a deceased Jewish Marine. Bill recounts for the Patriots’ benefit the story of Maxi Klein, a heroic combat casualty on Guadalcanal. “He’d probably spit right in your eye,” Bill tells the fascists, “so just for him I’m gonna spit in your eye.” Standing in for the martyred Jew, this Bill does with a sniper’s accuracy, and the ensuing fistfight confirms the physical and ideological superiority of the soldier who comprehends and believes in that for which he fights. The “American War Patriots,” we
quickly discover, do not even possess a legitimate claim to direct the war’s legacy, at least one of them having been “busted out” of the Army on what he claims was “a frame-up” charge. Regardless, they are swiftly beaten into submission (despite dirty tactics, including hitting Bill over the back of the head with a bottle) before the Military Police arrive to cart them off in confirmation of state support for the veterans’ actions (the MPs credit Bill, Perry, and Cliff with an “assist” in detaining the fascist group).

The effects of this encounter are instantaneous, bringing resolution to all the perils confronting the veterans. The fight, Cliff informs his parents, “Showed me that if you believe in something you better get in there and fight for it.” Gunny emerges from the Rehabilitation Office to confirm that it was not their fault, that trouble “came looking for them.” Cliff’s family at last appear to understand, taking pride in Cliff’s principled stance, his father also remarking, “You didn’t make yourself a soldier overnight, you can’t make yourself a civilian overnight.” The veteran becomes the successful conduit of prosthetic memory, fighting for a black soldier and a Jewish martyr and in so doing carrying with the authority of experience the antiracist meanings of the war to those who did not live through it. Bill, knocked out by the fascist’s bottle, re-enters the institutional apparatus designed to assist him, going back into the veterans’ hospital to receive the medical help he needs, and Pat, whom Cliff had intended to leave after she equivocated over the prospect of marriage, returns, too, the film concluding in melodramatic style with a kiss between reconciled lovers. There is no longer a need to disappear to New Mexico – Bill will return to his Idaho home, and Cliff, presumably, will settle down and marry Pat, helping her to forget her lost spouse.
The functioning of the veteran as “prosthetic memory” is accentuated by the fate of Perry, whose state of disability and desperation – symbolized by his refusal to wear his prosthetic limbs – is also cleansed in this moment of combative self-rediscovery. Initially nervous during the fight, retreating into a corner, Perry, despite his immobility, discovers he is more than a match for the fascists, joyfully instructing his comrades to “push ‘em to me” so that he can exercise his still ample skills as a pugilist. “It’s good to be back on my feet again,” Perry says in the aftermath. The Patriots are severed from the postwar nation, and the nonwhite, non-Christian soldier, represented as passive witness or absent, martyred stimulus (Maxi Klein’s role), becomes another form of prosthesis, stimulating Perry to recover his bodily integrity. Witnessing the fight from the sidelines, the black G.I. completes the body of the white veteran (and thus the white nation) in a manner safely contained by the patriotic wool of military camaraderie.

The injection of race into the narrative arrives only in the film’s last few moments, and despite the apparent (even miraculous) healing power ascribed to belligerent colorblindness, remains a somewhat marginalized theme, evidence of the soft steps that Hollywood liberals felt it necessary to take while problematizing race and ethnicity in their mediations of the postwar nation. Such tentativeness is revealed more fully in alterations made to Niven Busch’s They Dream of Home (the basis for Till the End of Time), as the novel’s more uncompromising portrayal of racial inequalities was buried in the conversion to celluloid. In the novel, Bill Tabeshaw is a Native American, and his postwar problems with alcoholism culminate with his incarceration for theft. Maxi Klein is also more than a memory, instead contained (as Matt Klein) within the multiethnic, multiracial group of combat veterans at the story’s center.
Most significant, however, are the alterations made to Perry Kinchloe. In the novel, Kinchloe is an African American triple amputee and a veteran of the Pacific Theatre who served with Cliff and Bill, having become attached to their unit during combat operations. Perry, shorn of both legs and one arm yet possessed of an indomitable spirit, serves as a powerful reminder of black wartime sacrifice, and the novel’s most potent imagery pertains to a Fourth of July parade protesting unequal pay in war industries with signs reading “There Ain’t No Jim Crow Bullets” and “End Discrimination” (the novel, unlike the film, takes place with the war ongoing). The march, which proceeds over the objections of city officials, contains black veterans blinded, faceless, and legless, led by dogs, or in wheelchairs, or on crutches, shocking the crowd of onlookers, and constitutes in Busch’s novel a “somber victory” for Perry and the other black veterans, their broken bodies displaying publicly that the war took its toll not just from whites. Furthermore, the black vets’ march is joined by sympathetic civilians both white and African American. Tellingly, Busch does not conclude the novel with the same reassurances offered by *Till*, as Cliff and Pat do not reconcile, Bill goes to prison for two-to-five years, and news of Perry’s protest march is overshadowed by a sensationalist press more concerned to report Bill’s stand-off with the police prior to his arrest than to recognize the rights and concerns of battle-scarred black veterans. Cliff, for his part, runs away to Oregon.

State agencies significantly shaped the adaptation of the novel. Following David O. Selznick’s purchase of rights to *They Dream of Home* early in 1945, Dore Schary submitted the novel to the OWI, where reviewer Marion Michelle raised various objections. Michelle was troubled by the racism evident in both civilian society and
among the protagonist veterans, complaining at the white characters’ general indifference to “the violent anti-Negro sentiment and discriminatory and criminal actions against Negro workers at the aircraft factory,” and at the stereotypical portrayals of Tabeshaw, the Native American, as a drunkard, and Maxi Klein, the Jew, as money-hungry. Such characterizations, Michelle claimed, “would be entirely disheartening to our Allies in liberated areas.” Within a week, however, Schary had submitted a proposed story treatment, pleasing William Roberts of the OWI’s LA office by removing “a most objectionable point” in entirely excising the “rational conflict at the factory.”

Thomas Cripps notes that in leftist screenwriter Allen Rivkin’s earliest draft, completed by April 1945, Kinchloe nonetheless remained an African American character. But by May, with the script in Schary’s hands, Kinchloe and Tabeshaw had become whites, while Klein had been reduced to a heroic memory. In July 1945, the script sat much more comfortably with the OWI. “Racial conflict is by-passed,” reviewer Peggy Shepherd noted, “(the Negro and the Indian protagonists are now both white and there is no Jew).” Despite these revisions, Shepherd balked at the addition of the final fight scene and the “major negative” constituted by the appearance of a fascistic veterans group, which, in its bigoted attitudes and beer-hall origins, strayed too close to suggesting a Nazi presence in the U.S. “Regardless of the fact that they are represented as small-time crooks, are beaten up by the heroes and subsequently caught by the police,” she wrote, “the first audience reaction will be that there is a Fascist element in the US.” Both Shepherd and fellow OWI official Gene Kern, who wrote to RKO a few days later, wanted the scene deemphasized, perhaps relocated to a less prominent position in the plot. “We applaud the idea of showing that veterans can and will combat bigotry at
“home,” Kern said, “however, it is possible that the crisis scene – the fight in the bar – will do us more harm than good overseas.” In Kern’s view, the problem lay in the absence of any “indication that Americans in general are interested or organized against it [fascism], and the prominence of the scene gives the impression that taking up the fight physically is the only solution.” While Shepherd feared the implication that the U.S. harbored fascists, Kern found disquieting the scene’s somewhat random feel, worrying that it might appear overly propagandistic to international filmgoers.70

Despite the OWI’s concerns, audience previews found almost half of American correspondents drawing positive attention to the bar brawl, and it stayed in place at the film’s conclusion.71 Racial reformation remained, then, important to the reaffirming, potentially empathetic resolution of Till, but was at the same time fleeting and peripheral, primarily a means of recovering white direction and purpose and of bonding the postwar nation, civilian and military. “As I look back on that now,” Dmytryk later commented, “I realize that the whole thing was handled in a patronizing way. It was something at the time, but you could not confront the issue [of racism] openly.”72 Contemporary critics, such as Thomas Pryor of the New York Times, also found the scene unsatisfactory, calling the film a “conventional love story…with pretensions of topical social import” and mocking the resolution of each character’s dilemmas in such a short, sharp manner. Ebony, though, was grateful for small mercies, featuring a film still of Mitchum alongside Caleb Peterson (the black G.I.) and referring to the closing scenes as “a daring sequence blasting racial prejudice….”73

The film made a limited commercial impact, but Schary and Dmytryk wished to press further their notions of ethnic and racial reform. As the closing fight in Till
suggests, they understood the battle against prejudice to be ongoing, and the next year they would again collaborate in adapting a progressive wartime novel for the screen. In RKO’s *Crossfire* (1947), World War II and its implications for proscriptive ethnoracial nationalism became the central theme of a postwar film for the first time. Adapted by screenwriter John Paxton from liberal intellectual and later filmmaker Richard Brooks’ *The Brick Foxhole* (1945), produced by Adrian Scott (soon, with Dmytryk, to become one of the “Hollywood Ten”) under Schary’s executive authority, and with Dmytryk again in the director’s chair, *Crossfire*, a B-picture costing around $500,000, was another project with strong Cultural Front connections. Made, like *Benny* and *Till*, at the margins of the studio system, *Crossfire* continues the thematics of Dmytryk’s earlier film, dramatizing a fracture between white, Christian Americans who appreciate (or are willing to learn) the democratizing lessons of the war and those who retain hatred for ethnoracial difference, raising the specter of the veteran as “Storm Trooper.”

Sgt. “Monty” Montgomery, played by political liberal and Marine Corps veteran Robert Ryan, is, over the course of the film, exposed as a vicious anti-Semite who, possessed of an uncontainable “hate,” murders a disabled Jewish combat veteran named Samuels and attempts to implicate a troubled Army artist, Arthur “Mitch” Mitchell (George Cooper), in the crime. The narrative is concerned with the subsequent investigation by a weather beaten D.C. detective named Captain Finlay (Robert Shaw) and the eventual apprehension of Monty with the conscripted help of a naïve, white southern Marine, Leroy (William Phipps), who learns from Finlay that Monty’s bigotry could as easily be directed at him as at a Jew like Samuels. Through this realization, and via its setting in Washington, D.C., *Crossfire* invokes the equalitarian promise of
America’s foundational documents and the World War II military service of Americans with “funny names” (in Monty’s terms) as rebuttal to and defense against fascistic viewpoints and exclusionary visions of the postwar nation.

The novel features a gentile, homosexual victim, and, aware that the inclusion of a “pansy” was not permissible under the terms of the Production Code, producer Adrian Scott, a dedicated cultural fronter who believed that “fascism continued to pose a significant danger both at home and abroad,” enacted a change of theme, writing to RKO producers, “He [Monty] could have murdered a Negro, a foreigner, or a Jew. It would have been the same thing.” This logic of interchangeability leads Tom Engelhardt to describe these early postwar films as “stalking horses” for the issue of anti-black racism, but what Scott’s comment reveals is that the subjectivity of the white veteran (and with him white America) is what is at stake. The victim need only activate the violent intolerance of the white supremacist (“hate is a loaded gun,” ran the tagline). At the same time, Crossfire again traces the limits of progressivism, as Schary’s nervousness at addressing anti-Semitism prompted various disarming changes to Brooks’ novel.

The war and its stated aims are not often brought forth in the film, an absence conveying that the legacy of the conflict is still unmade and unclear. As Samuels (the eventual victim) understands it in a conversation, rendered through flashback, with Mitch, the remnant threat of internal hate and directionlessness is the national dilemma now at stake, the result of four years of war mentality that, suddenly at an end, has left no outlet by which residual animosities can drain away. “I think maybe it’s suddenly not having a lot of enemies to hate any more…,” the kindly Samuels tells Mitch, “We’re too used to fighting, but we just don’t know what to fight. You can feel the tension in the air,
a whole lot of fight and hate that doesn’t know where to go….Well, one of these days maybe we’ll all learn to shift gears. Maybe we’ll stop hating and start liking things again.”

The film communicates this tension through its noir opening, as dimly-lit scenes convey via a dark puppetry of shadows a fist-fight, which culminates with a man (Samuels, we later discover) lying dead and three recently discharged servicemen – Monty, Mitch, and Floyd Bowers (Steve Brodie), a friend of Monty’s – wanted for questioning by the police, who suspect Mitch. Finlay’s investigation, like the film, is concerned with recuperating the past, a narrative element rendered stylistically by the crime’s reconstruction via flashback, primarily from the unreliable recollections of Monty and Mitch. That Monty’s version of events, in which he leaves the scene before the crime occurs, is presented with greater visual clarity than Mitch’s (which is conveyed via a distorted image indicative of frayed memory and/or drunkenness), serves as evidence that the power and authority to articulate historical narratives does not necessarily equate to truth. It is Mitch’s seemingly less authoritative remembrance that contains the more accurate reconstruction, for Monty is the guilty man.

As the facts are uncovered, changes to Brooks’ original story expose the filmmakers’ attempts to deploy explicitly the military service of marginalized Americans against the hatred of men like Monty. In the novel, the victim is named Edwards, a gay interior decorator who was turned down for the service. Samuels, by contrast, alongside his clearly demarcated heterosexuality (he has a girlfriend), is a former Marine, and more than that, a veteran of the Pacific Theatre discharged late in August 1945 due to wounds received on Okinawa and a resultant, if unspecified, disability (he is, then, the winner of
at least a Purple Heart). Questioned by the Police, Monty makes disparaging and ethnically-loaded comments, alleging indirectly that Jews collectively avoided service: “Course, I’ve seen a lot of guys like him….Oh, you know, guys that played it safe during the war, scrounged around keeping themselves in civvies, got swell apartments, swell dames, you know the kind.” Finlay replies, “I’m not sure that I do, just what kind?,” and Monty continues, his third use of the phrase “you know” indicating an appeal to white Christian solidarity that Finlay rejects. “Oh, you know,” Monty explains, “some of them are named Samuels, some of them got funnier names.” Sergeant Keeley (Robert Mitchum), a recently-discharged soldier and another decorated veteran of Pacific combat, comments, after Monty has left the Detective’s office, “He ought to look at the casualty list sometime, there are a lot of funny names there, too.” When Monty is questioned again, just after a telegram detailing Samuels’ service record arrives on Finlay’s desk, the Captain asks Monty how he “knew” Samuels didn’t serve. Monty explains, “Those guys have got ways of keeping themselves from getting dirty.” Monty’s irrational assumptions trigger Finlay’s suspicions. “The killer had to be someone who could hate Samuels without knowing him,” Finlay reasons, and thus someone capable of killing him “mistakenly and ignorantly.” Anti-Semitism is not overtly mentioned, but it is clear that both Finlay and Keeley know that this is the issue they are confronting.

In typical Hollywood social problem style, the closing scenes are where the message of colorblind acceptance is most didactically expressed, and also where what contemporary critic James Agee mocked as liberal Hollywood’s “safe fearlessness” is most apparent. Needing the help of Leroy, a young, rather simple Southern veteran, to trap Monty into confession (the universal deadliness of “hate” has, by this time, been
compounded by the murder of Floyd, the white soldier who, panicking, questioned Monty’s violence), Finlay embarks on a long lecture concerning the folly of bigotry. This speech, delivered with the Declaration of Independence mounted on the wall on one side of the Detective’s face, and the Capitol building, seen through a barred window, on the other, defines U.S. history as racially fractious while summoning white Americans to active empathy:

This business of hating Jews comes in a lot of shapes and sizes. There’s the ‘You can’t join our country club’ kind, the ‘you can’t live around here’ kind. Yes, the ‘you can’t work here’ kind. And because we stand for all of these we get Monty’s kind. He’s just one guy, we don’t get him very often, but he grows out of all the rest. Look Leroy, you know we have a law against carrying a gun? Well we have that law because a gun is dangerous. Well hate, Monty’s kind of hate, is like a gun. If you carry it around with you it can go off and kill somebody. It killed Samuels last night.

Critics observe that prejudice is here rendered an individual matter. As Samuels’ earlier ponderings on the leftover hate of the war years suggest, it is not systemic, belonging only to a small minority of U.S. whites. Bereft of institutional or societal roots, racial and religious intolerance are products of personal ignorance (the motive had to be “inside the killer himself,” Finlay says, and the most articulate motive Monty ever offers is “no Jew is gonna tell me how to drink his stinking liquor”), as well as indifference on the part of the general public. Hate can thus be overcome via an alliance of responsible veterans, civilians, and the nation-state.79
The general indifference to which Finlay refers is figured on screen by Leroy, who, despite his origins in Tennessee, appears never to have given race and ethnicity any thought. While Leroy is unsure at first that “this is any of my business anyway,” Finlay cultivates in him the empathy for victims of bigotry that the film seeks to instill in its audience. Dominating Leroy in the shot, Finlay asks, “has Monty ever made fun of your accent?... He calls you a hillbilly doesn’t he? Says you’re dumb. He laughs at you because you’re from Tennessee. He’s never even been to Tennessee. Ignorant men always laugh at things that are different....They’re afraid of things they don’t understand.” Suspicious that Finlay might be “a Jewish person” with a hidden agenda. Leroy resists, only to be won over by Finlay’s parting shot. Recounting the murder of his Catholic grandfather by nativists who saw the Irishman as “a spy from Rome; a foreigner trying to rob men of jobs,” the detective tells Leroy:

That’s history, Leroy. They don’t teach it in school, but that’s real American history, just the same. Thomas Finlay was killed in 1848 just because he was an Irishman and Catholic. It happened many times. Maybe that’s hard for you to believe, Leroy, but it’s true. And last night, Joseph Samuels was killed just because he was a Jew. Do you see any difference, Leroy, any difference at all?

Hating is always the same, always senseless. One day it kills Irish Catholics, the next day Jews, the next day Protestants, the next day Quakers. It’s hard to stop. It can end up killing men who wear striped neckties, or people from Tennessee.

Shooting from a low angle, the camera imbues Finlay with the power and authority to overcome Leroy’s indifference, finally pricking the southern G.I.’s conscience. Finlay’s approach is important here for its attempt to cultivate white
empathy, its appeal to European immigrants made the victim of discriminatory attitudes in the past to realize the commonality between their historical experience and the present predicament of other marginalized Americans. This invocation of whiteness’s recently splintered past is an effort to level all kinds of prejudice, invoking the marginal past of certain white ethnicities in order to summon their obligation to reject bigotry and also reaffirming the fracture between bigoted and unprejudiced whiteness articulated in *Till the End of Time*. As scholar Robert J. Corber notes, Finlay’s personal rise through the apparatus of the legal system confirms that Irish-Americans, despite historical violence against them, have ascended the socioeconomic ladder, while Leroy’s eventual conversion suggests a progressive potentiality even for American Southerners.⁸⁰

Unlike the films discussed above, the makers of *Crossfire* did not require or request assistance from the NME. Indeed, Darryl Fox suggests that the film “presents the army as a dehumanizing institution,” thus challenging “the heroic image of the armed forces generated by World War II.”⁸¹ Nevertheless, if what Siegfried Kracauer called postwar liberalism’s “extreme fragility”⁸² is revealed in Leroy’s reticence (it is, after all, his experience in combat with the now murdered Floyd and the prospect of injustice against people from Tennessee, rather than the inherent wrongness of bigotry, that sways him), *Crossfire* attempts to bolster its politics by reshaping heroism and enjoining the state and the armed forces to the cause of civic nationalism.

Alongside the Constitution on the wall of the detective’s office, the stage for Leroy’s reluctant conversion, hangs a picture of FDR, his eyes barred by shadow when Keeley first visits. But later, as the crime unravels, the President’s eyes are clearly visible, as if his liberal vision is being restored with the exposure and punishment of
Monty’s anti-Semitism. Barred windows behind Finlay also symbolically separate Leroy and, presumably, the murdered Samuels, from the democratic promises symbolized by the Capitol Building outside. Importantly, a Major arrives to reassure Leroy that while the murder does not fall within Army jurisdiction, he need not worry about letting his outfit down: “It’s up to you. This isn’t an Army matter,” he says, but, when Leroy protests that Monty was in his outfit, the Major adds, “The Army isn’t proud of that. The Army’s never been proud of men like Montgomery.” With this, Leroy is at last persuaded, and, as Monty flees the scene of his eventual capture, Finlay shoots him down in further confirmation of the state’s distaste for bigotry.

*Till* had attracted some attention from the FBI, and *Crossfire* thus represented a precarious step for Schary and RKO to take. The executive producer approached its release nervously, arranging multiple previews for representatives of various ethno-religious denominations. The risk paid off, as audiences made the film highly profitable (it recouped over $1,200,000), the Academy rewarded it with several Oscar nominations, and critics, for the most part, commended its liberal intentionality. Yet, the divided consciousness with which the nation approached the racial legacy of the war meant that criticism did emerge from both the left and, in the form of the FBI’s burgeoning investigation of Hollywood communism, the right, too.

Contemporary critics responded in a generally laudatory manner, Bosley Crowther awarding high praise to Schary and Dmytryk for “a frank and immediate demonstration of the brutality of religious bigotry as it festers and fires ferocity in seemingly normal American minds.” “For here,” Crowther continued, “without hints or subterfuges, they have come right out and shown that such malice – in this case anti-
Jewish — is a dark and explosive sort of hate which, bred of ignorance and intolerance, can lead to extreme violence.” In Crowther’s view, it was the film’s willingness to break new ground that endowed it with merit. “Indeed, it is just because our movies have so studiously maintained a taboo on the hard facts of native intolerance that this film draws uncommon regard.” Entertainer Eddie Cantor, himself the son of Jewish immigrants, published an open letter to Dore Schary in the motion picture press, sending the RKO executive “a great big kiss for having the guts to go through with ‘Crossfire.’ It has the rare combination of great entertainment and a message which should be heard and seen by every man, woman and child in America,” Cantor wrote. Ebony declared it the year’s best film for the promotion of “interracial understanding,” and Robert Ryan picked up over 100 civic awards for his role as the murderous Monty.

Others saw in Crossfire less temerity than timorousness. Rightly predicting that Schary would be hailed for taking “baby’s first step,” and despite calling Crossfire “an unusually good and honest movie,” James Agee’s review in The Nation challenged the film industry for its diluted treatment of domestic prejudice. “In a way,” Agee wrote, sniping at Crowther’s review as he did so, “it is as embarrassing to see a movie Come Right Out Against Anti-Semitism as it would be to see a movie Come Right Out Against torturing children.” Particularly objectionable, Agee felt, was the failure to confront black-white relations. “They have the sardonic courage,” Agee, himself from Tennessee, wrote, “to preach the main persuaders to a Southern boy, taking painfully embarrassing care never to mention Negroes; but they lack the courage to make that omission inescapably clear to the audience.” Crowther made this connection for himself, saying of Monty: “Here is the Klansman, the Bundist, the lynch mobster – the American fascist
in the flesh.” But for Agee, and indeed Siegfried Kracauer, the subjugation of anti-black prejudice debilitated the film’s progressive power.\(^9\)

Perhaps Agee had read *The Brick Foxhole*, for anyone familiar with Brooks’ novel would surely have been struck by the extensive revisions (beyond the shifted identity of the victim) made in adapting the story, particularly in the way that the lessons drawn from Monty’s general “hate” are redirected. In the novel, the potential connection to anti-Irish prejudice, for example, is made fleetingly, albeit importantly, as Monty’s last words are to dub Keeley, who stabs Monty in vengeance (rather than the state, through Finlay, taking care of Monty in the cleaner manner of a gunshot), a “Mick bastid.”\(^9\)

Moreover, Brooks makes no use of potential anti-Protestantism or other such unlikely outbreaks of hysteria to soften the message and direct it towards white self-interest, instead painting Monty as a bigot who relishes seeing “Whitey,” an Army boxer who resembles Max Schmeling, demolish Max Brock, a “sheeny” Marine, and who claims with fury that incarcerated Japanese Americans are being treated “like guests in a hotel.”\(^9\)

Most importantly, though, it is Monty’s virulent prejudice against black Americans that becomes his defining characteristic, a trait that he shares in the novel with a number of Americans more apparently respectable and reasonable than he.

In a theme untouched in the film, Brooks establishes Monty early on as a sadistic white supremacist with a history of racist violence and a fierce sense of patriotism. Monty is moved to tears by the strains of “God Bless America,” pontificates loudly on the need to buy war bonds and donate blood, but recounts with some pride his murder, during his former career as a Chicago policeman, of two black suspects and a “Christ-killer,” boasting that he “always shot niggers in the belly” to prolong their agony. As
Keeley prepares to kill Monty at the novel’s conclusion, he articulates more explicitly than *Crossfire* ever manages the notion that defeating U.S. white supremacy is a direct continuation of the tasks begun with the war. “Got a nigger you want to kill?” Keeley thinks, “A Jew to cut up?” For Keeley, the museum in which the revenge killing takes place becomes war-torn terrain, a section of “jungle,” a “piece of the war,” and the struggle with Monty represents “The same war. And…the same enemy.”

Monty’s friend Floyd, converted on film into a northern Marine, is, in Brooks’ novel, a Southern white supremacist of no little enthusiasm, berating the artist, Mitch, as a “nigger-lover,” relating without compunction his habit of raping young black women, and later claiming to have murdered a black Purple Heart-winner as part of a fantasy he spins in which white veterans return to the south “with our rifles and things. An’ we’ll put the nigger in his place for good.” Elsewhere, Mitch hears similar sentiments from civilians, two “patriots” in a D.C. bar complaining that letting “niggers” into the service will see them return “with big ideas” about social equality. At one point, Mitch even asserts that the irredeemably prejudiced South should be allowed to secede from the union. The contrast to Leroy, a southerner more confused, simple, and malleable than motivated by any kind of bigotry, is marked, revealing the film’s production of absences around black-white race relations.

Despite *Crossfire*’s attempt to cushion the “message” (and perhaps inevitably given its forerunning status in liberal Hollywood’s attack on bigotry, and the PCA’s initial declaration of the novel as “thoroughly and completely unacceptable”), the film was also assailed from the right. It attracted attention from the FBI, which had by this time pegged Schary as a “strong Communist sympathizer” and garnered information
suggesting that Dmytryk, a naturalized American born in Canada to Ukrainian parents, was a card-carrying communist whose recent filmic output (including *Till*) reflected the Party line. Indeed, the timing of the film’s release coincided closely with the FBI’s July and August 1947 assembly of a report by industry rightists, including Ayn Rand. Here, the agency established rules for locating communist ideology in motion pictures. It would not be overtly inserted, the informants cautioned, but would appear in the form of “small casual bits of propaganda...to make people absorb the basic premises of Collectivism by indirection and implication.” This method would “act like drops of water that split a rock if continued long enough. The rock that they are trying to split is Americanism.”

*Crossfire*, emerging that summer, was a prominent target for the conservative counteroffensive against progressive Hollywood. The Southern California Motion Picture Council, Inc., sent a collection of reports to the FBI shortly after the film’s release, declaring it “near treasonable in its implications and seeming effort to arouse racial and religious hatred, through mis-leading accusations; the use of a drunken, mal-adjusted soldier to typify our courageous service men and the use of minority groups to arouse suspicion and sympathy.” The problem for the concerned Californians, alongside their general antipathy towards films suggesting “that the ex-G.I. is not getting a fair deal from ‘the system,’” lay in the attribution of racial and religious intolerance only to white gentiles. “It tries to prove that there are discriminations between gentiles, Jews, and others and that the gentiles should have more love and less hatred for others than those who believe as they do. The picture fails to point out that the Jews and others should likewise have more love and tolerance for the gentiles.” “The picture, ‘Crossfire’ represents one group as being tolerant and wrong instead of all groups being wrong,” the
reviewer continued. The implication that “real American history,” as Captain Finlay put it, was a tale of prejudice and violence was, for FBI informants, evidence enough of communistic intent. Furthermore, the suggestion that a soldier could harbor anti-Semitic sentiments was deemed detrimental to the military. “The Army will resent depicting a soldier as showing hatred. They were supposed to have fought to stop such things and not to spread hatred.” Indeed, another FBI informant, revealing little faith in Americans, suggested that the mere mention of anti-Semitism was likely to cause its spread: “In other words, it would contribute to the feeling expressed frequently by people who say: ‘After all, Hitler did one good job when he went after the Jews.’” Such a result, the reviewer continued, “plays right into the hands of the Communist movement which thrives in large part on racial antagonisms.”

Dmytryk, as he later admitted, underestimated the ferocity of the coming anti-communist assault on Hollywood. Crossfire’s positive commercial and critical reception, alongside before-and-after surveys recording a 15% audience swing away from anti-Semitism, suggest that the film was at least somewhat successful in inducing empathy.

Commercial and critical success emboldened Dmytryk and Scott, who based their planned responses before HUAC on what they identified as Crossfire’s appeal to the fundamental U.S. ideology of equality. “Since Crossfire was a worldwide smash,” Dmytryk recalled, “my attack, as well as Adrian’s, centered on the committee’s ethnic bias and its attempts to limit freedom of speech in the area of national self-criticism.”

Appearing before the Thomas Committee in October 1947, the two filmmakers sought to read statements identifying in the picture evidence of their “Americanism.” But censorial conservatism held sway, the New York Times reporting that Crossfire “was not in
question in the testimony,” so “the committee ruled their statements were not pertinent and refused to hear them.”

Dore Schary, testifying at the same session, avoided a contempt charge, but dismissed the notion that Dmytryk and Scott had “ever injected a subversive influence into a film.” Communism, Schary said, was “not as great a danger as it is represented to be.”

Nonetheless, events at the HUAC hearings made anti-racist filmmaking an even more contentious prospect, particularly after the “unfriendly” witnesses targeted in their defense the open bigotry of committee members such as Thomas and Rankin. Screenwriter Samuel Ornitz, asked, “Is it mere coincidence that you chose to subpoena and characterize as ‘unfriendly’ the men who produced, wrote, directed or acted in…feature length pictures and short subjects, which attacked anti-Semitism or treated Jews and Negroes sympathetically?” Scott, in his suppressed statement, drew attention to A Medal for Benny, “which treated a Mexican American minority with dignity,” in charging that HUAC was in fact preparing the way for the kind of “total war against minorities” redolent of Hitler’s Germany.

The decision of the Thomas Committee to censor and censure the makers of many of the postwar liberal anti-racist films indicates the broader U.S. conservative approach to race in the Cold War, and indeed its intimate connection to the Red Scare. As Arthur Schlesinger saw it in 1949, held against “shocking racial cruelties in the United States,” the fact that “the USSR stands plausibly – and many thousands of individual Communists have stood honestly and courageously – for racial equality,” was acutely damaging to U.S. foreign relations. While the liberal posture, as we have seen, was to imagine such problems confronted and resolved, the FBI’s response, finding in any mention of a “race
problem” the seeds of Bolshevism, was mirrored in the Committee’s desire to foreclose discussions of race and Americanism.103

In the wake of the HUAC hearings, 1948 proved a quiet year for progressive Hollywood, and the ethnic bias of HUAC surely impeded the progress of the social problem film. NAACP Secretary Walter White, writing in praise of Crossfire and Fox’s anti-anti-Semitism picture Gentleman’s Agreement, stated in November 1947, “Some of the writers and producers who have recently been pilloried by the House un-American Affairs Committee as ‘Communist’ have been almost solely the individuals who have fought racial stereotypes in moving pictures.”104 Schary’s production of The Boy with Green Hair (1948) was watered down in its denunciation of prejudice when released by RKO, perhaps due to Howard Hughes’ assumption of control at the studio, while Hughes cancelled Battleground, Schary’s personal war film project featuring a multicultural platoon and a message of racial tolerance.105

Crossfire, for all its putative trail-breaking, had excised from Brooks’ novel all reference to black-white relations, but its commercial success survived the HUAC hearings and it would not be long, even in the proscriptive atmosphere of the blacklist, before a Hollywood filmmaker exhibited the bravery (and, of course, commercial acumen) to address black American identity in a World War II setting.106 Part of the 1949 quartet of “social problem films,” producer Stanley Kramer’s Home of the Brave, released by United Artists, was made in utmost secrecy (fearing being commercially upstaged and the unwelcome attention of segregationists, Kramer used the title High Noon during production).107 Home was, Kramer later boasted, “the first film to tackle the theme of antiblack prejudice head-on…we were the first to have a character use ‘nigger’
in anger.” Furthermore, “Not only was a black man portrayed as the equal of whites, but he was shown, in his fears and aspirations, to be altogether similar to a white man.”

In 1946, Kramer optioned Arthur Laurents’ play of the same title while it was still running on Broadway, but he subsequently struggled to find a distributor. By 1949, though, the financial success of Crossfire and Gentleman’s Agreement, as well as Kramer’s low-budget boxing film Champion, meant that United Artists were willing to release the film. Continuing the game of musical chairs that filmmakers were playing with marginalized groups, Kramer elected, in the wake of recent treatments of anti-Semitism, to alter the identity of the play’s mistreated protagonist, changing the Jewish character, Coney, to an African American surveyor named Peter Moss. This decision, Kramer stated, was taken in order to establish visually the issues at stake, and, he asserted, made it “three times as dynamic because if the story of a Jew forced to feel different was gripping on stage, then in motion pictures the story of a Negro would be much more so because an audience could see the difference in terms of color…”

In addition to the novelty and ideological weight of introducing a black protagonist, Kramer’s background, alongside that of other veterans at his company, Screenwriters Incorporated – including working-class Chicagoan writer Carl Foreman and Canadian director Mark Robson – gave him a particular interest in shaping an anti-racist critique from the experience of war. A committed New Dealer and admirer of FDR, Kramer grew up in New York’s Hell’s Kitchen, where he and other young Jews found themselves forging alliances of necessity with African Americans in ethnic turf wars. Clearly perceiving a connection between black Americans and Jews – “the plight of the black man has always been very close to me,” he once said – Kramer had personally
experienced unequal treatment during his wartime spell in a Signal Corps photography company. “The Captain told me at once that he didn’t like Jews, Hollywood Jews, particularly – and he told me to apply for a transfer,” Kramer recounted.111

_Home of the Brave_ challenges the nation to reach the democratic ideological vistas attached to World War II, using a prematurely integrated squad to present military experience as a compelling democratizing influence. The film looks back at the Second World War from a short distance and, its titular invocation of the national anthem calling to account national failures of democracy, presents the rightful legacy of the conflict as the dissolution of race. “It’s Everybody’s Fight” declared a print commercial, “All men and women know, there’s no place for prejudice in the ‘Home of the Brave.’”112 At the same time, Kramer’s film seeks to contain the potentially violent threat of the black veteran, defusing anger at white bigotry and reconciling blackness to a white nation made largely colorblind by the collective experience of war.

The somewhat convoluted plot has occasionally been misrepresented by scholars, and thus bears brief recapitulation. In need of a surveyor for important reconnaissance work on a Japanese-held island, the Army sends Pvt. Peter Moss (James Edwards), a black G.I. from a construction battalion, along with four white soldiers: Major Robinson (Douglas Dick), a young officer; T.J. Everett (Steve Brodie), a northern businessman with bigoted notions about black Americans; Sgt. Mingo (Frank Lovejoy), a tired, indifferent combat veteran who has been recently ditched by his wife; and Pvt. Finch (Lloyd Bridges), with whom, it transpires, Moss was once close friends, the two having attended an integrated school. After Finch has vigorously defended Moss against T.J.’s repeated racial slurs, a heated moment under enemy fire sees Finch almost replicate T.J.’s
pejorative language. When Finch is subsequently captured and mortally wounded by the Japanese, returning to camp only to die in Moss’s arms, Moss becomes hysterically paralyzed, unable to walk because of a “bad feeling” left with him after Finch’s demise. Moss felt glad, he confesses, when Finch was hit, and is convinced that this feeling derived from his anger at his friend, whom Moss had previously believed colorblind, having almost called him a “yellowbellied nigger.”

Significantly, the story is recounted in flashbacks from the field hospital, as a Jewish doctor (Jeff Corey) attempts to cure Moss’s paralysis through the method of narcosynthesis, which Kramer drew from John Huston’s 1946 documentary Let There Be Light. Beginning from a temporal point beyond the combat experience, the flashback technique (as in Crossfire) establishes the importance of recuperating and understanding the past. Under the doctor’s observation, Moss must realize that he is not “different” because he is black, that his “bad feeling” did not stem from anger at Finch’s racism, but was instead a universal reaction of relief that his comrade, not he, was hit. The ultimate upshot of black World War II military service, then, is dissolution of the significance of race.

Initially, wartime desperation for manpower allows the film to integrate a black G.I. in a white unit, a manipulation of history that Kramer felt permissible due to the 1948 executive order desegregating the armed forces. Moss, a former elevator operator, is the only qualified man available, and, in evidence of African Americans’ willingness to serve, also the only volunteer. Initial flashback scenes, filmed in a cramped hut indicative of the film’s generally claustrophobic visual style, suggest (as does Kramer’s later film, The Defiant Ones) that white and black Americans are inseparably
bound together, and therefore must work out the distance that prejudice has built between
them, allowing their essential sameness to be realized.

The whites’ reactions to Moss’s presence include a degree of shock and
resentment that the military hierarchy, which lent Kramer limited help in making the
film, works to ameliorate.¹¹⁴ Robinson, known as the “boy Major” due to his mere
twenty-six years, telephones Colonel Baker at HQ, protesting of his new surveyor, “he’s
colored, sir.” With this, Baker has no truck. “Is that so? What color is he?” says the
Colonel. “Let me remind you that he is the only available surveyor specialist who’s
volunteered. So I wouldn’t care if he was purple all over and had green stripes down his
back. And if I may ask what do you think this is: a war or a country club tea dance?”

While Mingo is at first non-committal, and Finch is delighted to see his old friend, T.J.
Everett reacts with a bigotry that the film seeks to render un-American. For T.J., Moss’s
presence, “big and black,” offers a possible route out of danger. “I’m not going on a job
like this with some boogie,” he says, “You gotta have people you can depend on.”
Vaguely citing his knowledge of “books” as evidence of black military incapacity, T.J.
appeals to the other whites, “Why do you think the army kept ‘em out of the lines?”

It is in refuting T.J. and his construction of history that the film, like Benny, Till,
and Crossfire before it, splinters hegemonic whiteness, racism provoking even in the
apathetic Mingo an eventual dedication to colorblindness. As the narrative develops, T.J.,
a former businessman resentful at his reduction from a handsome prewar income of
$15,000 a year to Army pay of $66 a month, becomes more and more the group outcast,
as the other white characters, witness to Moss’s competence in the field (not only in
surveying work, but with a rifle, too), become increasingly repelled by T.J.’s casual and
unthinking racism. At first, the men make no overt protest as T.J. expounds obliviously on the prolific ability of “the colored” as cooks and entertainers, offering up a minstrel-esque impersonation of a janitor he once knew. But later, in evidence of the symbolic destruction of race through warfare, the Major comments, “It’s funny, ever since we got on this island I never think of him as being black.” “Yeah it is funny,” Mingo replies, “I never think of you as being white.” Later, when T.J. calls Moss and Finch “Amos and Andy,” Mingo, the wisest head in the squad, replies: “I’ve got no more use for a bad black man than a bad white man. And I’ve known plenty of both.”

While Robinson and Mingo gradually shed their awareness of race, the summons to eliminate prejudice is carried for the majority of the film by the relationship between Finch and Moss, which dates back to high school (Moss was one of few black students, we learn, and, in a somewhat unfortunate addition to the play by screenwriter Carl Foreman, the best basketball player they ever had), and is characterized by easy camaraderie and open affection. They humorously call each other “nitwit” and “dope,” and unselfconsciously discuss attractive white women. Avowedly indifferent to race, Finch, standing guard with Moss one night, forms postwar plans to open an integrated restaurant and bar, with Moss, a talented chef, in the kitchen and Finch behind the bar (the profits will be split “50/50”). Furthermore, mirroring the violent assertion of colorblindness in earlier liberal cinema (such as the fight at the end of *Till*), Finch stands up to T.J. after the latter, angry at having to undertake menial tasks, calls Finch a “nigger-lover” and Moss a “yellowbellied nigger.” Unlike in the play, wherein Coney, the Jewish G.I., stands up to the anti-Semite with his own fists, Moss does not fight his own battle,
instead becoming convulsed with impotent frustration while Finch exchanges blows with T.J.\textsuperscript{115}

Moss’s reaction is a non-belligerent anger that allows the film to contain any threat of violent black rebellion. Surrounded by whiteness throughout youth and adulthood, Moss is concerned only to shed the sense of “difference” that racism produces. He recalls the beatings he received at school from children who asked him if his father was “a monkey,” the abuse directed at his home from the street – “Throw the dirty niggers out” – and his childhood realization that “If you’re a Negro you’re different. You’re not like other people. You stink. Well, you make us different. What do you want us to do? What do you want us to be?” Moss is reassured, albeit temporarily, by Finch, who hangs on his friend’s shoulder while pleading, “You either like a guy or you don’t.” At this moment, though, the war interjects, and Mingo has little time to tell the men to “save it for the Japs” before a Japanese bullet lodges in his arm. Internal tensions, then, inhibit the prosecution of the war, leaving the nation vulnerable to enemy attack.

It is the intervention of the enemy that brings the wartime exposure of race to a head. As Moss and Finch fight off the Japanese, they forget to bring with them the maps of the island that their mission is charged with crafting. Arguing about recovering them, in an intense moment, Finch, mirroring T.J., blurts out, “I’m not asking you to stay you yellowbellied ni…nitwit.” Moss is fully aware of what Finch, his putatively colorblind comrade, has nearly said, but in that instant, Finch is hit by the Japanese. Moss leaves to retrieve the vital maps (they will help mount an invasion), but while he is gone Finch is captured, and his tortured cries from the jungle torment Moss, who is stricken with guilt for feeling glad when Finch was hit. Mortally wounded, Finch crawls back to base,
issuing profuse apologies before dying in Moss’s arms. The two reconcile, speaking tenderly, almost like lovers: “I missed you dopey,” says Moss.

When the time arrives to board the evacuation boat, Moss, collapsed by this point into abject weeping, and repeating over and over, “Nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger,” finds that his legs are useless. He is gripped by hysterical paralysis, which, it is revealed in the hospital scenes, stems from his racial consciousness, and has to be carried by T.J. (even T.J. forgets race when lives are at stake). Moss’s “bad feeling” remains with him beyond the battlefield, for it has convinced the black G.I. that Finch’s comment, like those of other whites, meant that Finch’s protestations of colorblindness were false, that Finch is “just like all the rest of them.”

Frequently in tears, or silently listening to the doctor while being visually dominated in the shot, Moss is in the hospital a passive figure, dependent still on whites’ interpretation of events. The doctor’s task is to force Moss to reenact the recent past, and in doing so prove that the sense of permanent “difference” he has acquired is false, that the “bad feeling” he had after being glad that Finch was hit does not derive from his anger at Finch’s near-use of a racial epithet, but instead from the universal soldierly feeling of being grateful it wasn’t you who stopped a bullet. At various stages, Moss rejects the doctor’s promptings, his anger against “white people” threatening to exceed the doctor’s capacity to contain it, but the doctor’s insistence that race is not the reason for Moss’s anger and guilt eventually begins to win through.

Scholars are critical of these hospital scenes, seeing in the dynamic of the dialogue and the mise-en-scene an erasure of Moss to the point of abjection. Albert Auster and Leonard Quart argue that Moss’s dependence on the white doctor makes the
black G.I. “a passive, self-effacing figure who embodies white values,” thus limiting postwar tolerance to those who are assimilated to a normative model of American identity. E. Ann Kaplan contends that because Moss is so often “the one silenced, the one who cannot speak,” he is “feminized,” turned into a “passive, undynamic victim.” Michael Rogin suggests that Moss’s dependence leaves him infantilized, while his relationship with Finch makes of Moss a “mammy.” One can add that his collapse into paralysis might be seen as an unfortunate repetition of the historical trope of black cowardice and hysteria in war zones. Each of these readings points towards the film’s attempt to make the black image palatable to white audiences, including those in the South. Manny Farber, writing for The Nation, labeled the film “a tepid display of the Negro problem,” largely because, he argued, Moss was “so suavely mute that this pioneering movie about anti-black prejudice unreels itself oblivious of the fact that the whole film does not contain a black (Moss is actually the man who wasn’t there).”

Given what had (or hadn’t) gone before, Moss’s very presence, inerasable due to its visual prominence, should, I feel, diminish such criticisms, but the erasure of black agency and history is clearly central to Kramer’s liberal project. Farber extended his critique of Moss’s present absence, and of the film’s attempt to address the “Negro problem,” by challenging the decision to change the play’s Jewish protagonist to a black man, which had not, Farber argued, been reflected sufficiently in the screenplay. “In making the change,” he wrote, “the producers simply lost sight of the fact that the black has suffered from a different, more violent kind of prejudice here; Moss appears to have neither offered nor suffered any kind of violence.” Furthermore, Farber added, “Moss is told he suffers from discrimination chiefly because he is too sensitive. This gets a big
laugh, particularly from Negroes in the audience who doubtless think of all the jobs they
didn’t get because of their oversensitivity.” Ralph Ellison agreed, claiming that the
film could not screen in Harlem without provoking derisory laughter.

Farber’s and Ellison’s reviews reveal that, for some, *Home* represented a weak-
chinned address of racism. But Farber’s attempt to unpack the film’s iconography rested
on a rather one-sided view of the film’s narrative. For sure, Moss is told, by both the
doctor and Finch, that he has a “sensitivity” that makes him interpret race as a barrier
when sometimes it is not. “You make yourself different” charges Finch in a flashback
sequence wherein Moss refuses to attend a high school graduation party. But the
filmmakers do not attribute all Moss’s problems to his own irrational “sensitivity.” In
fact, the doctor deflects this inference, telling Moss that it is “not your fault, you didn’t
ask for it. It’s a legacy, 150 years of slavery, second-class citizenship, of being different.
You had that feeling of difference pounded into you when you were a child. And being a
child you turned it into a feeling of guilt.” Racists, he continues, “need a scapegoat,
somebody they can despise so that they can feel strong,” but Moss must appreciate that
not all whites are like T.J. and therefore he cannot rightly hate them all.

Nonetheless, the conclusion depends upon Moss understanding his wartime
experiences and leaving behind the history of racism that has made him feel like a
cultural pariah. Indeed, everyone must abandon the concept of race, especially Moss, for
whom it is a literally crippling inhibition (configured through his temporarily disabled
body). *Home of the Brave* thus depends upon severing the future from the past, on
beginning again in a mutually forgetful manner that will allow all to overlook and
overcome the determining significance of race in U.S. history and proceed from the
liberal ideal that race is empty of meaning. This the doctor attempts to achieve by explaining to Moss that the “bad feeling” he had when Finch was shot bore no relationship to race, not even to Finch’s abbreviated use of racially-abusive language. In fact, the doctor says, Moss was simply glad to survive. He is not different at all, but was merely experiencing a universal reaction to seeing a “buddy” shot.

The doctor is eventually able to goad Moss out of his paralysis by using against him the kind of racist language that has left the patient crippled by racial consciousness. “Get up and walk you dirty nigger,” he yells, prompting Moss, at last actively enraged, to rise from his hospital bed. This exchange dramatizes the options that the film presents for the victims of racial bigotry: allow it to debilitate one into bitterness and sorrow, or utilize it as a spur to self-affirmation. But for all the doctor’s subsequent cooing, and despite Moss’s assertion that he believes what the doctor is telling him – “If you say so, doc” – Moss leaves the hospital still believing that he is irretrievably different because of his blackness. It takes the authority of the combat veteran, Mingo, who is now disabled, having had his wounded arm amputated in the field hospital, to convince him otherwise.

Back at base awaiting transport home, both Moss and Mingo are faced once more with T.J., who is now making pejorative comments about both race and disability. Offering to act as Moss’s postwar manager, T.J. imagines press quotes and publicity puff. “Hero prefers long straight hair and light complexion,” he says, telling Moss (who is from Philadelphia) that he’ll be the “King of Lenox Avenue.” He also calls Mingo a “cripple.” But here, as the camera returns to a more balanced perspective than it has assumed throughout the flashback and hospital sequences, Moss and Mingo discover direction and commonality. Mingo, previously deflated by a “Dear John” letter from his
wife, says he’s not going to let his arm “go down the drain for nothing,” and neither must
Moss be defeated by his own burdening sense of inequality. The authority to interpret the
meaning of the war is given again to the combat veteran – for Moss’s avowed
determination to “not let me go for nothing, either,” is still inhibited by his racial
consciousness, reactivated by T.J.’s continuing jibes. It is Mingo’s shared experience
with Moss, accidentally revealed – his confirmation that every man feels momentarily
glad when his comrade in arms, rather than him, is hit – that ultimately frees Moss from
the shackles of race. In order to become mobile again, Moss must, as he does after the
doctor calls him a “dirty nigger,” harness his anger and cast off his sense that race has
irrevocably divided him from the white nation. Disability again provides the route to
understanding – “Everybody’s different,” Mingo says, “But so what? Because underneath
we’re all guys.” In Finch’s absence, it will be Mingo and Moss who open the integrated
restaurant of which Finch earlier dreamed. Moss is still uncertain, “A lot of people
wouldn’t like it, a white man… and….” But Mingo intercepts: “A lot of people wouldn’t
like a one-armed bartender.”

Thus, Mingo and Moss depart in friendship, and the war has permitted (liberal)
white and black to understand one another, shaping an integrated future for the brave
once they get home. Moss cannot pose a threat to Mingo’s manhood, for Mingo has little
of that left; nor can he pose a threat to sexual segregation, because he is paired in the end
in another homosocial (if not, Robert Eberwein insists, homosexual) relationship.121
Scholars also object to the concluding alliance of Moss and Mingo, which occurs after
Mingo has lost his wife, his arm, and suffered pointed verbal jabs from T.J., who is
equally disdainful of both disability and blackness. In Martin Norden’s view, the Moss-
Mingo alliance is both racist and ableist, implying that “a disabled white man and an able-bodied African-American man are on the same social footing.” This, Norden argues, means that disability, in the film’s symbolic, “reduces” the white man to the level of the black man.\textsuperscript{122} Of course, the implication that blackness is a form of disability is problematic, but this reading mistakes Kramer’s intention, for it is not being suggested that these men are reduced by their respective bodily differences (indeed, both appear rejuvenated, more determined to make a postwar life), just that those who possess prejudicial attitudes will treat them with a similar degree of animosity and disregard (all prejudice is, of course, the same).\textsuperscript{123}

In the interracial conclusion of \textit{Home of the Brave}, there is also a nod toward the Cold War and the advantages accruing from colorblind solidarity. As Moss and Mingo depart, Mingo struggling with his bags, Moss offers help, repeating to Mingo a line from a poem written by Mingo’s ex-wife: “Coward, take my coward’s hand.” Besides indicating that the two will provide strength and courage for one another as they carve out an integrated future in a still-bigoted society, the rest of the extract, which Mingo earlier recited for Moss to distract him from the pain of losing Finch, suggests a connection between U.S. global power and anti-racist consciousness (the poem, “The Coward,” [1946], by Eve Merriam, concerns two soldiers deserting in the chaos of battle). “Only we two, and yet our howling can encircle the world’s end/ Frightened, we are everyone/ Someone must make a stand/ Coward, take my coward’s hand.” The poetry suggests that together, Moss and Mingo can bring the cohesion they have achieved in World War II to the struggles of a different war, that against racism at home.
It also suggests Kramer’s conviction that without black America, the nation is incomplete. Moss is Mingo’s prosthetic completion, becoming, as it were, his absent left arm, the physical alteration of the white body (again, like Perry in *Till*) signifying the nation irrevocably altered by World War II. Black and white, without mutual understanding and cooperation, cannot “encircle the world” as they can by joining hands and venturing forth into a healthily entrepreneurial future. This is problematic enough, for it confines black Americans to a marginal, appended status (as the liberal white’s left-hand man), but it does not equate a disabled white man with a black man in any pejorative sense. Instead, their unity encircling the word, such an alliance carries connotations for the new global war in which the U.S. was firmly enmeshed by 1949. Joined in equality, rather than divided and fuelling communist denunciations, black-white unity can only advance America’s Cold War position as democratic world leader.

The film’s conclusion drew fire from the contemporary U.S. communist press, Jose Yglesias of *The Worker* revising an initially positive assessment by objecting to the disarming of Moss’s anger and the assimilationist implication, which, Yglesias suggested, revealed that the filmmakers had “no conception of the social and historical roots of the Negro question.” Black commentators also found the dissolution of race questionable. In the pages of *Phylon*, for example, William Couch, Jr., took issue with Moss’s descent into “submissive suffering” and his dependence for direction on a white spokesman. Charging that instead of subverting the historical black image, “there has been a mere upgrading or substitution of stereotypes,” Couch protested that all Moss could summon up was a “clenched-fist frustration and hysteria,” which left the *Phylon* reviewer “astounded and disappointed.” 124
For all these criticisms, *Home of the Brave*’s contemporary reception by white liberals and by gradualist, pro-civil rights organs such as the NAACP and *Ebony* illustrates that for some integrationists the film represented an important landmark in the struggle for black representation, both on the silver screen and in national remembrance of World War II. James Edwards (Moss), himself a college graduate, veteran of the segregated 92nd Division, and a former CIO organizer, constituted a projection of black subjectivity to which liberal whites, activist organizations, and black publications were keen to attach themselves. In the *New York Times*, Crowther lauded Kramer for coming “honestly and directly to grips with the evil of racial defamation, which is one of the cruelest disturbers in our land.” *Ebony* was unstinting in its praise, painting Kramer’s company, Screen Plays Incorporated, as a “daring and dramatic” outfit. The major studios, *Ebony* noted, had as yet only “huffed and puffed” about “forthcoming pictures with race relations stories.” Also important in *Ebony*’s assessment was the military background of the producers. “All ex-GIs,” the magazine reported, “their common interests in ‘making good pictures for a change’ [as Kramer put it] welded them into a post-war cooperation.” The *Pittsburgh Courier* and the *Chicago Defender* also praised the film, with Kramer in receipt of a civic award for “bravely” tackling the subject.

Walter White, too, published a piece in the *New York Herald Tribune*, calling *Home* “magnificently dramatic without slopping over into melodrama, sentimentalism or preaching.” Its faults, including some stereotyping, were, White said, “relatively minor in comparison with a new pattern of picturization of Negro-white relations.” Shortly afterwards, White received a telegram from Neil Scott, a representative of the black press, inviting the NAACP President to chair a committee preparing to welcome James
Edwards to New York. White was unable to attend, but the NAACP lent its approval to the proceedings as Jane, White’s actress daughter, attended the Harlem gathering. “Home of the Brave Day,” Friday, June 3, 1949, began with a 100 car motorcade escorting the actor from LaGuardia airport into the city, featured a 40-piece band on the Triboro Bridge, and saw Edwards receive the “Key to Harlem” from the “unofficial mayor.” Later, Edwards attended a luncheon at which city officials and civic organizations proffered citations for the film as a sign of progress in the motion picture industry.

The New York Times recorded that the actor “praised New York for its show of democracy,” commenting that he was “proud to be a part of the over-all struggle to bring respect and equality.” Proceedings related to “Home of the Brave Day,” supervised by Dr. Christian Westphalen, regional director of the Conference of Christians and Jews, lasted through the weekend, culminating, the Times reported, with a sermon “on the theme of the play” by Bishop D. Ward Nichols of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Evidently, the film appealed to moderate anti-racist groups. Furthermore, contemporary audience analysis suggests that despite some black dissatisfaction with the film, Home held some of the power of “prosthetic memory” for whites. “Perhaps because the hero of Home of the Brave, as a soldier, had participated in experiences they had had or expected to have,” wrote Gerald Weales, a white contributor to Phylon, “many young male students at Georgia Tech found they identified with the hero, often against their desires.” This did not mean that prejudice was dying out, Weales cautioned, but “By the time the doctor is forced to abuse the paralyzed soldier with racial epithets,” he said, “the audience was palpably, audibly with the hero.”
For many conservatives, such outbreaks of interracial empathy, alongside the association of racism with wealth (via T.J.), signaled danger. In an FBI report from July 1949, Mrs. William A. Burke, President of the Southern California Motion Picture Council, found suspect Kramer’s refusal to accept “attractive offers” from Fox and Universal in favor of remaining independent, noting that the film was “financed 100% without the help of a bank.” Mrs. Burke pronounced *Home* “100% propaganda of a Communist racial character.” “It is a purported plea for tolerance and equality for the negro [*sic*],” she stated, “but the propaganda injected will only arouse more racial agitation, seemingly the purpose for its injection.” Kramer recalled “countless demonstrations protesting the picture” after its release in the South, while some theatre owners objected to the heated atmosphere that socially-conscious cinema was creating.\(^{133}\)

The first half-decade of the postwar period represented a peak in progressive filmmaking, but one that would soon experience decline. While Kramer’s, Schary’s and other Hollywood liberals’ address of racism carried Cold War connotations in the effort to undercut, through reform, the communist capacity to criticize the failings of U.S. democracy, U.S. conservatives espied disloyalty rather than patriotism in any invocation of a “race problem.” As chapter four will illustrate, the late-1940s and 1950s cull of Hollywood progressivism spelled the end of the paradigm of commemoration and democratization. In the 1950s, race was an issue often swept beneath the national carpet, and white supremacy disappeared from Hollywood films.

Indeed, *Home of the Brave*’s release was followed shortly by a film of veterans’ readjustment in which conservatives attempted to wrest racial critique away from progressivism and subsume it into a version of Cold War Americanism wherein
communist “racial agitation” (rather than capitalist-inflected bigotry) was the issue at stake. Within three months of Home’s release, and less than two months after “Home of the Brave Day,” Republic’s The Red Menace (1949) offered the first of several anti-communist repossessions of narratives of racial reform. In this instance, a white veteran, Bill Jones, is ensnared by U.S.-based communists seeking to “agitate” among demobilized G.I.s disgruntled with problems in postwar housing, only to discover that leftism is built on a tissue of lies, particularly in its claim, as one party member puts it, to fight “for the minorities, the Jews and the Negroes.”

U.S. race relations carried into the postwar world inseparable connotations concerning foreign relations, and The Red Menace, while featuring no actual Russians, was thus part of the film industry’s attempt to grapple with America’s international standing as well as domestic Cold War issues. Representations of World War II and its legacy in global politics were another pivotal facet of early postwar remembrance of the Second World War, and it is to film and postwar international relations, not just with Russian communism, but also the other major European Allies, that I will now turn attention.

---


2 Thomas Cripps, “Film,” in Jannette L. Dates and William Barlow, eds., Split Image: African Americans in Mass Media (Washington, D.C.: Howard University Press, 1990), 153. Writing in 1943, Walter White pointed to the official films of the War Department and OWI as markers of “modest gains” made in wartime. Black Americans, White wrote, “have been shown not only working in segregated all-Negro units, but they have been pictured in some instances working, fighting, and dying together with Americans who are white.” Walter White, “Race Relations in the Armed Services of the United States,” Journal of Negro Education Vol. 12, No. 3 (Summer 1943): 351. Examples of films featuring a multiracial
soldiery include *Bataan* (1943), *Crash Dive* (1943), *Guadalcanal Diary* (1943), and *Sahara* (1943).


3 As Daniel Kryder notes in his study of the wartime state, World War II gave impetus to the development of black civil rights activism and to equalizing reformation of state institutions and law. Kryder, *Divided Arsenal: Race and the American State During World War II* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2000).


10 Nisbet, “The Coming Problem,” 267; Early postwar surveys of G.I.s stationed in Germany, for example, found over half of those polled in agreement that, despite starting the war, Hitler had done “a lot of good” for his nation. Patterson, *Grand Expectations*, 13.

These concerns were raised during the conflict, too. “I don’t want to see such a Fascist movement in this country walk with the isolationists when the war is over,” the Methodist Bishop of Boston cautioned in 1943. “Boston Bishop Asks End of Jew-Baiting,” *NYT*, November 3, 1943, 22.


Pearl Buck, “Harlem Seen as a Symbol,” *NYT*, November 15, 1941, 16.


Merze Tate, “The War Aims of World War I and World War II and Their Relation to the Darker Peoples of the World,” *Journal of Negro Education* Vol. 12, No. 3 (Summer 1943): 529. See also White, “Race Relations”


The “dismantling” of the human machinery of war, Robert Nisbet argued, was among the grandest tasks the nation had ever confronted. Nisbet, “The Coming Problem,” 261.


“Editorial Statement”


As scholars have observed, it was often not as much through ascribing to the war reformative meaning as through the reinstitution of normative gender roles that the returning veteran, often disabled, suffering from “battle fatigue,” or otherwise emasculated, disillusioned, and placeless, was nurtured back to masculine independence by supportive and self-effacing femininity. This is the case in MGM’s *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* (1944), Dore Schary’s *I’ll Be Seeing You* (1944), Samuel Goldwyn’s *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946), and, more aggressively so, Columbia’s *The Guilt of Janet Ames* (1947), in which a woman’s domineering, non-maternal pre-war behaviors are held responsible for her husband’s willingness to sacrifice his life in combat). In many ways, the film industry here echoed the “experts” proffering advice to U.S. women. For an example, see Edgerton, *Readjustment or Revolution?*, 38-41. Analyses include Susan M. Hartmann, “Prescriptions for Penelope: Literature on Women’s Obligations to Returning World War II Veterans,” *Women’s Studies* Vol. 5 (1978): 223-239; Elaine Tyler May, *Homeward Bound: American Families in the Cold War Era* (New York: Basic Books, 1988); Sonya Michel, “Danger on the Home Front: Motherhood, Sexuality, and Disabled Veterans in American Postwar Films,” In Miriam Cooke and Angela Woollacott, eds., *Gendering War Talk* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1993): 260-279; Martin F. Norden, “Resexualization of the Disabled War Hero in *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,*” *Journal of Popular Film and Television*, Vol. 23 (summer 1995): 50-55.

In Gerstle’s analysis, the civic nationalist tradition, bound up intimately in America’s history of martial conflict, extends the “promise of economic opportunity and political freedom to all citizens, irrespective of their racial, religious, or cultural background....” This is in contrast to its antagonist, “racial nationalism,” which “conceives of America in ethnoracial terms, as a people held together by common blood and skin color and by an inherited fitness for self-government. Gerstle, *American Crucible*, 7, 4.

Early in 1944, pointing to such wartime films as *Mission to Moscow* and William Wellman’s anti-lynching picture *The Ox Bow Incident*, David Platt of the CPUSA’s *Daily Worker*, declaring the previous year Hollywood’s “greatest,” announced the end of the “ostrich age...as far as the silver screen is


33 Ibid., 25-48. The disabled veteran was, in particular, a figure of heightened concern as Americans addressed demobilization (Willard Waller, for example, felt that having lost more than anyone else, the disabled vet had greater reason to descend into nihilism, violence, and isolation). Willard Waller, The Veteran Comes Back (New York: The Dryden Press, 1944), 159-162.

34 In the silent era, examples of this purview are evident in the work of black filmmakers Emmett J. Scott and Oscar Micheaux, who, in The Birth of a Race (1919) and Within Our Gates (1920), drew on black service in World War I to assert the right to political rights and equality of African Americans. George B. Seitz's The Vanishing American (1925) makes a similar point through its representation of Navajo warriors fighting in France.


36 Fearing, “Warriors Return,” 101. Fearing was referring to films such as Since You Went Away, I’ll Be Seeing You, and Sunday Dinner for a Soldier. The reference to farce suggests Hail the Conquering Hero.

37 Ibid., 100-101.


The film script gives the Martin family name as Ferado, and one can only assume the change of surname was made belatedly in order to facilitate this jab at the presumption that a hero must be white.

W.C. Powers to Luigi Luraschi, May 15, 1944. Records of the Office of the Secretary of War, Public Relations Division, News Branch, Correspondence Relating to Motion Pictures with Military Themes, National Archives and Records Administration, Archives II, College Park, Maryland, RG 107, 390: 10/13/05, Box 26, *A Medal for Benny* Folder.

Palmer wrote, “There are many soldiers with excellent military records who have had numerous scrapes with the law in civilian life. A number of them have been cited and decorated in both this and the last war.” Captain Stuart Palmer to Robert Denton, May 31, 1945. RG 107/ 390/ 10/13/05, Box 26

Palmer to Denton, May 31, 1945. RG 107/ 390/ 10/13/05, Box 26

Curtis Mitchell to Robert Denton, November 20, 1944. Records of the Office of the Secretary of War, Bureau of Public Relations, Correspondence Relating to Motion Pictures with Military Themes. RG 107/ 390/ 10/13/05, Box 26, *A Medal for Benny* Folder.


In the screenplay, though not in the final cut, the implications of this statement for definitions of race and nation are developed more fully, the Governor interjecting: “You wouldn’t know – but there was a fellow named Abraham Lincoln.” *Medal for Benny* script, 121-122. RG 107/ 390/10/13/05, Box 26.
Frank Butler’s script for A Medal for Benny, dated May 12, 1944, is available in RG 107/390/10/13/05, Box 26. The screenplay is also reprinted in John Gassner and Dudley Nichols, Best Film Plays, 1945 (New York: Garland, 1977 [1946]), 589-648.

A Medal for Benny script, RG 107/390/10/13/05, Box 26.


Ed Simmel, OWI review, April 7, 1945. Office of War Information Motion Picture Reviews and Analysis, 1943-1954. RG 208/350/75/32/02, Box 3521, Archives II, College Park, MD.

William Roberts to William Cunningham, July 2, 1945. RG 208 350/75/32/02, Box 3521.

New York Review Board to OWI, June 5, 1945, RG 208 350/75/32/02, Box 3521.


In the making of another drama of veterans’ readjustment, Warner Bros.’ Pride of the Marines (1945), producer Jerry Wald, wrote to director Delmer Daves to ask that black characters not be integrated with other veterans. “In the recreation hall scene,” he wrote, “please don’t mix colored boys and whites around the piano. This stuff is usually cut out of pictures in the South.” The film instead focused its racial critique on the more apparently palatable presence of a wounded and disabled Latino veteran named Juan. Paul Tatara, “Pride of the Marines,” http://www.tcm.com/thismonth/article.jsp?cid=85252&mainArticleId=138969 (accessed May 5, 2009).

Schary was particularly proud of the fact that screenwriter Robert Andrews “was never told which character… [the black American] was to be – I didn’t want any speeches about the white man’s burden or other items dealing with race.” It is curious, then, that Epps spends much of his time shirtless while singing spirituals. Schary, Heyday, 127.

Information on When I Come Home in Huebner, Warrior Image, 24-26. Quote from FBI Reel 2, Frame 00492-00493. Schary was a signatory of the Waldorf statement in 1947, pledging to exclude communists from the studio system, but had, he stated, “no respect for the committee,” and consistently
employed suspected radicals, refusing to capitulate to the FBI and HUAC while managing to traverse the heights of the Red Scare relatively unscathed. Other examples of the FBI’s interest in Schary are found in the FBI investigation of the film industry. FBI Reel 2, Frame 00473; Reel 4, Frame 00416. See also Larry Ceplair, *The Marxist and the Movies: A Biography of Paul Jarrico* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2007).


63 On proscriptive enlistment policies in various veterans’ groups, see Michael Carter, “Survey of Veterans’ Organizations Shows Only Few Open to All Minorities,” *Baltimore Afro-American*, December 22, 1945, 7.


65 Busch writes, “Newspapers referred briefly to the ‘extraordinary demonstration by the colored veterans in a Fourth of July Day Parade.’ More space was devoted to an item headed: MARINE VETERAN RUNS AMOK.” Ibid., 283.
66 Marion Michelle, Review of *They Dream of Home*, February 1, 1945. RG 208 350/75/33/02, Box 3527.

67 William Roberts to Vanguard Pictures, February 8, 1945. RG 208 350/75/33/02, Box 3527.


69 Peggy Shepherd, Review of *Till the End of Time*, July 20, 1945. RG 208 350/75/33/02, Box 3527.

70 Gene Kern to RKO, July 24, 1945. RG 208 350/75/33/02, Box 3527.


77 Brooks, *Brick Foxhole*, 86.

78 James Agee, “*Crossfire,*” in *Agee on Film, Vol. 1*, 269.


80 Ibid., 99-100.


84 The film did not win any Academy awards, with the best picture gong going to *Gentleman’s Agreement*. Ray Nielsen suggests that the blacklisting of Scott and Dmytryk contributed to the Academy’s decision. See “Ray’s Way: Edward Dmytryk and *Crossfire,*” *Classic Images* No. 89 (November 1982), 31.


87 Cantor’s letter in FBI Reel 3, Frame 00644; On the awards, see Fox, “Crossfire and ‘HUAC,’” 33.

88 Agee, “Crossfire,” Agee on Film, 270, 269.


91 Ibid., 30, 37-50, 34.

92 Ibid., 29, 224.

93 Ibid., 12-13, 101.

94 PCA quoted in Langdon-Teclaw, “Progressive Producer,” 166; On Schary and Dmytryk, FBI Reel 2, Frame 00790.


96 Quotes from FBI reviewers in FBI Reel 3, Frame 00167, and Reel 3, Frame 00642. Films challenging “the system’s” treatment of the veteran listed in Reel 3, Frame 00166.

97 This statistic given by Dmytryk in an interview included in the DVD commentary.
Dmytryk discusses his confidence after Crossfire’s success on the DVD release of the film.

Quote from Dmytryk, Hell of a Life, 98


RKO denied that Hughes had eliminated references to racial tolerance from the film. Charles MacVarish wrote to Walter White in response to the NAACP secretary’s questions on the matter, stating “the cuts were made in the film prior to Hughes purchase of RKO.” White to Hughes, August 20, 1948; MacVarish to White, September 10, 1948. NAACP Group II, Box A276, Folder 1. Cancellation of Battleground in Schary, Heyday, 168-208.

Crossfire’s commercial success, which Darryl Fox attributes in part to an advertising campaign that played down the theme of anti-Semitism, covered in Fox, “Crossfire and ‘HUAC.’”

The others were Pinky, Lost Boundaries, and Intruder in the Dust.


*Home of the Brave* advertisement in Records of the NAACP Box A276, Folder 2.

Of this decision, Kramer later wrote, “Even though I knew how unlikely such ‘race mixing’ would be in World War II, since army integration didn’t begin until after the war, I figured I might be forgiven for jumping the gun by three or four years.” Kramer, *Mad, Mad World*, 35.

Kramer later recalled, “We had a submarine on *Home of the Brave*, which we borrowed from a base of old submarines, but other than that there was no help.” Kramer interview with Lawrence Suid, February 8, 1974. Lawrence Suid Collection, Tape # 163, Georgetown University Special Collections.


Ibid., 68-69.

Ellison, “Shadow and Act”


114 Indeed, examining the postwar discourse of black and disabled veterans groups, such as the Blind Veterans of America (BVA), reveals that “black and white disabled veterans attempted to link race and disability during the period.” According to the BVA in 1945, blindness had “blotted out all prejudices,” and Robert Jefferson suggests that out of colorblind disabled veterans groups like this emerged “a new brand of antiracist and progressive politics.” Jefferson, “Enabled Courage,” 1123; See also, Richard R. Dier, “Blind Veterans Organize to Solve Special Problem,” *Baltimore Afro-American*, July 7, 1945, 3.


120 Program included with Scott’s letter to White, May 25, 1949.
“Edward, Film Star, Honored in Harlem,” *NYT*, June 4, 1949, 8.

Gerald Weales, “Pro-Negro Films in Atlanta,” *Phylon*, Vol. 13, No. 4 (4th Quarter, 1950), 298-304, quotes on 302. A study by Daniel M. Wilner, conducted under Franklin Fearing at UCLA, found that the film produced generally anti-racist sentiments in sample audiences. Daniel M. Wilner, *Attitude as a Determinant of Perception In the Mass Media of Communication: Reactions to the Motion Picture Home of the Brave*, Ph.D. Thesis, UCLA (1950). *Home of the Brave* was joined in 1949 by another film using the war as a breaking point in domestic race relations, *Lost Boundaries*. In this film, the light-skinned African American family of a doctor, passing for white in a New England town, is exposed as black when the U.S. Navy refuses his application to serve because he fails to meet the “physical requirements.” Again, the war exposes racism so that it can be transcended, as the citizens of the town, directed by the local priest, decide to accept the doctor’s family despite their hidden racial identity.

FBI review, Reel 4, Frames 00691-00693; Kramer, *Mad, Mad World*, 41. August Panero of the Panero Theatre Company in Delano, California, wrote to Fox with regard to trouble manifesting itself around the racial drama *No Way Out* (1950), objecting that “Since playing *Pinky* and *Home of the Brave* we have noticed an increase in the belligerence of our colored trade.” “In these small communities our task is hard enough with so many races all mixed up,” Panero protested, before concluding (with regard to *No Way Out*), “playing a picture like this does not do either side any good and only causes ill-will amongst all of our patrons.” This complaint was forwarded to Walter White by Ed Harrison of Fox October 17, 1950. NAACP, Box A276, Folder 3.

Bill is initially impressed, but the Party’s hold on him weakens as its supposed advocacy of G.I. and minority rights dissolves. Firstly, Reachi, an Italian American with a penchant for asking difficult questions, is labeled a “Mussolini-spawned dago” by Yvonne Kraus, a Party zealot who would “liquidate a million” to take power, yet labels any who challenge her as fascist. “And you’re the people who preach tolerance,” says Reachi, before being dragged out and murdered in a dark alley. Next victim of the perils of “deviationism” is Henry Solomon, a communist Jew accused of defaming the memory of Marx with his poetry. Outraged, Solomon delivers a long denunciatory speech. “I thought I could be an American democrat and a communist at the same time,” he says, berating the Party for “its corkscrew logic and its grandstand play to ex-G.I.s and its lies about the government that’s trying to help solve their problems.”
“You pretend to fight racial discrimination,” the poet lectures, “but you keep reminding me that I’m a Jewish American, that Sam down in the office is a Negro American, that Mollie over here is an Irish American. We’re none of us hyphens,” he concludes fiercely, “We’re all just plain Americans.” The only “race problem” here is that manufactured by the communists. Solomon, like Reachi, is soon dead, driven to suicide in repayment for tearing up his Party card, but his demise produces a ripple effect. Sam Wright, the African American writer for the Party newspaper, *The Toilers*, is uneasy when told to pen a condemnatory obituary. As Sam struggles with this task, his father, Tom, arrives, telling Sam that the CPUSA is “using the colored people just like it’s using the G.I.s and other folks, just to stir up trouble.” Quoting the deacon of his church, Tom argues that thinking “as the party dictates,” means conceding the return of slavery. Sam, inspired by his father’s patriotism, rewrites the obituary, elevating Solomon to the station of a war hero:

“Add the name of Henry Solomon to the roster of those Americans who, from Nathan Hale to Colin Kelly, refused to bend their necks to an alien yoke.” Once the two have departed the office, Martin Vejac, a CPUSA official, emerges to confirm the racism buried beneath the Party line: “Wasting our time with those African ingrates,” he complains. (Of course, just in case the professed ideals of communism concerning racial equality should appeal, red scare cinema presented Communist Party leadership as entirely cynical in their exploitation of Black Americans. In *I Was a Communist for the FBI* [1951], the film based loosely on the life of FBI informant Matt Cvetic, a Party spokesman delivers an address to a largely African American crowd, after which he jokes with Party colleagues. “Those niggers really ate it up, didn’t they?” “Don’t you mean Negroes, Jim?” asks Cvetic, the FBI plant emerging as the only true believer in racial justice. “Only when I’m trying to sell them the Party line,” says Jim.) In contrast, Father O’Leary, the ubiquitous anti-communist Catholic priest, advances a melting pot theory. “E Pluribus Unum,” he tells two wavering Party members, “We’ve taken the best they had, of all the world, and forged them into a common bond.” As the film concludes, “melting pot” U.S. diversity interjects once more, as does the representational association of postwar communism and wartime fascism. When INS officers arrive to check Kraus’ citizenship, she twice accuses them of employing “Gestapo” methods. But Kraus’ German accent betrays her true identity, for, the agents tell her, while Kraus was a German American, she “never spoke a word of German in her life.” The fake Kraus is, then, through both her failure to melt and her inability to understand the dissolution of world cultures into “unum,” exposed as East German fanatic Commissar Greta Bloch.
(murderer of the original Kraus). As for Nina and Bill, they are dissuaded from their flight by a small town Sherriff who reminds them that the U.S., unlike the USSR, will afford even a Russian such as Nina another chance. Indeed, Nina, having grown up in Russia, is “probably a better citizen than lots of us,” the Sherriff suggests, for she can understand more fully the privilege of U.S. citizenship. What Bill and Nina should do, the lawman advises, is marry and “raise a couple of real American kids.” When Bill asks a local youngster for the Sherriff’s name, the child replies that it’s “some kind of long name,” but the kids all call him “Uncle Sam.”

In October 1945, as she assessed Hollywood’s wartime output for the opening issue of *Hollywood Quarterly*, Dorothy Jones contended that “the sympathetic portrayal of our allies aided in increasing American world-mindedness.”¹ Like many industry progressives, Jones hoped that Hollywood would, in the interest of amiable postwar relations, continue to cultivate “world-mindedness” through respectful imagery of the Allied nations and their role in defeating the Axis powers. The former OWI official was, however, acutely aware of the wartime tendency to sideline international cooperation and elide the Allies in favor of somewhat undiplomatic dramas of U.S. heroism.² If filmmakers were, Jones felt, “slowly yielding to more progressive ideas about the function of film in the world today,” it remained to be seen “whether Hollywood will accept the greater responsibilities and opportunities that lie ahead by helping to create One World dedicated to peace, plenty, and the pursuit of happiness.”³

The war destroyed the legitimacy of isolationism, catapulting the U.S. towards a position of unprecedented military strength and global influence, while the nation’s battlefield successes and immense industrial output confirmed for many America’s superior might and muscle.⁴ Ernie Pyle was aware of the potential for victory to spill over into the arrogance of exceptionalism, cautioning against such by underscoring the cooperative nature of Allied victory: “We did not win…because destiny created us better than all other peoples,” he wrote, but because of a unified international soldiery, and “because of Russia, and England, and the passage of time, and the gift of nature’s materials.”⁵ To some degree counterbalancing the nationalist impulse was the emerging
polarization of the Cold War, which meant that the U.S. was more than ever thrust into
the international limelight, beholden to global opinion despite its economic and
 technological “preponderance of power,” and in need of overseas alliances (as
Hollywood, soon to fall on economic hard times, continued to rely on a global audience
for solvency).6 Both trends – the multilateral internationalism for which Jones wished and
the exceptionalist braggadocio against which Pyle cautioned – were evident in wartime
cinema’s representation of the U.S.-Allied relations, and both persisted in postwar
pictures dealing with the war and its political aftermath, revealing a pronounced
ambiguity in American attitudes towards the meanings of the conflict just won and the
nation’s responsibilities to the European continent now under U.S. stewardship.

Focusing on U.S.-authored and -financed productions shot or set in wartime and
early-postwar Europe, this chapter explores postwar Hollywood’s engagement with the
war and its legacy in international politics through representations of the U.S. relationship
with the three preeminent European Allies (Britain, the USSR, and France). Firstly,
recalling Pyle’s 1944 summons to “reassemble our broken world into a pattern so firm
and so fair that another great war cannot soon be possible,” I consider those films, made
between 1944 and 1948, that directly address the postwar world and the tasks of “re-
membering” confronting the U.S. beyond martial victory. In this period, studio
filmmakers divided over whether a continuing struggle with fascism (in which space for
cooperation with the USSR remained) or the postwar encounter with communism should
constitute the preeminent issue bequeathed by the war. By 1949, though, the
internationalist anti-fascism embraced by industry progressives was absorbed into
endemic anti-Soviet consciousness and the evisceration of “radical Hollywood” by a
conservative coalition of which the FBI and HUAC comprised the vanguard.\textsuperscript{7} Celluloid visions of a potentially lasting legacy of cooperation between the two most powerful of the “United Nations,” thus faded, Hollywood nurturing instead a grammar of memory (and forgetting) in which the Cold War became a continuation of the wartime struggle against fascism.

This ideological shift I chart in particular through films made at RKO. A hotbed of progressive talent before and during the war, in three postwar years (1946-48) the studio saw its filmmaking program directed by one of Hollywood’s leading liberal lights, Dore Schary, then pass to one of the industry’s most famously conservative figures, Howard Hughes. Beginning with the anti-fascist picture \textit{The Master Race} in 1944 and concluding with the 1951 anti-communist film \textit{The Whip Hand}, I trace Cold War conservatism’s repossession of World War II as cinematic memory. Perhaps most notably, I posit here that the Schary-sponsored RKO release, \textit{Berlin Express} (1948), marks progressive Hollywood’s last plea for a continuing, anti-fascist Allied solidarity inclusive of the Soviet Union.

The chapter’s second section considers the image of Britain (mostly England) and France in the World War II combat picture, from 1949 through to the mid-1950 outbreak of the Korean War. Returning to commercial viability just as the war’s legacy was being inscribed as an anti-communist rather than anti-fascist endeavor, combat films, restaging the earlier battle with another form of totalitarianism, drew from the war parables applicable to the state’s Cold War agenda. Through the historically-grounded combat film, often in the hands of more conservative filmmakers (or liberals invested in the anti-communist consensus), emerged a gendered national memory in which France and
Britain function as affirming background to the U.S.’s rise to international preeminence. Europe, too aged or feminine to provide for its own defense, is time and again “saved” by the presence of Americans in spaces emptied by the war of European manhood. Such is the case, I argue, in British-set pictures including Warners’ *Fighter Squadron* (1948), MGM’s *Command Decision* (1948), and Fox’s *Twelve O’Clock High* (1949), as well as in the earliest postwar film set in D-Day France, Warners’ *Breakthrough* (1950).

Scholars of gender and the body locate in the war years the recovery of a more robust male image than that characteristic of the Depression era. In her study of World War II masculinities, Christina Jarvis finds that in “official” and popular discourses the war witnessed the emergence of “powerful, hypermasculinized male bodies…to reflect the United States’ rising status as a world power.”\(^8\) Encoding the nation as a force of physical dynamism and mental fortitude, this trope persevered in early Cold War Hollywood’s construction of World War II U.S. manhood. Representing Western Europe as a feminized counterpoint to U.S. military manliness credited the U.S. with most of the wartime fighting, justifying its graduation to global leadership and legitimating the continuing presence of U.S. troops across the continent. In this way, remembrance of World War II drew far more deeply from anti-communist Cold War impositions than from progressive filmmakers’ remnant anti-fascism.\(^9\)

Moreover, the postwar period was a prolific time for the DoD Pictorial Division, as the branches of the armed services cooperated with dozens of filmmakers, each service seeking funding, prestige, and recruits by aggrandizing its own capabilities as most critical to victory.\(^10\) Such internal competition helped leave the Allies and the wartime spirit of anti-fascist internationalism forgotten. As the Allies’ contribution to the war
effort disappeared, either into the enemy status of the Soviet Union or the more ambiguous periphery in which France and Britain were located, Hollywood stipulated that the U.S. had all but won the war alone.

In wartime, memories of the bitter peace at Versailles and the ignominious demise of the League of Nations informed the multilateral visions of liberal commentators such as Basil Mathews and Wendell Willkie.\(^\text{11}\) Peace had been lost following World War I, Mathews cautioned in his 1944 book, *United We Stand*, because “we were not united nations.” Towards this end, he impressed upon Americans the contributions of Russia, which, having achieved “the seemingly impossible on the field of battle,” would neither “Bolshevize Europe” nor seek to start World War III.\(^\text{12}\) Britain, after undergoing “the largest mobilization of manpower in proportion to population in the history of mankind,” was shedding its rigid class structures, and the Empire, about which many Americans harbored reservations, was moving toward universal self-government. The experience of fighting side-by-side, Mathews predicted with Churchillian flourish, would knit “the English-speaking peoples” together through peacetime.\(^\text{13}\)

Willkie, returning from a wartime global tour in 1942, had also stressed the need for postwar Allied affinity. “We must work with Russia after the war,” he urged in his bestselling book, *One World*, “For Russia is a dynamic country, and vital new society…a force that cannot be bypassed in any future world.”\(^\text{14}\) Moreover, the war had taught the U.S. (and the “white race”) that “the test of a people is their aim and not their color,” a development that could only deepen the “gigantic reservoir of good will towards us, the American people.” The “one common bond” of men worldwide, Willkie argued, was “their deep friendship for the United States,” which derived from confidence that the U.S.
sought “no special privileges,” and from Hollywood’s motion pictures, shown and admired the world over.\textsuperscript{15}

Envisioning the U.S. as benevolent global leader, such internationalism is represented in the late-wartime film program of Twentieth Century Fox production head Darryl F. Zanuck. Returning to Fox in mid-1943 after a stint with the Signal Corps, Zanuck, an admirer of Willkie and a prewar enemy of isolationism, was convinced that U.S. troops would support the formation of an international peacekeeping organization. Believing that the origins of World War II lay in the collapse of Woodrow Wilson’s League of Nations, Zanuck threw his personal enthusiasm into \textit{Wilson}, a lavish treatment of the former President’s life.\textsuperscript{16} At the same time, the mogul laid plans to picturize Willkie’s \textit{One World}, anticipating that both projects would offer “visual proof of how the world has shrunk and how completely the nations of the world have become dependent on one another.” Although hailed by some as “the movie to prevent World War III,” the mediocrity of \textit{Wilson}’s commercial performance (and indeed of the film itself) dented Zanuck’s idealism. He shelved his proposed adaptation of \textit{One World} at a loss of $500,000.\textsuperscript{17}

The fate of \textit{Wilson} and \textit{One World} reflects the swiftness with which liberal idealism (like Wilson’s “Fourteen Points”) was consumed by the complexities of postwar politics. At war’s end, many believed, with Willkie, that film might offer a vital propaganda tool in former enemy nations and areas liberated from Nazi occupation. In February 1944, a circular from Assistant Secretary of State A.A. Berle to diplomats overseas asked for attention to be paid to the ideological impact of U.S. cinema as well as to its dollar value.\textsuperscript{18} Eight months later, Will Hays, longtime Chairman of the Motion
Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA), directed the State Department towards preserving the foreign markets from which Hollywood drew around forty percent of its income, stressing that any barriers to overseas distribution would be economically and ideologically deleterious. “It is inescapable,” wrote Hays in an October 1944 memo, “that every entertainment picture is, secondarily, an alluring and dramatic demonstration of how Americans live and what they live with.” As historian Seth Fein writes, “While the end of the war induced Hollywood to reemphasize its commercial agenda with the State Department, it was now irreversibly integrated into the international mass-media programs of postwar U.S. foreign policy.”

Representing Russia

In late wartime, as filmmakers shifted attention to the coming peace, the internationalism of Wilson was applied to the present war by progressives seeking to extend the battle with fascism beyond German defeat. In this regard, RKO’s The Master Race (released in September 1944, a month before the Hays memo) is a particularly revealing film. An anticipatory turn towards the task of reconstructing Europe and “re-educating” Germany, the film foregrounds the necessity of U.S.-Soviet cooperation as guarantor of the shattered continent’s future. It was written and directed by Herbert Biberman, a CPUSA member and later one of the Hollywood Ten, and produced by Edward A. Golden and Robert Golden, the father-son pairing behind director Edward Dmytryk’s Hitler’s Children (1943), a fierce denunciation of the Hitler Youth movement. Filmed in spring, 1944, and released that September, Edward Golden described The Master Race as a depiction of a future day when “an allied army of
occupation has taken over Belgium and the Nazi gangsters are going underground to prepare for the next war.”

The film opens as the Allied invasion of Europe drives Germany’s armies into retreat and an aristocratic Nazi Officer, General von Beck (George Coulouris), imparts instructions to elite fascists already intent on reviving “our master race.” After explaining to the shadowy ensemble that their weapons are “fear,” “despair,” and “hatred,” and their task to “disunite, disunite, disunite,” von Beck conceals himself as a prisoner of Germany held in the ruined Belgian town of Kolar, assuming the guise of Ferdinand Varin, a murdered Belgian resistance fighter. Thus, even as the liberating British and U.S. armies arrive, a desperate postwar enemy lurks, plotting the disintegration of Allied solidarity as a route to the resuscitation of Nazi power.

The internationalist nature of anti-Nazism, as well as its benevolent intentionality, is soon established. Greeted by locals in need of a priest and a doctor, British and American troops, led by U.S. Major Philip Carson (Stanley Ridges) and British Captain William Forsythe (Gavin Muir), move quickly to free the Allied prisoners, including Andrei Krestov (Carl Esmond), a handsome young Russian Lieutenant. Joining the middle-aged Carson and Forsythe, Krestov – athletic, honest, and a qualified physician – completes the triumvirate of unconquered Allies. Carson’s superior rank establishes the American as the maker of policy, and it is he who explains to the Belgian citizenry the Allies’ intention “to get you on your feet as quickly as possible.” Facing hunger, disease, and the monumental job of rebuilding, Carson urges cooperation: “We’ve got to trust each other; that’s the most important thing.” The three Allies thus begin to spearhead Kolar’s recovery. Carson uses an Army jeep to plow the neglected fields, distributing
canned food and recruiting local children to round up stray chickens. Forsythe, a little less dynamically, gives himself to the restoration of the local church, conducting services, *Mrs. Miniver*-fashion, in a bomb-wrecked chapel.

Carson and Forsythe are matched, even upstaged, by the efforts of Krestov, whose physical stature dominates many shots. Dispelling notions of Russian atheism, Krestov helps refurbish the church and attends Forsythe’s sermons of rebirth and resurrection. He administers medical care to the townspeople (using American Red Cross [ARC] packages), and comforts a nameless young girl born of a Nazi father to Helena Bartoc, an ashamed Belgian mother. At one stage, Krestov – smiling and open-shirted – is all at once singing, ploughing, and carrying the little girl, earning admiring glances from the Belgian civilians. “We have done it!” he exclaims as news arrives that the fighting in Europe is over, Carson’s hand on his shoulder in brotherly solidarity. Although desperate to return east, Krestov remains attuned to the perils of Nazism, staying in Kolar long enough to help Forsythe and Carson unmask von Beck.

As the Allies rehabilitate the town, von Beck, posing as Varin, attempts to reactivate the nationalist hostilities from which a divided and vulnerable Europe might reemerge. Attaching himself to Josef Katry (Paul Guilfoyle), the only surviving member of the Kolar town council and owner of the local mill, von Beck disparages the Allied presence: “The Americans will bring speeches, the British will bring games with bats and balls, the Russians will bring music...,” he says, but nothing of substance. Katry is convinced, adopting a “no foreigners” hiring policy and repossessing the town’s only horse to use at the mill (prompting the resourceful Carson to plough with a jeep). “The
Germans are gone,” the misguided Belgian announces, “and we don’t want Americans or Russians to replace them.”

Despite von Beck’s scheming, Katry remains isolated as Kolar’s residents, inspired by the Allied figureheads, recuperate their communities. Frank Bartoc (Lloyd Bridges), a resistance fighter who initially refuses to forgive his prewar girlfriend, Nina Varin (Nancy Gates), for her family’s collaborationism, is persuaded by Nina’s contrition to declare that “victory belongs to everybody in the world who wants it.”23 “We mustn’t forget the past,” Frank says, articulating the need for anti-fascist solidarity, “we must wipe it out by the way that we fight for the future.” Furthermore, Helena, Frank’s sister, is forgiven by her husband, John, for having slept (under duress) with the German father of her nameless child. When Belgian citizens plan to kill the infant as a poisonous remnant of Nazism, Krestov’s humanitarian pleas and Carson’s observation that Helena’s daughter has “Nice pure blood, like all children,” convince them otherwise. Allied beneficence, rejecting racialized concepts of blood and purity, ensures that biological notions of human worth will not entangle Kolar’s recovery in divisive and murderous recriminations.

The antidote to nationalism and fascism offered by international fraternity is confirmed in the chain of events that brings von Beck to justice. Among the Germans in the Kolar prison is a guilt-ridden soldier named Altmeier, who explains that witnessing Allied unity in combat caused him to abandon Nazism. Hitlerian ideology made him think of non-German peoples as “vermin,” but he shed this notion when, fighting on the Eastern Front, he saw U.S. and British planes flying in protection of the Russian line. “Vermin don’t get together in that way,” Altmeier reasons. Carson is not entirely
generous, noting that Germany’s victims “can’t wake up and say let’s forget about the whole thing,” but, confirming Krestov’s insistence on the distinction between regular Germans and their fanatical leaders, the American concedes that “to make a decent world we’ll need decent Germans, too.”

Eventually exposed with Altmeier’s assistance, von Beck forecasts the dissolution of the wartime alliance and the rise of German fascism via a Third World War. “We can depend upon you falling out among yourselves,” he sneers. Carson has heard enough, and silences the rant with a promise that the “master race” is finished for good. “We’re not falling apart,” the Major asserts, declaring his postwar intention to embark on a lifelong Nazi-hunting mission. Von Beck is promised a “full and fair and swift” trial, and a flashforward to his execution by firing squad confirms Allied victory. Krestov and Carson exchange salutes, anticipating continued U.S.-Soviet friendship. “Major, I feel like I’ve met the whole American people through you,” the Red Army Lieutenant says, “Thank them for the pleasure.” “I will,” Carson replies, “if you’ll do the same for me.” “Good luck to us all,” manages Forsythe, before Helena’s father, “Old Man” Bartoc, emerges to thank the Allies “for liberation, for protection, for freedom.”

Filming The Master Race required little in the way of military equipment, but George Dorsey, serving as RKO’s Washington liaison, furnished the War Department with a script in April 1944.24 Reviewing Biberman’s screenplay, the Army resented only Carson’s summary execution of von Beck in contravention of the Geneva Convention.25 The War Department’s continuing investment in images of cooperative (not to say legal) endeavors by the Allies was also expressed in efforts to excise undiplomatic moments. The script was originally set in Czechoslovakia, and reviewers asked Biberman to include
snippets of spoken Czech. “Linguistic realism or consistency would enhance this picture as it enhanced ‘Grand Illusion…,”’ wrote Major Paul Horgan, adding, “there are many Czechs in our Army.” Moreover, both before and after Biberman submitted a “Revised Final Script” in mid-April, Carson’s reference to Forsythe as a “smug limey” was earmarked for removal. A screening of the completed film in September revealed that amendments had been made (the location was changed to Belgium at the request of the OWI), and the Army approved the film for U.S. and overseas markets.26

Biberman’s film was also shaped by the OWI, which, like the War Department, directed RKO toward emphasizing Allied collectivity. In early April 1944, reviewer Eleanor Berneis commended “a sympathetic and constructive approach to the problem of rehabilitation of liberated peoples,” noting with approval “the story’s strong argument for wiping out old hatreds and building a new world based on the unity of men of all nationalities.”27 Yet, with wartime lessons in cinema’s potentially damaging effects on inter-Allied unity at hand, the OWI meant to ensure that no snub to the Russians was implied. “A fundamental hazard of the story,” Berneis wrote, “is the possibility that the [Czechoslovakian] locale of the action will, because of geographical proximity, be liberated by Russian rather than British-American forces. Should this happen,” she wrote, it might create “severe resentment overseas, and present serious problems to the United States Government.”28 Later that month, Berneis was content: inter-Allied squabbling was absent, and the liberated area was now shifted north and west to Belgium.29 Some potential instances of U.S. self-aggrandizement did slip by, with Old Man Bartoc’s lines thanking the Allies for “freedom” and “liberation” remaining over the concerns of the OWI’s Gene Kern that “this, coming from an American film, may appear like obvious
propaganda, and could be resented overseas….” Having viewed the final cut in September 1944, the OWI was nonetheless satisfied by a “sympathetic and credible portrayal of the liberation of a Belgian village.”

As the OWI and War Department archives reveal, the presence of such a positive Russian character was largely unremarkable in a nation still focused on achieving the final defeat of the Axis. The Master Race even received a favorable write-up from Billy Wilkerson, conservative founder of the Hollywood Reporter, for tackling the “German question.” Yet the response of the FBI to the finished film prefigures the swift postwar eclipse of the Russian contribution to victory. On March 15, 1945, California-based Special Agents saw The Master Race and composed reviews for J. Edgar Hoover’s attention. Although they could not argue that the “extreme emphasis on the matter of unity between the ‘big three nations’” was entirely attributable to communist propaganda (this being the official position of the Allied nations as well as the Communist Party), the FBI reviewers concluded that “Communist propaganda appears in this film in the manner in which the unity is portrayed.”

The reporting agents found disquieting numerous implications concerning Russian society, among them Krestov’s lack of ethnoracial bias. His plea for kindness towards Helena’s German-fathered daughter, for instance, disturbed Special Agents because it “displays the Russian individual as being a very humane, kind and tolerant type.” Furthermore, the agents felt that Krestov’s religiosity and amiability towards a character named Jacob was “intended to give the impression that religious freedom exists in Russia and to counteract anti-Semitic tendencies.” The Agents’ reading of the politics of masculinity within the picture was also pivotal: “the American Army Major is
a rather soft-spoken, middle-aged individual with a rather large waist line for his age and Army rank,” one wrote, “and the British Captain is a rather naïve innocent appearing young man with a very weak voice whose personality and character reflect virtually no strength or forcefulness whatsoever…. In distinction, Krestov “radiates almost limitless energy, enthusiasm, optimism, resourcefulness, and strength. He in contrast with the American and British officers is quite tall, possesses a very rugged physique, has very expressive eyes, and in several crises…is the first to suggest the course that is adopted and followed to a successful conclusion.”

The portrayal of the Soviet soldier “as a sort of superman in physical appearance” supported the summation that despite a lack of “specific or forceful” pro-Soviet proselytizing, “the entire picture is a piece of subtle and veiled Communist propaganda.”

Engagement with *Master Race* and other pro-Russian war films catalyzed the FBI’s pursuit of Hollywood leftists. In early April 1945, Special Agent in Charge (SAC) Hood contacted Hoover from LA, anticipating that “the Director may be called upon at some time in the future to state very specifically what Communist propaganda, if any, has actually been depicted in the various motion pictures…. Pointing out known communists and fellow-travelers among the film’s creators, Hood cautioned, would not constitute proof: there was a need for supporting analysis. Therefore, Hood proposed that the Bureau obtain scripts in order to more easily assess whether they emitted the whiff of communism. FBI Assistant Director D.M. Ladd concurred, adding, “It is not felt that each picture which might possibly have Communist propaganda in it should be looked into. Only those which are either obviously of this nature or are reported reliably by informants to be of such a nature should be so covered.”
As the FBI built the scaffold for its postwar siege of the Hollywood left, the cycle of pro-Russian cinema persisted with the spring 1945 release of Columbia’s drama of the Eastern Front, *Counter-Attack*. In Hungarian-born British director Zoltan Korda’s film, a Russian soldier, Andrei Kulkov (Paul Muni) and his partisan companion, a guide named Lisa Elenko (Marguerite Chapman), endure a battle of wits against a group of Germans with whom they are trapped underground. Adapted by U.S. communist John Howard Lawson from the work of Russian playwrights, *Counter-Attack* also dramatizes the use of ingenious underwater bridges allowing for rapid transport of heavy armor. As in *The Master Race*, communism goes unmentioned, Lawson concentrating on the sacrifice and perseverance of Russian troops and their desire for a world in which barriers of race and nation are surmounted. During the stand-off in the basement, Kulkov dreams of postwar seas bearing “ships without guns.” “They’ll pass and we’ll shout to each other, ‘Ahoy, brother,’” he fantasizes, “Black men, white men, yellow men, going to Singapore, San Francisco, London, Vladivostock.” Aided by a defecting German miner (a hint of class solidarity) who rejects his countrymen’s appeal to “remember your race and blood,” Kulkov and Elenko successfully guard their German prisoners while Russian tanks roll across the “invisible bridge” at Lubovino, continuing to push the *Wehrmacht* out of Russia.

In January 1944, the first draft script of *Counter-Attack* was assessed favorably by OWI reviewers, particularly due to the Russians’ amiable interest in the postwar world. Kulkov’s desire to travel originally encompassed only “New York, San Francisco, [and] Vladivostock,” and the OWI noted that the speech “could be strengthened from the standpoint of overseas distribution by adding other countries, Britain, China, etc., not
limiting the Russians’ interest to America.” Furthermore, the draft script had Lisa say, “We don’t know each other very well – the Americans and the Russians. After the war, we’ll get to know each other better.” The OWI considered this “a valuable and important reference to the postwar world,” encouraging the studio to expound further on “how this war is being fought to bring about a world of United Nations of free people, instead of a unified world of slaves controlled by a master race, planned by the Nazis. This post-war concept has not yet been presented from the Russian point of view in an American film,” the OWI felt, “and could be an important contribution.”

By March of 1945, when the OWI’s Peggy Sheppard reviewed a second draft, the proposed postwar tour now took in China and England. However, Lisa’s lines on U.S.-Soviet friendship were gone, and Sheppard complained that “Russian-American understanding and United Nations unity are no longer stressed….” Furthermore, the inclusion of a “good German” (the defecting miner), she worried, “may seem to indicate a ‘soft peace’ American attitude to audiences who have recently suffered the brutality of Nazi occupation.” Despite these concerns, the release of a film communicating “appreciation of the Russian war effort” was considered beneficial to inter-Allied relations.

The timing of the film’s release was impeccable. Almost to the day of Counter-Attack’s late-April 1945 premiere, the U.S. and Soviet advances through Germany met for the first time, inducing scenes of celebratory camaraderie and rhetorical pronunciations concerning the nations’ cooperative future. In the U.S. press, Russian soldiers carousing with their American counterparts at Torgau, seventy-five miles from Berlin, appeared as a veritable collection of Krestovs and Kulkovs. “[T]he troops of the two nations,” the Washington Post reported, “seeing each other for the first time,
whooped it up and formed firm friendships despite the handicaps of language. It was enough that they were allies and had whipped the enemy.”

With the UN conference having opened in San Francisco on April 25, President Truman commented, “Nations which can plan and fight together shoulder to shoulder in the face of such obstacles of distance and of language and of communications as we have overcome, can live together and can work together in the common labor of the organization of the world for peace.”

Flushed with victory, some Americans were, at war’s end, confident in the propagandist postwar potentialities of motion pictures. Hollywood-as-ambassador would, one journalist suggested in June 1945, “inculcate into the foreign mind a concrete awareness of the American way of life and the spectacle of freedom in operation in all strata of society….” In October, HQ’s Dorothy Jones advanced no such simple-minded claims, but as she turned her attention to film and postwar foreign relations, progressive dreams of a preeminent Hollywood role in crafting an internationally cooperative, anti-fascist future remained a valid ambition. The NME, too, shared a notion that cinema could stave off the potential resuscitation of Nazism, and with victory not a month old, the War Department initiated plans to take Hollywood executives on an international tour during which their capacity and responsibility to assist the state were continuously emphasized. Taylor Mills, Chief of the Motion Picture Bureau of the soon-to-be-defunct OWI, felt that appropriate productions would enable Americans to understand “the importance of the magnitude of the problem of reindoctrinating eighty million Nazis so that war will not again come to this world in the next twenty years.”

The USSR was also pursuing a film program, however, and Lawrence Suid reports that “the executives received regular warnings about the threat that the Soviet Union now posed and the
concurrent need to cleanse American minds of their wartime anti-German feelings.” One filmmaker recalled a military official saying, “For God’s sake get the message home. The war isn’t over until we get all the territorial things settled with Russia and the other allies. And so we better stay armed.”

As such early postwar exchanges portend, the meeting of U.S. and Soviet troops at the Elbe, like the cinematic meeting at Kolar, was a brief optimistic hiatus that quickly gave way to animus and misgivings. Serving with the 1st Infantry, Samuel Fuller later recalled that at the initial gathering, “There were bear hugs and kisses. They gave us vodka. We gave them Mickey Mouse watches. For the next five days, we were all buddies.” After less than a week, though, “the Russian infantry were replaced by clean-shaven, well-groomed soldiers in perfectly tailored uniforms, just arrived from Moscow. Those guys wouldn’t talk to us. They wouldn’t even smile when we waved. Something had changed irrevocably.” This, claimed Fuller, “was the debut of the cold war.”

The Cold War did not, of course, emerge quite as instantaneously as Fuller suggests, but the Russian World War II soldier would soon become as silent and distant a figure in U.S. culture as the “ice-cold faces” recollected by the filmmaker. Over the next two years, antipathy between the two superpowers crippled the internationalist wartime prophesies of men such as Willkie, Biberman, and Zanuck, causing the disappearance of the brave Russian fighters of progressive Hollywood’s wartime imaginary.

The advance of the Cold War overtook Hollywood anti-fascism, a development to which the first studio film shot in postwar Germany attests. Berlin Express, conceived and filmed during Dore Schary’s time at RKO as Vice-President in Charge of Production, expresses Hollywood’s last hope that a U.S.-Soviet partnership could direct the postwar
world along an internationalist, anti-fascist trajectory. At its 1946 conception, dim possibilities for such cooperation continued to flicker, but by its 1948 release rising Cold War hostilities meant that Berlin Express’s anti-fascist message and ambition for ongoing U.S.-Soviet cooperation appeared to many observers grossly anachronistic.

The economic struggles of postwar Hollywood made filming overseas – where production and labor costs were much lower – a tempting prospect, and U.S. filmmakers moved into postwar Europe with the permission of the occupation government. In Berlin and other German cities, Hollywood Europeans – including Fred Zinneman and Billy Wilder – returned to the continent from which they had earlier fled to create pictures centering on ravaged Europe and the place of the U.S. and its wartime Allies in determining the political legacy of the war. As both the seat of Nazism and the site of quadruple occupying powers, Berlin, labeled by one American “the broken pivot of broken Europe,” was apt locale for metaphorical considerations of Allied relations in winning the war and reconstructing Europe, as well as a site of postwar landscapes able to lend immediacy and economy to the filmic image. As Berlin Express producer Bert Granet noted, “We could never have made the picture if we’d had to duplicate the ruin and devastation of Germany. I figure we got about $65 billion worth of free sets….”

The origins of the production lie with Schary’s endeavor to develop RKO’s catalog with realist, progressive, and socially-relevant cinema. Intent on taking the studio “off the beaten path,” he raised the prospect of shooting in occupied Berlin in an early postwar meeting with novelist and screenwriter Curt Siodmak, the Jewish émigré most famous for The Wolf Man (1941), a metaphorical account of the German-Jewish encounter with Nazism. Siodmak fled Hitler’s Germany in the mid-‘30s, living in
England before journeying to Hollywood in 1937. During the war, Siodmak was recruited by the U.S. Office of Strategic Services (OSS), where he was responsible for producing German-language anti-Nazi propaganda, and he retained a sense that the revival of Nazism was the most imminent threat to the European peace. Siodmak told Schary that the defeat of Germany did not mean that Nazism had “melted away.” German fascists remained, “seething with humiliation and looking for revenge.” The idea appealed to Schary, and he assigned Bert Granet to help develop a narrative set in German ruins. “It was a natural task for me,” Siodmak recalled, “since my army training to counteract the German national spirit found an outlet in it.”

The story developed after Granet saw an April 1946 *Life* magazine picture lay out detailing a new Paris-Berlin train route established by the U.S. Army. “The food is good,” the article stated, “the company as varied as an epic Hollywood script.” Desperate Germans scrabbling for cigarette butts, men in Russian uniforms making off with passengers’ baggage, drunken G.I.s barely able to stand, a German professor recently returned from Nurnberg, French resistance fighters, and even an American rabbi were aboard, encapsulating a climate of international intrigue that piqued the producer’s dramatic interest. Granet subsequently made two visits to Germany to scout and film locations before the cast, which included Robert Ryan, Merle Oberon, and Paul Lukas, spent seven weeks shooting in France, Frankfurt, and Berlin. Jacques Tourneur, a Frenchman with a penchant for conjuring intrigue and suspense, was selected by Granet (after scripting and casting) to direct Siodmak’s story.

The resulting film was part-documentary in style and notably international in ideological sensibility. Yet *Berlin Express*’s hope for multilateral Allied cooperation
and understanding is always qualified by its awareness of the constructed and clashing nature of national war narratives, and of the creeping ascent of Cold War animosities. As if the filmmakers perceived the dwindling likelihood of their vision being realized, the attempt to preserve the flame of internationalism is persistently undermined by the image of Europe as a place in which outward impressions almost invariably conceal sinister truths, where appearances (and often comrades) cannot be trusted, and where apparent enemies might emerge as friends.

Berlin Express opens by declaring the official countenance of three of the occupying powers, on screen text reporting, “Actual scenes in Frankfurt were photographed by authorization of the United States Army of Occupation, the British Army of Occupation, The Soviet Army of Occupation.” Thus, even as the camera presents scenes of Paris, from whence the train departs, the absence of cooperation from the French authorities dilutes the international solidarity that will occupy much of the plot. The opening scenes transition to reports of a secret UN conference from which the disgruntled French press is forbidden entrance. Somber narration by actor Paul Stewart imparts that the renowned Dr. Heinrich Bernhardt (Lukas), a noted German democrat (who fought against the rise of Hitler), is due to deliver a vital report on the prospect of unifying the four Allied zones. Bernhardt represents the “good German” of the Cold War period, and his safety as he travels to Berlin to deliver his plan stands also for the security of Germany and the future peace in Allied hands.

The film quickly exposes the prospects for such a peace as fragile. Even in liberated Paris, “the most beautiful city in the world,” sinister machinations undermine sunny visuals. The camera follows through the bright sky the flight of a dove, only for a
burst of gunfire to bring it thudding to earth. “That’s right,” the narrator intones, “the dove of peace was a pigeon. A dead pigeon.” A dead pigeon, it transpires, that might signal the reemergence of German fascism, as when a hungry French woman retrieves the bird for her suppertime pot, she discovers attached to it a coded message written in German and mentioning Sulzbach, a town on the route of the Berlin Express. The conflicted realities of postwar life thus hamper the idealistic potentialities represented by the “dove,” which instead becomes symbolic of the insidious threat of underground Nazism. Despite the lack of French cooperation off camera, quadripartite cooperation reigns on screen, and French authorities pass warning to the other zones while, concealed from the Nazis, and, as yet, from the audience, Dr. Bernhardt, accompanied by much security, boards the Berlin Express in the guise of Otto Franzen, a German scrap iron dealer.

As the train readies for departure, the narrator conveys more fully the film’s international flavor. Traveling on the same train with Dr. Bernhardt is Lt. Maxim Kiroshilov (Roman Toporow), a Moscovite “defender of Stalingrad” now serving in Berlin as a military aide. Kiroshilov, accompanied by reference to the Eastern Front, offers rare acknowledgment of the Soviet contribution to martial victory. Each passenger subsequently introduced has intimate connection to a piece of his nation’s treasured World War II remembrance, connoting the right of each Allied power to involvement in shaping postwar Germany. Alongside the Red Army soldier, British combatants are represented by a veteran of the Dunkirk evacuation, a Liverpudlian named James Sterling (Robert Coote) who is now a teacher invested in the “reeducation” of the German people. At the station, the audience is also introduced to Lucienne (Merle Oberon), a French
woman who speaks Russian, German, English, and her native tongue, as well as Henri Perrot (Charles Korvin), a former French resistance fighter, and Robert Lindley (Robert Ryan), a U.S. agricultural expert with the job of helping feed Europe’s starving millions. Of the four male characters, Lindley is the only one who is not a combat veteran, instead possessing a naiveté and a professional calling that bespeak America’s noble intentions – shades of Willkie’s confidence that the U.S. sought “no special privileges.” For once, the lack of a military past is a source of authority, for it means that Lindley views the postwar ruins of Europe with a less nationalistic and embittered purview than Kirishilov, who considers Germans uniformly unworthy of trust. “The guileless Lindley,” Tourneur scholar Chris Fujiwara writes, “gives the Marshall Plan a human face.”

Lindley’s relative innocence is accentuated by the presence of various shady Germans aboard the train. Along with Lucienne, whose ability to speak (or whisper) German and proximity to Otto Franzen raises questions, Lindley considers with ill ease a Bavarian named Hans Schmidt. Schmidt’s identity is deliberately clouded, as, when the narrator gives his present occupation, the train’s departing whistle renders the information inaudible. As Lindley watches Schmidt and Franzen move about the train, the narrator interjects once more, speaking in the second person to tie viewers to the American’s perspective. “You know you’ve licked him,” the narrator says, “licked him in two world wars. And you’re still not sure you’ve got the upper hand.” Such a suspicion-laden environment sits uncomfortably with the man from Illinois, who is beyond U.S. borders for the first time, and he is initially tempted into retreat, heading back toward the “inviting and warm” confines of his cabin. But isolationism, even on such a minor scale,
is not a viable option for postwar Americans, a fact confirmed by the unsolicited presence of Lucienne when Lindley returns to his quarters.

It is to Siodmak’s credit that *Berlin Express* does not indulge the hypersexualized infatuation of European women with U.S. manhood so common in postwar Hollywood. Lucienne is not awaiting Lindley with amorous purpose; there has merely been confusion over the reassignment of compartments. In fact, she is quick to dismiss Lindley’s somewhat charmless attempts to amorously “cement relations between France and America,” noting with humor that half the U.S. Army made similar proposals to “grateful” French women (the other half, she says, were stationed in the Pacific!). Crass flirtation is not enough to secure good standing for this particular American abroad, itself something of a rarity in the late-1940s.62

Lucienne’s rebuttal is indicative of the American’s uneasy interaction with Germans and Allies alike. As Lindley acquaints himself with the others, Siodmak’s story raises in each instance the prospect of inter-Allied squabbling. “I had a kid brother that fought close to a British outfit in Italy,” Lindley says to Sterling, the British schoolteacher, “The turning point of the war.” To this friendly approach, Sterling replies, incredulous, “Is that how American history will record it?” “Well,” says the Englishman, referencing a victorious battle at which British forces did the fighting, “the actual turning point of the war was El Alamein.” Lindley responds lightly, “Oh, you’re quoting English history now,” and both men laugh, but the exchange nonetheless suggests the potential for national histories to create contests of memory, even among the closest of international allies.
The trope of inter-Allied rivalry accelerates as Lindley and Sterling are joined in the corridor by Henri Perrot, the Frenchman introduced as a former underground fighter. Perrot is attracted to Lucienne, but comments, “What chance has a European got with an American around?” “I’m afraid you overestimate us,” says Lindley, modestly, but neither Perrot nor Sterling agrees, each confirming the inability of Europeans to compete with U.S. assets, foremost among them charm, chocolate, soap, and cigarettes. “Well,” says Lindley, a little taken aback, “it’s more blessed to give than to receive.” These early discussions are made edgier by tight framing within the confines of the train, the proximity of the individuals replicating the situation of the occupying nations in postwar Berlin: together, but not comfortably, and moving at a pace beyond their control.

Tensions continue to surface as Sterling, wondering aloud about the high security presence, suggests that a Russian dignitary must be aboard. “Only a Russian would be so distrustful as to arrive with a small platoon,” he snipes, provoking the previously silent Kiroshilov to respond, “And only a Britisher would object.”

Not even the death of Dr. Bernhardt (or at least the man the passengers believe is Dr. Bernhardt) can unite the bickering victors. After a grenade, thrown aboard when the train is unexpectedly halted at Sulzbach, kills the Allied agent posing as the doctor, Perrot complains that the world is now overburdened with peacemakers, “all fighting among themselves.” Once the passengers have been placed under technical arrest and taken to U.S. HQ in Frankfurt for interview, Perrot bewails the “10,000 kilometers of red tape” in the U.S. zone, telling Lindley “the Americans could learn a few things from the French zone.” In this scene, as Perrot’s anti-American sensibilities emerge, the Russian soldier, stoic and distant from the outset, communicates his hardened sentiments. “All of this for
a German,” Kiroshilov scoffs, and when Sterling counters that Bernhardt was a kind of German the Russian has never encountered, Kiroshilov simply retorts, “You know one, you know another.” Moreover, the Red Army Lieutenant asserts that the Soviet zone is superior, as, “since Stalingrad, we know how to handle these Germans.” The Russian may be humanized, but Kiroshilov clearly lacks the pronounced tolerance of Krestov from *Master Race* and Kulkov from *Counter-Attack*.

Kiroshilov’s refusal to differentiate Bernhardt, a man admired by Sterling and Lindley for his peacemaking efforts, from the rest of German society, implies that an animosity of spirit born of the Eastern Front will inhibit the Soviets’ ability to administer postwar Germany. But more than that, it is the four men’s apparent inability to get along that troubles Dr. Bernhardt. Still in the guise of Franzen, Bernhardt witnesses firsthand the Allies’ squabbles, and intercedes in an attempt to unify them as he would the national zones they represent. Playing Franzen as a fascist sympathizer, Bernhardt excoriates his own efforts, dismissing the possibility for the Allies to attain friendship. It is at this point that the audience (if not the travelers) learn Franzen’s true identity and the logic behind his denunciation of the attempt to unite the four zones. As Lucienne explains to an American Major that there exists “an underground that is determined to stop at nothing” in prohibiting Bernhardt’s mission of reunification, Bernhardt observes in an aside that the four Allies are “wholly incapable of uniting except perhaps on one issue – their great distaste for Otto Franzen.” The Nazi underground would, the doctor says, be “proud” of the travelers’ bickering, as international discord is the key to the fascists’ plan to recover power.
The solidarity for which Bernhardt strives is tested soon after, when the fascist movement captures him from the Frankfurt station before the journey to Berlin can continue. Distraught, Lucienne spills the truth to the four men, pleading with them to help locate and recover the kidnapped official. Lindley does not flinch from this duty, but the other Allies are at first reluctant, Kiroshilov and Sterling noting that they have travel orders to follow and their respective countries to serve. Despite Lucienne’s impassioned plea that they would better serve their nations by honoring the values upheld by Bernhardt, that the Nazi underground “want you to go back to your different zones and fight among yourselves,” both the Briton and the Russian make to depart. Sterling, though, is gripped by conscience at the last moment, reasoning that “This is something of concern to us all, if not the Soviets.” Kiroshilov, worried for his own safety should he defy orders, is prodded by this into also remaining in Frankfurt, although his motivation emerges more from suspicion of the others than from a humanitarian impulse. “Anything of concern to the rest of you,” he says, “is of special concern for the Soviets.”

With this, the tenuously-sutured fellowship begins to scour the wrecked Frankfurt cityscape for the purloined doctor, Tourneur employing the damage caused by Allied bombings as backdrop. Indeed, the partially documentary quality of the film – its attempt to invest the audience in its anti-Nazi theme via realism of setting if not necessarily of plot – has already been initiated by the narrator’s long introduction to the Western German city. Stewart describes “the biggest ghost town you’ve ever seen,” “a world of rubble under strict military control.” As well as emphasizing the “ever-vigilant” nature of U.S. occupation security, this documentary excerpt highlights the might and mercy of the Allied assault on Germany. Alongside new forms of “architecture” – “generally referred
to as early twentieth century modern warfare” – Stewart’s voice-over draws attention to the I.G. Farben building. Once the administrative HQ of Germany’s largest manufacturer of armaments, the structure was spared by U.S. air raids and is now repurposed as the center for U.S. Forces European Theatre (USFET). Here, Stewart reports, Germany is being remade in the image of American democracy.

The locations draw visual attention to the scope of the damage and the enormity of the task of rebuilding, also noting the potential for political extremism to resurface amid such squalor. What is also clear as the search develops is the need for America’s particular brand of innocent optimism if the task is to be successfully concluded. After the “dragnet” across Frankfurt comes up empty, Lindley refuses to accept Kiroshilov’s conclusion that the search is a failure. Kiroshilov, still in uniform, becomes frustrated with the American’s persistence. “You are the same in all your dealings,” the Russian says, referring not only to Lindley but to the U.S. as a whole, “you cannot face the reality.”

Lindley’s refusal to “face the reality” is, however, part of his strength, and pays off when he and Lucienne, herself a symbol of internationalism by dint of her multilingualism, pick up Bernhardt’s trail in a dive bar. A G.I. offers to help them locate a German entertainer with possible knowledge of Bernhardt’s whereabouts, but, in keeping with the film’s use of smoke and mirrors, the G.I. turns out to be a Nazi agent. He does take Lindley and Lucienne to Bernhardt, but only in order to hand them over to his captors. In these scenes, the underground Nazi leadership recalls von Beck from The Master Race, intent on disrupting Allied cooperation and restoring Nazi prominence.
“We are still at war,” the disheveled leader says, and the delay to Bernhardt’s speech, while “not so good for your Allies,” is “very good for us.”

Headquartered in a disused brewery in a heavily bombed area of Frankfurt, the Nazi underground represents the threat of a mishandled occupation, the potential for fascism to rise again from the ruins of war. Of course, the U.S. Army arrives in time to help Lindley save the Doctor and Lucienne, but Berlin Express is not a film in which such last-minute heroics suffice. Indeed, the characters continue to expose their veiled identities. Schmidt, the German viewed with such suspicion by Lindley on the train, is revealed as an agent of the U.S. War Department. At the same time, Henri Perrot, the supposed French resistance fighter, is exposed (only to the audience) as head of the Nazi underground, and he shoots the fascist spokesperson only in order to remain above suspicion with the other Allies.

With the fascist cell apparently defeated, the Allies and the doctor return to the train in good spirits, Bernhardt deriving new confidence from the collaborative action that secured his escape. The threat posed by Perrot remains, though, and it is Lindley’s vigilance and innocence that eventually ensures the completion of Dr. Bernhardt’s journey. Back on the train, Lindley reconsiders Perrot’s actions over the last few days and begins to suspect that the “Frenchman” is not what he seems. After all, Lindley reasons, Perrot knew that a grenade had been used in the initial bomb attack before anyone told him so, and also tried to conceal his intimate knowledge of inner-city Frankfurt during the search. When Perrot volunteers to stand guard in Bernhardt’s compartment, Lindley’s suspicions are confirmed.
The European characters, inured against such feelings by years ensconced within what Lucienne calls the “sensation of fear and insecurity, suspicion of everyone, everything,” dismiss Lindley’s concerns. Lucienne says he has been so swiftly indoctrinated into the tumult of the continent – becoming “a citizen of Europe in two days” – that he is overly sensitized, tired and a little paranoid. “Don’t worry, old boy,” Sterling reassures him before turning in. The American does not sleep, though, and as he and Lucienne converse, Lindley sees Perrot, reflected in the windows of a passing train, attempting to strangle Dr. Bernhardt. Lindley rushes to the scene, and Perrot, who is actually a German named Holzman, is shot dead as he flees. Lindley’s second rescue of Bernhardt, revealing combative prowess despite a lack of combat experience, underscores the U.S. presence as pivotal to the occupation’s success. That Lindley witnesses the attempted murder via a reflection plays, once again, with the idea that in postwar Europe one cannot trust the evidence directly before the eye, and also suggests that the American has learnt to negotiate the hazards and shadows, to see around corners, as it were. He has become “a citizen of Europe” whose relative innocence, coupled with diligence and bravery, makes of him an astute defender of German democratization and Allied cooperation.

At last the Berlin Express can travel safely to its final destination. Here, as in Frankfurt, narration is inserted, describing the “Capital of the Third Reich” as “a monument of ruins” and declaring that the “punishment” of Allied bombs “fit the crime.” As the camera surveys landmarks such as the Brandenburg Gate, the Hotel Adlon, and the Reichstag, “redecorated as a monument to the Reich,” audiences are reminded again of the immediacy and contingency of the situation depicted on screen, the question raised
as to what shape the reconstruction of such “monuments” to recent history will take.
Arrival in Berlin, quartered into zones of occupation, also threatens to separate the victorious powers. “Here,” the narrator states, “was where the friends who had all had a hand in changing the scenery were to take leave of each other.”

The closing scenes of *Berlin Express* return to the theme of Allied unity and its necessity if peacemakers such as Bernhardt are to prevent the rebirth of fascism. Traveling by jeep to the city from the Wannsee station, Kiroshilov reveals a friendlier side, even asking how he might keep in touch with Sterling and Lindley. But in Berlin, as each traveler, greeted by a compatriot, makes ready to depart for his respective national zone, Lucienne and the doctor look on with concern. Sterling is picked up by a British Major, their talk immediately turning to the situation back at home. Lindley finds an American willing to offer him a ride and is told, “We guys from the states gotta stick together over here; you’ll find that out soon enough.” Kiroshilov, late reporting for duty, lands trouble with a Russian officer, and, when Sterling tries to intercede, the British Major, representing the dangers of parochialism, urges him not to “get involved.” Lucienne takes this chance to remind the Allies that “If these men had not bothered to involve themselves, Dr. Bernhardt would not be here now as the official guest of all your governments,” but the fact that such a speech remains necessary conveys the frustrated ambiguity with which the film’s conclusion addresses the future of Allied cooperation.

So too does the exchange between Lindley and Kiroshilov, who has maintained throughout most of the movie a humorless negativity and superior distance from his fellows. “I really tried to figure out what makes you tick, Max,” the American says, ruefully, “What makes all of you tick. We try to understand you, why don’t you try to
understand us?” Lindley, remembering the Russian’s earlier request, hands Max his address, but Kiroshilov allows it to fall from his hand as he walks away. Disappointed at this sight, Bernhardt’s spirit is dampened, and the film’s soundtrack inserts snippets of each national anthem to suggest the pull of national ties and interests. Framed by rubble, Bernhardt comments to Lucienne, “Sometimes I think we shall never get together on this earth until we find someone on Mars to hate. Sometimes I wonder why we keep trying.” But before nationalism can triumph entirely over internationalism, Kiroshilov turns back, notices Lindley’s address card, and retrieves it, smiling and waving at his American friend. Perhaps, then, optimism remains: “At other times,” Bernhardt tells Lucienne, “I know why we keep trying. I know someday we’ll make it.”

At this, Tourneur cuts away to capture a one-legged man walking, with the aid of crutches, through the Berlin debris. Scholar Michael Henry considers this reference to injury and debilitation as ominous in tone, indicative of “the specter of that cold war falling upon a Europe more torn, more divided than ever” Yet the swell of triumphant music on the soundtrack, along with Bernhardt’s final, sanguine words, suggest a reading somewhat in contrast to Henry’s. The old man is indeed representative of war-torn Europe, his fate contingent upon the preservation of Allied unity, and he limps toward a future at best uncertain. But despite difficulties of body and environment, the wounded man continues to move forward amid the rubble, broken but not destroyed. The amputee thus carries unwritten history – the war’s legacy yet to be made – his symbolic potential multivalent rather than simply pessimistic. Such tarnished optimism characterizes the last exchange between Lindley and Lucienne also, as, despite their mutual affection, which develops after Lindley drops his hackneyed pick-up routine and is expressed in a parting
kiss, Lucienne declares that any kind of committed relationship is impossible until “the world comes of age.” A mutually respectful international romance, which would surely, as Lindley put it earlier, “cement relations” between the U.S. and France, cannot settle into permanence in a continent still so torn.

Close to unique at this point in its internationalist interpretation of the war’s aftermath, *Berlin Express* garnered much praise for RKO and executive producer Dore Schary after its May 1948 release. The *Baltimore Sun* appreciated the “natural” conclusion and lack of a “contrived, conventional ending, with everybody pairing off and living happily ever after….” The film marked, the *Sun* said, “another fine feather in the cap of Producer Dore Schary, under whose influence RKO Radio has become perhaps the most progressive and fair-minded studio in Hollywood.”65 Reviewers were taken with the use of German settings, which, the *New York Times* felt, gave the picture the “authentic impact of a documentary.” The presentation of a “United Nations credo,” the *Times* found, “and the note of hope for a future brotherhood of nations, on which the film ends,” constituted a “warm and altogether natural observation.”66 The *Washington Post’s* Richard Coe felt that “the producer of ‘Crossfire’ has done an even better job in ‘Berlin Express,’” adding that the political message of Schary’s latest picture meant that the project “aims higher than most film fare, which puts it in an admirable class so far as this department is concerned” 67

*Berlin Express* was among the last Hollywood films of the period to approach world politics with hope for a “brotherhood of nations” built from World War II, or to posit the resurgence of Nazi specters as the preeminent threat to the stabilization and resuscitation of Europe.68 Yet, between the conception of the story in 1946 and its 1948
debut, international events conspired to render the film almost instantly outmoded. The passing of emphasis away from fascism towards communism in U.S. culture meant that *Berlin Express* appeared to some observers already anachronistic. “Chief defect of the screenplay,” wrote *Variety*, “is its failure to break away from the formula of anti-Nazi films. The Nazis, now underground, are still the heavies, but it’s difficult to get excited about such a group of ragged hoodlums.” Even the *New York Times*, otherwise full of praise, pointed to the “ineffectual appearing crew of underground Nazis” as a shortcoming of the script.  

Perhaps *Berlin Express* was swimming against the tide even before its first scenes were filmed. By late-1945, as the cooperative impulse of the war dissolved into political tensions, Americans began to draw from World War II the frame of reference by which to understand the threat of international communism as the new global menace. Memory of prewar European appeasement and U.S. isolationism figured prominently, invocations of Britain’s and France’s capitulation at Munich justifying a perceived need to contain expansionism and maintain hefty military budgets. In March 1946, the same month in which Churchill delivered his “Iron Curtain” speech in Missouri, and just one month after George Kennan’s “Long Telegram,” a Gallup poll found many worried that the Truman administration’s stance was “too soft” and calling for “an end to the ‘appeasement’ of Russia.” Even after the public articulation of “Containment” policy by Kennan (as “X”) in July 1947’s *Foreign Affairs*, many Americans felt that Truman was retracing the steps of prewar European statesmen. “Appeasement means disaster,” wrote military analyst Hanson Baldwin in the summer of 1948.
The advance of containment policy, justifying the launch, in March and June of 1947, of the Truman Doctrine and Marshall Plan respectively, was framed by the desire to avoid nurturing another totalitarian aggressor. This imposed a theoretical unity on fascism and communism, and, alongside what Michael Sherry terms “a drumbeat of comparisons between Stalin and Hitler,” meant that the Cold War became another chapter of World War II, set into a historical narrative reinforced by remembrance of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. In articulating the “Truman Doctrine” around the need to waylay communist uprisings in Greece and Turkey, the President labeled Nazism and communism “totalitarian regimes” bent on the destruction of freedom. “I don’t care what you call them, Nazi, Communist, or Fascist or Franco, or anything else – they are all alike,” he later commented. Pronouncing communism the “Heir of Fascism,” articles such as that appearing in Look magazine early in 1948 buttressed such claims. “Anyone who recalls the troubled atmosphere of the late ‘30s, the uncertainty as to where Germany, Italy and Japan might strike next,” wrote anti-communist author William Henry Chamberlain, “must have a ‘This is where I came in’ feeling as he watches Soviet moves on the checkerboard of world politics. At least we are richer by historical experience,” Chamberlain counseled, “We should know that appeasement is not the answer to totalitarian aggression.” At the same time, a monolithic conception of international communism directed Americans towards perceiving all communists, domestic and foreign, as slaves to Moscow’s agenda.

The U.S. film industry, and especially those leftists at the forefront of shaping the war’s image, experienced the reverberations of international relations through governmental investigations, the emergence of a blacklist, and a subsequent spate of anti-
Indeed, the development during the war of the FBI’s film monitoring program is intimately connected to the strategies and emphases embraced by HUAC. In May 1947, a month before hearings were scheduled to begin, J. Parnell Thomas, bereft of material on which to build his investigation, contacted the FBI for help. Hoover was keen to oblige, instructing SAC Hood to “extend every assistance to the Committee.” Thomas, Rankin, and company were furnished with copies of the Agency’s files, which focused primarily on positive wartime images of the Russians and, of course, Hollywood progressives’ invocations of America’s “race problem.”

Following closed hearings in Los Angeles in May 1947, at which a collection of friendly witnesses testified, HUAC moved to Washington, subpoenaing nineteen “unfriendlies” – none of whom, tellingly, were combat veterans – to appear in October. At these infamous sessions, images of World War II produced in preceding years were a crucial issue. Even friendly witnesses like Jack L. Warner and Louis B. Mayer faced (respectively) questions regarding Mission to Moscow and Song of Russia, each retaliating by pointing out that the films were made with state support during the U.S.-Soviet alliance.

If the Committee’s attempt to retrospectively impose Cold War standards on World War II films left influential figures such as Warner and Mayer in an awkward spot, the unfriendly witnesses who were to follow planned to use their own state-sanctioned wartime output in their defense. Screenwriter Albert Maltz, one of the few unfriendlies permitted to read a prepared statement, pointed to his work on Pride of the Marines, which received Marine Corps cooperation, and the submarine picture Destination Tokyo, which the U.S. Navy adopted as an “official training film.” Elsewhere, the unfriendlies
advanced comparisons between the committee members and the fascist enemies so recently defeated. John Howard Lawson, before being forcibly removed from the stand, accused Thomas of “using the old technique, which was used in Hitler Germany in order to create a scare here…,” while Alvah Bessie alleged that HUAC was designed “to provide the atmosphere and to act as the spearhead for the really un-American forces preparing a fascist America.”

It was industry leftists and U.S. communists, though, upon whom the onus to refute connections to “red fascism” fell most heavily. In January 1947, CPUSA leader Eugene Dennis wrote to the New York Times to countermand the “criminal falsehood” that communism and fascism were “Siamese twins” sharing a “totalitarian disregard for personal rights and freedom….“ U.S. communists would continue to point to patriotic war films made by members of the Hollywood Ten beyond the close of the October HUAC hearings, even beyond the 1950 imprisonment of those held in contempt of the Committee. But the battle had, to a great extent, been lost in the belligerence of the unfriendly witnesses, which dissuaded Hollywood’s moderate liberals from further confronting the committee. With the American Legion and the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals (MPAPAI), formed in February 1944, among those gathered against them, Hollywood leftists’ resistance to HUAC, embodied in the Committee for the First Amendment, tapered away into retractions, loyalty oaths, and the blacklist, bolstered always by the rhetorical conflation of communism and Nazism. “The American Communist of today,” said Eric Johnston, Hays’ successor as President of the MPPDA, “has no more claim to our democratic tolerance than the German Bund or the Ku Klux Klan.” As the men behind such films as Crossfire and A Medal for Benny were
removed from circulation, the tenor of cinematic engagement with the war, despite the appearance of *Home of the Brave*, shifted towards an uncritical, triumphalist patriotism embracing the militarizing, anticommunist logic of the Cold War.\(^8^4\)

In this atmosphere, the Russian contribution to victory, a threat to U.S. claims to primacy over the war’s European legacy, disappeared, along with the Eastern Front, emphasis falling on Western Europe, the Pacific, and occasionally Africa. When Russian or, more often, communist characters appeared, it was as inheritors of the tropes attached to wartime fascism: as racial bigots, conquerors, and authoritarians. In 1948, the *Daily Worker* film critic David Platt bemoaned the transference of actors and plots in this manner. “*I Married a Communist,*” Platt noted, “is the wartime anti-Hitler film *I Married a Nazi* with one word changed.”\(^8^5\) Others were attuned to this ongoing slippage. “The parallels between *The Iron Curtain* of May 1948 and *The Confession of a Nazi Spy* [sic] are striking,” Siegfried Kracauer wrote (both were written by Milton Krim). In the absence of wartime’s “brave Russian women fighters, the happy villagers, and the democratic allures of the rulers,” Kracauer observed, now stood “an atmosphere of oppression” created by “somber bureaucrats, counterparts of the Nazis....”\(^8^6\) The anti-racist, internationalist Russians of *Master Race* and *Counter-Attack*, even of *Berlin Express*, gave way to the generic, often non-Russian communist intent on raking up ethnoracial disquiet in an America where none would otherwise exist (as is the case in *The Red Menace*).

If *Berlin Express* already appeared to some a document to a bygone age at its May 1948 release, events of the following months left even its muted optimism seeming entirely misplaced. In late June 1948, the USSR initiated the Berlin Blockade, denying
the other Allies access to Western Berlin and leaving West Berliners short on vital
supplies. Beyond this, references to a “Berlin Express” tended to mean Operation Vittles,
the airlift response orchestrated by the U.S., Britain, and other friendly nations.87 Lasting
nearly eleven months, this major incident, ending in May 1949 with defeat for the
Soviets, became emblematic of the increasing unbridgeable distance between the
erstwhile Allies.88

Thus, the one-legged man from the conclusion of Berlin Express limped toward
the very division that Dr. Bernhardt so dreaded. Of course, it was not projections of the
threat posed by resurrected Nazism to which the Berlin Blockade gave rise, as one of the
next U.S. films shot in Germany, Fox’s The Big Lift (1950), indicates. Plans had been laid
for an airlift film before the Soviet retreat, and in February 1949 director-writer George
Seaton received permission to spend two weeks scouting locations in Berlin. On his
return, Seaton wrote to Don Baruch at the DoD, promising “a picture that will not only
show the enormity of the air lift operation but one which will enlighten the people of the
United States.” The film, Seaton said, would prove to the “man on the street…not only
the importance of the lift but the necessity for our remaining in Berlin.”89

In The Big Lift, lessons of U.S. superiority are conveyed through Gerda (Bruni
Lobel), a German woman who, in the process of dating a Polish American G.I., Hank
Kowalski (Paul Douglas), educates herself about U.S. democracy and Soviet
communism. She considers the existence of race prejudice a blot on America, but is
persuaded by Hank that the right to speak and vote freely makes the U.S. greater than its
rival. In the Soviet Union you are not permitted to criticize failings like anti-Semitism, he
points out. Through his affection for Gerda, Kowalski dispenses with his initially
venomous anti-Germanism, deciding to stay in Berlin to help democratize Germany. The threat of buried fascism remains, as Sgt. Danny MacCullough (Montgomery Clift) discovers that his girlfriend, Frederica, wishes to marry him only so she can rejoin her former SS lover (who is hiding out in St. Louis), but the film concludes in an upbeat way, as Operation Vittles – a cooperative effort by the U.S., Britain, and France – forces the Soviets to abandon the blockade.

Despite the SS officer hidden in Missouri, the fascist threat in *The Big Lift* pales against the Soviet foe, evidence that by this time anti-fascism in postwar film had been subsumed by anti-communism. The HUAC sessions of the early 1950s lacked the aggressive defense attempted by the unfriendlies in 1947, with former communist sympathizers such as Edward Dmytryk emerging to confess and recant the past: “I know now,” Dmytryk said, “that you can’t aid a communist front in any way without hurting your own country.” The American Legion sustained its venomous anticommunist drive, and the FBI did likewise. In 1952, suspicion was directed at Fox, for example, which had neglected to hire any of HUAC’s friendly witnesses, after an FBI informant heard Darryl Zanuck declare that he was “more concerned with the dangers of Fascism in the United States at the present time than he is any danger which the Communist Party might constitute.”  

The transition of the legacy of World War II from anti-fascism to anti-communism manifested most clearly at RKO. In May 1948, even before the release of *Berlin Express*, Howard Hughes’ $9 million investment made him the studio’s primary stockholder, taking over from Peter Rathvon, who had hired Schary and given consistent support to his liberal agenda. Hughes’ arrival, and his immediate decision to cancel
Schary’s personal production of another World War II film, *Battleground*, saw the production chief exit within weeks, and Hughes rapidly repositioned RKO from among the most progressive of studios towards the most vigorously conservative and anti-communist.\(^92\)

An illustration is provided by *The White Tower*, a postwar project filmed on location in the Swiss Alps and released in 1950. The script, based on a novel by James Ramsey Ullman, was originally developed by Hollywood communist Paul Jarrico, with (then) fellow Marxist Edward Dmytryk scheduled to direct. In 1947, Jarrico, a Jewish American, sharpened the ideological content and immediacy of Ullman’s book, shifting the setting from wartime to postwar and focusing the narrative around Martin Ordway, a U.S. veteran awakening from apathy to anti-fascism through competition with a German Nazi while climbing a treacherous Alpine peak. Disillusioned at the existence of fascism in the U.S., Jarrico’s protagonist is inspired by his mountainside encounter with the Nazi, resolving at the picture’s proposed conclusion to “escape the third world war in the only way it can be escaped – by fighting American fascism now.”\(^93\)

RKO shelved Jarrico’s version of *The White Tower* around the time of the 1947 HUAC hearings, but the project was revived in 1949 after both Jarrico and Dmytryk had fallen foul of the Committee. With Hughes at the RKO tiller and cinematographer Ted Tetzlaff in the director’s chair, the anti-fascist implications of the screenplay were in great degree diluted. According to Jarrico biographer Larry Ceplair, “Friends who were involved with the filming wrote to Jarrico that when the lead actor, Glenn Ford, complained about some of the antiwar elements in the screenplay, Tetzlaff simply eliminated them.” There remains a Nazi ideologue (Lloyd Bridges) as part of the
expedition to climb the tower (alongside an aging Frenchman and an elderly Englishman, both of whom drop out early, their strength paling against Ordway’s), and his “superman” attitude is his undoing, as he refuses Ordway’s help and plummets to his death. There is, though, no talk of U.S. fascism remaining to be defeated, and the major lesson of the conclusion is that love between a man (Ford as Ordway) and a woman (Valli as Carla Alton) is a universal cure-all. As Ceplair writes, “stripped of all…antifascist and peace dialogue, there is ‘a hole’ in the meaning of the picture.”

If film industry anti-Nazism had, by the early 1950s, plummeted to its doom, anti-communism was, beyond the second round of HUAC hearings, still ascending toward its peak. The transference of insidious intent from Nazism to communism was most literally accomplished in another RKO picture radically altered by Hughes. *The Whip Hand* began as a story in which Adolf Hitler is discovered, alive and bent on revenge, in the wilds of northern Wisconsin. But Hughes, after viewing early material, ordered the enemy changed from U.S.-based fascists to communist zealots. Most notably, and despite the ultimate absence of Hitler, the CPUSA fifth columnists of *The Whip Hand* employ a former Nazi scientist, Wilhelm Bucholtz (Otto Waldis), to devise water-borne viruses capable of destroying entire urban populations (Chicago is his first target). For research purposes, Bucholtz experiments on human subjects – both ultra-fanatic communist volunteers and Party traitors. Hollywood’s most flagrant association of communism with the genocidal horrors of the Holocaust, the gaunt, ragged figures of the human guinea pigs trapped in Bucholtz’s laboratory recall images captured in Nazi concentration camps at war’s end. By the early 1950s, then, one was more likely to find Russians/communists attempting to initiate World War III than fighting World War II.
The Return of the Combat Film

By this juncture, the World War II combat picture was enjoying a vigorous return. In mid-1948, after a hiatus induced by box office war-weariness, the DoD’s Hollywood liaison, Col. H.J. Matchett, reported ongoing cooperation with a dozen combat pictures, a sudden return to “wartime levels” of production. “Filmmakers have been frightened by charges of communism made against the industry,” Hatchett explained, “and they are extremely anxious to refute those charges.” The postwar combat film was thus concocted in the cauldron of the Cold War, concurrently lauding U.S. military prowess in World War II and calling for future preparedness. The influence of the DoD, often working with already conservative narratives, shaped an uncritical engagement with official interpretations of both World War II and the Cold War, and while some liberal survivors of the Hollywood purge (such as Schary) produced combat pictures, they did so always under the gaze of the FBI and HUAC. Even war films containing patriotic Cold War messages – such as Michael Blankfort’s *Halls of Montezuma* (1950) and Sam Fuller’s *The Steel Helmet* (1951) – were investigated for their putatively subversive content.

If, in Red Scare cinema, the supposed anti-racism of communism was debunked, the combat film of the late-1940s defended the U.S. against charges of bigotry by returning to the wartime paradigm of seamless multiethnic cohesion. The postwar combat platoon differed sharply from the progressive narratives of 1945-1949, however, in that it referenced U.S. diversity without problematizing it. As in wartime, every soldier operates oblivious to ethnic or racial difference. This representational model did not often extend to the most excluded of Americans, with few exceptions ignoring blacks, but
incorporated other minorities as evidence of the nation’s seamlessness and commitment to anti-totalitarianism. Absent the “problem” of race, the presence of ethnic variance becomes key to national success and resourcefulness.

Such is the case in Army veteran Robert Pirosh’s Battleground, the story of the 101st Airborne and their famous stand at Bastogne, Belgium, during the Battle of the Bulge, and the film which marks, along with Republic’s Marine Corps film Sands of Iwo Jima (1949), the return of the ground combat film. Following his departure from RKO and subsequent appointment at MGM, Schary purchased the rights from Hughes, and he produced Battleground with Story of G.I. Joe director William Wellman at the helm. In the screenplay, Pirosh, a veteran of the 101st, includes a ubiquitous southerner serving alongside a Jew, numerous soldiers of eastern and southern European descent (such as “Pop” Stazak), and Johnny Roderigues [sic] (Ricardo Montalban), a god-fearing L.A. Latino. Battleground embraces diversity (which is never an explicit issue in the narrative) as a source of national strength, especially during an ecumenical prayer service conducted by a Lutheran Chaplain at the front line. The priest, who ministers to Jew and Christian alike, tells his congregation (which includes a black soldier, who appears only during the sermon), “We must never again let any force dedicated to a super race, or super idea, or super anything become strong enough to impose itself upon a free world,” that in the future the U.S. must “put out the fire before it starts spreading.” By this point, Roderigues, to the distress of his comrades, has frozen to death in the Belgian snow after being wounded and left hidden from the Germans. His sacrifice, and that of the other “Battered Bastards of Bastogne,” is underscored by the Chaplain’s sermonizing,
associating the Latino G.I. with multicultural brotherhood and dedication to defense of the “free world.”

Often, U.S. diversity, if specifically addressed in combat cinema, lends to the nation an extra degree of dedication, an especial anti-Nazi zeal and skill. In Command Decision (1948), an early postwar aviation picture, the single Jewish American flyer, Lt. Ansel Goldberg, is voluntarily completing a second tour of duty over “German targets only.” “He knows there’s a German order waiting for him by name and serial number,” says his Colonel, “He knew it when he volunteered for a second tour.” In Republic’s low-budget combat picture, Thunderbirds (1952), the presence of Native American radiomen allows an Oklahoma National Guard unit to outmaneuver their German adversaries in Italy by using the Navajo language. Such imagery was always and necessarily aimed at rebutting overseas defamations of U.S. inequality.

Britain and France in Postwar Cinema

Often based on actual events, and presented with DoD approval and textual and documentary reference to famous theatres of war, films like Battleground were credited with a great degree of realism. In its almost universal failure to depict the Allies assisting the U.S. war effort, though, the resurgent combat film underscored a unilateralist memory wherein the war appears as a near-exclusively U.S. effort. Siegfried Kracauer, in a 1949 article for a UNESCO study of international tensions, noted the disappearance not only of Russians from postwar World War II films, but also the Western Allies, registering with frustration Hollywood’s “sustained unconcern” even for the image of Britain. Indeed, the attenuation of internationalism within the combat genre is particularly telling with regard to Britain, which was Hollywood’s favorite Ally during the war and remained
aligned with the U.S. throughout the postwar period (as well as providing tremendous markets for U.S. films). But the Anglo-American alliance had always contained tensions, and in late 1945 the capacity for fractiousness was illustrated when the abrupt end of Lend-Lease provoked dismay in London.\textsuperscript{104} Winston Churchill, a bull(dog)ish advocate of Anglo-American postwar unity, expressed disbelief that the U.S. “would proceed in such a rough and harsh manner as to hamper a faithful ally, the ally which held the fort while their own American armaments were preparing.”\textsuperscript{105}

The U.S. film industry’s engagement with the Western Allies was shaped by postwar tensions in the film industry. In late 1946, when NYU communications professor Charles A. Siepmann assessed Hollywood’s postwar role, it was already with regret for an opportunity lost. The OWI – an institution facilitating the “projection of America across the globe” – had been hastily dismantled, while Hollywood’s fear of exclusion from overseas markets prompted forceful protection of U.S. access to foreign movie theatres. Loans made available to France through the Blum-Byrnes agreement, Siepmann lamented, included “provision for furthering the interest of Hollywood.” Furthermore, the U.S.’s two-thirds share of the global film market had not, Siepmann feared, been used to foster internationalism. Motion pictures with political messages akin to that of the wartime documentary, \textit{Know Your Ally: Britain}, he asserted, “must now be produced in increasing quantities if international understanding is to grow.”\textsuperscript{106} As Kracauer’s 1949 assessment suggests, Siepmann was to remain disappointed.

Visualizing British imperialism through a soft lens pointed at multicultural London – in Piccadilly, we are told, “One may find a conglomeration of peoples representing every color, creed, and nationality in the world” – *Looking at London* underplays imperial facets of British politics. At the same time, commonalities and continuities between Britain and the U.S. are stressed, with Westminster dubbed “The mother of parliaments and free nations, elected by universal suffrage, a model for the whole world of representative institutions, the last word in democracy.” Closing the featurette, the camera’s attention to a statue of Abraham Lincoln conveys British “appreciation for the champion of democracy in all countries” as well as the common political heritage of the two nations.

Gentle treatment of British imperialism was a consistent feature of postwar cinema, perhaps due to its racialized nature and the potentially awkward comparisons to U.S. racial hierarchies this threatened. Yet admiration for British resilience during the war – fostered by the wartime reporting of Edward Murrow and many Hollywood films – was tempered by a sense that Britain was now a bedraggled, dependent Ally. The U.S. takeover of the anti-communist fight in Greece and Turkey in 1947 marked the transition of global leadership, while images of austere Britain – cold children and hungry mothers under grey skies – as well as the island’s continuing economic woes and reliance upon U.S. loans, suggested “a weary and battered nation, struggling for existence.” Invocations of the famous “British Spirit,” *Life* opined in 1947, “cannot offset the facts and forces which signal and accelerate Britain’s decline as a world power.” Concurrently, Britain’s image as a rigidly structured, classed society left Americans questioning how democratic its ally truly was. Although, writing for *Harper’s* in 1948, social scientist
Margaret Cole claimed “a great deal of practical leveling has taken place,” much of this resulted from the Labour Party’s election in 1945, followed by a program of nationalization that indicated to some in the U.S. the advance of socialism. Kracauer offered this as explanation for postwar Hollywood’s scarce representation of Britons. “What is now going on in Britain means a challenge to American belief in free enterprise and its particular virtues,” he reasoned.110

Also challenging “free” enterprise were efforts of the Atlee government to protect British cinema via postwar quotas and high tax rates imposed on U.S. studios’ British profits. British film had always struggled to compete with Hollywood – in 1937, the magazine World Film News compared Hollywood’s assault on Britain to Italy’s invasion of Abyssinia – and the postwar situation was little altered. Hoping to stem its trade deficit with the U.S., the UK Treasury and Board of Trade, led by Stafford Cripps, introduced in March 1946 plans to impose a 75% import tax on U.S. films. The MPAA (formerly the MPPDA), aided by the State Department, imposed a boycott, and threats were made to withdraw Marshall Aid. In the Washington Times-Herald, Cripps was derided as “a fanatical Socialist, and admirer of Communist Russia, and an ill-wisher of the United States.” The MPAA boycott of 1947-48 left British theatres short of product and forced the Labour Party to back down.111 Despite the MPAA’s victory, it is clear that Britain’s left turn created unease in relations between the wartime Allies.

The British were more often ignored than scarred with the hint of treachery, but occasional films did make the implication that alliances of wartime necessity could produce unwelcome postwar dependencies. By the late 1940s, the wartime romance wobbled into unhappy marriages. In MGM British’s Conspirator (1949), for instance,
British Major Michael Curragh (Robert Taylor) is gradually revealed as an embittered Irishman and long-time servant of Moscow, a situation that his teenaged American bride, Melinda Greyton (Elizabeth Taylor) must help expose and defuse. *Conspirator* is a rare example of a film in which Britain assumes the masculine role and the U.S. the feminine. As it turned out, British (well, Irish in a British uniform) masculinity could not be trusted with Cold War political responsibilities. More representative is another 1949 release, Warners’ romantic comedy *John Loves Mary*, in which a G.I. (Ronald Reagan) returns to New York with a British bride whom he has married as a favor to a friend (to get her into the U.S.) but whom, back on home soil, neither he nor her true intended finds remotely tolerable. Wartime passions, it seems, threatened postwar regrets.

The decline of Britain’s heroic wartime image is best indicated in the earliest postwar aviation films, each of which dramatizes the performance of the U.S. Army Air Force in wartime Britain and continental Europe, and each of which was supported by the newly-independent U.S. Air Force (USAF). Here again, Cold War connotations abound, as does a tendency to recall the war unilaterally, as an effort of U.S. masculinity to save a helpless continent populated by the elderly, the very young, and civilian women. In these films, U.S. technology and bodies are expended to save Europe from a totalitarian threat it is unable to rebuff alone. In 1950, discussing U.S. military cemeteries on European soil, the *New York Times* labeled these memorial landscapes “symbols of America, our spirit and our aesthetic.” Overseas cemeteries, Ron Robin illustrates, were considered by U.S. officials “a foothold in Europe,” a politically-charged reminder of American sacrifice in Europe’s cause. The aviation films, drawing similar emphases on U.S. service to freedom, function also as “footholds” of memory, reminding European audiences of
their debt to the U.S. and their continuing dependence on U.S. arms for Cold War security.\textsuperscript{112}

The first of these is Warner Brothers’ \textit{Fighter Squadron}, a fictionalized account of the experiences of 8\textsuperscript{th} Air Force fighter groups in Britain.\textsuperscript{113} \textit{Fighter Squadron} emphasizes the importance of U.S. air power to victory in Europe (and thus to the Cold War), culminating with successful support for the U.S. infantry on Omaha Beach during the D-Day landings. It is, one reviewer pointed out, “practically an Air Force recruiting puff.”\textsuperscript{114} In representing the recent history of World War II, Walsh’s film eclipses the British, with Britain appearing as a society bereft of youthful masculinity – a nation of elderly civilians and sexually-available women – for which U.S. toughness, conveyed by the bodies of its airmen and the machines they so deftly maneuver, provides the only defense.

The film opens in standard fashion for a DoD-supported picture, with thanks to the Air Force and introductory text conveying that “In the dark days of 1943-1944, the American Air Forces, stationed in England, wrote a bright page of American history in the skies over Europe.” The rural setting is established as a jeep containing two British journalists and an American, Sergeant Dolan (Tom D’Andrea) traverses country lanes towards 3\textsuperscript{rd} Fighter Group Command. The two newsmen, given few lines and no further part in the story, typify the inactive presence of British characters in the film: they are witnesses only to U.S. prowess. No Britons appear in uniform, and subsequent interjections of “Englishness” do not disrupt this dynamic.

Dolan creates a fuss at HQ by dating (and ditching) a stream of English women under the pseudonym “Kinsey.” This sidebar delimits the British to the non-martial realm
of the feminine (eliding also the role of British women in the armed forces), and the collection of disappointed women who arrive at HQ with designs on “Kinsey’s” blood is the largest British fighting force the film manages to muster.\textsuperscript{115} Beyond the pack of jilted women, the occasional British male who appears never does so while contributing to the war effort. Thus, as airmen die, it is U.S. sacrifices for the liberty of Europe that are on display. So, too, is the Cold War standard of interethnic camaraderie, for while only whites are depicted, pre-mission services by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish ministers recall the diverse nature of the U.S. forces who, closing text reports, “streaked across the sky to make victory possible below.”

\textit{Fighter Squadron} focuses on the burden of command and the responsibility of top brass to make difficult decisions. In this way, the film provides a metaphorical negotiation of the U.S. accession to global power through World War II, the perils of leadership applying to the nation as a whole as well as to the commanders responsible for sending men to their potential deaths. Such is also an aspect of the second postwar Air Force film under consideration here, MGM’s \textit{Command Decision} (1948), which was released a month later.\textsuperscript{116}

Closely derived from the 1946 Broadway play by William Wister Haines, who served three years in Britain with the U.S. 8\textsuperscript{th} Air Force, \textit{Command Decision} deals with the efforts of Brigadier General K.C. Dennis (Clark Gable) to initiate “Project Stitch,” a daylight bombing campaign targeting the German factories that are producing revolutionary new \textit{Lantze-Wolf} warplanes. Loosely based on the loss of 120 B-17 bombers and 1200 men during late-1943 raids on Regensburg and Schweinfurt, the focus falls again on the burden of command and on U.S. sacrifice. As U.S. losses mount,
Dennis, desperate to prove the worth of precision daytime bombing as an offensive strategy, faces increasing pressure from higher-ranking officers obsessed with public relations, and from a visiting congressional committee, members of which challenge the General’s tactics and the long casualty lists they are producing. Ultimately, Dennis is replaced, but his successor, Brigadier General Garnet (Brian Donlevy), successfully carries out daylight raids on German industry.\textsuperscript{117}

Haines’ play is entirely staged in Dennis’ office, and the adaptation stuck closely to this, the picture being shot mainly on studio sets with all aerial scenes derived from the AAF documentary \textit{Target for Today}. Sam Wood, a veteran filmmaker and the first president of the MPAPAI, was given the task of directing. The somewhat controversial nature of elements of the story – including the depiction of an ignorant Congressman and a command echelon fixated on public image – meant that some within the NME were initially uncertain about cooperating.\textsuperscript{118} Nevertheless, the services, and particularly the fledgling Air Force, were at this juncture operating under the general premise that all publicity was good publicity, and at the official review in October 1948 no objections were interposed.\textsuperscript{119} In fact, the USAF determined that \textit{Command Decision} merited cooperation beyond the production stage. The December 25 premiere at MGM Loew’s in LA received the support of an Air Force band, and information stands trumpeting the assistance of Air Force Materiel Command bedecked the theatre alongside stars such as Van Johnson (who plays Dennis’ assistant, Sgt. Evans).\textsuperscript{120} When the picture had its Washington, D.C., premiere two months later, notable invitees included the First Family, World War II generals Dwight Eisenhower and Omar Bradley, and a selection of international diplomats, including the ambassadors from France and Britain.\textsuperscript{121}
The extension of invitations to foreign officials reveals a lack of concern for any potentially deleterious impact on international relations, a presumption, in common with early postwar ideas, that projections of U.S. life and power would necessarily impress non-American audiences. Indeed, reflecting the confidence many in the U.S. government felt about cinema’s ability to sell the American way of life overseas, in March, the U.S. Embassy’s Office of the Air Attaché requested that the USAF send a print of Command Decision, not yet released in Britain, across the pond. The film was, the Embassy explained, required “for showing by this office and for loan to RAF organizations. It is believed that the use of films in this manner constitute a valuable means of propagandizing the USAF.” Having no ownership of the film, the Air Force redirected the request to M-G-M, but the notion of propagandizing the USAF to the RAF via Command Decision was, in truth, highly questionable. While American reviewers found much of merit in the picture – Bosley Crowther lauded its “impressive sense of real heroism in high places behind the actual battle scenes” – its reception upon release in Britain in late-1949 was less than salutary. Writing in The Observer, critic C.A. Lejeune complained that the film “plays down this country’s part in the war effort to a degree that can only be described as subconsciously contemptuous.” Joan Lester, film critic for another Sunday newspaper, Reynolds News, contended that it was “a mistake if not an insult to foist… [Command Decision] off on British audiences.” Although the film did not replicate the “travesty” of Objective, Burma, Lester conceded, “the movie’s suggestion that American bombardiers had defeated Germany almost single-handedly ‘did not improve international relations’ as far as she was concerned.”
British critics were responding to the relegation of Britain to the role of stage from which U.S. might reaches into Nazi-occupied Europe. British military presence is limited to a single, upper-class officer who addresses the airmen early in the film. This scene establishes that the British will continue their imprecise nighttime raids while U.S. bombers sortie by day. That forty-eight U.S. planes and only twelve British aircraft have been recently lost accentuates the bravery of the daytime attacks and the high cost of European freedom for the U.S. flyers.

The British of *Command Decision* are primarily civilian distractions. Technical Sgt. Evans, for instance, helps a married U.S. navigator out of a tight spot with a British girl (unseen) who expects to become his wife. With a little time off and a ration of ice-cream, Evans promises Dennis, he can negotiate a successful conclusion to the affair. (This was altered from “another rape case” in the play, handled by Haines with the same flippancy exhibited by Evans in the film, but which would surely never have made it past the DoD.) The petty concerns of nearby civilians also threaten to impinge on the war effort, as a letter arrives complaining that early-morning take offs are distressing local cows and chickens. In close proximity to scenes in which the American forces suffer sixty-six percent bomber losses, such petty quibbling can only appear as a profound lack of gratitude on the part of the rescued British.

Perhaps more revealing is the film’s handling of the Battle of Britain. As Dennis attempts to impress upon his superior, Maj. General Roland Kane (Walter Pidgeon) the vital nature of air supremacy, he makes complimentary reference to the “brilliant” victory of the RAF, but is quick to qualify this as “a defensive battle.” Furthermore, this British victory is very much of the past, and only the U.S. innovation of daytime precision
bombing, Dennis insists, can take the fight to the Germans. British timidity, manifested in skepticism that such tactics can succeed, along with the visiting Congressional Committee, presents an obstacle to the offensive strategy that Dennis considers essential to victory. At a pivotal moment, as Kane, under pressure from the visiting politicians, urges Dennis to delay before continuing “Stitch,” Dennis delivers a centerpiece speech on the efficacy of an aggressive approach. “Wars are lost by waiting,” Dennis says, “the Allies waited at Munich. The French and British waited behind the Maginot Line. The Germans waited to invade England. The Russians waited until they had to fight without an Allied army in the field. We waited for a little more strength to face Japan.” To wait now, Dennis cautions, will mean allowing Germany to defeat Russia and prepare a single front to face Allied forces on D-Day. Eventually, Dennis’ approach is justified by results, a condemnation of “appeasement” that would have resonated with contemporary audiences.

After missing out on the rights to Command Decision, Darryl Zanuck purchased instead a third aviation story, Twelve O’Clock High!, a then-unpublished novel by Beirne Lay and Sy Bartlett (veterans, like Haines, of service in wartime England).126 Fox’s Washington representative, Anthony Muto, furnished the USAF with a plot synopsis in late-1947, and, a year later, the novel had already been commended by Gen. Curtis LeMay when Zanuck, leapfrogging accepted channels, approached Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg, USAF Chief of Staff. “Does the Air Force want this film made,” Zanuck asked, “and do they share our feeling that it will contribute to the Air Force?”127 By March 1949 full cooperation was agreed, the service determining that “this film will foster public goodwill and will be of Air Force public relations value.” Zanuck chose
Henry King, director of *Wilson* and also an aviator, to direct, and King personally scouted locations before electing to use airfields in Alabama and Florida. Footage from Fox’s wartime film *This Above All* (1942) was reused in order to avoid the expense of travelling to England, and production was complete by July 1, 1949.\(^{128}\)

Like *Fighter Squadron* and *Command Decision*, the finished film focuses on the mental anguish of the higher orders, as disciplinarian Colonel (later General) Frank Savage tries to whip his bedraggled and depleted Bomber Group into shape for daylight raids on German targets. Wrapped up in its argument for the necessity of air supremacy, *Twelve O’Clock High* turns the war into an exclusively U.S. effort to which the British – entirely unrepresented – serve as absent witness. Such a paucity of international consciousness is made more remarkable for the film’s intimate connection to Zanuck, a most enthusiastic wartime internationalist. It is evident that in approaching *Twelve*, though, Zanuck was unconcerned with presenting U.S. power in the context of global cooperationism. Known to possess certain antipathies towards “limeys,” the mogul thought little of postwar Britain’s political turn to the left and played an active role in excising the British from Bartlett’s and Lay’s novel.\(^{129}\)

Unlike the earlier aviation features, the British absence in the film resulted from copious editing of the original source. In the novel, while British women frequently facilitate romantic and often comedic subplots – such as Sergeant/Private McIlhenny’s series of promotions and demotions for impregnating English women from Ashbury village – there is an accompanying recognition of British-U.S. cooperative military endeavor with which the screen adaptation dispensed. In the novel, Frank Savage (Gregory Peck in the film) falls for an English WAAF, Corporal Pamela Mallory, the
daughter of a local aristocrat. The affair ends unhappily, as the demands of command force Savage to withdraw, but not before Pamela and the RAF have crucially assisted U.S. bomber command. Importantly, Pamela is a woman in uniform, serving with the Signal Corps and intercepting German radio broadcasts. Her first appearance is when she visits Savage with an offer of assistance in predicting and countering German flight patterns (a plan he cannot adopt without official approval, which is not immediately forthcoming).

If Britain is, then, in the novelists’ vision, “terribly vulnerable, a ripe apple which could be had” by the Germans at any point, it is not due to any lack of native effort to defend it. As Pamela and Savage become closer, he visits her radio base in Lowestoft, Suffolk, where he sees the women of the RAF in action. “England, he thought to himself, knows what it’s doing; they’ve found out that they can trust their women with some of the damnedest jobs of the war.” Pamela conveys to Savage that America’s use of decoy bomber groups to distract German attention from the actual mission is ineffective. U.S. command is sending up the decoys without fighter protection, she says, instantly revealing to the enemy which bombers they can safely ignore. Savage takes this information with him to a meeting of U.S. Air Command in London, telling the brass, “the RAF has a wealth of information, available to us but which we have never asked for….” According to RAF liaison Group Captain Heely sees his observation group expand rapidly, and the information it furnishes makes raids on Germany easier to accomplish. “We shouldn’t have fumbled the ball on this one,” says General Pritchard, in a rare admission of U.S. negligence. Moreover, alongside this vital piece of Allied wisdom, Lay and Bartlett found room for a reference to the Russian fight at Stalingrad,
and to British servicemen seeing off German air raids and fighting in North Africa. Zanuck, a World War II buff intent on making a realistic picture focusing on air operations, excised Savage’s romance with Pamela and with it all military assistance deriving from her.\textsuperscript{131}

Beyond these cuts, \textit{Twelve O’Clock High} inflicts another level of displacement on the cooperative tenor of the war, one which registers at the level of memory. The film, like the novel, begins with the return of a U.S. veteran, Harvey Stovall (Dean Jagger), to the site of Archbury AFB. The visit is prompted by his discovery in a London shop front of a Toby Mug cast in the shape of Robin Hood. This artifact, once used at Archbury to secretly communicate upcoming missions, now lies unheralded, and Stovall purchases it before boarding a train to the countryside and the old airstrip, which he finds windswept and unmarked.\textsuperscript{132}

Bosley Crowther regarded the opening scenes as an acknowledgement that the film is engaged in mythmaking,

\textit{A}n honest indication that what we are going to see in this film is a wartime experience as remembered by a nostalgic middle-aged man. This is a candid admission that we are going to see war through slightly misted eyes, with the agony and heroism carefully ordered by the passage of time. And even though most of the memory is exceptionally rugged and poignantly true… we can’t forget that it is a memory."\textsuperscript{133}

This analysis is astute, but the presentation of \textit{Twelve O’Clock High}’s opening through the lens of nostalgia also carries connotations concerning the place of Britain in U.S. war remembrance. Stovall’s journey to Ashbury recollects America’s part in defending
Britain, and Stovall himself becomes custodian of that memory, as the historical site of U.S. heroism – the airstrip and surrounding buildings – is left empty and unremembered. At the same time, that the token triggering Stovall’s memory is a figure of British legend is indicative of the film’s displacement of British myth by the nostalgized U.S. remembrance to which Crowther pointed. Such is more obvious in the novel, when Stovall buys the Toby from an Englishman who acquired it at auction “after those bloody Americans left,” and who considers the object empty of value.134

Twelve O’Clock High enjoyed several premieres, each supported by the Air Force. In Omaha, home of Strategic Air Command, the picture received personal support from SAC Chief Curtis LeMay, who addressed the audience and introduced an airman who had been badly burned during the war. Also on stage at the Orpheum Theatre were the flags of the UN, forming a semi-circle behind the Air Force and U.S. flags, which stood front and center. The Russian flag was not on display, as Air Policeman Neil Halbisen, charged with carrying the Soviet banner, had, in conspiracy with entertainer Phil Harris and his wife, Alice Faye, concealed it backstage. “Neither they nor I wanted it in the performance,” Halbisen recalled.135 Minus the Soviet flag, and with the Stars and Stripes foremost, the scene created an apt visual metaphor for the manner in which Zanuck’s film remembers the U.S. effort in Europe, with a nod to internationalism subsumed by the weight of attention to U.S. military power.

If Britain was the emptied landscape for these dramas of U.S. masculine heroism and high technology, the liberation of occupied Europe, and particularly France, was the goal to which they were directed. I will turn in more detail to U.S. filmmakers’ engagement with postwar tensions between the U.S. and France, one of its oldest allies,
in chapter 5, but I conclude here with a turn towards the image of France in early postwar combat films. As Marianna Torgovnik observes, part of the erasure of the USSR derived from the obsessive focus on D-Day as the pivotal step towards ending the war in Europe (to the exclusion of the Eastern Front). The image of D-Day in U.S. culture, though, was crafted to the exclusion of the nation upon whose soil the action took place – often denying the part of the Free French in their own liberation. Although the Allies are not totally omitted, such a tendency is expressed in Warner Brothers’ *Breakthrough*, the first film to focus on the D-Day landings and the hedgerow-to-hedgerow fighting undertaken by the U.S. infantry in Normandy.

Considered guilty of appeasing Hitler in the 1930s, humiliated by the *Wehrmacht* in 1940, and tarnished by Vichy collaborationism, France appeared to many Americans insufficiently grateful, especially as French opinion often held that what the U.S. gave to the war in money France had surpassed in blood. Moreover, the rise of the French Communist Party – a result, *Life* reported in 1947, of “the best resistance record in the war” – meant that an influential voice in French society emerged to label the Marshall Plan a Trojan horse paving the way for all-out war with the Soviet Union. Resented also was the Blum-Byrnes agreement of March 1946, which reduced French war debt at the cost of provisos requiring French cinemas to screen predominantly U.S. pictures. In 1946-47, seventy percent of films shown in France were U.S.-made, provoking in France no small degree of dismay and appearing to some as a “Marshall Plan for ideas.” By the early 1950s, anti-American elements were comparing “occupied” French culture to that of minority groups in U.S. society.
France had been positively depicted less often than the other Allies during the war years and, as Claude Raines’ Captain Renault in *Casablanca* (1942) suggests, the existence of widespread Vichy collaborationism further tainted perceptions of France’s contribution to the war. To be sure, laudatory reports on the Resistance movement circulated in wartime and postwar America, but, as the war grew more distant, memories of joyous civilians greeting G.I.s with hugs and kisses gave way somewhat to conflicting nationalist remembrances. In postwar Hollywood, despite the occasional resistance member or French official combating Nazism (the police chief in the Marx Brothers’ *A Night in Casablanca* [1946], for instance, is more vigorously anti-fascist than the original Renault), there existed always a tendency to figure the French as somewhat untrustworthy, the Ally most capable of betraying American trust.

In *Berlin Express*, for instance, the secret Nazi, Henri Perrot, hides behind the guise of a French Resistance leader. To be sure, the character is eventually revealed as a German national, but throughout the film, Perrot, appearing to the audience as a Frenchman, expresses cynical and derogatory sentiments about the U.S. attempt to craft a cooperative postwar peace. French collaborationism echoed through postwar films, such as in Warners’ *South Sea Woman* (1953), wherein a French traitor must be defeated before a ragtag collection of Allied nationals – including Chinese, Australian, and American – can destroy a German-captained vessel providing help to the Japanese on Guadalcanal. Leaving aside the postwar image of Russia (and later China), and with one or two notable exceptions (such as the officer in *Conspirator*), no other wartime ally was subject to such perfidious characterization.
Where the French were not exhibiting disloyalty to the Allied cause, they were often represented – in a manner not dissimilar to the treatment of wartime British society – as a feminine, or youthful, or aged nation fit only to meet U.S. armies of liberation with whatever means of gratitude are available to them. In Schary’s Battleground, for instance, in which no non-U.S. combatants appear, Parisian star Denise Darcel features, briefly, as a Frenchwoman who provides food to G.I.s during a respite from combat. Her inclusion aimed towards titillation, and Schary recalled Darcel as a “buxom, juicy French girl….a moveable feast.”144 When a French military man did make a rare appearance, with Cary Grant playing Captain Henri Rochard in Fox’s romantic comedy I Was a Male War Bride (1949), it was in the context of masculinity lost. In Howard Hawks’ madcap affair, filmed in Germany and Britain, the French Captain’s manliness is repeatedly challenged when, after marrying a WAC Lieutenant, Rochard must pose as a bride to gain passage to the United States.145

Also important in the image of France were U.S. representations of D-Day. The first film to center on this event was Breakthrough, described by one critic as signposting the combat film’s “swing back boldly into the old heroic-romantic style.”146 Breakthrough, which focuses on the U.S. 1st Army’s July victory in smashing the German line at St. Lo, escaping the beachhead, and allowing Patton’s 3rd Army to funnel deeper into Normandy, came to the DoD’s attention through George Dorsey, Warners’ Washington representative, who introduced the project to the Pictorial Division in February 1950. “Full cooperation will undoubtedly be requested and needed,” Dorsey wrote, and the NME was, from the start, happy to oblige, providing historical maps and access to Signal Corps documentary footage as well as assisting Warner Bros with
matters of historical accuracy. In May, the filmmakers scouted Fort Ord on the Pacific Coast, and with no objections raised by the Army to the story, written by Joseph Breen, Jr. (son of PCA censor Joseph I. Breen), shooting began in June, Dorsey somewhat apologetically furnishing the DoD with an extensive list of requirements, including troops, transport ships, LSTs, and tanks.  

Having assisted the production so extensively, the Marine Corps, Army, and Navy brass that previewed the film in October 1950 had no complaints. In fact, the Pictorial Division saw *Breakthrough* as a recruiting tool worthy of continued support, Towne contacting Army Public Information Officers to suggest that “recruiters can materially assist local exhibitors to bring the local opening to the attention of the American public to the end that the assistance extended to Warners on the production of the picture will have been justified.” Letters from General Floyd Parks and Brigadier General Eugene L. Harrison to “Colonel” Jack Warner – each praising the film’s authenticity – were permitted release to advertise the film, and elaborate plans were hatched in support of its November 8 debut.

The premiere was accompanied by a display of military might, including tanks, a forty-piece Marine Corps Band, and five jeeps transporting celebrity guests – film stars and military officials – to Warners’ Hollywood Theatre, outside which 8000 spectators reportedly gathered. Inside, the raising of the UN flag and a rendition of the U.S. national anthem preceded the film. Following the gala, all parties seemed satisfied. Alex Evelove, Warner’s Publicity Director, wrote to the DoD reporting that “The premiere of ‘Breakthrough’ was most successful. Thousands of people witnessed the parade and premiere ceremonies in which the military units took part. The participation of these units
presented an inspiring and impressive sight, and we are indeed grateful for the cooperation you gave us.” In turn, Col. Claire Towne replied, “We hope that the impetus given the picture in its gala opening will continue to grow in successive showings throughout the country. In the case of ‘Breakthrough’ your box-office success is our assurance that the story of the U.S. Army Infantryman in World War II, as told by this excellent picture, will reach the greatest possible audience.”

*Breakthrough* mirrors *Battleground* in its blend of sentimentalism and G.I. humor with a Cold War message derived from World War II events. It begins, “With the American troops in England, The Spring of 1944,” as the Army Song plays. The squad at the narrative’s center contains a multiethnic spectrum, including Rojek a Slavic-American cynic, Finlay (an Irishman), Rothman (a Jew), and “4-F” Hansen, a weedy, bespectacled comic turn. The platoon’s mainstay is Sgt. Pete Bell (Frank Lovejoy), an experienced WASP veteran who attempts to guide Lt. Mallory (John Agar), a young officer with experience only of training exercises. Diversity even extends to African Americans, with black G.I.s present, if only as background, among the DoD-loaned soldiers used for training sequences. Army stock footage is used to restage the D-Day invasion and inland fighting, lending to the action a further sense of historical authenticity.

The internationalism conveyed at *Breakthrough’s* premiere by the raising of the UN flag is barely visible on screen, limited only to Bell’s narration. Britain, as the point of departure for the landings, is again rendered subsidiary, with no British troops pictured and British women appearing only out of uniform. Indeed, the island nation appears almost too small to withstand even the weight of U.S. supplies. “The fields of England
began to bulge at the seams as everything from rations to rolls of wire was delivered from the factories back home,” Bell narrates, before commenting to Lt. Mallory, “We better get off this island before it sinks under the weight of all that stuff.” When D-Day arrives, mention is made (once more in Bell’s voiceover) of the part played by the Royal Navy, but non-U.S. forces are never pictured, the action focusing solely on Omaha Beach and Mallory’s struggle to negotiate his command.

As the troops move inland, the French are introduced in the act of waving a white flag. U.S. artillery has rained havoc on the German-held town of St. Lo, and the town’s elderly Mayor, accompanied by his pretty daughter, emerges from the ruins to announce that the Germans are gone and request that the U.S. cease the bombardment. The town is indeed proven free from Germans, but, in St. Lo, the U.S. and French flags, cries of “Vive Les Americains,” and the proliferation of kisses from grateful women that greet Lt. Mallory’s patrol (even Rojak, the cynic, is temporarily happy with his lot) unknowingly mask lurking treachery. A cut away from the crowds of celebrants reveals a potential assailant aiming a rifle at the group of G.I.s.

At this, the camera cuts again, leaving the tension of anticipated gunfire tangible as unknowing G.I.s mingle with citizens of St. Lo. Collette, the Mayor’s daughter, greeted by the G.I.s with Tarzan impersonations and cries of “Ooh la la,” throws herself, quite literally, at “Muscles,” a bodybuilding, health-obsessed G.I., who establishes a first in U.S. cinema by rejecting her advances in favor of performing an elaborate exercise routine and lecturing on the perils of drink. But the film acknowledges, in ways more subtle than the POV shot through the rifle, the potential for the relationship of liberators and liberated to become conflicted. In the sights of the hidden rifleman, Jumbo, a kind-
hearted soldier, attempts to befriend a young French boy and his puppy. Jumbo, upset at
the earlier loss of his dog, which he left aboard the now-burning transport ship from
which the platoon departed, offers the child a candy bar and asks to pet the dog in
exchange. Jumbo is perplexed by the child’s reluctance to accept the gift, and by his
apparent fear of Americans, even after he is told that the boy’s parents were killed in the
recent U.S. bombardment. “Yeah, but I didn’t do it,” says Jumbo. The child’s
apprehension and the G.I’s failure to understand reflects the often ambiguous perception
of the “liberated” French in Hollywood cinema, an ambiguity that, in Breakthrough, soon
spills over into bloodshed.

As Jumbo retreats in disappointment, the camera returns to the perspective of the
sniper’s gun, perched inside a high window. This time shots are fired, and Jumbo falls
dead while the townsfolk and soldiers scramble for cover. The sniper is located, and
Company Commander Captain Hale (David Brian) shoots the assailant, who is revealed
as a young French woman known as a collaborator. Hale refers to her as “garbage,” and
the presence of this contemptible character, along with the death of the kindly Jumbo,
means that as Hollywood remembered and honored D-Day and the U.S. Infantry, it also
promulgated the double-edged notion of France as both grateful, feminized recipient of
deliverance and as potentially recreant ally.

Beyond this treachery, through the mutilation and death of multiple platoon
members, including Danny Dominick (William Campbell), an aspiring politician who
loses his legs assaulting a German tank, and Uncle Roy (Edward Norris), the squad’s
beloved old head and family man, who is killed in action, Breakthrough concentrates on
the sacrifices and struggles of the G.I.s as they advance through Normandy hedgerows.
Once again, the responsibility of command proves too much, as Captain Hale breaks down and Mallory is promoted in his stead. Sgt. Bell, repeating lines he spoke when Mallory first arrived as a newly-graduated officer, in turn warns Mallory’s replacement that “the old man [now Mallory] is pretty tough,” thus suggesting a perpetual cycle in which the Army molds successful officers and competent men.

*Breakthrough* concludes by stressing that puncturing enemy lines at St. Lo was a vital step towards German surrender. While the Western allies are cited by Bell in his closing narration, they never receive visual representation, being filtered through the Sergeant’s spoken reminiscence. Their role is inevitably understated, as “the Allies” are given neither time on camera nor lines to speak (excepting the odd civilian). After the St. Lo victory, Bell says, “The way was clear for the race across France, the Krauts heading for home, with us, the Canadians, the British, and the French, and all our Allies, right on their tails. All of us fought, bled, and lots of us died, through one town after another. Some we remembered, some we hoped we’d forget. But it was the breakthrough at St. Lo that led us to where we’d been trying to go for nearly four years.” The speech, accompanied by stock footage, marks the final frames, casting an eye towards the Cold War and the potential for another conflict. “I’d sure hate to have to go through it again,” Bell states, “but if we have to, our experience and know-how will make it a lot easier.”

By the time *Breakthrough* premiered in November 1950, U.S. and UN troops were indeed going “through it again,” this time in conflict with communist forces in Korea. *Breakthrough*, like so many of the earliest postwar combat films, thus pertained as much to the future as the recent past, the elision of the Allies setting a unilateralist tone in remembrance of the Second World War. While the U.S. retained wartime alliances
(several of the Allies, including Britain and France, sent troops to Korea), the matter of staving off totalitarian threats belonged predominantly to U.S. troops.

Nevertheless, the struggle with communism ensured that some degree of multilateral remembrance persisted, both in *Breakthrough* and in the wider memorial culture developing around World War II. Commemorations of the D-Day landings, for example, exhibited a distinctly cooperative air. In June 1949, rites were staged at Ste. Mere-Eglise and Ranville, towns liberated early in the invasion by U.S. and British forces respectively. “Throughout the invasion areas there were observances with French, British, and American flags much in evidence,” reported the *Washington Post*.152 By the time of the seventh anniversary ceremonies, held in Normandy, War in Korea was a year old, presenting an opportunity to emphasize the western Allies’ intention to collectively persevere against international communism. Dwight Eisenhower, commander of the D-Day landings seven years earlier, was in attendance, viewing operations by a joint fleet of European ships before speaking at Ste Mere-Eglise, where citizens “showered rose petals in his path,” and at the British cemetery in Bayeux. For Eisenhower, the 1951 D-Day commemorations were, like the combat films I have discussed, as much about articulating contemporary resolve as they were about recalling recent heroics. Sending a warning to the Soviet Union, Eisenhower declared, “We hope that the campaign begun seven years ago taught all aggressors one thing – that the soil of France is sacred to all the freedom-loving world.”153

As the *New York Times* commented of the citizens of Ste Mere-Eglise, “Some of them may have recalled that the two generals now leading the United Nations forces in Korea [Matthew Ridgway and James A. Van Fleet] first earned their combat spurs in this
town…” Indeed, events in Asia – most notably the Korean War – weighed heavily on D-Day remembrance in 1951, the task in Korea placed in continuity with the successful assault on fascism. (Major General Ridgway, who helped plan and participated in the airborne D-Day assault, was “too busy” in Tokyo to attend the Normandy ceremonies.154) Addressing the communist world, Eisenhower asked, “How can we believe those who talk of peace while they support aggression in the Orient and arm Eastern Germany in the face of no conceivable threat?” “[F]reedom is not won and forever possessed, but must be re-earned every day in every generation,” he continued, promising, “We shall meet the test of our day in the spirit of those whose heroism we here commemorate.”155

Just one month earlier, in May 1951, the arrival of U.S. Army reinforcements – the first new forces sent to France since war’s end – offered confirmation of the nation’s commitment to prevent the spread of communism. “To Europe and all the world,” said Life, “they were a symbol that the U.S. believes Soviet aggression can be forestalled by the joint effort of free people.”156 But while the potential for war in Europe remained only potential, the ongoing conflict in Korea meant that Asia was coming to the fore of Cold War consciousness, and beginning, too, to attract Hollywood’s attention. The image of World War II in U.S. cinema during the 1950s was profoundly shaped by events in Asia, as the Cold War demanded that Americans begin to look on erstwhile enemies – domestic and foreign – as contemporary friends. In U.S. culture, particularly pertinent were efforts to rehabilitate relations with Japan and with Japanese Americans, pointedly excluded from the wartime nation but now essential to its image of Cold War leadership.

1 On wartime internationalism, see James J. Lorence, “The ‘Foreign Policy of Hollywood’: Interventionist Sentiment in American Film, 1938-1941,” in Robert Brent Toplin, ed., Hollywood as
Mirror: Changing Views of ‘Outsiders’ and ‘Enemies’ in American Movies (Westport, Cn: Greenwood Press, 1993), 95-115 In his statistical study of war cinema, Russell Earl Shain finds that in 405 war pictures made between 1939-1947, British characters featured more than three times as often as French, and more than eight times as often as Russians. Shain, An Analysis of Motion Pictures About War Released by the American Film Industry (New York: Arno Press, 1976), 215. Russia, too, was a major beneficiary of Hollywood’s wartime internationalism, and 1942-44 saw the release of more positive images of Russians than Hollywood had managed in its previous history. Clayton Koppes and Gregory Black argue that “a pro-Russian picture became an indispensable proof of a studio’s sincerity towards the war effort.” Clayton R. Koppes and Gregory D. Black, Hollywood Goes to War: How Politics, Profits, and Propaganda Shaped World War II Movies (New York: The Free Press, 1987), quote on 186, 185-221. Other national groups, such as the occupied peoples of Europe, featured less prominently. Filipinos are central to the Allied effort in MGM’s Bataan (dir. Tay Garnett, 1943) and, more notably, in RKO’s Back to Bataan (dir. Edward Dmytryk, 1945); Quote from Dorothy Jones, “The Hollywood War Film: 1942-44,” Hollywood Quarterly, Vol. 1, No. 1 (October 1945), 8.

2 Universal’s musical When Johnny Comes Marching Home (1942) was withdrawn from India after one of its showpiece songs, “The Yanks Are Coming Again,” sparked a fight between British and U.S. troops in a Bombay theatre. The number in question was Harry Seymour’s “The Yanks Are Coming Again,” which went a little something like this: “Freedom was imperiled over twenty-years ago/ The call for help we answered and what happened you all know/ We thought we made the world a safer place for you and me, But we gotta go back, we gotta go back to save our liberty/ From London and from Singapore, from Africa no doubt/ From all the conquered nations you can hear the people shout; The Yanks are coming again!/ The Yanks are coming again!/ The last time when they went over the top, they wouldn’t let them finish the job, But now we’ll never stop! Our tanks are coming with men, our planes are coming and then/ The world will be free, for you and me! Cause the Yanks are coming again!/ The Yanks are coming again!” OWI Motion Picture Reviews and Analysis, 1943-1945. RG 208 /350/75/33/02, Box 3529, Archives II, College Park, Maryland. British audiences also reacted angrily to Warners’ Objective, Burma! (1945, dir. Raoul Walsh), in which the predominance of British and British imperial forces in the Burma campaign is overlooked in favor of the exploits of an American platoon. The OWI had cautioned that
Objective Burma “could be most damaging to American prestige overseas, and in Britain, China, and India could easily arouse bitter antagonism.” Reviewer Eleanor Berneis recommended that the film not be released overseas, and her concerns were vindicated once it was. The film caused no little friction between the Atlantic Allies, and was eventually withdrawn from the British theatre circuit. OWI RG 208, Box 3522, Objective Burma Folder. Tales of the film’s controversial history are many. Filmmaker Saul David, for example, recalled witnessing a scuffle over Objective Burma between British and American troops during the war. Saul David, The Industry: Life in the Hollywood Fast Lane (New York: New York Times Books, 1981), 146. See also I.C. Jarvie, “Fanning the Flames: Anti-American Reaction to Objective Burma (1945),” Historical Journal of Film, Radio, and Television Vol. 1, No. 2 (1981), 117-138. Also Raoul Walsh, Each Man in His Time: The Life Story of a Director (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1974), 317-318.


5 Ernie Pyle, “A Last Word,” in Brave Men (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1944), 465. Richard Overy makes a similar point, writing, “It is no coincidence that Germany was defeated during the nine-month period when all three Allies, assisted by the exiled forces of the conquered European lands, put the main weight of their military effort together for the first time.” Overy, Why the Allies Won, 318.

6 If U.S. officials did not, at war’s end, expect a military threat from the devastated Soviet Union, they were already concerned at the marked growth of Communist Party membership across Europe. See Melvyn P. Leffler, A Preponderance of Power: National Security, the Truman Administration, and the Cold War (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1992), 7.

7 Anti-fascist films set postwar and made in late-wartime and early postwar include RKO’s Cornered (1945, dir. Edward Dmytryk), and Orson Welles’ The Stranger (1946). On the Hollywood left during perhaps its peak period – from the New Deal to the end of the war, see Paul Buhle and Dave


9 For instance, U.S. filmmakers stayed away from mentioning the Holocaust on all but the rarest of occasions. Orson Welles’ The Stranger is one such example.


12 Mathews was a British academician living and working in the U.S. Basil Mathews, United We Stand: The Peoples of the United Nations (Boston: Little, Brown, & Company, 1944), 8, 14, 51.

13 Ibid., 123, 125, 182-189


15 Willkie, One World, 189, 158-160; Divine, Second Chance, 103-107.


Fein, *The United States*, Hays quoted on 6, Fein on 8.

Cultural Fronter Irving Reis gave Biberman uncredited assistance in writing the screenplay, as, apparently, did a total of nine different writers. The Goldens’ earlier production, *Hitler’s Children*, made for $175,000, had grossed some $4,000,000 by early June, 1944. Fred Stanley, “Bulletins from Hollywood,” *NYT*, June 4, 1944, X3.

Quoted in Stanley, “Bulletins.”

In truth, Von Beck has murdered Ferdinand Varin, whose brother, Ernst, was a collaborator.

Nina Varin is the daughter of collaborationists Ernst Varin, who is dead, and his wife, Martha Varin, and thus the niece of Ferdinand Varin, the anti-Nazi partisan whose identity Von Beck has assumed.

“The use of a technical advisor may be helpful,” wrote Dorsey, “but generally speaking, advice will be about all we need.” George Dorsey to Curtis Mitchell, Chief of the War Department’s Pictorial Branch, April 3, 1944. Records of the Office of the Secretary of War, RG 107/390/10/13/5, Entry 354, Box 26, *The Master Race* Folder, National Archives II, College Park, Maryland.

Horgan to Mitchell, April 10, 1944; Colonel Ray J. Laux wrote to the Bureau of Public Relations in behalf of Major General J.H. Hildring, Director of the Civil Affairs Division, asking that Biberman append to the script at least a reference to the holding of a military trial before Von Beck’s execution. April 13, 1944. War Dept. RG 107/390/10/13/5, Box 26, *Master Race* Folder.

Horgan to Mitchell, April 10, 1944; Curtis Mitchell to George Dorsey, April 18, 1944; Lt Col. Gordon F. Swarthout, Acting Chief of Pictorial Branch, to Dorsey, May 29, 1944; Curtis Mitchell to Dorsey, September 4, 1944. War Dept. RG 107/390/10/13/5, Box 26, *Master Race* Folder.


Ibid., (Berneis 4/4)

Eleanor Berneis, “OWI Feature Film Script Review, Second Review – *The Master Race*,” April 26, 1944. RG 208/350/74/33/02, Box 3521, *Master Race* Folder

Gene Kern to RKO, April 28, 1944; Berneis Review of Feature Film – *The Master Race*, September 6, 1944. RG 208/350/74/33/02, Box 3521, *Master Race* Folder.
nation,” Wilkerson wrote, “depends upon how our people understand the German question.” Wilkerson
thus praised the Goldens’ efforts in extensively researching The Master Race and cooperating with both the
OWI and the War Department, “in order that our people should know what’s back of this war, and receive
that knowledge in a form they can understand best – the motion picture.” For a somewhat useful account of
Wilkerson’s life, including the founding and operation of the Hollywood Reporter, his friendships with
Howard Hughes and Nicholas Schenk, and his anti-communism in the Cold War, see W.R. Wilkerson III,
The Man Who Invented Las Vegas (Ciro’s Books, 2000), 4-23.

FBI Memo, March 5, 1945. FBI Reel 2, Frame 00009. My emphasis.

FBI Memo, March 5, 1945. FBI Reel 2, Frame 00010, 00011. The implication that Russians
were tolerant towards Jews lay, the Agent wrote, in the fact that when Krestov asks who has provided
candelabrum to the church’s restoration the answer comes back, “clearly and rather loudly,” as “Jacob.”
“[I]n the opinion of the writer,” commented the FBI reviewer, “it is difficult to believe that the selection of
such a definitely Jewish name as JACOB to be the one individual in the entire community singled out as
having contributed to the restoration of the church is more than mere coincidence [it appears that sentence
structure got away from him a little here].”

All quotations from FBI Reel 2, Frame 00009

Reviews of The Master Race, FBI Reel 2, Frames 00018, 00004-00005

SAC Hood to Hoover, April 2, 1945. FBI Reel 2, Frame 00020

Asst. Dir. Ladd to Hoover, April 13, 1945. FBI Reel 2, Frames 00050-00051

Korda was a leading voice for international cooperation in wartime Hollywood, having already
directed what might be seen as the artistic and ideological peak of Hollywood’s wartime multilateralism,
John Howard Lawson’s 1943 script Sahara. His brother, Alexander Korda, was, according to John
Trumpbour, “in Churchill’s closest quarters…regarded as Britain’s unofficial ambassador to Hollywood.”
Selling Hollywood, 77.

Before Lawson’s adaptation, the original Russian work by Ilya Vershinin and Mikhail
Ruderman had already been translated for the American stage by two other Hollywood communists, Philip
OWI review of Counter-Attack, January 21, 1944, and January 22, 1944. RG 208 /350/74/33/02, Box 3514, Counter-Attack Folder. See also Gene Kern to Columbia, January 26, 1944.


Pro-Russian wartime imagery swept out the fierce anti-communism of magazines such as Saturday Review of Literature, Collier’s, and Reader’s Digest, which performed, according to Koppes and Black, “a 180-degree turn and embraced the very system they had so recently reviled.” Hollywood Goes to War, 218.

Don Whitehead and Hal Boyle, “Joyous ‘Bear Hug’ Levels All Language Barriers,” WP, April 28, 1945, 1, 2; See also “Union Toasted With Liberated Champagne,” WP, April 28, 1945, 2.


Suid, Guts and Glory, 98.

Ibid., 99-100.

Samuel Fuller, with Christa Lang Fuller and Jerome Henry Rudes, A Third Face: My Tale of Writing, Fighting, and Filmmaking (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2002), 221.

Ibid., 221.

By the early-to-mid-‘50s, runaway productions were so popular that the California State Theatrical Federation and the Screen Actors’ Guild were protesting their prevalence. See Lee Zhito, “Picture Business,” The Billboard, June 20, 1953, 4; “Rap Com’cials Made Overseas,” The Billboard, August 20, 1955, 5.

Fred Zinneman, for example, encouraged a philanthropic American leadership in Europe in his independent film, The Search (1948), in which a U.S. G.I. (Montgomery Clift) helps reunite a young Czech refugee with his lost mother in occupied Germany. The Search was funded in part by MGM and conceived by Swiss producer Lazar Wechsler, who was, according to Zinneman, struck upon a 1945 visit to the U.S. by “the enormous generosity of most Americans and their total lack of comprehension of the depth of human suffering in Europe.” Wechsler was keen to defeat this incomprehension, to encourage lasting U.S. investment in the broken continent and to concurrently ameliorate Europeans’ suspicions towards American “generosity.” To this end, he and Zinneman, with permission from the UN Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) and the U.S. Army, visited numerous Displaced Persons (DP) camps, eventually casting refugee children in order to more powerfully communicate the climate of fear and poverty still pervading Europe. In his January 6, 1947 State of the Union Address, Harry Truman called for a continuing and benevolent U.S. posture towards Europe and its DPs, and such a theme is at the heart of Zinneman’s film. The displaced children include French, Poles, Hungarians, and Czechs, and the narrative hub is the relationship between Ralph ‘Steve’ Stevenson (Montgomery Clift) and a young Czech boy, Karel Malik (Ivan Jandl) who is searching for his mother. Through the munificence and patience of Steve, young Karel passes from mute petrification to trust of the American, who, among other favors, teaches him English, tells him about Abraham Lincoln, and buys him a new pair of shoes. The story concludes at an UNRRA camp, where, as a group of Jewish refugee children depart for Palestine, Karel and Steve find Hannah, Karel’s mother, in time for an emotional reunion and the promise of a brighter future achieved through American largesse and dedication. Yet even as the film advances the need for American goods and ideals to be imparted to postwar Europe to heal the damaged children of the continent, The Search contains elements critiquing Americans’ ambiguous attitude. Jerry Fisher, an American GI, responds to Steve’s idea to take Karel to the U.S. – to “Reconstruct a kid’s life for a change instead of a bridge” – with skepticism. “We’d have all of Europe in America” without rules forbidding such, he
cautions. But, with the traumatized Karel juxtaposed to Fisher’s materially-indulged son, Tommy, Fisher’s reticence appears heartless, and the film, even in allowing Karel to locate his mother in the closing frames, refuses to reassure American audiences that the humanitarian work in Europe is complete. The film’s marketing campaign included a visit to the U.S. by Jarmila Novotna, the Czech soprano who plays Karel’s mother. Opening both *The Search* and a new Washington, DC, movie theatre, Novotna gave a performance of the “Star Spangled Banner” before an audience containing Bess and Margaret Truman. Thomas M. Pryor, “History of ‘The Search,’” *NYT*, March 14, 1948, X5; Fred Zinneman, *A Life in the Movies* (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1992), 56-73, quote from 57. “First Lady, Miss Truman, to Hear Novotna at Benefit,” *WP*, April 25, 1948, S8.

53 “Broken pivot” from John Gunther, “Russia is Losing the Battle of Berlin…But Can We Win It?” *Look*, Vol. 13, No. 6 (March 15, 1949), 23; Granet quoted in “Berlin Express,” *Time*, May 3, 1948, 93-94. The article also mentioned other incentives for U.S. studios to shoot in Europe, such as the all-round drop in production costs. “[S]ome German extras work for as little as two cigarettes a day.”


58 Information on Granet’s role from “Stills Yield Film Idea,” *WP*, May 23, 1948, L2. Harold Medford is also credited with work on the screenplay.


60 French refusal to cooperate is referenced, if not explained, in Nicholas Christopher, *Somewhere in the Night: Film Noir and the American City* (New York: The Free Press, 1997), 68-69.
I cannot think of another World War II film of the period in which an American man is rebuffed by a European woman.

Wannsee is a location also significant for its connection to Nazi history. The Wannsee conference, held by the Nazis in 1942, related to the “Jewish question.”


“‘Berlin Express,’ a Melodrama of Postwar Europe, and ‘River Lady’ Arrive,” NYT, May 21, 1948, 19.


The anti-Nazi theme did persist for a short while longer, notably in the next U.S. film to be shot, at least in part, in Germany, Billy Wilder’s A Foreign Affair (1948). The film is less obviously international in its themes, concentrating for the most part on the romances of U.S. Captain John Pringle (John Lund) with Erika von Schlutow (Marlene Dietrich), a former consort of high-ranking Nazis, and Congresswoman Phoebe Frost (Jean Arthur), who is in Berlin on an official tour to investigate the “moral malaria” supposedly infecting U.S. troops. Early on, as the Congressional Committee looks down on the city from their arriving plane, they discuss the part of British and U.S. forces in creating such devastation. One Congressman, apparently a leftist, as his comments denouncing “dollar diplomacy” imply, interjects, “I heard Russian artillery had a little part in it, too, if you don’t mind.” Later, when U.S. Col. Plummer gives the politicians a guided tour, he includes the Russian memorial to the first Allied tank units to enter Berlin. But the Russians have no part to play in capturing the reanimated Nazi leaders circulating in the city’s underground, appearing too drunk to notice. Furthermore, Erika mentions the “hell” of the arrival of Russian soldiers for German women, referencing the sexual violence endured by many German women after the Russian occupation of the city. Wilder’s film is, in some degree, sympathetic to the knife-edge diplomacy demanded of an occupying power such as the U.S. “If you give a man a loaf of bread that’s democracy,” comments one visiting senator, “if you leave the wrapper on its imperialism.” In Wilder’s Berlin, though, the Americans lack the innocence of Berlin Express’s Lindley, revealing the filmmaker’s apparently growing disillusionment with the U.S. occupation.
Early bones of contention in the Cold War were issues such as the future of atomic weaponry, the sudden end to Lend-Lease, U.S. refusal to allow Soviet participation in the occupation of Japan, the Russian refusal to withdraw from Iran, the political future of Turkey and Greece, and the increasing willingness of the British and U.S. to act independently of the Soviets in postwar Berlin. Dunbabin, *The Cold War*, 5-20.


Truman’s speech to a joint session of Congress on March 12, 1947, is reprinted at [http://www.americanrhetoric.com/speeches/harrystrumantrumandDoctrine.html](http://www.americanrhetoric.com/speeches/harrystrumantrumandDoctrine.html) (accessed 8/1/09). Later quote from Selverstone, *Constructing the Monolith*, 57. William Henry Chamberlain, “Communism: Heir of Fascism,” *Look*, February 3, 1948, 28-29. Chamberlain’s piece, as well as accusing both isms of using similar salutes and sharing a love for warfare and a lack of respect for individual rights, also tried to debunk Soviet claims to antiracism. “The Communists’ claim to be free from race prejudice is wearing pretty thin,” he argued, “Whole ethnic groups in Russia…have been uprooted and deported indiscriminately for real or suspected sedition.” 29.

On the film industry and the Cold War, see, for example, Lawrence L. Murray, “Monsters, Spies, Subversives: The Film Industry Responds to the Cold War, 1945-1955,” *Jump Cut* No. 9 (1975), 14-16. Available at [http://www.ejumpcut.org/archive/onlinessays/JC09folder/ColdWarFilms.html](http://www.ejumpcut.org/archive/onlinessays/JC09folder/ColdWarFilms.html) (accessed...


78 “We were in the war,” Warner said, “and when you are in a fight you don’t ask who the fellow is who is helping you.” Carr, House Committee, 62-65.


80 Lawson quoted in Carr, The House Committee, 71; Bessie quoted in Kahn, Hollywood on Trial, 93.


82 A protest meeting in June, 1950, for example, asked support for Lawson and Trumbo, “Authors of ‘Sahara’ and ‘30 Seconds Over Tokyo.’” FBI, Reel 5, Frame 00201.


84 “The Hollywood left was as good as dead by 1947,” Dave Wagner and Paul Buhle argue (perhaps with a little hyperbole). Radical Hollywood, 382.

85 David Platt, “Remaking Nazi Plots into Anti-Red Films,” Daily Worker, March 1, 1948. FBI, Reel 9, Frame 00574. Both films were actually released under different titles, I Married a Communist as The Woman on Pier 13, and I Married a Nazi as The Man I Married. Platt’s point stands up, however.


87 See for example “Berlin Express,” WP, July 8, 1948, 10.

88 Speaking before the UN Security Council in October, U.S. Deputy Representative Philip Jessup painted the Soviets’ actions as a betrayal of the wartime alliance. At Potsdam, Jessup stated, the Allies had
agreed to cooperate in the administration of Germany and to allow the German people “the opportunity to
prepare for the eventual reconstruction of their life on a democratic and peaceful basis.” The blockade, he
added, was “a strange way” for the Soviet government “to live up to its agreement to democratize German
political life.” “U.S. Protests Soviet Blockade of Berlin: Note From Secretary Marshall to Ambassador
Pushkin,” Department of State Bulletin (DSB) Vol. 19, No. 472, July 18, 1948, 85-86; “Battle For

89 Fox to DoD, January 21, 1949; USAF to Seaton, February 8, 1949; Seaton to Baruch, March 19,
1949. RG330/190/28/10/2, Box 682, Folder 203.

90 See, for example, “Did the Movies Really Clean House?” American Legion Magazine,
December 1951, 13, 49-56. FBI, Reel 6, Frame 00621. Zanuck’s comments reported in FBI, Reel 6, Frame
00725

91 Rathvon participated in the cull of Hollywood progressives, but reluctantly. In November 1947,
he dismissed Adrian Scott and John Paxton (producer and screenwriter, respectively, of Crossfire), later
commenting, “I sure hated to lose those boys.” Jennifer Langdon-Teclaw, “The Progressive Producer in the
Studio System: Adrian Scott at RKO, 1943-1947,” in Frank Krutnik, Steve Neale, Brian Neve, and Peter
Rutgers UP, 2007), 167-168.

92 Dore Schary, “I Remember Hughes: A Movie Maker’s Memories Cast an Oblique Light on a
Shadowy, Lonely Billionaire,” NYT Magazine, May 2, 1977, 42-43. See also Tony Thomas, Howard

93 Paul Jarrico quoted in Larry Ceplair, The Marxist and the Movies: A Biography of Paul Jarrico
(University Press of Kentucky, 2007), 88. Jarrico’s draft actually contained a positive reference to U.S.-
Soviet collaboration, but Dmytryk urged caution, asking the screenwriter to eliminate the pertinent lines.

94 Ibid., 113.

95 Stephen J. Whitfield writes, “The election year of 1952 was the peak, when twelve explicitly
anti-communist films were produced.” Whitfield, Culture of the Cold War, 133.

96 Thomas, Howard Hughes in Hollywood, 124.

227


*The Steel Helmet* attracted criticism from certain critics (such as Victor Riesel in the *New York Daily Mirror*) and from the U.S. Army. This was because Fuller’s central character, Sgt. Zack, shoots an unarmed POW. RG330/190/28/10/2, Box 692, Folder 306. Fuller, *A Third Face*, 256-264. FBI informant T-6 was among many who did not see communist propaganda in Fuller’s film. FBI, Reel 5, Frame 00747. *Halls of Montezuma*, a Pacific World War II film with a patriotic message concerning the U.S. responsibility to stand against postwar communism, was treated with suspicion by the American Legion and the FBI because its creator, Michael Blankfort, despite having volunteered for service in the Marine Corps, had a history of associations with leftist groups. This was despite the film’s openly patriotic ideology and dedication to the Marine Corps, which cooperated in production and saw recruitment rise after the film’s release. FBI Reel 5, Frames 00795, 00825-00828

For many scholars, *Sands of Iwo Jima* is the quintessential combat film of the period. It is worth pointing out that the same sense of ethnoracial diversity pervades films of the Pacific Theatre, too. Ira Hayes, a Pima Indian from Arizona, was among those who raised the famous flag on Iwo Jima, and the man himself appears in reconstructing the event. The rest of the characters include Benny Regazzi, George Hellenpolis, and “Sky” Choynski. Robert Fyne, *Long Ago and Far Away: Hollywood and the Second World War* (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 2008), 30-32.

I appreciate that the spelling of Roderigues is unusual, but it is here reproduced accurately. It may be, given the presumably numerous infantrymen with the surname Rodriguez and the DoD’s policy of avoiding character names that might suggest an actual serviceman, the odd spelling was used to avoid such issues.

When Schary came over to MGM from RKO, he insisted that his new employer revive *Battleground*, which Schary and Robert Pirosh had been working on when Howard Hughes took over RKO and began to wield the hatchet against progressivism. Schary, *Heyday*, 168-208.
A wartime survey of U.S. opinion found Britain rated very poorly. In response to the question “Considering what each country could do, which one do you think is trying hardest to win the war?,” the sample returned the following results: Russia, 31%; USA, 27%; China, 19%; and Britain, 5%. Furthermore, as H. Mark Glancy notes, while 70% of surveyed Americans felt that their nation was fighting for “idealistic reasons” such as the preservation of democracy, only 40% gave Britain the same credit. The other 60% felt that Britain fought for “selfish reasons” including “the defense of her empire” Glancy, When Hollywood Loved Britain, 186-189.


Of course, the avowedly anti-imperialist ideology of communism surely factored in also. Robert Montgomery, a U.S. conservative, complained to the FBI about The Sword and the Sand for its apparently disparaging portrayal of the British in the Middle-East. And this despite the fact that the British authorities had already approved the film. FBI, Reel 4, Frame 00552.


Kracauer, “National Types,” 59.


That British women served the RAF in great numbers only underscores the non-combative gendering of Britain that the film imposes.


Orriss, *When Hollywood Ruled the Skies*, 137-140.

For example, Major General Emmett O’Donnell, Jr., to Sidney Franklin of M-G-M, March 2, 1948; Colonel WMP Nuckols, Director of Air Information, to DoD, April 18, 1948. RG 330 190/28/10/2, Box 702

DoD Memo, October 15, 1948; Air Force Memo, October 17, 1948. RG 330 190/28/10/2, Box 702.
DoD Memo, December 15, 1948; Also circular concerning potential cooperation for theatre owners nationwide, January 7, 1949. Photographs from the LA premiere are located in the files of the Asst. Secy of Def also. RG 330 190/28/10/2, Box 702

“Notables to See Film Premiere,” WP, February 11, 1949, C8.


Bosley Crowther, “‘Command Decision,’ Metro Film About Wartime Air Force, Opens at Loews,” NYT, January 20, 1949, 34.


This was also with the 8th US Bomber Group. See Orriss, Hollywood Ruled the Skies, 149.

Muto to USAF, October 5, 1947; November 3, 1947; LeMay to Bartlett, May 10, 1948; Zanuck to Vandenberg, September 17, 1948. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 677, Folder 163.


In a 1948 memo to Elia “Gadge” Kazan, Zanuck, who saw socialism as a route to political extremism, said of the Attlee government and its nationalization plans, “They are having more strikes…than they ever had under private ownership.” Behlmer, Memo, 158. Later, after the making of The Longest Day in 1962, British director Ken Annakin reported that Zanuck “Did not really like or trust Limeys.” Quoted in Suid, Guts and Glory, 168. Zanuck’s anti-imperialism in Trumpbour, Selling Hollywood, 79.


Ibid., 168-169, 11; Duffin and Matheis, Log Book, 57.

The Toby Mug stands on the mantel in the Officer’s Club at Ashbury AFB. If the Jug is facing towards the drinkers, it communicates that a mission is soon upcoming, but without tipping off civilians or spies.

134 Lay, Jr., and Bartlett, *Twelve O’Clock High!*, 2.

135 This incident reported in Allan T. Duffin and Paul Matheis, *The 12 O’Clock High Logbook: The Unofficial History of the Novel, Motion Picture, and TV Series* (Boalsburg, PA: BearManor Media, 2005), 88.


141 For instance, of the 24% of films in Russel Shain’s 405-film sample from 1939-1947 that featured non-Americans in what he deems “dominant roles,” Shain discovered three times as many Brits and almost as many “good Germans” as French allies. Shain, *An Analysis*, 214-215.


143 For a depiction of Chinese Cold War warmongering, see Sam Fuller’s 1954 Fox film, *Hell and High Water*. 
―We signed her,‖ Schary later wrote, “a dozen guys lusted after her.” Schary, “I Remember Hughes.” Indeed, Suid reports that an MGM official credited Darcel’s figure, especially as captured in a particular publicity shot, was key to Battleground’s tremendous popularity. See Suid, Guts and Glory, 105.

Roger Charlier, on whose adventures the film was loosely based, wrote to the New York Times to distance himself from the film, on which he had served as a technical advisor. “I was denied the pleasure of even looking at the scenario and had to wait until the film was released,” he complained. Roger H. Charlier, “The Bride Replies,” NYT, October 9, 1949, X4.


Assistant Secretary of Defense, Legislative and Public Affairs, Office of Public Information, News Division, Pictorial Branch, Motion Picture Section, Topical File 1943-1952. RG 330/190/28/10/2. Box 675, Folder 156.

Towne to Dorsey, February 23, 1950; Towne to Dept. Army, February 25, 1950. RG 330/190/28/10/2. Box 675, Folder 156.

Towne Memo, November 1, 1950. The letters from Parks and Harrison appeared, respectively, in Variety and Hollywood Reporter, November 6, 1950. RG 330/190/28/10/2. Box 675, Folder 156.


Evelove to Towne, November 14, 1950; Towne to Evelove, November 21, 1950. RG 330/190/28/10/2. Box 675, Folder 156.


“Ike Returns to D-Day Beaches, Tells Reds: ‘Remember Hitler,’” WP, June 7, 1951, 1, 6; Also “Communists Get Warning By Eisenhower,” Baltimore Sun, June 7, 1951, 2.

“7 Years Ago Today D-Day Saw Landing in Normandy,” NYT, June 6, 1951, 8.

“The Yanks Are Coming: U.S. Shows World We Are Playing for Keeps as 4th Division Leaves to Join Eisenhower’s NATO Army,” *Life*, June 11, 1951, 34-38
“Pearl Harbor is a symbol,” announced Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman on December 7, 1951, as he introduced Vice-President Alben Barkley at the Punchbowl National Cemetery in Hawaii, “and, strangely enough, it is a symbol whose meaning is subtly changing through the years.”¹ Little subtlety attended wartime calls for vengeance against Japan, with Hollywood prominent among the forces urging Americans to “Remember Pearl Harbor” as a spur to what Franklin Roosevelt called the “righteous might” of patriotic rage. The war also carried severe ramifications for those of Japanese descent, and in 1942 U.S. culture mobilized with little dissent behind the incarceration of some 110,000 West Coast Japanese Americans in “relocation centers,” an act establishing as official policy the longstanding sentiment that Japanese Americans were “beyond the pale of nationhood.” In World War II, historian Eiichiro Azuma writes, “America finally declared, once and for all, that being Japanese was antithetical to being American in every possible sense….”²

Yet in postwar discourse the meanings of Pearl Harbor and the racialized violence that followed were swiftly redrawn, and public discussions at the tenth anniversary focused on the event as a marker of prewar complacency and the danger of replicating such in the Cold War.³ Within proclamations of the political-military establishment, Pearl Harbor was recalled through the filter of containment policy, evidence of the need to maintain vigilance and a prolonged U.S. presence wherever communism potentially threatened. “We must be constantly prepared and ever watchful,” remarked Rear Admiral
Tom Hill, before Barkley rose to characterize war in Korea as “the only honorable thing to do” and caution against allowing the UN to falter as the League of Nations had thirty years earlier. Facing in Soviet Russia “a totalitarian autocracy as sinister as that which Hitler represented,” the U.S. could not afford a retreat into isolationism.  

While we search for the road to understanding which will permit all the peoples of the world to direct their destiny under free and democratic principles,” John L. Smith, National Commander of veterans’ group AMVETS, stated, “we must be alert to the danger of surprise attack.” “On the shoulders of America,” Smith continued, “rests the responsibility for the protection of the freedom of millions. Therefore, in our position of leadership, we dare not allow the dangerous mental attitudes of pre-Pearl Harbor to warp our national thinking.”

By 1951, part of the changing symbolism of Pearl Harbor was the absence in official remembrance of references to Japan as perpetrator of the attack or to the United States’ proscriptive response towards its Japanese-descended residents. As postwar international relations solidified into Cold War rivalries, Japan’s status a capitalist democracy friendly to the West intensified in importance, particularly following the victory of Chinese communism in 1949 and the outbreak of the Korean War, for which Japan was a major UN staging point, in June 1950. Accordingly, by the time of Pearl Harbor’s tenth anniversary, which fell shortly after the signing of the San Francisco Treaty (restoring Japanese self-rule) and the Security Pact between the two erstwhile enemies, a policy of silence or reinscription regarding Pearl Harbor and the virulent animosities that followed characterized U.S. officialdom. In his influential 1949 treatise, The Vital Center, liberal anti-communist Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. identified Asia as a
Cold War battleground equal to Europe in strategic importance, pointing to Japan as a potential leader of “a progressive Asian civilization along democratic lines” and also identifying a need to ameliorate racial inequities in the U.S. – including “such insulting symbols as the Oriental exclusion laws” – in order to undercut Soviet propaganda.\(^8\) Foreign relations, Schlesinger realized, were inseparably linked with domestic racial politics.

Moreover, as Christina Klein has observed, postwar U.S. diplomacy in Asia and elsewhere relied on projecting a “global imaginary of integration.”\(^9\) Alongside the “dangerous mental attitudes of pre-Pearl Harbor,” then, certain post-Pearl Harbor attitudes to race were in need of radical revision. In a November 1951 editorial entitled “How to Stop the Russians,” *Ebony* declared, “the Negro problem is the Pearl Harbor in our midst. Wallowing in the lethargy of good living, unmindful of warning signs evident in the world Communist press, remiss to correct our obvious faults, we are sitting ducks for the withering Russian attack on our democracy.” “In Europe and Asia,” *Ebony* cautioned, reports of racial injustice “seem to be all that the local population hears about U.S. Negroes.”\(^10\)

*Ebony*’s chief concern lay with the status of black Americans, and the magazine’s solutions to the “Pearl Harbor in our midst” pertained to the reform of Jim Crow in order to address the “abysmal ignorance” of overseas observers. Yet comments on the importance of Asia bespoke the damage done the U.S. with non-white peoples worldwide by reports of domestic white supremacy. “It is no longer a Southern problem or a domestic problem, as many have claimed,” *Ebony* opined, “but a dilemma which may well determine the future of America and the world. In a critical situation in which we
urgently need every possible friendly nation on our side, it is a capital crime that we
sacrifice a single possible ally on the altar of racial prejudice.”

Such prejudice would continue to take its toll on the United States’ global
standing, but in the early-to-mid 1950s, as relations with Japan were reconfigured and the
U.S. awkwardly and publicly confronted Jim Crow, it was Japanese Americans, bridging
Cold War concerns domestic and international, that most often permitted white
Americans to view with confidence the nation’s progress towards integration. Caroline
Chung Simpson argues that success stories of Japanese American assimilation, such as
those attached to the influx of “war brides” during and after the occupation (1945-1952),
deflected attention away from anti-black racism, proffering an alternative route by which
to confirm U.S. civic capaciousness and exploit its value as Cold War diplomacy (in
Japan and elsewhere).

Such a shift also encompassed the image of the Japanese American Second World
War soldier as exemplary nonwhite citizen, capsizing ideas of Japanese and Japanese
American perfidy and treachery that justified forced relocation in the wake of Pearl
Harbor. Each of these wartime narratives began (or was reactivated) on December 7,
1941, and this chapter thus employs the notion of “forgetting Pearl Harbor” as shorthand
for a broader reshaping of the war stories spun around Japanese Americans in this period.
In the 1950s, a need for forgetfulness nurtured in both popular and political spheres
became the national consensus around Pearl Harbor remembrance, permitting the
harmonization of whiteness with all things Japanese and confirming the nation’s power to
assimilate difference.
As officialdom moved, via silence and redirection, to detach Pearl Harbor from its anti-Japanese and anti-Japanese American wartime connotations, U.S. cinema played an important and complementary role. This chapter explores the impulse and injunction to “forget Pearl Harbor” as articulated in four Hollywood films made between 1951 and 1955, considering images of Japanese American World War II veterans and Japanese war brides, the two figures who best encapsulate the movement towards forgetful reconciliation. I bookend the chapter with two films personally produced by Dore Schary during his time with MGM. *Go For Broke!* (1951) and *Bad Day at Black Rock* (1955) are the first two U.S. films to centralize the Nisei soldier and/or veteran, both asserting postwar Japanese American national belonging and demanding the reform of prejudicial white attitudes. In between, I consider two productions that, in dramatizing the marriage of a white G.I. to a Japanese bride, enact reconciliation between white Americans, Japanese Americans, and Japan (the war bride’s identity bridging Japanese to Japanese America). King Vidor’s *Japanese War Bride* (1952) and Richard Murphy’s *Three Stripes in the Sun* (1955) shape from the Japanese bride and her G.I. husband postwar race relations unburdened by the hostility of the war years, creating from the newly Americanized Japanese subject a bridge across racial divides domestic and transpacific.

In the late forties, December 7, 1941, still appeared in film as a “red letter day,” and U.S. servicemen continued to battle Japanese foes on Pacific beachheads in popular combat pictures like 1949’s *Sands of Iwo Jima*. But the unchecked venom of wartime, spilling over into genocidal impulses in films such as *Objective, Burma!* (1945), was no longer visible, and nor was any implication of the kind of Nisei treachery on display in Warner’s *Across the Pacific* (1942) and Fox’s *Little Tokyo, U.S.A.* (1942). In 1948,
when RKO was rumored to be planning a film based on the life of Tomoya Kawakita, a
Japanese American accused of abusing U.S. POWs in a Japanese prison camp, Walter
White issued a protest. “[T]he filming of such a story,” he told RKO, “would serve no
useful purpose and would only tend to incite and engender animosity between Orientals
and non-Orientals.” Rather than highlighting a singular case of sedition, White urged, the
power of the motion picture should be used to emphasize Japanese American patriotism:
“it would serve mankind a much greater purpose to film the exploits of loyal Nisei than to
indulge in a film based on the Kawakita case,” the NAACP Secretary wrote. 13

RKO apparently agreed, and once the project was realized, it contributed as much
to the rehabilitation of Japanese American belonging as it did to accusations of
treachery. 14 Another of the amnesiac veteran narratives popular in early postwar
monies invested in the U.S. in anticipation of the planned wartime invasion, and also
features the amnesiac protagonist in pursuit of a Japanese American known as “The
Weasel” (Richard Loo as the cruel prison guard), but it also takes care to feature
compensatory reference to Nisei loyalty. As veteran Jim Fletcher (Bill Williams) flees the
Weasel and his henchmen through LA streets, he is sheltered by a kindly Japanese
American woman whose home is adorned with images of her late husband, John Minota,
a Sergeant who won a Distinguished Service Cross for “extraordinary heroism” with the
all-Japanese American 442nd Infantry Division. “The 442nd was quite an outfit,” the
grateful Jim comments.

In truth, anti-racists saw little of concern regarding the Japanese American image
in postwar Hollywood. From around Pearl Harbor’s tenth anniversary onwards,
filmmakers began to break wartime associations between the “sneak attack,” Japanese duplicity, and supposed Japanese American subterfuge, reconfiguring Pacific War narratives towards cautionary lessons advocating Cold War vigilance and interracial tolerance.\(^{15}\) Indeed, the image of Japanese American loyalty and white recognition of such was a rare area in which Hollywood liberals and conservatives found accord. As if in direct refutation of Air Force (1943), in which Japanese Hawaiians fire upon U.S. forces, in liberal director Fred Zinneman’s From Here to Eternity (1953), when U.S. troops venture out to look for the Japanese American “saboteurs” they suspect will be working “all over” Hawaii, they find only Pvt. Prewitt (Montgomery Clift), whom they mistakenly gun down as he emerges from a cane field.\(^{16}\)

The concomitant conservative embrace of containment and integration around Pearl Harbor remembrance is revealed in another Hawaiian-set film benefiting from DoD assistance.\(^{17}\) Also sponsored by HUAC, John Wayne’s Big Jim McLain (1952), in which two Marine veterans battle the Hawaiian branch of the CPUSA, includes a long sequence in which Big Jim (Wayne) and his partner, Mal Baxter (James Arness), visit Mal’s brother’s tomb at Pearl Harbor: the sunken U.S.S. Arizona. The camera dwells on a memorial plaque to the dead and on the raising of the flag, but no mention is made of the attackers, McLain evasively referring to his enemy in the World War II Pacific as “a lot of angry people….\)” Confirming the necessity of interracial collaboration and national loyalty, Mal conducts fluent interviews with Japanese-speaking Hawaiians, including a helpful Shinto priest, as he and Big Jim unmask a communist attempt to repeat the trick at Pearl Harbor with a sneak attack designed to deny vital supplies to UN forces in Korea. The search for a Japanese American man named Willie Namaka in connection with this
plot might hint towards the lingering fear of Japanese American 5th column activity, but the discovery that Namaka has renounced communism, coupled with the steadfast help of Chinese American Police Chief Dan Liu (as himself), implies Asian American integration into the community of anti-communist citizenship. In fact, it is a white Communist Party member who exposes himself as both a class snob and a racial bigot, prompting Mal to flatten him in a display of anti-racist belligerence more familiar to postwar narratives created by Hollywood liberals.

The film’s most hyperbolic sermonizing is reserved for another Japanese American ex-Party member, Willie’s former wife, who, while assisting McLain’s investigation, decries her former ideology as “a vast conspiracy to enslave the common man.” Mrs. Namaka has dedicated her life to working in a leper colony that she might compensate for the “crime against humanity” that was her decade-long association with the CPUSA. With the “red” plot foiled, Big Jim McLain borrows another liberal staple, concluding with the image of a multiethnic platoon of U.S. Marines – including whites, an African American, a Jew, a Latino, and, importantly, an Asian American – headed to Korea from Pearl Harbor.

Through these and other films emerged a consensus that persisted, largely uninterrupted, into the 1960s and beyond. Hollywood filmmakers, either by highlighting Japanese American soldierly patriotism or dramatizing white Americans overcoming their hostile memories of Pearl Harbor (or Bataan, Corregidor, and so on) and accepting Japanese American war brides, encouraged Americans to “forget Pearl Harbor” and consign anti-Japanese sentiments to the past. Not only were whites required to partake of this new diplomatic amnesia, but Japanese Americans, too, were depicted most favorably
when casting off all embittering residue of internment. In this way, the war was at once understood as a period of anti-Japanese hysteria – what Yale’s Eugene Rostow later called “our worst wartime mistake” – and as a point of severance at which the nation dispossessed itself of racism. Despite the continuing realities of Asian American marginalization, Japanese Americans became the privileged discursive marker that while the U.S. once had a “race problem,” the nation was shaping its solution at a rapid clip.

*Americanism in Death: Nisei Soldiers and U.S. Remembrance*

The Nisei World War II veteran was pivotal in this process. From the early months of the war, when the *LA Times* explained, “a viper is nonetheless a viper wherever the egg is hatched,” representations of Japanese American soldiery and the phenomenal record of the Japanese American 100th Battalion and 442nd Regimental Combat Team began to displace notions of inassimilable disloyalty with a sense that service in the war was proving, or had proven, Japanese Americans’ patriotic devotion. That the 100th took as its motto the national slogan “Remember Pearl Harbor” was indicative of the assimilationist connotations attached to military sacrifice, and these were more frequently articulated as Nisei casualties mounted. In February 1944, *Life* featured a full page photograph of Yoshinao Omiya, a Hawaiian-born Nisei who lost his eyesight in a booby-trap explosion while crossing the Volturno river in Italy. With Omiya sitting passively on a hospital bed, both eyes covered by bandages, the *Life* image literally depicts the erasure of race by Nisei bodily sacrifice, this particular “American hero” having lost in combat the features most obviously marking his alterity.

Without doubt, many white Americans retained prejudices that casualty lists could not erase. Looking ahead to postwar life, hope and trepidation characterized a
letter from four Nisei veterans to the Washington Post in late-1944. “In spite of the numerous discriminatory acts encountered,” they wrote, “Niseis have loyally fought as genuine Americans everywhere and with full faith in the American way of life.” After serving alongside “fellow Americans of various racial backgrounds,” the Niseis’ dream was “to return to an America free from fear, prejudice, and hate.” In December 1944, news of an Arizona barber’s refusal to serve a Nisei veteran prompted a flood of condemnatory letters. “Being an American-born citizen of Irish descent who fought side-by-side with Americans of Swedish, Italian, French, German, American Indians, Chinese, and Japanese descent,” wrote one veteran, “I am bitterly resentful of the un-Christian like attitude of your barber.” Questioned about this incident and the refusal of several towns to add Nisei casualties to their honor rolls, Secretary of War Henry Stimson labeled such actions “wholly inconsistent with American ideals of democracy.” Americans on the West Coast, the Post suggested, had a chance to “assume the leadership of the Pacific World,” but only if the “poisons of racial and color hatred” could be stifled.

Furthermore, the Nisei veteran held potential to disarm resentment among Japanese Americans. When rumors spread in internment centers that Nisei troops were being used on the frontlines to “cut down on the number of Japanese Americans to be absorbed after the war,” the War Relocation Authority sent veterans out on speaking tours, “to explain that in every case the Nisei outfits had asked for frontline duty. They wanted to establish their worth as fighters for democracy in order to answer their critics at home.” Commentators expressed hope that Japanese Americans would show forgiveness to the nation, and the record of the 442 was vital to creating such promise. In Nisei Daughter, her 1953 memoir of life at Camp Minidoka, Idaho, Monica Sone
recorded her family’s reaction to the formation of the 442: “Father, Mother, Sumi and I sank to our cots feeling as if we had emerged from a turbulent storm which had been raging steadily in our minds since Pearl Harbor. The birth of the Nisei combat team was the climax to our evacuee life, and the turning point. It was the road back to our rightful places.” As Nisei troops died, their bodily sacrifice granted them access to the national memorial symbolic.

If, during the war, reference to Nisei Americanism supported calls to ideological reform of white attitudes, in the postwar period, as in Nisei Daughter, it was increasingly presented as evidence that this reformation was indeed underway, even complete. Such implications accompanied various commemorations staged by the nation-state, including the elaborate Army-led celebrations honoring the return of some 500 Nisei soldiers to New York City in July 1946. Less than two weeks later, after Nisei troops paraded down Constitution Avenue before 10,000 onlookers, President Truman paid tribute to the men of the 442, awarding a 7th Regimental Citation as the unit was deactivated. “You fought not only the enemy, but you fought prejudice – and you have won,” Truman said, “Keep up that fight and we shall continue to win – to make this great republic stand for just what the Constitution says it stands for: the welfare of all the people all the time.” The Washington Post described the D.C. ceremonies as a “double vindication” of the Nisei veterans, who had “proved conclusively, if any more proof were needed, that loyalty is not a matter of color or ancestral origin.” Furthermore, the Post reported, “prejudice in West Coast areas where many of the Nisei live has decreased markedly, at least in part because of the fine record made by the 442.”
Similar proclamations persisted in memorial activities concerning Nisei war dead, most notably in 1948, when Fumitake Nagato of Virginia and Saburo Tanamachi of Texas, both killed in France while helping to liberate the “Lost Battalion” of the 36th Texas Division, became the first Nisei buried with military honors at Arlington National Cemetery. Integrating the Japanese American soldier at the seat of national military memory, the ceremonies reaffirmed the democratizing effects of the war, performing through the public display of tributary mourning and “nonsectarian religious services” the U.S.’s multiracial unity. In the same year, the passage of the Japanese American Claims Act offered official (if largely symbolic) recognition of the economic wrongs inflicted by mass incarceration.

_Citizens without Memory: Japanese War Brides_

As the Nisei soldier invited the end of wartime racial “hysteria,” Japanese war brides, entering U.S. culture along with returning veteran husbands, verified the emergence of new vistas of international cooperation and multiracial citizenship. The Army initially sought to prevent fraternization in postwar Tokyo and elsewhere, but the inevitable intermingling of G.I.s with Japanese women produced romances and marriages nonetheless. The Soldier Brides Act of July 1947 permitted “alien” spouses to enter the U.S. “irrespective of race” for a thirty-day period, and, following the extension of this deadline, the passage of the McCarran-Walter Act in 1952, rescinding the ban on Asian immigration solidified in 1924 by Johnson-Reed, did away with racial criteria for naturalized citizenship, prompting the arrival of some 4,000 Japanese brides in 1952 alone (up from around 900 in the period prior to ’52).
As Chung Simpson argues, by the mid-1950s, as Americans debated the Brown decision and black civil rights protests (as well as white resistance) intensified, the Japanese bride offered containable and palatable reassurance of the nation’s willingness to embrace and assimilate difference. Such confidence developed gradually across the postwar years, Simpson writes, as Americans “turned to the story of the Japanese war bride married to the white soldier as the site of the regeneration of belief in cultural pluralism.”

In 1948, a *Washington Post* article on “Melting Pot Marriages” foresaw greater obstacles for Japanese wives – “doubly handicapped by being of a different race and from a former enemy country” – than for white brides from Britain, Australia, or even Germany. “There is no doubt their way will be difficult,” the article asserted, “For American communities and social circles are just beginning to adapt to the fruits of international marriage – let alone interracial marriage. Having been traditionally isolated from this thing, they are not finding it easy.”

Anxiety pervaded a *Saturday Evening Post* essay from 1952, the article peering nervously ahead to the eventual outcome of “the arrival of thousands of dark-skinned, dark-eyed brides in Mississippi cotton hamlets and New Jersey factory cities, on Oregon ranches or in Kansas County towns.” “The great question of how they will fit in and whether they generally will be welcomed or shunned remains to be answered,” the authors warned, concluding that “Nothing much but time and bitter experience can overcome great hazards like language difficulty, racial question marks and the separation of truth about America from the dream of America as expounded by homesick soldiers and distorted movies.”

Such concerns over the nation’s capacity to welcome Japanese women were, by the mid-1950s, answered in affirmative fashion, as potential problems became, in their
overcoming, further proof of U.S. whites’ newfound indifference to race. Thus, in 1954, former Sergeant Don Tennyson, a Californian veteran who married a Japanese woman named Masa Soto in 1950, could look back on his fears before returning stateside – “How would Masa be treated in my home state of California? Wasn’t there still a good deal of anti-Nipponese prejudice there?” – and retrospectively dismiss them. “Nowhere did we encounter the slightest sign of discrimination,” wrote Tennyson, now father to a three-year old, “I felt so proud to be an American that I could just burst.”38 In 1955, a statistical examination of the estimated 10,000 marriages between Americans and Japanese confirmed that earlier concerns were unfounded, finding that difficulties of language and culture were usually overcome by diligent brides, while, “generally speaking, the husband’s family cordially welcomed the Japanese girl, and the mother-in-law was helpful in teaching her how to shop, prepare meals, and care for the baby.”39 Japanese brides were thus further embodiment of postwar racial reform, newly minted citizens naturalized in forgetting, their relationship to the U.S. untarnished by memories of wartime incarceration and their Japanese origins creating felicitous connections between the two nations.40

*Go For Broke!, or: “Get Yourself Killed as Proof of Your Loyalty”*

Whenever possible, in line with Cold War imperatives at home and abroad, the DoD and the State Department encouraged images of white-Japanese American integration and cooperation. In fact, state institutions rarely needed to suggest radical modifications to filmmakers’ ideas, as Hollywood persistently exhibited close discursive alliance with national agendas of racial harmony and international fraternity. Such a message is at the heart of the 1951 combat picture *Go For Broke!*, the first Hollywood
film to center upon Japanese Americans in World War II, and a creation of Dore Schary. In late-1948, following his move to MGM as Vice-President in charge of production, Schary was free to pursue a number of personal, war-themed projects that Howard Hughes’ arrival at RKO had forestalled. While at RKO, Schary, alongside screenwriter and war veteran Robert Pirosh, planned a feature film entitled *Honored Glory*, which was to focus on Americans of different religious and racial backgrounds – including an African American and a Japanese American – their mutual sacrifice and service in World War II, and the return of their bodies for burial at Arlington.\(^{41}\) The idea did not reach the production stage, instead morphing into Schary’s personal production of 1949, *Battleground*, which had no room in which to incorporate Nisei soldiers.\(^{42}\) When Schary moved to MGM, the FBI, which had several of his postwar projects listed as potentially subversive, expressed concern, California informant “T-1” calling him “the most important man in Hollywood because of the subsidy he can give to the party.”\(^{43}\) But, by the early 1950s, Schary’s public advocation of liberal anti-communism, his non-membership in the CPUSA and his deviation from the Party line, as well as a personal visit to the FBI in Los Angeles, seem to have placated the Bureau.\(^{44}\)

Schary retained a desire to address the wartime exclusion of Japanese Americans. “To have rushed Japanese, who were American citizens, into these faraway areas – treeless, barren, lonely – was unconscionable,” he later wrote.\(^{45}\) Initially intent on avoiding further combat tales, Schary was attracted to a narrative about a young Nisei woman, a college student interned after Pearl Harbor, and her Japanese American boyfriend’s service in the 442, which was to culminate with his reciprocal detention in a German POW camp, an element raising uncomfortable equivalencies between the U.S.
and its fascist foe. But Schary’s *Battleground* collaborator Robert Pirosh saw more fruitful avenues in a masculine, military theme. “I found, instead,” Pirosh told the *New York Times*, “the story of her brothers and her sweetheart and her parents and 300,000 other Japanese-Americans here and in Hawaii back in 1943 when the ugly flame of race prejudice was being fanned by war hysteria.”\(^{46}\) “After we read material and talked about it and considered the tensions of the ‘cold war,’” Schary confirms, “we decided to latch onto a positive view of a negative fact.”\(^{47}\) From this decision grew *Go For Broke!*, the story of the Japanese American 442\(^{nd}\) Regimental Combat Team, made with full DoD cooperation and released to general acclaim in May 1951.

The shift from an internment-focused narrative to a military story was not, as Larry Tajiri of the *Pacific Citizen*, the official news organ of the Japanese American Citizens League (JACL), suggested, the result of DoD intervention, but the film that eventually emerged placed what Schary called “an accent on the affirmative” by its focus on patriotic Nisei willing to fight and die for the nation.\(^{48}\) The record of Japanese Americans in combat, Schary felt, “proved more than any other factor the absurdity and shame of the detention camps. We designed a way of telling their story without omitting the truth of the nisei internment centers.” In fact, incarceration is reduced to the background of a narrative emphasizing white reform in the face of Japanese Americans’ loyal response. An MGM promotion quoted General “Vinegar” Joe Stillwell saying of the 442, “They bought an awful big hunk of America with their blood!”\(^{49}\)

*Go For Broke! ’s* production and distribution was distinctive for its claim to historical authenticity, explicitly marking the project as an act of remembrance. The nation’s most famous Nisei patriot and war veteran, Mike Masaoka of the JACL, was
acquainted with Schary through friends in the American Jewish Committee, and cooperated in devising the story and serving as the film’s “Special Advisor” during production. The JACL mouthpiece, Pacific Citizen, reported Masaoka’s high hopes for the film during production in late-1950:

Just as the history of the Nisei in combat has done more than any other thing to win the goodwill and friendship of our fellow Americans, so a movie based upon the gallant exploits of this combat team will go far to erase the last remaining discrimination and prejudice against persons of Japanese ancestry in this country…. For this reason, JACL is pleased to offer its cooperation in the filming of this outstanding motion picture.

Masaoka also helped enable Pirosh’s decision to cast actual veterans as the film’s major players (the box office draw of Van Johnson as the white officer ameliorated any commercial concerns arising from this). Masaoka and Pirosh contacted Japanese American organizations, including the JACL and veterans’ groups, recruiting for the seven major Nisei roles six veterans along with diminutive non-veteran Henry Nakamura. This casting strategy became integral to marketing the film as more genuine than other Hollywood products, attesting to the producers’ refusal to make “formula concessions.”

“To me,” Pirosh told the New York Herald Tribune, “there was a special thrill in seeing actual combat vets recreating their own experiences on the screen. Naturally it’s harder for any director to work with inexperienced screen players, but despite all the risks I wouldn’t have dared make this movie, with its unusual theme, any other way.” “Only Nisei will be cast for Nisei roles in ‘Go For Broke,’” an MGM official said prior to the start of shooting in September 1950, “After all, it’s their picture.”
*Go For Broke!* gained further authority via the official countenance it received from the U.S. Army. In late-1949, Mike Masaoka wrote requesting stock footage for “a feature picture for this organization [the JACL],” and by August 1950 the scale of potential Army assistance was growing, with Howard Horton, MGM’s location manager for the film, submitting a fairly lengthy list of requirements for military materiel.\(^{54}\) By this time, the DoD was already in receipt of a draft screenplay, worked on by Pirosh with Masaoka’s assistance, as well as a letter from Schary pressing the worth of such a film. “We believe more than ever,” the producer wrote, “that a film depicting the magnificent achievements of the 442\(^{nd}\) Combat Battalion will be of great value, because it dramatizes so effectively how the Japanese Americans fought for us in the last war. Since it is quite likely that we may have Japanese regiments fighting on our side in some future upheaval, I think this picture has definite morale and defense values.”\(^{55}\)

In August 1950, the Army declared *Go For Broke!* acceptable, but nonetheless forwarded several complaints. Chief among these was the characterization of a white Lieutenant (Michael Grayson, played by Johnson) as a virulent and persistent bigot. “Lieutenant Grayson’s retention of his attitude of resentment at being assigned to the 442\(^{nd}\),” wrote Col. Claire Towne, “and his dislike of the men in his outfit, is unconvincing to anyone who has either known the Nisei boys, or who knows anything about the close bond that automatically springs up between the men and officers of a combat unit. His initial attitude is understandable, but he would have gotten over it long before he does in the story.” MGM refused to concede ground, however, studio representative Carter T. Barron explaining that “Grayson is the type of person who simply objects to others on the basis of color or nationality.” Regardless, the Army saw
potential cultural capital accruing through association with the film, electing to assist the production.\textsuperscript{56}

After reviewing the final print in January 1951, the DoD told MGM that the film had “passed with flying colors” the standards for post-production cooperation. The patriotic weight of the narrative was more than enough to overcome lingering objections to Grayson’s bigotry and to a fight between Grayson (after his reformation to anti-racism) and a white Texan who passes pejorative comment about the 442. Thus, the Pictorial Division and the Army Public Information Division began to plot cooperation with MGM’s “exploitation” department, including the formulation of an extensive recruitment drive to accompany the picture’s release. “Be on one of the greatest teams on earth! Join the U.S. Army NOW” screamed one poster.\textsuperscript{57}

Col. Thomas Akins, a white former officer with the 442, served as Technical Advisor on behalf of the DoD, and top brass from the 442’s recent past attended multiple premieres while the Army’s Far Eastern Command (FEC) facilitated an Asian debut at the famed Ernie Pyle Theatre in Tokyo.\textsuperscript{58} Floyd Parks of Army Public Relations provided a laudatory letter to Schary, announcing, “It is a real pleasure to extend to you the official approval of the Department of the Army on this film. Your film is a magnificent portrayal of Infantry in combat.” “These men of Japanese ancestry,” Parks continued, “fought side by side with men of many races and creeds in other U.S. Army units and those of our Allies and their heroic exploits, which are so vividly and realistically portrayed in ‘Go For Broke’, should certainly appeal to the millions of people who attend motion picture theaters.” Parks also contacted regional PR Officers to request promotional assistance, including parades of local Army units and Nisei veterans.\textsuperscript{59}
Military pomp accompanied *Go For Broke!*’s multiple premieres, its world opening on May 4 in Hawaii, from where so many Japanese American soldiers originated, its invitational debut at Hollywood’s Egyptian Theatre five days later, its opening in the nation’s capital on May 17, and through dozens of smaller scale premieres in the summer of 1951. Alongside members of the cast and crew, including the Nisei veterans, Van Johnson, and Robert Pirosh, the 442’s wartime Commander, General Pence, was among many military men in Waikiki for the world premiere, where he was greeted by Ben Ono, President of the 442nd Veterans’ Club of Honolulu. Throughout June, 442 veterans’ groups as far afield as San Jose and Detroit staged reunions at screenings of the picture. In Sacramento, *Pacific Citizen* reported, “Civic and military leaders joined with the Japanese American community in honoring Nisei war dead in ceremonies held June 6 in conjunction with the opening of ‘Go For Broke!’ at the Fox Senator Theater.”

Alongside veterans and members of the upper military echelons, Japanese American sacrifice was referenced through the honorific treatment afforded “Gold Star Mothers” (mothers of soldiers killed in combat). Seattle’s *Northwest Times* – “the only all-English Nisei newspaper in the Pacific Northwest” – reported that 286 Gold Star mothers were specially seated at the Waikiki premiere, while in Hollywood, following the performance of “Stars and Stripes Forever” by a military band and an appearance by the “Purple Heart Veterans” of the 442, Schary made personal tribute to Nawa Munemori, the mother of war fatality Sadao Munemori, the only Japanese American to win a Medal of Honor. The right to citizenship won in death was, through the presence of bereaved mothers, symbolically extended to first generation Issei, and Masaoka used
the film’s release to call for “the privilege of naturalization” to be extended to the Japanese born, from whom the war had also taken its toll.\textsuperscript{64}

The concentration upon veterans and the honors they had received was part of the film’s attempt to distance the nation from narratives of racial animosity. Also to the DoD’s liking was the way in which MGM’s “handy reference booklet,” released to media outlets nationwide, dealt with the contentious memory of post-Pearl Harbor incarceration. Along with details of the 442’s long list of engagements, citations, and casualties, promotional materials noted of the Nisei, “Raised and educated in America, thousands of them were interned immediately after Pearl Harbor. As Americans, they resented this. As Americans, they volunteered—from behind barbed wires—to write one of the most glorious chapters in the country’s annals.” Characterizing Japanese American reaction to internment as the universal restatement of loyalty (thus eclipsing tales of bitterness and resentment, including the “no-no boys” and those who repatriated to Japan), MGM explained the state’s actions in 1942 as a regrettable, yet understandable by-product of war. Internment, it was explained, was a “security measure” into which the nation was “forced” by Pearl Harbor. “With no time or machinery to sort the wheat from the chaff, all were interned,” the program for the Hollywood premiere explained, but “Despite this and the resultant hardships and losses…the Nisei had one thought, to strike back at the common enemy.”\textsuperscript{65}

As Eiichiro Azuma argues, postwar Nisei politics were dominated by an integrationist purview.\textsuperscript{66} Thus, as the world premiere approached, Japanese American commentators held high hopes for its domestic repercussions. In the \textit{Hawaii Herald} on May 4, the day of the premiere (and also, by declaration of Governor Ingram M.
Stainback, the State’s “Go For Broke Day”), Ellen T. Hamamoto editorialized as to the film’s potential benefits. Hamamoto was not given to advertising, she wrote, but Go For Broke! was exceptional, as this film was about “real flesh-and-blood men, not the figments of some scenario-writer’s imagination….” Furthermore, the movie would be seen all across the U.S. and, “many who see it will come away from the viewing with a broadened concept of what it means to be an American, and with a more inclusive and deepened understanding that we, too, are their fellow Americans.”

Go For Broke!’s Cold War connotations were also perceived as a potential benefit to the nation’s image. On the same day, Crossroads, a Japanese American publication based in LA, ran a large advertisement on its front page, an accompanying editorial lauding Schary’s production as “a historical document about a group of brave men who fought while carrying the cross of doubt thrown at them by the own [sic] fellow American citizens.” Noting the somewhat difficult situation faced by Chinese Americans following Mao’s 1949 victory, Crossroads added, “We hope that considered calm judgment continues to prevail in regard to the mass public attitude toward those Americans of Chinese descent.” Also looking beyond U.S. borders, Larry Tajiri turned an eye to U.S.-Japanese diplomacy. Beyond its “tremendous public relations potential as far as the Nisei is concerned,” Tajiri pointed out that the film held “great possibilities in American democratic propaganda, particularly in Japan and in Asia, where the U.S. Army is sometimes regarded as the instrument of white imperialism.”

This viewpoint was shared by both MGM and the DoD, and on October 5, 1951, the studio arranged a special showing of the film at the Washington, D.C., Press Club for visiting members of the Japanese Diet. On October 17, Claire Towne of the Pictorial...
Division forwarded to MGM the thanks of the Army’s Reorientation Branch for the company’s steadfast diplomacy. The Japanese politicians’ “enthusiasm for the film as a morale builder for the Japanese people was so intense,” Towne reported, “that they expressed the wish that it might be possible to circulate it in 16mm prints throughout their country….,” Although such a scheme was not, the Reorientation Branch regretted, a “feasible” prospect, “the idea is recounted as an indication of the salutary effect the film will have on the Japanese public when exported to that country.”

As Tak Fujitani and Edward Tang have noted, much of the narrative celebrated as a tool of potential recruitment and international diplomacy is concerned with dramatizing the conversion to colorblindness of the initially-racist Lt. Grayson (Johnson). A white Texan disappointed to be transferred to the 442, Grayson is loaded with suspicion towards the Japanese Americans, whom he refuses to distinguish from the Japanese enemy (in direct contravention of the film’s opening text, which quotes FDR’s order to create an all-Japanese American combat team: “Americanism is a matter of the heart and mind; Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry”). These words mean little to Grayson, an inexperienced “90-day wonder,” as he arrives at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, to begin troop training in 1943. Instantly requesting a transfer back to the 36th Texas Regiment, Grayson’s comments about “the Japs” earn rebukes from superior officers. Firstly, Colonel Pence corrects him: “They’re not ‘Japs,’” he lectures, “they’re Japanese Americans, Nisei, or as they call themselves, boodaheads. All kinds of boodaheads, Lieutenant, from Hawaii, Alaska, California, New York, Colorado, yes, even some from Texas. They’re all American citizens, and they’re all volunteers, remember that.”
Undeterred, and thoroughly underwhelmed by his early encounters with Nisei troops, Grayson carries his suspicions into a meeting with his Company Commander, Captain Solari. “A Jap’s a Jap, eh?,” Solari responds to Grayson’s concerns over the use of live ammunition on the camp rifle range. Revealing his belief that Japanese Americans are a threat to national security, Grayson cites internment as his supporting evidence. “All I know is they were put under armed guard in relocation centers last year. Maybe the Army just had some surplus barbed wire they wanted to use up, was that it?” As Schary suggested, the film does not efface the existence of internment, but it does distance that policy from the nation’s war aims, attributing it to a moment of early emergency. Solari, conveying the anti-racist attitudes with which *Go For Broke!* credits the military hierarchy, offers the following explanation:

The Army was facing an emergency at the start of the war: a possible invasion by Japanese troops. So, all Japanese Americans were evacuated from the West Coast. There was no loyalty check, no screening, nothing. If there were any spies among them I can assure you they’re not in the 442. Every man in this outfit has been investigated, re-investigated, and re-re-investigated.

At once decrying the arbitrary nature of internment and justifying the early wartime logic that propelled it, Pirosh’s screenplay presents the official policy of exclusion as a post-Pearl Harbor blip from which the nation-state is quickly recovering. Within the film’s opening ten minutes, both the President who signed Executive Order 9066 and the institution that carried out its provisions have been associated with a non-discriminatory paradigm locating Americanism in thought and action rather than in racially prescriptive definitions deriving from early wartime fears of further Japanese attack.
The suggestion is not that Grayson must forget Pearl Harbor altogether, but rather that he must sever the link in his mind between the Japanese military and the Japanese Americans under his charge. This point is established in a scene between Sam (Lane Nakano), a mainlander, and Tommy, a Hawaiian, wherein the latter expresses his desire that the 442 be assigned to the Pacific so that he can personally fight against “the ones who bombed our islands….” Tommy witnessed the Pearl Harbor attack, during which both his mother and father were killed, and this memory spurs a very American desire for revenge. Sam’s explanation that the Nisei would likely be considered spies by white Americans in the Pacific theatre thus emphasizes the exclusion of patriotic Japanese Americans from participation in national narratives of the war even as Tommy’s desire to “avenge Pearl Harbor” precisely mirrors the sentiments of many whites.

Grayson, though, remains wedded to the post-Pearl Harbor atmosphere of distrust, bullying the Nisei troops and appearing crestfallen when his platoon sergeant turns out to be Takashi Ohhara rather than the Irishman Grayson anticipated when first he heard the name. It takes the experience of combat, the chance to witness the devotion, bravery, and aptitude of the Nisei, as well as further admonitions from Army brass, to make of Grayson an appropriately colorblind American. En route to Italy by boat, Grayson receives another prompt from a vessel of official policy, a DoD guide book informing him that Italians have been “fed on bunk” by fascist propagandists while, in contrast, “racial prejudice is abhorrent to our American concept of democracy.” Followed by a shot-reverse-shot pattern as Grayson looks over at the Japanese Americans he is so contemptuously commanding, the invocation of fascism and race bias together makes a point that appears to resonate with the Lieutenant.
Grayson’s attitude to the 442 nevertheless continues to betray his bigotry, something that the troops reward with indifference, leaving him behind in an Italian town when he stops for a brief romantic liaison (only Grayson is permitted romance with a European woman, the Nisei being subjected to a disarming desexualization). Admonished once again by Solari, Grayson is presented as the exception to U.S. racial tolerance, the Italian American Captain telling him, “Ever since you joined this outfit you’ve been the one man in this company out of step.” Later, when Grayson laments, “A guy gets in to fight the Japs and winds up fighting with them,” Solari expressly invokes the nation’s multiethnic composition. “A lot of us had parents who were born in enemy countries: Italian Americans, German Americans.” “That’s different sir, and you know it,” Grayson protests, but he cannot explain why when Solari inquires if the difference he perceives relates only to the shape of the eye and the color of the skin.

Yet, functioning as a metaphor for the nation’s wartime reformation, Grayson cannot ignore the heroism and competence of the 442. He begins to change after a number of Nisei, including Tommy, risk life and limb to overcome a hilltop German machine-gun post in the Italian countryside. As a surrendering German officer asks, in confusion, “What kind of troops are these? Chinese?” Grayson, to general amusement from the Nisei, replies, “Didn’t Hitler tell you? Japan surrendered and they’re fighting on our side now.” This comment might suggest Grayson’s continuing inability to separate Japan from Japanese America, but it also foregrounds the Korean War context of the film’s release, with Japan now an important ally.

Combat shifts Grayson’s point of view. When he finally receives the transfer for which he has been hankering, moving him to HQ and requiring that he give up his
platoon, the white officer is reluctant to do so. His conversion is not complete, however, until the 442 are adjoined to Grayson’s former regiment, providing artillery cover for the 36th Texas Division as they battle German troops in France’s Vosges Forest. As members of the 442 and the 36th socialize happily in a local bar (dancing to Hawaiian ukulele music), Grayson encounters Culley, his former Platoon Sergeant. Culley establishes his anti-Japanese sentiments in conversation with a French barmaid, explaining to her that the Nisei, with their “yellow” skin, are a new special unit of “twilight fighters” that the enemy cannot see at nighttime. When Grayson tells Culley that the 36th will be receiving artillery support from the 442, Culley complains about being sent out with “just the Japs” for cover. Grayson counters that the regiment is a “good outfit,” but Culley responds sarcastically, rejecting military service as proof of Nisei Americanism. “Yeah,” he scoffs, “practically winning the war single-handed, from what I hear.” In response, Grayson directly mirrors the speech made by Col. Pence in the film’s opening scenes, signifying that he has now stepped in line with official policy. “They’re not Japs,” he tells Culley, “They’re Japanese Americans, Nisei, or, if you prefer, boodaheads. But not Japs. They don’t like it and neither do I.” “What are you,” Culley asks in disbelief, “a Jap-lover or something?” At this point the former racist decides to teach his fellow Texan a lesson with several well-aimed blows.

By the end of the film, after the “Lost Battalion” of Texans, including Culley, has been saved by the 442’s heroic uphill charge, when the Nisei reveal that their nickname for Grayson, “bakatari,” is an insult meaning “you’re a heel,” Grayson is happy to recognize his previous errors. “That was putting it mildly,” the smiling Lieutenant concedes. Culley, too, is joining in the regimental cry of “Go For Broke!” while
grappling furiously for the appropriate terminology. “I never thought I’d be so happy to see a bunch of Japs. Pardon me, Japanese. I mean Nisei; no, that ain’t it. What is it Grayson?” As Culley informs the Nisei that Grayson is very sensitive about such issues, and that “he even slugged me,” the 442 witnesses firsthand what bravery and blood has bought them: recognition as Americans free from the stigma of disloyalty.

The Nisei troops’ willingness to accept Grayson’s change of heart represents the forgiveness and assimilationism with which the film addresses Japanese American memory of Pearl Harbor and internment. If Grayson must cast off his suspicions and his approval of internment policy, the Nisei soldiers must respond to their exclusion with combative proof of loyalty and forgiveness of the white nation’s missteps. Schary’s film might have begun as a narrative centering on California Nisei and relocation, but the issue of internment remains mere background in Go For Broke!, a situation enabled by the fact that of the seven developed Nisei characters only two are mainland “Kotonks,” the others having volunteered from Hawaii, where mass incarceration did not occur.74

The only former internee is Sam, who has a girlfriend in an Arizona relocation center to whom he sends packages of Army rations. After Sam tells Tommy of the cramped, barracks-like conditions in which his sweetheart, Teri, and his family are detained, Tommy questions why Sam enlisted. “Treat you like that,” he says in his Pidgin English, “hard to figure why a guy volunteer for the Army.” Sam locates the appropriate response to internment in military service rather than disaffection. “We have to do something,” he explains, “so we never get a deal like that again.” Tommy agrees, “We show ‘em us boodaheads good soldiers, good Americans,” he says, equating the two. “That’s the idea,” Sam confirms, “all we need now is casualty lists.”

262
Significantly, Sam’s patriotic response is interjected just after the audience is introduced to “Chick” (George Miki) a non-internee and volunteer from Iowa who regrets his enlistment and takes particular offence to Grayson’s racism, which he extends to the rest of the Army in alleging that Nisei troops are being pointlessly “used up.” Indignant at having given up his $500 a month job as a chick-sexer (hence the name), Chick mocks a fellow enlistee, Frank (Akira Fukunaga), a USC architecture graduate who was, before the war, peddling fruit for a living. When the bespectacled Frank attributes this disparity between education and employment to his poor vision, Chick comments, “it was eye trouble all right,” adding, “All you need is corrective glasses to take that slant out of your eyes.” When Chick hears that Sam’s brother was beaten and threatened with lynching while working on an Arizona sugar beet farm (on excursion from the internment camp), he complains that the men of the 442 are “suckers.” Later, learning that their mission is to rescue lost Texans from behind enemy lines, Chick is again resentful at having to aid bigots such as Grayson and Culley.

Just as Grayson is, for the most part, alone in his antipathy to the Nisei troops, so too is Chick isolated in his disaffection, and his complaints are often proven instantly mistaken, such as when he reads Grayson’s exit from the bar with Culley as confirmation of the Lieutenant’s camaraderie with the racist Sergeant, or when he gripes that non-Nisei troops travel by truck while the Japanese Americans walk, only to be overtaken a minute later by a truckload of Nisei soldiers from the 100th Battalion. This, as one of the few negative contemporaneous reviews of the film, published in the communist paper Daily People’s World, observed, marginalizes Chick as “the perpetual griper, the sorehead, the guy who always finds something to complain about.” Chick’s notion that the Nisei
troops are merely frontline fodder (something that might account for the regiment’s excessive casualty lists) is also challenged by the democratizing ideological implications the film attaches to military sacrifice. Furthermore, Sam and Tommy explicitly reject Chick’s position, Tommy confiding to Sam that he feels it is “more better we go for broke” than think like Chick. Of course, even Chick is eventually won over, smiling broadly when Culley recounts Grayson’s belligerent defense of his men.

As the single soldier affected by West Coast internment, Sam carries authority over how Japanese Americans should respond. His assertion that “all we need now is casualty lists” is validated by news from Arizona and his girlfriend, Teri, as reports of the 442’s achievements enact a national change of heart and rehabilitate the shattered pride of internees. While the internment camp might look the same, Teri, a first-grade teacher, writes, with “the barracks, the barbed wire, [and] the MPs,” she reports that “it isn’t the same anymore, nothing’s the same…. The service of the 442, Teri reports, is inspiring Japanese American pride just as it is undermining white bigotry. “[E]verybody knows what the 442 is doing,” Teri writes, “and what means most to me is the change in the kids in my class…. They were such sad little people – never laughed, never made a sound. Today, I’m happy to say I have as noisy a classroom as you’ll find in America.” Securing the self-confidence of Japanese American youth, the 442’s record softens the experience of internment and guarantees a future safe in the knowledge that no repetition will occur.

By the end of the film, with the grateful Texans saved, the troops mingle in happy interracial camaraderie, each lightheartedly mimicking the others’ patterns of speech. Indeed, in one incident during the assault, the presence of Japanese Americans emerges as vital to the strength of the U.S. Army. Facing German infiltration of radio broadcasts,
a Japanese American radio operator exposes the enemy’s tactics by speaking in Japanese.

“It’s just that good old Yankee know how,” the radioman declares.

The thrust of *Go For Broke!*, that Japanese American blood sacrifice in the face of enemies at home and abroad has created for them a place in the nation and its memory of World War II, is most literally manifested in the climactic combat sequence, as Nisei G.I.s, including newly promoted Lt. Ohhara, Frank, and the ukulele-playing Kaz, fall dead or wounded. The film’s historical claims are reconfirmed, as is the integrative legacy of the 442’s wartime achievements, by footage of a triumphant return to the U.S. and documentary film of President Truman’s 1946 unit citation “as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction” in “exemplifying the finest traditions of the armed forces of the United States.” Kaz watches happily from a wheelchair, and the final shot pictures Nisei troops marching in the shadow of the Capitol, a symbol of their acceptance into the national iconography of war remembrance.

Before and after its release, *Go For Broke!* received much celebratory attention. The film attracted tremendous box office, setting or equaling record hauls for the first two weeks play in, among other locales, Hawaii, Washington, Seattle, and Tokyo. Nisei veterans groups were delighted, sending telegrams and missives of thanks and praise to Schary and Pirosh for their apparently faithful recapitulation of the 442’s experiences. Mike Masaoka, who recalled meeting John F. Kennedy at the D.C. premiere, looked back on his involvement as “perhaps my most important single public relations project” because it “told the Nisei story to millions of Americans who could never have been reached in any other way.”77 Moreover, the film’s success in Japan (not just with
politicians) confirmed its capacity to ameliorate Japanese concerns over the mistreatment of Japanese Americans.\textsuperscript{78}

Although \textit{Go For Broke!} presents its anti-racist message as applicable only to a bygone era, some, particularly in Hawaii, attached to it agendas pertinent to the future. The \textit{Honolulu Advertiser}, encouraged by the “moist-eyed, lump-in-the-throat reaction of the world premiere audience,” predicted that \textit{Go For Broke!} would become a “national favorite.” “As an unsolicited testimonial of the Americanism of the nisei and of Hawaii’s fitness for statehood,” the paper declared, “it cannot be beaten.”\textsuperscript{79} The \textit{Washington Post} agreed, an editorial noting that while the last two Congresses passed legislation providing for Hawaiian statehood and the naturalization of Japanese-born immigrants, the Senate had failed to ratify these measures. Commending the film for telling “the story of a loyalty to American ideals that withstood even the stupid discrimination and injustice to which these Nisei were subjected and of a heroism in combat that made the 442d the most decorated unit of its size in the war,” the \textit{Post} hoped that “a considerable number” of U.S. Senators would make time to see the film, and that they “might see these bills now pending again in a new light.”\textsuperscript{80}

Alongside its call for Issei naturalization rights and Hawaiian statehood, the \textit{Post}’s commentary, particularly in referencing the “stupid discrimination” of the war years, reflected the tendency of mainstream reviewers to distance themselves and the nation from what was now commonly labeled post-Pearl Harbor “hysteria,” establishing an ideological and temporal gulf between the “then” of wartime incarceration and the Cold War “now.” Anti-Japanese American sentiment became a thing of the U.S. past, and \textit{Go For Broke!} was interpreted as testimony to that fact. In a review for the \textit{Washington Post}
Daily News, for example, James O’Neill, Jr., wrote, “They were all volunteers, which is to their everlasting credit, in that those days, you’ll remember, anybody of Japanese ancestry was suspect, and usually hated by most Americans. But the 442d proved decisively that the business of being an American citizen went far deeper than race or ancestry.” The New Yorker followed a similar bent, claiming, “the picture should be enlightening to those Americans who tolerated the wartime program of tossing noncombatant Nisei into prison camps euphemistically known as relocation centers.”

From the distance of ten years, white reviewers could confess the sins of “those days” while shifting blame to indistinct sections of society that “tolerated” wartime internment. 81

Many other reviewers read Go For Broke! as testament to the nation’s ethnoracial capaciousness, emphasizing Japanese American acculturation by underscoring the Nisei troops’ similarities with other Americans. As Pirosh put it, “I’m sure that when moviegoers in America see the picture, they’ll realize that these Japanese-Americans talk the same language as they, joke the same as they, and laugh at the same jokes. Then they’d say, ‘Say, they’re Americans just like us.’” 82 Bosley Crowther was among many who drew such lessons, noting that the Nisei in Pirosh’s film “are fundamentally Americans, with the gripes and the fears of all G.I.s....” In the New York Post, Archer Winsten praised “a great and distinct improvement over those repetitious and dreary Japanese characterizations of villains used in so many war pictures of a few years back. These boys,” Winsten wrote, “give or take a few cracks about their racial problem, are interchangeable with any other group of young men in war, and that’s exactly how it
should be.” In Winsten’s view, the film itself constituted “a belated righting of wrongs done loyal Japanese Americans during the hysteria of World War II.”

These professional reviewers expressed opinions in common with wider audiences. Responses to preview showings reveal, as Pirosh hoped, a prevailing sense of sympathy for the Nisei, although some were less certain that anti-Japanese sentiment was a thing of the past. “It’s about time the movie industry made a picture in all fairness to the loyal Japanese,” wrote one female respondent. “A Japanese family recently moved in next door to me. The whole neighborhood has been in an uproar. I know how to react to the older residents in the neighborhood and I know who is being un-American. I wish everyone on my block would go see ‘Go For Broke.’” Among the film’s most popular scenes were those emphasizing the commonalities shared by Nisei and other Americans, one audience member singling out for praise “All [scenes] that showed the Japanese-Americans with feelings, likes, dislikes of G.I.s.”

Audience comments also reflect the capacity of Go For Broke! to foster empathetic U.S.-Japanese relations, revealing how, even as they represented the ultimate in minority loyalty, Japanese Americans remained, for many, still somewhat Japanese, and thus capable of serving as a “bridge” between the nations. Although one white veteran clearly appreciated the difference – “I fought the Japanese, I respect the Nisei [sic]” – others failed to grasp this distinction. One woman praised the “goodwill to the Japanese in this film,” while another wrote, “I liked the picture because it showed that other nationalities are just as good as we are, and can fight side by side when necessary.” References to “the Japanese” outnumber those to “Nisei” or “Japanese Americans,” revealing that, at least among Hollywood preview audiences, the Cold War connotations
of the film were apparent, something that one audience member found rather wearisome.

“Again I am being educated. Now who do I love – the Chinese or the Japanese?” With Korean War news dominating the presses, Cold War connections were easily drawn. John Rosenfeld of the *Dallas Morning News*, in yet another review championing Pirosh’s work, credited the film with addressing divisive “war hate” while keeping “the American flag flying.” As a “superior battle drama and a fine lesson in democracy,” Rosenfeld found in *Go For Broke!* a rebuttal to Moscovite propaganda: “Our enemies again can take note that unity and loyalty somehow live in the exercise of our sovereign American bellyaches,” he argued.86

Amid the rush of positive reviews and civic awards that greeted *Go For Broke!* (such as that presented to Pirosh and Schary in October 1951 by the LA County Conference of Human Relations), dissenting voices are difficult to locate.87 One reviewer complained that FDR, a “major offender” in regard to internment, was whitewashed by the inclusion of his statement on Americanism, while the communist press derided the film’s patriotic implications. Michael Vary of *People’s World* denounced “an obvious attempt to woo minority groups to the Wall Street war effort [in Korea].” According to Vary, “get yourself killed as proof of your loyalty” was the film’s ultimate message, exposing a national agenda “cleverly concealed behind a front of militant democracy.” Vary called for a sequel to be made, “showing the Nisei soldier’s return to the West Coast and to the discrimination he left there when he went to Europe, to the signs in the restaurants, ‘We don’t serve Japs.’” Querying the capacity of Japanese Americans to replace black Americans in proving the nation’s assimilationist successes, Vary also referenced African American exclusion. “Or, in a similar vein,” he wrote, there should be
a film depicting “the return of the Negro troops to jimcrow in the South which, if this
film is to be believed, should have been wiped out because the troops ‘proved’
themselves.”88

Perhaps more revealing than the communist denunciation of the film – which was
predictable if not without merit – was the total disinterest of the FBI. Go For Broke!’s
ties to the DoD, as well as its implication that if the U.S. had a race problem it was now
solved, surely protected it from the Bureau’s suspicions, as did its lack of reference to
black Americans, always a more sensitive subject for the FBI. When rumors of projects
concerning internment arose, the FBI was generally alert, as was the case with
screenwriter Michael Blankfort’s idea to produce a film from James Edmiston’s book,
Coming Home.89 The project was never filmed, but the FBI hurried to consult Edmiston’s
text, finding to their satisfaction the story’s suggestion that while “mistakes were
made...democracy wins out in the end over bigotry and prejudice.”90 With a similar
message at its heart, Go For Broke! provided a vision of U.S. race relations acceptable
even to the Cold War FBI.

“We’re Doing Good to Forget”: Japanese War Bride

Go For Broke!, accompanied by official spectacle and sanction, was a national
event, without doubt the most publicized film on Japanese American war service.
 Appearing with less fanfare some six months later was the first Hollywood picture to
represent Japanese “war brides” and their assimilation into U.S. culture. The independent
production Japanese War Bride (1952), directed by Hollywood veteran King Vidor, was
released, with war in Korea ongoing, just a month after Pearl Harbor’s tenth anniversary.
Not one of Vidor’s personal projects, he came to it only after scripting and casting were
complete, taking the director’s chair in a trade-off with producer Joseph Bernhard, who agreed to finance Vidor’s *Ruby Gentry* in exchange. While critics suggest that the film’s impersonal visual style conveys Vidor’s distance from the production, its integrationist philosophy squares with his appreciation for the diversity of U.S. life (the son of a Hungarian immigrant, Vidor grew up amid the “many languages and cultures” of Galveston, Texas). In the early ‘50s, the Japanese bride was a less certain marker of national progress than the Nisei soldier, and, as U.S. commentators worried over the future of white-Japanese unions in the U.S., *Japanese War Bride* outpaced the acceptance of such marriages in the society at large, contending that in helping to transcend wartime hatreds the Japanese bride might solidify the nation’s integrationist Cold War standpoint, constituting a new citizen born of forgetting, and also securing U.S.-Japanese alliance.

The film’s protagonists, Jim Sterling (Don Taylor) and Tae Shimizu (Shirley Yamaguchi), meet in the context of U.S.-Japanese cooperation in Korea. Initially part of the occupation force in Japan, Jim sustains injuries in Korean combat that land him in a Japanese hospital under the care of Tae, a Red Cross nurse. Lit brightly in contrast to the ravaged, dark Korean landscape with which the film opens, Tae appears at once angelic and redemptive, helping Jim overcome grim memories of warfare while reminding audiences of the mutually beneficial relationship of these erstwhile enemy nations in the struggle to contain communism. Cultural critics of the time suggested that the Korean stalemate offered evidence that U.S. manhood had slipped from its World War II pinnacle – that American boys had “gone soft” – but Tae restores masculine “hardness” to Jim in two ways: firstly by healing the wounds that brought him to the hospital, and
secondly by confirming that the U.S. will maintain the dominant, masculine role in this Cold War romance.  

Jim pursues Tae, and while she is at first reticent, she soon consents to marry the recuperated lieutenant. The bulk of the narrative unfolds once the couple has returned to Jim’s native California, but before they depart Japan, Catherine Turney’s screenplay interrogates numerous wartime stereotypes, contending that the Japanese are neither inherently warlike nor irredeemably “different.” Tae’s Grandfather, Eitaro (Philip Ahn), anticipating animosity between races and nations, has doubts. When Tae recounts her plan to move to the U.S., proclaiming, “It means that I’ll be an American, too,” the elder conveys misgivings. “Your heart is bewitched,” he says. But, a willing ally nonetheless, he does not attempt to block the union. Images of cultural misunderstanding transcended facilitate the redemption of the aged Japanese male, a figure present in wartime film exclusively as encrusted indicator of militarism and adherence to outmoded traditionalism. “Begging your pardon, Lieutenant,” Eitaro says, “but I have never cared for war.” Eitaro also reveals his own internationalist impulses, for he studied in the U.S. before the war, and planned for Tae to follow in his trans-Pacific footsteps before the “regrettable occurrence” of Pearl Harbor prevented such.

*Japanese War Bride*’s Japanese-set scenes invoke cultural incommensurability so that it can be laid aside. “Many of your countrymen,” Eitaro cautions Jim, “find us, shall we say, barbaric,” to which Jim replies that the sentiment is surely reciprocated by the Japanese. Testing Jim’s ignorance and illustrating their “difference,” the elder proposes the sacrifice of two monkeys to be dedicated to “our gods” in Jim’s honor. This prompts Jim’s disgusted departure before he realizes that Eitaro is simply testing his willingness
to ascribe to the Japanese “barbaric” behaviors. Jim’s ignorance of Japanese culture (of which monkey sacrifice is not part), hearkens back to the demonization of Japan during the war, and anticipates also that it is in the U.S. where the newlyweds will face their greatest difficulties.

Upon the couple’s move to Salinas, California, where they plan to settle permanently, the film divides the residents of Salinas – white and Japanese American – into those willing to forgive and forget the enmities of recent history and those whose retention of wartime frames of reference make them obstacles to the integrated future. Agricultural Salinas was a pointed choice of setting as, shortly after Pearl Harbor, the town’s Grower-Shipper Association was lobbying Washington for the removal of all Japanese Americans, while the Salinas Chamber of Commerce and Salinas Citizens Association issued a resolution “calling for the mass internment of Japanese Americans.”94 As the camps emptied in 1944, citizens of Salinas, including mothers of Americans killed in the Bataan Death March (where many members of the Salinas National Guard perished), mobilized against the return of Japanese Americans to the area.95 In response to this tension, Vidor scholars argue, the picture’s message is “let sleeping pasts lie,” but it is not that sleeping pasts must be left resting, because the film presents a past very much awake in postwar Salinas. Instead, the film involves actively laying to rest divisive history, allowing the nation to escape what James Michener called “the hatreds and suspicions born of a bitter war.”96

Several of the white citizens of Salinas retain prejudices built on a wartime purview, while Mr. Hasagawa, the Issei patriarch of a local family of Japanese American lettuce farmers, retains hostility towards the local whites for his incarceration.
Remembrance of the war is, in *Japanese War Bride*, an obstacle. Pearl Harbor, Bataan, and all that followed, including Japanese American forced relocation, must slip from memory, and whites who refuse to transcend the lingering rancor of 1941-1945 must, in fashion standard to the anti-racist films of World War II, be ostracized from their community or taught sharp lessons in progressive thinking. Here, then, World War II remembrance constitutes the unwelcome perseverance of the “bad old days” of racial “hysteria,” a trap from which liberal Cold War subjectivities cannot emerge.

Tae’s desire to please Jim and serve his family (massaging Jim’s mother’s back, for instance) creates an idealized diplomatic relationship figured through heterosexual coupling, but also serves as a patriarchal imagining of gender relations that negatively juxtaposes white U.S. female independence with the passivity of Japanese femininity. Appropriate responses to the arrival of Japanese brides are given definition and counter-definition through two white women disappointed by Jim’s decision to marry Tae. Emily Shafer, Jim’s childhood friend, expected to become Jim’s wife once he returned from Asia, while Fran Sterling (Marie Windsor) retains amorous feelings for Jim despite having married his brother, Art, while Jim was away. Emily, dressed in the clean slate of a white dress and accompanied by her mother, Milly, visits the Sterling family soon after Jim’s return, providing a picture of forgiveness and reconciliation, later even hosting a party for the newlywed couple. Despite the death of her brother on Bataan and her disappointment at the marriage, Emily refuses to let the past taint her interactions with Jim and Tae. Milly, however, is unable to follow suit. Still clad, ten years on, in the all-black garb of wartime bereavement, Milly wishes to maintain a segregated future, making to leave shortly after Tae returns from a trip to town, and looking appalled at Tae’s stated
desire to become a “good American.” “I can’t help it,” Milly explains, “I think we’d better go.” When Emily urges her “You’ve got to get over it,” Milly stiffly retorts that she will never get over her son’s death, that Emily must have cared little for her brother, and that she still “hate[s] them all.”

Milly Shafer’s refusal to forget precipitates her severance from the integrating post-war nation. Milly attempts to draw on racial solidarity in defending her distaste for the Japanese. “Harriet you understand,” she appeals, “we’re old friends.” But if the post-war nation cannot assimilate such dated outlooks, neither can Harriet Sterling, though she too entertains doubts about Jim’s choice of wife. Swayed by Tae’s kindness, Harriet’s loyalty to her multiracial family trumps Milly’s appeal to the past. “I just lost an old friend,” Harriet tells Jim, while Emily, embarrassed, urges her mother, “We can’t carry hatreds and grudges the rest of our lives.” Determined to do so, Milly irrevocably alienates herself and is thus removed from the narrative. “I won’t set foot in this house again,” she says, “not while she’s here.”

A more serious obstacle is presented by Fran, lately married to Art but still retaining what Harriet calls a “schoolgirl crush” on Jim. From the off, Fran’s morality is questionable, as she fakes a headache to manufacture time alone with Jim then makes hints towards potential romance between them, a proposition that Jim firmly rejects. Drawing on pre-war notions of cultural incompatibility, Fran refuses to befriend Tae or facilitate her difficult passage from Japanese to American life: “You should have thought of that before you brought her here,” Fran says. A model of anti-femininity, Fran often wears black, including pants, and draws on racist language in conflating the wartime Japanese with postwar Japanese Americans. “We’ve got a few things to be sore about
ourselves,” she responds when questions of protracted resentment over incarceration arise.

Fran’s jealousy hardens as the narrative develops, culminating in an attempt to destroy the marriage after the birth of Tae’s and Jim’s first child, a boy named Jim Sterling, Jr. Fran tries to activate fears of Japanese racial solidarity and treachery, first by implication, then through an anonymous letter to the farming association alleging that Jim, Jr., is the son of Japanese American farmer Shiro Hasagawa (Lane Nakano), with whom Tae has shared one or two friendly conversations (and nothing more). Already suffering from competition with local Japanese Americans, the exclusively white members of the Salinas farming association accept Fran’s conjectures and admonish Jim that the association is struggling already “without your bringing a Jap girl into your family.” The Sterlings, worried for their position in the community, refuse to support Jim and Tae by rejecting the allegations, spinning the family into crisis.

Fran’s attempt to break up the interracial couple by drawing on economic competition and prejudicial attitudes pushes Tae to flee the Sterling home. This challenge is eventually resolved through a troubling discipline enacted by Art. As Fran confesses frantically her part in Tae’s disappearance, telling Jim that his marriage “wasn’t right,” that Tae “didn’t belong here,” Art intercedes, twice slapping Fran’s face and causing her to collapse in garbled hysterics on the family’s front lawn (white picket fence and all). “You had it coming,” Art tells her before dragging her into the house, “You’ve been pitching too many curves around here.”

Just as Milly Shafer’s fealty to wartime animus forces Harriet to choose sides, so Fran’s downfall constitutes a counter-model against which liberal white subjectivities are
confirmed. Key to this is the integrated future represented by Jim, Jr. When Harriet, excited at becoming a grandmother, comments that the baby has “the Sterling mouth,” Fran replies (lacking an appropriate response to motherhood and family), “Sure doesn’t have the Sterling eyes.” When a white woman at the hospital comments on the “Jap baby” and its American name, both Jim and his mother revel in claiming the child as their own. Fran’s hysterical confession and Tae’s disappearance, along with Jim, Jr., reaffirms the Sterling family’s acceptance of their mixed-race future, which merely entails recognition that their intolerance was misplaced. Ed, Jim’s father, tells his son: “Fran was wrong. In lots of ways we were all wrong. We all made our mistakes. But if we see them in time, it isn’t too late.” The family reunited, Jim’s task is to save Tae from the destructive Japanese mores towards which her rejection by Salinas has driven her.

Tae’s retreat towards a “Japanese” separatism is indicated at first by her response to the news of Fran’s accusation. Speaking in her native tongue for the first time since she left Japan, Tae disrupts the assimilationist desires she has heretofore expressed. Earlier, when Shiro shows her around the town, Tae states: “I always try to think in English, otherwise I might speak Japanese.” Later, she confirms, “I want always to speak my husband’s language.” Of Emma Hasagawa, Shiro’s sister, Tae comments, “She’s a real American, as I hope to be.” But Tae’s Japanese response to Jim provokes in him a first glimpse of frustration with his wife’s cultural alterity. “Talk English will you,” he shouts, “why don’t you try to act like the rest of us?” Jim’s anger and lack of understanding propel Tae’s flight.

That Tae runs to Mr. Hasagawa, and also speaks to him in Japanese, is important because the elderly Japanese farmer, unlike his children, rejects national identification
and the possibility of cooperative integrationism in the U.S. Mr. Hasagawa, along with Emma, was interned at Tulare during the war, and while they were imprisoned local whites attempted to buy his farmland. Unwilling to forgive, Hasagawa refuses to share a cup of iced tea with the Sterling’s when Shiro and Emma visit with a present for the newlyweds, their father rudely snubbing Ed’s invitation and offending Harriet in the process: “I don’t know how any of them think,” she comments. Hasagawa’s resentment over internment mirrors Milly Shafer’s earlier refusal to let go her memories of Bataan and the death of her son. Ed Sterling makes this comparison explicit, saying of Mr. Hasagawa, “I guess he’s just like Milly Shafer. Some people just don’t wanna forgive, or forget.”

While Mr. Hasagawa, echoing Milly’s refusal to forget, reflects a non-assimilationist perspective inhibitive of Cold War integration, his children, like Milly’s daughter Emily, exhibit the youthful willingness to look forward in which Vidor locates the health of the nation. Emma, for instance, has never left California, and bears no longstanding grudge for wartime internment, still considering the U.S. “our country.” “Emma understood” the need for “relocation,” Shiro explains to Tae, but “father was very bitter about it.” “Time will heal the wounds of memory,” Tae promises, and Shiro agrees. “I hope so,” he says, “we’re doing good to forget.”

In this image of beneficent forgetfulness, War Bride (like Go For Broke!) brushes by the painful dislocations inflicted in 1942 (Mr. Hasagawa, an Issei, not only owns California land but held on to it despite attempts to wrest it from him). Tellingly, Shiro’s wartime experiences offer a counterbalancing sketch of the treatment of Japanese Americans in Japan. Persuaded by a Nisei friend to travel to Japan (this before the war)
for work, Shiro considers the trip “the greatest mistake of my life.” “Then came Pearl Harbor,” he recalls, and his friend went over to the Japanese, expecting Shiro to do the same. Refusing, Shiro spent the war in a Japanese prison along with other U.S. nationals, a history that suggests Japanese Americans were, at least to the Japanese, Americans first, and were treated in a manner not dissimilar to Japanese Americans in the wartime U.S. This establishes equivalence between the two adversaries and also lends Shiro ample reason to reject his Japanese heritage. Tae also recalls Pearl Harbor and the patriotic furor that swept Japan in its wake, but she appears to have found it more confusing than stirring, and certainly carries no sense of animosity towards her new country. Throughout the narrative, Tae looks to Shiro and Emma as models worthy of emulation.

In contrast to his children, Mr. Hasagawa rejects Americanization and forgiveness, and it is to this Japanese anachronism that Tae turns when her faithfulness to Jim is challenged. Mr. Hasagawa refuses to help Jim find Tae, holding that a return to Japan, “where they respect their fathers” would be “more better” for her and her child, but Shiro’s interjection points the regretful husband in the right direction. “I know you’re my father,” Shiro says, “but we’re not living in Japan and we have to abide by the customs of the country.” With Shiro’s help, Jim finds Tae perched on the edge of the Pacific coastline and clearly contemplating suicide. With his parents now behind the marriage, Jim persuades Tae that their love cannot be allowed to fail, and the film concludes with the two embracing on the cliff top.

Of the Pacific Ocean backdrop of the conclusion, scholar Gina Marchetti writes, As Tae and Jim embrace at the end of the film against the natural backdrop of the Pacific Ocean, history comes to a standstill and Hollywood’s romantic mythos
replaces any social tension the narrative may have conjured up. The legality and morality of the internment of Japanese Americans during the war, miscegenation laws, and the economic basis for racial tensions in California agriculture fall by the wayside as the heterosexual couple is elevated above the tempestuous sea below, standing alone from society and, as a consequence, from any moral imperative to help change it.\textsuperscript{97}

This analysis is astute, as the social problem indeed dissolves somewhat into romantic sentimentalism, but Marchetti misses the international implications of the conclusion. For if U.S. society has not been radically changed, and if a return to “Japanese” ways threatens the interracial future, the Pacific backdrop to which she refers signifies not stasis, but the dynamic unmaking of wartime tropes. The Pacific Ocean is, at least in terms of U.S.-Japanese relations, pacific once more – no longer the tempestuous theatre of war, but the stage against which U.S.-Japanese integrationism is projected across the world. As the camera cranes out and up to create an extreme long shot of the couple, backgrounded by the Pacific Ocean, the lovers’ embrace broadcasts across the ocean U.S. protectionism and integrationism – evidence of the nation’s dramatic change in attitude towards all things Japanese. Ultimately, Tae’s escape is as easily contained as are her collection of porcelain dolls (the only Japanese artifacts she brings with her to the U.S.), and white bigotry is similarly disarmed. Without memory of internment, Tae Sterling constitutes a new Japanese American citizen capable of helping white Americans “forget Pearl Harbor” and in the process shake off historical prejudice.

As a largely unremarkable ‘B’ picture, \textit{Japanese War Bride} did not make much of a splash, but the \textit{New York Times} praised its ideology, if not its artistry, describing it as “a
perfectly valid plea for understanding.” Vidor’s film was the only Hollywood picture to bring the Japanese war bride home to the U.S., but other productions of the 1950s used such interracial romances to promulgate the demise of U.S. prejudice and the need to forget Pearl Harbor. Such was the case with the second Hollywood studio production filmed on location in post-occupation Japan, Columbia’s *Three Stripes in the Sun* (1955), made with close oversight from the DoD and the State Department.

The Gentle Wolfhound: Forgetting Pearl Harbor and Shaping U.S. Diplomacy

*Three Stripes in the Sun* was based on events in the life of Hugh O’Reilly, a World War II veteran and Sergeant serving with the 27th Infantry “Wolfhounds” Division in occupied Japan. The film replicates to some degree the narratives of *Go For Broke!* and *War Bride* in pressing the necessity for bigoted whites to shed their anti-Japanese sentiments for the sake of both domestic race relations and international affinities.

Written and directed by screenwriter Richard Murphy, *Three Stripes* encapsulates many of the themes of diplomatic “overseasmanship” outlined in state literature during the Cold War, providing lessons in personal diplomacy and interracial understanding with the added authority of a connection to historical truth. O’Reilly, who begins the film riddled with anti-Japanese sentiment derived from wartime, must learn to forget the anger bequeathed to him by Pearl Harbor and in so doing forge another U.S.-Japanese marriage evocative of racial reform and reconciliation.

In the early 1950s, due to his effort in refurbishing and sponsoring a Catholic orphanage near Osaka, O’Reilly, an Irish American Catholic from the Bronx, became something of a celebrated figure. As a World War II veteran with a history of antipathy to the Japanese, O’Reilly’s transition – becoming a surrogate “father” to Japanese orphans,
marrying a Japanese woman, and bringing her to the U.S. – made him an exemplar of the nation’s progressive trajectory.\textsuperscript{101} Numerous news pieces documented O’Reilly’s humanitarianism, but it was a 1953 \textit{New Yorker} article by E.J. Khan, entitled “The Gentle Wolfhound,” from which Murphy drew his screenplay.\textsuperscript{102} Encapsulated within Khan’s piece were many touchstones of official policy, each focused on repairing wartime rifts. O’Reilly was a veteran of World War II Guam, and the \textit{New Yorker} celebrated his conversion from anti-Japanese bigotry to paternalistic philanthropy.\textsuperscript{103} Meeting Yuko, a glove shop sales assistant, O’Reilly reportedly “instantly lost his anti-Japanese bias.” While most G.I.s didn’t regard romantic attachments in occupied Japan as permanent, O’Reilly “wanted to stay there and do what he could to improve Japanese-American relations.” This included prodigious efforts to refurbish and sustain a war orphanage, raising a total of $130,000 and earning O’Reilly the title of Osaka’s “man of the year” in 1951.\textsuperscript{104} Furthermore, the \textit{New Yorker} conveyed how O’Reilly’s concerns over bringing Yuko to the U.S. had been quelled by his friends and family – “Japanese? What’s the difference? Human being,” was the reaction of the couple’s first U.S. landlord. On top of all this, O’Reilly had become a fervent believer in ethnoracial equality. “Nothing enrages him more than an expression of racial or religious intolerance,” \textit{Catholic World} proudly reported.\textsuperscript{105}

The fact that O’Reilly and Yuko married on December 7, 1951, enunciated the consignment of wartime vitriol to the past. That neither consciously chose that so-recently-infamous date merely confirmed the reshaping of Pearl Harbor narratives since war’s end – it was just the beginning of a furlough, he said, while Yuko, in high school in 1941, was unaware that the date held historical significance (she, like Tae, remembered
little of the war). The Japanese press did not miss the date’s relevance, though, and Khan reported several Japanese newspapers suggesting that “the choice of that date signified that Americans no longer regarded Pearl Harbor as a day of infamy.” Furthermore, a “celebrated Japanese poet” (whose son received sponsorship from O’Reilly to study at a southern Baptist college) composed a poem “in which he likened the marriage of Hugh and Yuko to a rainbow bridge between the West and the East.” With all this in hand, it is little surprise that the State Department and the DoD were keen to bestow official countenance on Columbia’s adaptation of O’Reilly’s story.

In October 1954, Columbia forwarded to the DoD Murphy’s initial estimating script, titled at this stage *The Gentle Wolfhound*, requesting use of U.S. military installations in Japan, vehicles to reenact the building of the Holy House Orphanage, and the presence of O’Reilly himself as Technical Adviser. Although the early scripts do not survive, responses from the Army and the State Department’s Far East Desk communicate general enthusiasm alongside a desire that O’Reilly’s anti-Japanese outbursts (even if ultimately transcended by his marriage) be afforded minimum potential to offend. Finding the project “basically acceptable for Department of the Army cooperation,” Lt. Col. James G. Chesnutt, Acting Chief of the Army PID, described the screenplay as “a heart-warming presentation of one of many fine achievements of our soldiers in the field of human relations,” but expressed discomfort with certain of O’Reilly’s early exploits. “Attention is invited,” he wrote, “to actions of O’Reilly which are not in consonance with his character. He was apparently brought up in a Catholic orphanage where integration of races is normal and he has married a girl of color
different from his own yet he continually shows a tendency toward race prejudice. The last act of the script should receive a general ‘toning-down’ of the racial aspect.”

The State Department felt similarly, asking Don Baruch to secure the elimination of all references to “Japs” and “Monkeys,” which, they cautioned, “would create ill-feeling in what otherwise would be a good pic for State!” At the Far East Desk, John L. Stegmaier was impressed, telling Baruch that “FE/P has been very much impressed with the potentialities of this film and believes it will contribute greatly to U.S.-Japanese understanding.” Nevertheless, describing some of O’Reilly’s “abusive statements” as “overdrawn,” Stegmaier explained, “We have learned through inquiry that the Japanese do not object to the term ‘Nips’ but strenuously object to being called ‘Japs.’ This is largely because the latter has a very unpleasant sound in their ears and hence a very bad connotation while the former does not.” Stegmaier requested that Baruch lean on the producers to temper racial hostility, but, “in view of the generally extremely helpful theme of this film,” expressed hope that the DoD would afford Columbia cooperation.

Baruch communicated these issues to Columbia in mid-October 1954, producer Ray Bell offering no resistance. After a trip by studio officials to scout Japanese locations late that month, Bell wrote to confirm the details of military cooperation required, reporting that the only major obstacle to shooting in December was the lack of a suitable actor to play the leading man (Aldo Ray was eventually cast). Following the filmmakers’ visit, U.S. Army Far East HQ shared the State and Army Departments’ support for the project, W.A. Pierce writing from Japan to inform Col. Chesnutt, “The screenplay appears to be quite good as well as favorable to the Army, and we will give Columbia every bit of cooperation possible.”
Official countenance was contingent only on revising O’Reilly’s choice of racial pejoratives, and new scripts submitted in December satisfied Army demands. Although O’Reilly still resorts to the epithet “Jap” (always when very much in the wrong), Col. H.D. Kight of the PID declared the new screenplay “entirely acceptable.” Numerous servicemen would play themselves in the film, and cooperation was extended by the belated enlistment of the Air Force to shoot aerial footage of Tokyo (a telling repurposing of military technology). Three months later, a print was ready for screening at the Pentagon, the film’s title morphing from The Gentle Wolfhound, to The Gentle Sergeant, to Three Stripes in the Sun, which was settled upon in July 1955. The film’s articulation of official policy left the Pentagon satisfied it had a horse worth heavy backing. “The film is an outstanding, warm human document of Sgt. O’Reilly’s efforts in building an orphanage,” wrote Kight, who had not quite caught up with the title changes when he confirmed, “This office has reviewed and approved for release Columbia Pictures Corporation feature motion picture THE GENTLE SERGEANT.” An October communiqué to installations as far afield as Texas, Heidelberg, and Tokyo reported the film’s upcoming worldwide release, anticipating requests from Columbia for help with premieres and instructing the Army to authorize cooperation as long as it incurred no cost to the government.

Three Stripes begins by advancing claims to historical authenticity, voiceover narration relaying that in December 1949 O’Reilly traveled to Japan, along with many other servicemen, to become part of the U.S. occupation. Initially, O’Reilly detests being posted to Japan, a hostility derived from personal memories of Pearl Harbor, where he was stationed in December 1941. O’Reilly’s presence at Pearl Harbor is an amendment to
the historical record, for the Sergeant was never stationed in Hawaii, and it lends his anti-
Japanese sentiments (and his need to transcend them) a firm connection to the most
potent symbol of the two nations’ former enmity. Accordingly, O’Reilly’s early
interactions with Japan reflect displeasure that other Americans seem to have forgotten
the war. Witness to G.I.s swinging Japanese women around a Tokyo dance floor,
O’Reilly complains, “We fought these people for three lousy years and everybody’s
acting like nothing ever happened.” “Are these guys all nuts,” the outraged Sergeant
persists, “or were they all in high school during the war?” Accosted in the street with a
cry of “Yankee go home,” O’Reilly becomes embroiled in a public ruckus, his arrest by
U.S. authorities confirming the deleterious effects of a single American who refuses to
forget Pearl Harbor. “What are you trying to do, start the war all over again?” asks a
beleaguered MP as he drags O’Reilly off to U.S. HQ.

Requesting, upon his arrival, an immediate transfer to another theatre, O’Reilly is
in need of lessons in diplomacy (what the State Department called “education for
overseasmanship”). Here, Three Stripes addresses his angry remembrances in overtly
didactic manner, challenging as anachronistic and impolitic his failure to adjust to the
occupation. Consulting O’Reilly’s long Pacific war record – including “Pearl Harbor,
New Guinea, and Okinawa” – Col. William Shepherd (Philip Carey) asks, “Still fighting
the war, Sergeant?” During the 1950s, government publications emphasized that every
American abroad was a potential diplomat, and Shepherd parrots this line, telling
O’Reilly that he has a responsibility to “cement relationships” and help make Japan a
“friendly ally.” “While this may come as a surprise to you two rugged individualists,”
Shepherd admonishes O’Reilly and his friend Corporal Neeby Muhlendorf (Dick York),
“we can use friends and allies.” The Japanese, Shepherd insists, are “just like anyone else,” and will derive their opinions of the U.S. from interaction with Americans. Furthermore, Shepherd reveals that the yeller of “Yankee go home” was not, after all, a Japanese citizen, but a troublemaking impostor (a communist, perhaps?). Even if he had been Japanese, though, Shepherd continues, he would have a right to resent O’Reilly’s ethnocentric attitude. “Did it ever occur to you that these people might like their own way of life,” Shepherd concludes, imparting the state’s new embrace of cultural relativism, “or take pride in their own civilization?”

Shepherd rejects excuses that O’Reilly’s memories of Pearl Harbor – including seeing his pal “splattered across the barracks” – make accommodationism impossible, providing through his own experience a direct counter-model. Shepherd, too, was stationed in Hawaii in December 1941, and can claim even stronger cause than O’Reilly to remember Pearl Harbor with anger, as his wife was a civilian fatality. Shepherd, though, understands that contemporary necessities outweigh personal animosities, establishing the military authority figure as apt Cold War diplomat. Cpl. Muhlendorf catches on, framing their task as “kind of like being ambassadors,” to which Shepherd responds, “I don’t know what the State Department would say, but that’s about it.” Ambassadors, yes, but soldiers, too, as, expressing another strut of Cold War liberalism, Shepherd reminds O’Reilly that he cannot be transferred: the U.S. needs experienced men in Japan to train combat troops, so that another Pearl Harbor (in which Japan would obviously have no hand) does not catch the nation unprepared.

Respect for the Colonel and for military authority cools O’Reilly’s desire to leave Japan, but his approach to overseasmanship remains short of polish, as he rattles
unsympathetically past Japanese children on the street, ignoring their requests for chocolate. Moreover, leading training at Camp Otsu, O’Reilly finds his wallet missing and, spying a “Jap” holding the precious object, immediately collars the supposed thief, leading to another encounter with the MPs. This time, it turns out that the “thief” is none other than Father Yoshida, a local Catholic Priest who found the lost wallet and was about to return it, leaving O’Reilly with egg on his face once more.

By now, O’Reilly has met and offended his future wife (and future U.S. citizen), Yuko (Mitsuko Kimura), a young Japanese woman serving as a civilian translator for the U.S. military. The circumstances behind the real life meeting are manipulated to political ends, for O’Reilly’s bride was a glove salesperson when first he met her, rather than a conduit for intercultural dialogue. Yuko mediates more than language, as her western style of dress, her employment with U.S. occupation forces, and her developing attraction to O’Reilly establish her, alongside the U.S. Army, as a vessel of cultural exchange. After she helps negotiate the Father Yoshida affair, Yuko accompanies O’Reilly in driving the clergyman back to the Osaka orphanage he helps to run, she and the priest laughing at the sour-faced Irish American’s expense.

Despite his ill-temper, it is upon this visit to the dilapidated orphanage that O’Reilly’s transformation begins, his Catholicism demanding that he behave respectfully to the European “Sisters of Charity” who staff the orphanage, and his own itinerant, fatherless childhood inducing in him empathy with the underfed children, especially a troublesome war orphan called Chiyaki. O’Reilly makes a donation, and his attitude to Yoshida, whom he calls a “nice old fella,” and Yuko, whom he begins to find attractive, shifts his perspective on postwar Japan. Inspired by Chiyaki, who falls instantly in love
with “O’Reilly-san,” the Sergeant is soon collecting funds and foods from men of the 27th Regiment and beyond, taking donations from openhanded U.S. troops, many of whom surrender liberty passes to labor on the orphanage. Once Army brass discovers the Wolfhounds’ scheme, it appears that red tape might force its abandonment, but the humanitarian nature of the work persuades Major Rochelle (played by Lt. Col. Mike Davis) and Col. Shepherd to give the project official backing, with O’Reilly in charge of operations and Yuko his translator.

O’Reilly is still no astute negotiator of Japanese mores, and as he and Yuko try to rustle up supplies for the building project, he offends a Japanese businessman by refusing to stay for tea, almost losing a free source of structural steel. As Yuko guides him, she learns that Americans are not the “savages” she was led to expect as a little girl. Yuko recounts her fear of Americans when she was a child, and how, in 1945, a G.I. chased her and her sister through the streets, the girls fleeing in terror only for the soldier to present them with candy. These occupiers, of course, come bearing sweet gifts.

By the time O’Reilly and Yuko visit her parents’ home, it is evident that he is abandoning theanimosity with which he arrived in Japan. His bigotry remains destructively close to the surface, however. Playing in a charity baseball match to raise funds for the Holy House, when he sees Yuko in the crowd with a handsome Japanese escort, O’Reilly becomes incensed with jealousy, losing concentration and ending up hospitalized after a ball strikes him in the head. When Yuko visits, the Sergeant rants, “You want to marry a stinking Jap that’s your business.” This racial slur see Yuko depart tearfully, asking, “How old we have to be before you hate us?” At this inopportune moment, the Korean War breaks out, preventing reconciliation between the lovers even
as it reemphasizes the need for U.S.-Japanese harmony. In combat in Korea, O’Reilly has time to think, concluding that while he no longer feels “that way” about the Japanese, Yuko would not accept or believe an apology.

Both O’Reilly and Muhlendorf are wounded in Korea, returning to Japan for medical recuperation. It is here that General Shepherd (the Col. has been promoted) again intervenes to save O’Reilly’s relationship to Japan and Yuko. Against O’Reilly’s wishes, Shepherd orders the stubborn Sergeant to travel to Osaka to attend the dedication ceremony for the orphanage. Before a crowd of Japanese and U.S. officials and civilians, as the Stars and Stripes flies and G.I.s hold hands with smiling Japanese orphans, the Mayor of Osaka declares “all Japan grateful to soldiers,” and commends O’Reilly for being “as American magazines say, man of year.” The ceremony, concluding with a rendition of “God Bless you, O’Reilly san,” from the children, creates the perfect image of U.S. paternal uplift and benevolence. It does seem, though, that O’Reilly’s raging about “Japs” has permanently separated him from Yuko, who watches the ceremonies from a distance, clad, for the first time, in a kimono (indicative of her retreat from the American). O’Reilly apologizes profusely for the “terrible things” he said, and Yuko is forgiving, saying that his actions outweigh his words. Nonetheless, O’Reilly is being returned to the U.S., and Yuko tries to sever ties. “You must leave now,” she says, “Is finished, was wrong from the beginning. Just keep in memory, Hugh.”

The film is, for the most part, more directly about U.S.-Japanese relations than domestic racial formations. However, such issues are hardly separable, and if O’Reilly’s relationship with Yuko is to become more than a memory, he must overcome his suspicion that life for a mixed-race couple in the U.S. would be unbearably difficult. It is
here that the film addresses the need to reform racial attitudes if Yuko’s passage to U.S. life is to proceed happily. Again, the military hierarchy, in the shape of Shepherd, emerges with guidance. Meeting O’Reilly at a Shinto shrine (Shepherd is not a Shintoist, but finds the religion “interesting”), the General rejects O’Reilly’s request to be discharged in Japan, suggesting that the Irish American would struggle to adapt to Japanese culture. Instead, despite the Army’s opposition to “these marriages” (which is, Shepherd insists, based on the “good and sufficient reasons” that they often “end unhappily”), the General encourages O’Reilly to take Yuko home with him, prompting the Sergeant to reveal the reason behind his fear of doing so: his lack of faith in Americans. “I don’t wanna take her back there and have people pushing her around, sneering at her, or laughing at her because she’s Japanese,” he explains, but Shepherd thinks better of his countrymen, suggesting that O’Reilly is projecting his own bigotries onto the nation at large. “You really think the American people are like that? Or are you just telling me how you’d react to a man with a Japanese wife?”

The problem, then, lies again with O’Reilly, who appears as an occupation-era equivalent of Go For Broke’s Lt. Grayson, painfully out of step with a democratizing, integrating national culture. With this realization, O’Reilly wastes little time in proposing marriage, the permanence of this alliance finally waylaying Yuko’s fears of abandonment. Just as the occupation soldier from whom she fled turned out to be proffering chocolate not poison, so O’Reilly’s intentions can be trusted. Their children, he says, “will take their chances like anyone else,” and their future will be one of mutual support. “We need each other. If things go rough we help each other,” he says, taking her into his arms for the film’s first and only kiss.
At this moment of mutual support and affection, text intercedes to remind audiences of the “truth” of the filmic image, and to justify Shepherd’s faith in U.S. whites. “Our story, being true, is still being lived. O’Reilly and his Yuko live at West Point, and the Wolfhounds support the orphanage still.” *Three Stripes*, capitalizing on O’Reilly’s fame as model diplomatic citizen, thus claims the authority of history, something that press coverage around its release verified. A photo article in *Life* in October 1955 featured pictures of both Aldo Ray and the real Hugh O’Reilly playing with Japanese orphans, including Chiaki (the youngster plays himself in the film, and was endowed by cast and crew with a fund for his “later education”). Restating the “spectacular conversion” of O’Reilly from “hate to humanitarianism,” the article offered confirmation of U.S.-Japanese reconciliation in two ways. Not only did O’Reilly marry Yuko “on the 10th anniversary of Pearl Harbor,” but actress Mitsuko Kimura (Yuko), had recently wed a Japanese American. Both “Mrs. O’Reillys,” *Life* noted, were expectant mothers, promising for the nation an interracial and international future citizenry.¹²³

Looking back at problems over which O’Reilly and his spouse had triumphed, *Three Stripes* and its accompanying publicity substantiated the developing confidence with which Americans looked upon U.S.-Japanese interracial marriages as the 1950s drew on.¹²⁴ Caroline Chung Simpson suggests a shift from anxiety to acceptance in the period 1953-1957, and stories like O’Reilly’s clearly contributed to this. “Interracial marriages between white American men and Japanese women,” Simpson argues, “seem not only nobler in 1957 but also destined to succeed.”¹²⁵ Destined, it seems, to serve also as marker of a future unhindered by hostile remembrances.
Recovering Buried Memories: Bad Day at Black Rock

While G.I.s’ marriages to Japanese women portended a bright future for the interracial nation, the Nisei G.I. remained the most potent symbol of postwar reform. Darryl Zanuck entertained the idea of making a film about Japanese American G.I.s early in the decade, dispatching writer Anthony Codeway to Hawaii to conduct research in mid-1950, registering the title *I Am a Nisei*, and sending a preemptive request for DoD cooperation. Zanuck’s film project, “based on the activities of Japanese Americans in the Army during World War II,” never manifested, in part because he was beaten to the punch by Schary’s *Go For Broke!* Indeed, it was Schary again who next dramatized the ideological import of Nisei heroism. His personal 1955 production, *Bad Day at Black Rock*, is the second and final film of the 1950s to centralize Japanese American war service.¹²⁶

Like *Go For Broke!*, *Bad Day at Black Rock* employs Nisei patriotism as a call to white reform, replicating the earlier film’s narrative of assimilation through military martyrdom (although this project required no DoD assistance).¹²⁷ *Bad Day* also reintroduces the argument of *War Bride* and *Three Stripes* for the urgency of forgetting war hatreds, as Nisei sacrifice is held against the refusal of the citizens of Black Rock, an isolated Arizona town, to move beyond the wartime frenzy of anti-Japanese American sentiment. With the McCarthy era fading, Schary’s film, with its isolated protagonist resisting a thuggish collective holding power over information and communication, has been read as a commentary on the Hollywood blacklist, but it is better understood as a mediation of how racialized memories are suppressed and recovered. The film posits that postwar Americanism depends upon shedding the racist hostilities legitimized, for a time,
by the Second World War. Although the absence of the film’s two Japanese American characters means that memory is negotiated solely by whites (as it is in *Till the End of Time*), the film is as close to a dramatization of anti-Japanese violence as Cold War Hollywood would come, constituting what one scholar calls a “rare recognition of injustice.”

*Bad Day* was adapted by screenwriter and former World War II Marine Millard Kaufman from Howard Breslin’s 1946 short story, “Bad Time at Honda.” The rights were originally purchased by actor and writer Don McGuire, who failed to secure Allied Artists’ interest in his screenplay before approaching Dore Schary. Never shy of liberal causes, Schary was, in 1954, in the midst of rallying for Adlai Stevenson’s presidential campaign and also working to finance a book, *McCarthy and the Communists*, which challenged the legitimacy of the Wisconsin senator. With the Army-McCarthy hearings ongoing, MGM Chief Nicholas Schenk (never an ally of Schary’s) espied potential controversy, ordering the project abandoned during pre-production. Schary resisted, persisting with the film “as my own act of faith.” In fact, Kaufman adapted Breslin’s story and McGuire’s script in ways designed to accentuate the critique of World War II racism. Most notably, the death of a Japanese American farmer is, in Breslin’s writing, an accident, while in the film it is anything but.

Finding a stretch of abandoned railway line close to the town of Lone Pine in the Mojave Desert (just seven miles north of Manzanar), Schary built a “tiny, dusty, woebegone” western town, and assembled a cast including Spencer Tracy and Robert Ryan. Director John Sturges, another World War II veteran, shot the film on a budget of $1.3 million during the sweltering summer of 1954. Although the fictional roots of the
production meant it could not sustain the same claims to historicity associated with *Go For Broke!*, the tagline nonetheless claimed to show the event, “Just the way it happened!”

Shot in Cinemascope, the widescreen format and use of long, uninterrupted takes accentuate the “vast and lonely locale” of Black Rock and the temporal vacuum it inhabits. Described in the screenplay as “minute, dismal, and forgotten, crouching in isolation…,” the town punctuates a vast expanse of near-lifeless desert, everything about its ramshackle appearance suggesting stagnation. “The town and the terrain surrounding it have, if nothing else” Kaufman’s script reads, “the quality of inertia and immutability – nothing moves, not even an insect; nothing breathes, not even the wind. Town and terrain seem to be trapped, caught and held forever in the sullen, abrasive earth.” Set against this barren landscape, the power and rapidity of the bright red “Streamliner” locomotive that slices through the desert beneath the opening credits, powering toward the camera and splitting the immotile backdrop, communicates modernity and dynamism. That the ‘liner stops at Black Rock, causing obvious consternation to the station agent, Mr. Hastings, places the train, as well as its single disembarking passenger, John J. Macreedy (Tracy), in oppositional relationship to the stasis it punctures, the red carriages standing out vividly against the pale sand and muted colors of the town. Hastings’ anxiety is shared by other residents stirred from indolence by Macreedy’s arrival: chairs lean forward; faces peer from behind glass; figures appear in doorways to assess the unexpected arrival.

The panes of glass that so regularly separate Macreedy from the residents of Black Rock indicate the presence of a wider gulf between them – a division between
those who experienced World War II and took from it an inclusive definition of race and national identity, and those who remain trapped by the racial violence of the war years. Importantly, in Macreedy’s brief exchange with Hastings and in a subsequent conversation with Pete Wirth, the young man who runs the town’s only hotel, the audience learns that the war ended just two months ago and that the Streamliner has not stopped at Black Rock since shortly after Pearl Harbor. The town has been undisturbed since the outbreak of war, it seems, and Hastings’ uncomfortable squirming at Macreedy’s mention of a place called Adobe Flat reveals that Black Rock has no desire to have its solitude punctured. Indeed, the “sullen, abrasive earth” harbors a wartime secret that Hastings and the town’s other denizens, mostly a collection of tough cowboys led by Reno Smith (Robert Ryan), wish to keep buried forever.

Although he does not yet know it, Macreedy is the guardian of World War II remembrance and the racial progressivism it connotes, and his task will be to uncover the buried past and in so doing move what the train’s conductor calls the “woebegone and faraway” people of Black Rock beyond wartime suspicions towards appreciation for Japanese American service and sacrifice. Macreedy is, in a significant change of emphasis from the short story, a veteran of the Italian theatre of war, where he fought alongside a Nisei soldier named Joe Komoko. Komoko died in the act of saving Macreedy’s life (in an incident where Macreedy lost the use of his left arm, which hangs limply at his side), and Macreedy has traveled east from LA to Arizona in search of Joe’s father, a Japanese American farmer who lived on the outskirts of Black Rock, in order to present to him the medal posthumously awarded to Joe for his battlefield heroism. The secret the town is suppressing is that Reno Smith, gripped by a drunken patriotic rage,
murdered the elder Komoko on December 8, 1941. Macreedy’s arrival collapses that conspiracy of silence, threatening to exhume the past and return law and order to this anachronistic corner of the West. As Marita Sturken puts it, “[Macreedy] represents memory; they [Smith and friends] think they can obliterate it but it is already haunting them and festering within them.” Macreedy eventually reawakens memory of the post-Pearl Harbor persecution of Japanese Americans, teaching the lesson of Joe Komoko’s sacrifice and toppling Smith. This does not occur in Breslin’s story, wherein the citizens of Black Rock receive from Macreedy only admonishment and the instruction to “remember” the sacrifice of Nisei soldier Jimmy Kamotka.

Before the cinematic Black Rock’s dark secret is revealed, the townspeople’s paranoid reaction to Macreedy’s arrival – evidence of the “haunting” and “festering” of memory – reveals that something is amiss. At the hotel, Pete tells Macreedy there are no available rooms, citing the war as his excuse: “This is 1945, Mister, there’s been a war on,” he says, “the OPA lingers on.” Hiding behind putative obligations to the war effort, Pete communicates that Black Rock remains trapped in a wartime sensibility, and that any mention of patriotic obligation is merely an excuse to deny Macreedy disruptive tenancy in the town’s community of silence. Macreedy persists in peering at the reservation book, the empty pages of which exposes Pete’s lies, prompting the hotel clerk to snap the ledger shut, closing the book on Macreedy as the town seeks to leave buried the truth about Komoko. When Macreedy eventually secures a room, largely by ignoring Pete’s feeble excuses, he finds one of Smith’s cowboy thugs, Hector David (Lee Marvin) reclining on his bed, claiming the room and seeking to preemptively displace Macreedy and the memory he carries. Even the town Sheriff, Tim Horn (Dean Jagger), refuses to
answer questions about Komoko, nearly knocking over his bottle of cheap rum when Macreedy mentions the name. The people of Black Rock, Macreedy observes, “act like they’re sitting on a keg.”

Tactics of intimidation, including multiple snipes at Macreedy’s injured left arm, characterize the cowboy heavies’ attempts to test the stranger’s manhood, to “see if he’s got any iron in his blood,” as Hector puts it. Smith moves quickly to investigate Macreedy’s background, and the cowboys’ paranoia morphs swiftly into murderous designs. When Macreedy manages, over Smith’s objections, to hire a jeep from Pete’s sister, Liz Wirth (Anne Francis) and drive out to Adobe Flat, Coley Trimble (Ernest Borgnine) pursues him back to Black Rock along narrow dirt roads, attempting to force Macreedy off the road to his death. Silence will not outlast truth, though, and Macreedy’s visit to Adobe Flat, where he finds the burned wreckage of Komoko’s former home, provides the veteran with his first physical clue as to the farmer’s fate, and also attaches to Macreedy implications of interracial cosmopolitanism. Amid the dry landscape and ruins, Macreedy finds a small clump of wild flowers. These blooms, Dana Polan observes, offer hopeful evidence of rebirth in a place of death (for Macreedy has located Komoko’s unmarked grave), associating the possibility of life in this decayed West with the Japanese American who cultivated the arid land so effectively, digging sixty feet to find water. 

Importantly, at this site where the brutal past lies literally interred, the flowers bloom only in shades of yellow and white – Macreedy’s decision to pick one of each color connoting solidarity between this aging white veteran and the “yellow” Japanese. Indeed, Macreedy exhibits further evidence of Asian influence as he fights off Smith’s
hoodlums. When Coley, with a flick-knife in his pocket, starts a brawl with Macreedy in Sam’s Café, the one-armed veteran deftly and devastatingly employs Karate to disable the assault. “You’re a yellow-bellied Jap lover, am I right or wrong?” bellows Coley. “You’re not only wrong, you’re wrong at the top of your voice,” Macreedy retorts, and the fight with the barrel-chested Coley, which takes place before appropriately tattered “Buy War Bonds” posters, is an absolute no-contest, Macreedy’s World War II masculinity outranking and outfighting Coley’s corrupted old west lawlessness.

Most emblematic of the town’s failure to move beyond the anti-Japanese sentiments of wartime, however, is Black Rock’s unofficial leader, Reno Smith, whose orders lurk behind every action taken by Coley, Hector, and Hastings. Smith, Macreedy will learn, sold Komoko the land at Adobe Flat, presuming that the lack of water would see the Japanese American farmer fail. But Komoko, proving his own exceptional Americanism in successfully farming the hostile west, upset Smith by drawing water from the depths of the desert. Smith, who claims to have been first in line for Marine Recruitment on December 8 – “the day after those rats bombed Pearl Harbor” – was rejected for service (he failed a physical), and, after an eleven-hour drinking spree, he and the other cowboys went out to Adobe Flat, where Smith compensated for the military’s slur on his masculinity by burning Komoko’s farm and shooting the terrified farmer.

After Macreedy’s trip to Adobe Flat and Coley’s attempt to force him off the road, Smith finds Macreedy at the town gas station. “Why would a man like you be looking for a lousy Jap farmer?” Smith asks, drawn into conversation by his fear of what Macreedy might uncover. When Macreedy responds, goading Smith in saying “the Japanese make you mad, hmm?,” Smith’s calm disposition frays, his reply betraying his
continuing conflation of Japanese and Japanese Americans, a position unmoved by lessons learned elsewhere in the last four years. “Well that’s different,” Smith retorts, “After that sneak attack on Pearl Harbor…Bataan.” Pressed on Komoko, Smith continues, “It’s the same thing. ‘Loyal Japanese Americans,’ that’s a laugh. They’re all mad dogs, what about Corregidor, the Death March?” When Macreedy interjects – “What did Komoko have to do with Corregidor?” – Smith’s anger escalates further. “He was a Jap, wasn’t he? Look, Mr. Macreedy, there’s a law in this country against shooting dogs, but when I see a mad dog I don’t wait for him to bite me.”

Smith’s attitude reflects a failure to recognize the difference between those responsible for Japanese war atrocities and Japanese Americans loyal to the U.S., the evidence for which Macreedy bears in the shape of Joe’s medal. Representing not only the young Nisei’s devotion to duty and the nation-state’s decision to officially commemorate such, Joe’s medal (it is not specified what type) and the story behind it emerge as key to uncovering the truth of Komoko’s disappearance. While Smith attempts to hide his murderous actions behind the excuse of state policy, telling Macreedy that Komoko was taken to an internment camp, it is the medal, a token of official national recognition, that brings Macreedy to Black Rock and, in the end, compels several of the town’s “hollow men” – those, including Doc Velie (Walter Brennan), Sheriff Horn, and Pete, who acquiesced to Smith’s reign of intimidation – to confess the fate of Komoko and aid Macreedy in exposing the murder and escaping with his life.

Desperate to flee town following his fight with Coley and his discovery that Hastings has failed to transmit his telegram calling for help from the State Police, Macreedy tells Doc and Pete that he came to Black Rock with “one last duty to perform
before I resigned from the human race.” His life under threat, Macreedy demands to
know what befell Komoko. “I’ve never forgotten,” Pete says of the day Komoko was
killed, and Macreedy replies, with venomous sarcasm, “Well now isn’t that noble of you.
You haven’t forgotten and you feel ashamed, that’s really noble of you. I suppose four
years from now you’ll probably be sitting here telling people you haven’t forgotten me,
either. That’s real progress.”

As the Doc and Pete dither, Macreedy produces his trump card. “This Komoko
boy died trying to save my life,” he explains, “They gave him a medal. I came here to
give it to his old man, I figured the least I could do was give him one day out of my life.”
This tips the balance (neither Doc nor Pete knew that Komoko had a son), and the Doc
blurs out “Well are you gonna tell him or do I have to?” Pete then spills his memories,
relating how Smith, who “didn’t like Japs anyway” was spurred by rejection from the
Marines, by anger at Komoko’s farming success, and by a state of inebriation that Pete
calls “patriotic drunk,” to burn Komoko’s home and shoot the Japanese American in a
dreadful parody of Pacific island combat. Here, Macreedy exploits Pete’s shame,
provoking the clerk into aiding the threatened veteran’s escape. Pete and Doc overpower
Hector and arrange for Liz to drive Macreedy away. That she hands him to Smith, her
lover, only makes more immediate Smith’s comeupance, as instead of informing the
authorities, Macreedy confirms his superior masculinity by improvising a Molotov
cocktail from engine oil and setting Smith on fire. In the closing scenes, police arrive to
arrrest Smith, Hector, Coley, Sam, and Pete, while previously unseen citizens of Black
Rock – including several women – emerge onto the streets.140
Joe Komoko’s medal is thus the driving force of the narrative, for this symbol of national remembrance propels Maccreedy’s journey to Black Rock and the eventual unraveling of Smith’s conspiracy of silence. I thus disagree with John Streamas’ contention that the medal “has little significance except as a plot device by which Macreedy is brought to Black Rock,” and that the film “ascribes no honor to loyalty and patriotism.”¹⁴¹ For certain, there is no honor in the racist, drunken patriotism embodied by Smith, but this statement is unsatisfactory when one considers that it is Macreedy’s decision to bring the medal to Komoko, and more specifically his ability to transmit memory of Joe Komoko’s battlefield sacrifice, that finally brings Smith down, spurring Pete and Doc to transcend their apathy and shame. It is the tale of Joe’s heroism that resuscitates whatever honor remains in the hearts of Black Rock’s citizens, splintering the white population and dragging the town forward into history.

Furthermore, Streamas suggests that the lack of ceremony around the medal receipt, should it have happened, would also diminish its significance. Joe’s medal, Streamas writes, “would be conferred not by a dignitary but by an aging and disabled man describing himself as washed up and planning – significantly – to leave the country.”¹⁴² To be sure, had Komoko been alive to receive his son’s award it would not have involved the same grandiose official ceremony that accompanies the posthumous citation in *A Medal for Benny*. But the award to Komoko nevertheless communicates that the nation-state and its military are willing to recognize Japanese American patriotic service, that the official mechanism of nation remembrance has moved beyond the “patriotic drunk” that saw Japanese Americans incarcerated.
Indeed, although the absence of Komoko references Japanese internment, the nation-state is not responsible for this disappearance, and the only time internment is referenced is when Smith tries to mask Komoko’s true fate by attributing his absence to national policy. “Komoko, sure I remember him,” Smith replies to Macreedy’s query. “Japanese farmer; never had a chance….Got here in ’41 just before Pearl Harbor. Three months later they shipped him off to a relocation center.” Macreedy, having already written to the camps, knows that this is not the case. So, although the issue of internment is mentioned in the film, rather like in *Go For Broke!* emphasis lies on Japanese American patriotism, and the medal, like the ceremonial awards documented in the earlier film, conveys a reconciliatory paradigm. This is, again, in sharp contrast to the original story, in which there is no medal, and certain of Honda’s residents freely admit to driving “Old Man Kamotka” away. Coogan Trimble, for instance, says “Other places…settled it other ways. Camps. Things like that. We only had the one. We ran him out. Burned him out. That’s all.”

The medal is, then, the physical marker of the war’s meaning, material proof that the state has, unlike Black Rock, moved beyond the frenzied days of December 1941, and that the notion of loyal Japanese Americans is not, as Smith suggests, “a laugh,” but a reality written in blood. At the same time, Macreedy’s own depleted condition upon his arrival in Black Rock – which Streamas takes as a negative attribute, somehow diminishing the medal’s value – seems to me evidence of his personal proximity to the history of Japanese American military loyalty he must now communicate to the racial anachronism of Black Rock. Streamas suggests that because Macreedy is “a luckless veteran so badly injured in combat that he has lost the use of an arm,” he represents an
“unlikely champion of racial justice.” In Schary’s view, though, Macreedy’s “crippling injury to one hand,” a late (dis)appendage to the screenplay, was a crucial plot element. “It made Tracy’s reluctance to fight more credible, his desire to bring the medal to the father of the Nisei who had saved his life in combat more understandable, and when there was no way out except to resist and strike back, it gave Tracy’s character a new confidence that he could prevail even without the use of one hand.” Perhaps the producer had Perry Kinchloe from *Till* in mind, as his comments indicate that for Macreedy, as Kinchloe, the emergence of an ideological struggle over race and nation is what inspires the white veteran to rediscover a sense of purpose. Thus, Macreedy’s disability is not indicative of a lack of honor attached to Joe’s medal, but of the redemptive possibilities for whiteness that Schary locates in liberal anti-racism, Macreedy’s absent arm concurrently connecting him to the absence of both Komokos and indicative of the affinity between Macreedy and Joe.

As Macreedy discovers more about Black Rock, Komoko, and Smith, he not only recovers the buried memory of Japanese American patriotism and white supremacist violence, but also recuperates his own identity. Disability, it seems, has “forced” him into retirement, and his intention when he arrived in Black Rock was to drop off the medal before departing for South America or “the islands.” “I was washed up when I got off that train,” he tells Doc and Pete, “I was afraid I couldn’t function any longer.” Macreedy’s reaction to Coley’s attempts to kill him betrays no ideological zealotry – his plan is simply to depart. “I’m pulling out right now,” he says. But Smith ensures that no one will help Macreedy leave, and the attentions of Coley stimulate in the veteran an instinct to survive and a desire to expose the truth.
If Smith’s murderous intent helps recuperate Macreedy and foster a willingness to fight for interracial justice, it is equally important that Smith, unlike Streamas, locates in Macreedy’s disability the source of his potential threat. Indeed, Smith is spurred by Macreedy’s injury to take action, for he apparently finds a disabled man a very likely champion of racial justice. “I know those maimed guys,” Smith cautions his co-conspirators, “Their minds get twisted, they put on hair shirts and act like martyrs. All of them are do-gooders, freaks, troublemakers.” Considering Macreedy particularly tenacious and dangerous because of, rather than despite, his injury, it is, ironically, Smith’s perception of an urgent need to kill Macreedy that makes of him the “troublemaker” Smith fears. Compelled to fight by his disability, and awoken in doing so to the cause of commemorative racial justice, the disabled veteran appears once more the vessel of “prosthetic memory,” carrying to Black Rock the meaning of experiences from which the town remained detached throughout the war.\(^{146}\)

Moreover, as a combat survivor bearing the permanent scars of his own sacrifice, Macreedy possesses the authority to transmit war stories and their significance. That the town’s cowboys, explicitly Smith, are pinpointed as non-veterans is critical, distancing them from the right to determine the content of postwar memory. The veteran’s superiority is, in \textit{Bad Day}, physical and moral, and on numerous occasions Macreedy’s military skills prove vital. First, his “certain familiarity” with a military jeep enables him to survive Coley’s attempt to run him off the road.\(^{147}\) Second, Macreedy’s experiences in Europe help him recognize Komoko’s unmarked grave. “See these wild flowers?” Macreedy says to Smith, holding up the blooms he plucked at Adobe Flat, “That means a grave, I suppose you knew that. I saw a lot of it, you know, overseas….” Smith, of
course, has not been overseas, and did not anticipate Macreedy’s insight. Neither does Coley perceive Macreedy as a likely fist-fighter, only for the older man to batter him senseless. Finally, once Pete and Doc have secured Macreedy the use of Liz’s jeep once more, and Liz has surrendered him to Smith, Macreedy’s ability to manufacture and deploy an improvised Molotov cocktail confirms the superiority of his martial masculinity.

Macreedy and the memory he transmits help redeem sections of the town’s population, awakening from apathy several citizens guilty of allowing the crime to pass unpunished. Doc Velie is the most obvious candidate in this regard. Although his absence from conspiratorial meetings against Macreedy place Doc outside the corral of guilty men, he too suffers from resignation. “I feel for you,” he tells Macreedy, “but I’m consumed with apathy.” Nevertheless, Macreedy stirs Doc’s dormant guilt for his passivity in the Komoko affair, and Doc says to the Sheriff, “Four years ago something terrible happened here. We did nothing about it, nothing. The whole town fell into a sort of settled melancholy, and all the people in it closed their eyes and held their tongues and failed the test with a whimper.” Doc’s conversion is completed after he learns about Joe Komoko, and, helped by Pete, he smashes Hector with a fire hose to facilitate Macreedy’s escape.

Macreedy returns with the wounded Smith, and, as the police gather up Black Rock’s collection of anachronistic racists, the film concludes as Macreedy, accompanied by Doc, heads to the station to leave Black Rock. As the two men walk, Doc makes a request, asking that Macreedy leave Komoko’s medal. “I guess maybe we need it,” Doc explains, “Maybe give us something to build on. This town’s wrecked, just as thought it
was bombed out. Maybe it can come back.” “Some towns do and some towns don’t,” Macreedy replies, ambiguously, “It depends on the people.” With this, he boards the “Streamliner” and departs.

Streamas, who devalues the symbolic worth of the medal, regards the film’s conclusion as ambiguous. Macreedy, he writes, “leaves with no conviction that Black Rock will be among those towns that come back.” In distinction, Barry Shank locates in the medal affirmation of Japanese Americans’ “claim to American soil” and in Macreedy’s decision to leave the medal the redemption of Black Rock. “Joe’s singular act of bravery as a Japanese American,” Shank suggests, “confirms the dominance of whiteness.” 148 Both scholars are correct to an extent. There is nothing in Doc and Macreedy’s exchange to indicate that the town has been collectively redeemed, even if its racist elements have been extricated. Yet the fact that Joe Komoko’s medal – which surely belongs to the memory of both Japanese Americans – will remain in the town means that, beginning anew without Smith, Black Rock will contain a permanent reminder of Japanese American patriotism and its demand for a tolerant, accepting postwar whiteness. Streamas, contesting the redemptive qualities of the medal, notes that with the death of the only female character, Liz Wirth, “Black Rock’s population includes neither women nor persons of color: it is, effectively, sterile and colorless.” 149 This statement demands some reconsideration, largely because female figures are visible in the final frames, suggesting a more balanced population emerging as the town’s “settled melancholy” is lifted.

Unlike the films that went before it, though, Bad Day ends with ambiguity. The town might bounce back, but there is no declarative image of racism’s demise. More
important, however, is the suggestion that Black Rock, rather like Grayson in the earlier film, is an exception to the nation’s democratic reformation via World War II. If Black Rock is to be left, as Streamas argues, bereft of color and life, then this is surely punishment for having fallen out of step. As Macreedy says to Liz, “it just seems to me that there aren’t many towns like this in America, but one town like it is enough.” What is most clear at the conclusion, then, is affirmation that the U.S. – in its willingness to honor one Japanese American and, eventually, ensure that justice is served for the murder of another – is far outpacing the lonely outpost of bigotry that Black Rock has remained. Whether or not the town will “come back” becomes less significant than this overarching implication, Macreedy performing something of a memorial “mopping up” campaign in puncturing this archaic pocket of prejudice.

*Bad Day* opened in February 1955 to modest box office interest. It won accolades from the National Board of Review as one of the ten best films of 1955 (though it was pummeled at the Oscars by *Marty*), and was lauded at Cannes where it was sent as an official U.S. selection.\(^{150}\) Perhaps due to the absence of Japanese American characters, the film’s progressive racial politics often escaped attention. Only one member of preview audiences drew attention to this element on response cards, stating, “The Japanese who fought for us have need of a champion,” while reviews in the *New York Times* and *LA Times* passed it over altogether.\(^ {151}\) MGM feared an adverse response to the picture’s engagement with racial violence, but director John Sturges considered it unsurprising that the film caused little stir. “Most people by that time,” he commented, “sort of recognized the snap judgment of interning the Japanese Americans was wrong and done without justification.” Nonetheless, the *Washington Post* appreciated the effort
to extract a “4 year old poison” from “Black Rock’s system.” Moreover, the picture attested to the continuing diplomatic value of images of the U.S. as champion of racial justice. Ten years after its release, screenwriter Millard Kaufman, who fought the Japanese in the South Pacific, was invited to Japan to “receive an award for treating the Japanese with uncommon dignity.”

*Bad Day* was the last U.S. film for some time to depict Japanese American identity and World War II remembrance. Perhaps, as Sturges suggested, reconciliation between white and Japanese Americans was, by the mid-‘50s, something that many took for granted. In a December 1957 edition of *Pacific Citizen*, Nisei author Bill Hosokawa suggested as much. “Today,” he said of Japanese Americans, “their acceptance as Americans is complete and their position in their native land is secure.” Although not central to any Hollywood narrative, images of patriotic Japanese American service persisted throughout the 1950s and beyond. Nisei soldiers (often World War II veterans) feature in numerous Korean War pictures, and whenever the memory of the 442nd and 100th was evoked it was always in honorific fashion. In Sam Fuller’s 1959 film, *The Crimson Kimono*, two detectives – one white, one Nisei, both veterans – make observances at the Japanese American War Memorial in LA and converse with Mr. Yoshinaga, the father of a World War II Medal of Honor winner. Furthermore, images of postwar U.S.-Japanese collaboration also persevered. In Fuller’s *Hell and High Water* (1954), an international collective, including a Japanese national, unite to defeat Chinese attempts to provoke World War III. Tellingly, the mission takes place in a repurposed Japanese World War II submarine, a comment on the transformation of wartime antipathies into postwar affinities.
October 1961 saw the release of the first U.S. tale of a Japanese man’s marriage to a white U.S. woman. *Bridge to the Sun*, based on the life of Gwen Terasaki, who wedded Japanese diplomat Hidenari “Teri” Terasaki, sees the couple face bitter post-Pearl Harbor prejudice in both Japan and the U.S. Although Teri dies from illness, preventing the family’s eventual settlement in America, before his death he expresses his wish that Gwen take their daughter, Mako, to the U.S., “Where she can lose her prejudices and become the bridge we dreamed of.” *Bridge to the Sun*, with its representation of a mixed-race child as a “bridge across the Pacific” and of the U.S. as a place to “lose…prejudices,” was well-timed for the twentieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor, another occasion marked by the summons to forget.

On December 7, 1961, President Kennedy, speaking to the AFL-CIO, noted “an important anniversory for all of us,” but stipulated “we face entirely different challenges on this Pearl Harbor Day.”156 In Hawaii, a Japanese journalist listening to a speech made by Admiral John H. Sides, Commander of the Pacific Fleet, found the lack of animosity towards Japan remarkable.157 Like Alben Barkley ten years earlier, Sides set the attack firmly in a Cold War context. “In this missile and thermonuclear age it would be foolhardy indeed to assume that surprise attack will never be a possibility,” Sides cautioned, “We must be prepared to meet the challenge.” Nisei did little to commemorate their own wartime history. To be sure, some Americans were less than convinced that the nations’ alliance was built on solid ground, and some continued to harbor racial bigotries, but the tone in the U.S. mirrored the sentiments of a Japanese newspaper columnist who composed the December 8, 1961, headline, “Let us remember together in peace!”158 Perhaps a more apt phrase would have been “let us forget together in peace,” for the 1961
anniversary confirmed the mutual forgetting on which both U.S.-Japanese and white-Japanese American relations had come to depend in the twenty years since the outbreak of the Pacific War.

1 “Pearl Harbor Day Marked in Hawaii” NYT, December 8, 1951, 3.


4 “Pearl Harbor Day,” 3.

5 “Pearl Harbor Rites are Held by AmVets,” WP, December 8, 1951, A7.

6 In certain rightist circles, where the “back door to war” theory retained strong currency, the Japanese were absolved of responsibility for Pearl Harbor and blame placed on Rooseveltian warmongering, which had, according to one writer, “put Japan in a box from which war offered the only escape.” Elsewhere, Moscow was directly implicated, conservative writer Ralph de Toledano suggesting that Soviet agents in the U.S. had “tipped the scales for war.” Behind all this lurked the prospect of atomic devastation, addressed through the image of a hypothetical future disaster. Washington Times Herald, August 19, 1952; Ralph de Toledano, “Moscow Plotted Pearl Harbor,” The Freeman, June 2, 1952; In Husband Kimmel Collection, American Heritage Center, Laramie, Wyoming, Box 39, Folder 1.


10 “How to Stop the Russians,” Ebony (November 1951), 106.

11 Ibid., 106.

12 In Objective, Burma!, when a U.S. journalist witnesses a G.I. brutality tortured by the Japanese, his response is the following: “I thought I’d seen or read about everything that one man can do to another, from the torture chambers of the Middle Ages to the gang wars and the lynchings of today. But this…this is different. This was done in cold blood by a people who claim to be civilized. Civilized? They’re degenerate, moral idiots, stinking little savages. Wipe ‘em out, I say, wipe ‘em out. Wipe ‘em off the face of the earth…. Wipe ‘em off the face of the earth!” Across the Pacific and Little Tokyo, U.S.A. are notable in that both feature disloyal Nisei hiding behind patriotic devotion. In Across the Pacific, Joe Totsuiko, a Japanese American who speaks proudly of having been “born in the good old U.S.A” turns out to be involved in a plan to destroy the Panama Canal. In Little Tokyo, U.S.A., Ito Takimura, an LA merchant, smiles broadly as, after the Pearl Harbor attack, he and his cadre of disloyal Japanese (part of a “vast army of volunteer spies”) hang signs on their storefronts – “We Are Loyal U.S. Citizens,” “We Are Americans” – while plotting the end of “the white man’s domination in the Orient.” In both cases the OWI was concerned for the potential postwar implications of such images. Little Tokyo would, one reviewer wrote, “render the post-war re-absorption of Japanese Americans an almost insuperable problem.” OWI Motion Picture Reviews and Analysis, 1943-1945, RG208/350/75/33/02, Box 3511, Across the Pacific Folder and Box 3520, Little Tokyo, U.S.A. Folder, Archives II, College Park.

13 Walter White to RKO, November 30, 1948, Papers of the NAACP, Group II, General Office File, 1940-1956, Box 276, 1948 Folder.

14 With the exception of Oshima (Richard Loo) as a patriotic Nisei among multiple traitors in Little Tokyo, U.S.A., no loyal Japanese American characters feature in a wartime or postwar film until
1949’s *Tokyo Joe*. *Tokyo Joe* is careful to separate Japanese Americans from its ambiguous rendering of the Japanese. When fugitive Japanese criminals are arrested, a Nisei translator (Tom Komuro) is tasked with extracting information from them. While he is unable to prize any information, he is able to unequivocally position himself as an American. “I dunno Colonel, these goofy Orientals got me,” he comments.

15 For instance, in Warner Brothers’ *Air Force* (1943), a pilot invites his crew to observe the smoldering remains of Pearl Harbor from the air, pointing out, “it might be something you’ll want to remember.” After the bomber is forced into an emergency landing, the multiethnic crew is fired upon by Japanese Hawaiians hiding in the cane fields. Independent black director Spencer Williams’ *Marching On!* (1943) represents an African American soldier’s return to national loyalty when, AWOL from training in the Southwestern desert, he stumbles upon, and defeats, a Japanese American spy ring. On Pearl Harbor in wartime film, see Ralph R. Donald, “Awakening a Sleeping Giant: The Pearl Harbor Attack on Film,” *Film and History*, Vol. 27, No 1-4 (1997), 40-46.


19 The presence of the famous Iwo Jima flag-raising photograph on the wall of HUAC’s meeting room suggests that the committee is continuing the World War II fight. DoD help, which mostly entailed stock footage of the *Arizona*, is detailed in Assistant Secretary of Defense, Legislative and Public Affairs, Office of Public Information, News Division, Pictorial Branch, Motion Picture Section, Topical File 1943-1952. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 689, Folder 294. Archives II, College Park, Maryland.

In wartime, even the anti-racist Dr. Seuss, in the pages of *PM*, was depicting Japanese Americans as a fifth column “waiting for the signal from home.” Richard H. Minear, *Dr. Seuss Goes to War: The World War II Editorial Cartoons of Theodor Seuss Geisel* (New York: The New Press, 1999); *LA Times* editorial in David Mura, “Asia and Japanese Americans in the Postwar Era: The White Gaze and the Silenced Sexual Subject,” *American Literary History*, Vol. 17, No. 3 (Fall 2005), 606. The editorial continued, “So a Japanese-American, born of Japanese parents, nurtured upon Japanese traditions, living in a transplanted Japanese atmosphere and thoroughly inoculated with Japanese thoughts, Japanese ideas and Japanese ideals, notwithstanding his nominal brand of accidental citizenship, almost inevitably and with the rarest of exceptions grows up to be a Japanese, not an American in his thoughts, in his ideas, and in his ideals, and himself is a potential and menacing, if not an actual, danger to our country unless properly supervised, controlled and, as it were, ‘hamstrung.’” For Nisei military service as an offsetting factor, Milton Bracker, “Nisei Troops Take Mountain in Italy,” *NYT*, April 9, 1945, 8.


“The same month, *Time* included letters from white G.I.s attesting to the dedication of Nisei troops. From Colorado, a veteran sent angry refutation of anti-Japanese American sentiments on the home front. “I wish to God that some of the people at home who say, ‘Democracy is for the white race only,’ could be made to go out and fight for it.” “Letters,” *Time*, February 14, 1944, 4, 7.


29 “I believe the Caucasians will treat us nicely,” said Kay Kabashi, winner of a Silver Star, “The war is over and I guess we’ve made a pretty good name for ourselves.” See “500 Nisei Veterans Welcomed to City,” NYT, July 3, 1946, 7.

30 “Truman Stands in Rain to Cite Nisei G.I. Outfit,” WP, July 16, 1946, 1.


38 Don Tennyson, as told to Lloyd Shearer, “I Dared to Take a Japanese Bride,” WP, August 8, 1954, TA6.


40 An offshoot of the U.S. occupation, assimilation of the Japanese bride squared with the discourse of benevolence through which Americans were encouraged to understand their new relationship to Japan. Presenting America as the masculine power, the image of interracial marriage configured the
Asian nation as a feminized entity – a pliable and powerless “Geisha ally,” as Naoko Shibusawa phrases it. Shibusawa, *America’s Geisha Ally: Reimagining the Japanese Enemy* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2006). If postwar Americans were to husband a feminized rendition of postwar Japan, they were also cast in the role of benevolent fathers to the infantilized, war-orphaned Asian nation. Such imagery surrounded General MacArthur, credited by the Chief Justice of the Japanese Supreme Court as having presided over “the greatest success in the history of military occupation” and described in 1951 by *The Catholic World* as “father and leader of postwar Japan.” Genevieve Caulfield, “MacArthur: Father and Leader of Postwar Japan,” *The Catholic World*, Vol. CLXXI, No. 1,036, 246-251. The occupation had from the outset possessed, at least in U.S. eyes, a non-vengeful quality – “just and gentle,” James Michener felt – as the redistribution of farmland worked to waylay what *The Catholic World* saw as the potential disaster of “Food shortages, economic collapse, labor disputes, Russia’s never-ending efforts to hamper recovery and the ever-increasing antics of the Japanese communists.” James A. Michener, “Japan,” *Holiday*, Vol. 12, No.2 (August 1952), 27. On communism in postwar Japan, see, for instance, Sidney Shalett, “M’Arthur Reports Reds are a Factor in Japan’s Politics,” *NYT*, January 3, 1946. 1. Fear of communist inroads in Japan remained alive in U.S. culture throughout the 1950s, but after sovereignty was returned to Hirohito, and despite continuing leftist activities, the prevailing impression of Japan by the early-1950s was that, as MacArthur himself claimed, the “benign guidance of the American people,” who were “committed to the Christian purpose of helping a defeated, bewildered, and despairing people recreate in the East a nation largely designed in the image of the West,” had helped construct a “New Japan” free of its recent historical missteps. General Douglas MacArthur, *Revitalizing a Nation: A Statement of Beliefs, Opinions, and Policies Embodied in the Public Pronouncements of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur* (Garden City, NY: The Heritage Foundation, Inc., 1952), 23. Examples dealing with communism in Japan from the later 1950s include “Today, Japan is Communism’s Greatest Target,” *Washington Post Parade Magazine*, December 2, 1956, 14; John P. Marquand, “Rendezvous in Tokyo,” *Saturday Evening Post*, January 12, 1957, 41, 48, 51-53; Cameron Hawley, “Are We Driving Japan into Red China’s Arms,” *Saturday Evening Post*, August 10, 1957. On a broader scale, while Americans moved into the world in great numbers – as soldiers, diplomats, businesspeople, and tourists – they were also instructed in the composition of diplomatic conduct, in popular magazines and directly via the State
Department. In 1954, the State Department began inserting in each U.S. Passport a set of guidelines, cautioning that disrespectful engagement with peoples abroad might “do more in the course of an hour to break down elements of friendly approach between peoples than the Government [could] do in the course of a year in trying to stimulate friendly relations.” See Klein, *Cold War Orientalism*, 71-75, 83, 110.


FBI Report, October 19, 1948. FBI, Reel 4, Frame 00416.

FBI, Reel 5, Frames 00304, 00440-00441, 00655-00657.


Larry Tajiri, “Behind the 442nd’s Film Story,” *Pacific Citizen*, Undated. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.


Quoted in Tajiri, “Mike Masaoka Will Advise.”

The veterans cast were Lane Nakano as Sam, George Miki as Chick, Akira Fukunaga as Frank, Ken Okamoto as Kaz, Henry Oyasato as Ohhara, and Harry Hamada as Masami. As Tommy, Nakamura had not acted before, but he did go on to play a few more Hollywood roles. Lane Nakano, as Sam, had a longer acting career after debuting in a major role in *Go For Broke!* Quote from “Writer-Director Pirosh Gave Self Challenge in ‘Go For Broke!’” *New York Herald-Tribune*, May 20, 1951. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

Quoted in Tajiri, “MGM and Pregnant Pigs”
Masaoka to DoD, December 30, 1949; Howard Horton to DoD, August 3, 1950. Records of the
Assistant Secretary of Defense, Legislative and Public Affairs, Office of Public Information, News
Division, Pictorial Branch, Motion Picture Section, Topical File 1943-1952. RG 330/190/ 28/10/2, Box
682, Folder 205, National Archives II.

Schary to DoD, July 13, 1950. RG 330/190/ 28/10/2, Box 682, Folder 205. Copies of the
screenplay were sent on July 18.

Towne to MGM, August 3, 1950; Barron to Towne, August 21, 1950. RG 330/190/ 28/10/2,
Box 682, Folder 205.

DoD to MGM, February 15, 1951, and January 5, 1951. Towne to Army PID, February 23,
1951, and March 9, 1951. Towne to MGM, March 21, 1951. RG 330/190/ 28/10/2, Box 682, Folder 205.

“The picture will be backed to the hilt by the War Department and many of the veterans living here will
work in the film,” announced the LA Times in early 1951. “Robert Pirosh Does Unique War Script,” LAT,

Akins’ role, like Masaoka’s, is recorded in the film’s opening credits. See also Larry Tajiri,
“Nisei, USA: Kotonks and Boodaheads,” Pacific Citizen, December 2, 1950, 1. For the cooperative effort
to recruit filmgoers and soldiers, see the Go For Broke National Promotion Campaign Book, 2-6. Pirosh
Papers, Boxes 4 & 5.

Floyd Parks to Dore Schary, January 22, 1951, and Parks’ further assistance both in Go For
Broke National Promotion Campaign Book, 4-5. Pirosh Papers, Box 4.

The most high-profile premiere in terms of government presence was, predictably, that held in
Washington, D.C., which was attended by Vice President Alben Barkley and his wife, Speaker of the
House Sam Rayburn, and Senate Majority Leader Ernest McFarland, as well as members of the Armed
Services, Judiciary, and Interior and Insular Affairs Committees. Joseph Grew, and William Castle, both
former ambassadors to Japan, were also among the invitees. Northwestern Times, May 12, 1951, 1. Pirosh
Papers, Box 5.

Hawaii Herald, May 4, 1951, 1. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

Pacific Citizen, June 9, 1951, 8. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

Masaoka in Northwestern Times, May 12, 1951, 1. Pirosh Papers, Box 5. For advertising strategies pertaining to the Gold Star Mothers, see Go For Broke National Campaign Book, Pirosh Papers, Box 4, 8-12

MGM, “Facts for Editorial Reference About the Filming of MGM’s Go For Broke!,” Pirosh Papers, Box 5, pp.5, 7-8; Program for Invitational Premiere of Go For Broke!, and Go For Broke National Promotion Campaign Book, 1. Pirosh Papers, Box 4.

Azuma, Between Two Empires, 210-213.


“‘Go For Broke,’” they added, “should be seen by as many Chinese-Americans as possible as another continuing lesson in good American citizenship.” Crossroads, May 4, 1951, 1-2. Pirosh Papers Box 5.


Towne to MGM, October 17, 1951. RG 330/190/28/10/2, Box 682, Folder 205.


Fujitani, “Go For Broke.”

Tang, “From Internment to Containment.”

“Kotonk” was a term applied to mainland Japanese Americans by Hawaiian “boodaheads.” “Kotonk” represents the sound made if one strikes a mainlander on the head (which was, supposedly, empty).

Michael Vary, “‘Go For Broke’ is a Try to Win Minority Groups to War Effort,” Daily People’s World, June 11, 1951, 7.
On the dubious tactics of certain of the 442’s commanders, see Asahina, Just Americans, 105-130.

Masaoka, They Call Me Moses, 215, 216.

Scharry discusses the film’s success in Japan, only briefly, in Heyday, 226-227.

Honolulu Advertiser, Undated, May, 1951. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

“Go For Broke!” WP, May 15, 1951, 14.


James Hamada, “‘Go For Broke’ Director is Mild-Mannered, Soft-Spoken,” Hawaii Times, May 1, 1951. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

Bosley Crowther, “‘Go For Broke!’, Tribute to War Record of Nisei Regiment, Opens at the Capitol,” NYT, May 25, 1951, 31; Archer Winsten, “‘Go For Broke’ at the Capitol,” New York Post, Undated, Pirosh Papers Box 5.

On the bridge concept, see Azuma, Between Two Empires, 138-139, 145-151, 156-157.

All preview response cards in Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

John Rosenfeld, Dallas Morning News, May 24, 1951. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

Unspecified News Clipping, October, 1951. Pirosh Papers, Box 5. Go For Broke!, or rather Pirosh, was nominated in the category of “Best Writing, Story, and Screenplay,” but lost out to another MGM picture, An American in Paris. As an indicator of the Cold War tendrils affecting Hollywood at this time, Warner Bros’ I Was a Communist for the FBI won for “Distinctive Achievement in Documentary Production.” 24th Annual Academy Awards Brochure, Pirosh Papers, Box 6.

Lee Mortimer, “Go For Broke Exciting Tribute to Nisei,” Source Unknown, Pirosh Papers, Box 5; Michael Vary, “‘Go For Broke.’”

I have been unable to locate this book or any history of its publication.

FBI, Reel 7, Frame 00680-00681. The FBI questioned Halls of Montezuma even though it was produced by a volunteer Marine Corps veteran and constitutes a fairly straight Cold War preparedness piece, associating the anti-totalitarian struggle of World War II with the postwar battle with the Soviet Union.


“Outbreak of Violence Seen by Nips’ Return,” *LAT*, December 18, 1944, 9. According to Vidor scholars, Salinas was the “site of ferocious terrorist incidents against the few Japanese Americans with the grit to return home in the early months of 1945.” Durgnat and Simmon, *King Vidor*, 282-284.


The first U.S. studio production shot in Japan was Samuel Fuller’s 1955 Fox picture *House of Bamboo*. This followed a number of independent films, including *Tokyo Joe* (1949) and *Tokyo File 212* (1951).

Klein, *Cold War Orientalism*, 21-23.

said Sister T. Cattin, one of the Sisters of Charity staffing the orphanage, “has shown the Japanese people...that Americans leave only love and happiness behind them.” Lillian O’Reilly Maroney, “The Wolfhounds and the Children,” The Catholic World, Vol. CLXXIII, No., 1,038, 437, 438.


103 Kahn, “Gentle Wolfhound,” 78-81, 90.

104 Ibid., 85, 77, 75, 78, 75.

105 Ibid., 89; Maroney, “The Wolfhounds,” 439.

106 According to the New Yorker, “She had been taught that the Japanese had declared war several days earlier and that the American disaster at Pearl Harbor was simply the result of puny defenses” Khan, “Gentle Wolfhound,” 88. James Michener placed the “Gentle Wolfhound” alongside 19th century diplomat Lafcadio Hearn as one of two Americans most responsible for leaving “a lasting impression on Japan.” Michener, “Japan,” 78.

107 Jack Fier, Production Manager at Columbia, to Donald Baruch, October 1, 1954; Baruch to Dept. of the Army, October 4, 1954. DoD Film Collection, Georgetown University Special Collections, Box 5, Folder 7.

108 It appears that the DoD’s concerns pertained to scenes involving O’Reilly’s return to the U.S. with Yuko. These were resolved by the decision to end the narrative with the couple still in Japan.


110 Memo by Don Baruch on conversation with State Department, October 8, 1954, DoD Box 5, Folder 7.

111 John L. Stegmaier to Baruch, October 11, 1954, DoD Box 5, Folder 7.

112 “The word I got is that there will be no problem in making these corrections,” Bell wrote. Ray Bell to Don Baruch, October 21, 1954, DoD Box 5, Folder 7.

113 Bell to Baruch, November 10, 1954, DoD Box 5, Folder 7.

114 Pierce to Chesnutt, November 17, 1954, DoD Box 5, Folder 7.

If O’Reilly’s retention of war hatreds threatens his capacity to further the nation’s Cold War agenda, so too does the persisting traditionalism of older Japanese, such as Yuko’s family. Yuko’s parents exchange troubled glances at the chemistry between their daughter and the white American by whom she is charmed, and admonish her for working for the U.S. military and adopting western clothing styles. Suspecting that the two are in love, Yuko’s father interjects, “You are of different races – it is not right you be together.” Yuko rejects this as a “stupid custom of old Japan,” but her father cautions that O’Reilly depart as other G.I.s attached to Japanese women have done.


The presence of the phrase “from hate to humanitarianism” in several press reviews suggests that this was part of Columbia’s exploitation plan. One example is “O’Reilly’s Orphanage” NYT, November 24, 1955, 41.


Zanuck’s aborted project in DoD, Box 14, Folder 29, and in Larry Tajiri, “Notes from Hollywood,” Pacific Citizen, July 8, 1950. Pirosh Papers, Box 5.

The only contact between MGM and the DoD with regard to Bad Day was the standard practice of checking characters’ names to avoid using the name of an actual military figure. DoD, Box 14, Folder 14.


Schary, Heyday, 277-278. 

Lovell, Escape Artist, 97. In the story, Lancey Horn recounts how he fired at the fleeing farmer with the intention of missing, only for the elderly man to fall dead of a heart attack. Breslin, “Bad Time at Honda,” 29.

Tracy was persuaded to endure the heat as he was fond of Schary and his films. Larry Swindell, Spencer Tracy: A Biography (New York: World Publishing Co, 1969), 211, 230. On Sturges’ time in the World War II Signal Corps, see Lovell, Escape Artist, 25-35. 

Schary, Heyday, 265.


In the story, Macreedy’s status as a former Chicago policeman is given much more emphasis than his status as a war veteran.

Marita Sturken, “Absent Images of Memory: Remembering and Reenacting the Japanese Internment,” Fujitani, White, and Yoneyama, eds., Perilous Memories, 33-49. quote on 42.

The tale ends with this speech from Macreedy: “‘Jimmy Kamotka was killed in Italy. I think maybe this town should know that. And remember it. I’m not a cop any more, and you’re all safe enough. But just remember what I told you.’” Breslin, “Bad Time at Honda,” 30.

Dana Polan, Commentary on DVD

Sturges removed all background characters in order to heighten the eerie sense of tension. Lovell, Escape Artist, 101.

Streamas, “‘Patriotic Drunk,’” 108, 107

Ibid., 108.

Breslin, “Bad Time at Honda,” 25.
Streamas, “‘Patriotic Drunk,’” 99.

Schary, Heyday, 278; Lovell, Escape Artist, 98.


In the short story Liz has a station wagon, not a Jeep. Breslin, “Bad Time at Honda,” 21.

Streamas, “‘Patriotic Drunk,’” 111; Shank’s response to Streamas, 116.

Streamas, “‘Patriotic Drunk,’” 111.

Lovell, Escape Artist, 111-112.


Sturges quoted in Lovell, Escape Artist, 98; Kaufman’s visit to Japan on 113. Also “Terse Film Uses Canny Camera Style,” WP, February 12, 1955, 11.

Internment, although important to the narrative of 1960’s Hell to Eternity, was not given further cinematic treatment until 1976’s Farewell to Manzanar, while Japanese American World War II service was not again the subject of a feature film until the twenty-first century release of Lane Nishikawa’s Only the Brave (2006) and Desmond Nakano’s American Pastime (2007).

Hosokawa quote in Azuma, Between Two Empires, 213.

These include Fuller’s The Steel Helmet and, later, Pork Chop Hill (dir. Lewis Milestone, 1959).

Quoted in “Transcript of President’s Talk on Economic Problems at AFL-CIO Parley,” NYT, December 8, 1961, 18. George Hicks, Japan’s War Memories: Amnesia or Concealment? (Brookfield: Ashgate, 1997), 21.


Chapter 5: No Aliens in Foxholes: Race, Citizenship, and the Combat Soldier in World War II Films of the 1950s

In 1954, the U.S. observed its first Veterans Day ceremonies, the November 11 climax of the First World War (earlier marked as “Armistice Day”) having been expanded in commemorative scope by the federal government to honor the living and dead from all the nation’s major conflicts, including Korea and World War II. Across 100 locations – among them the White House Rose Garden, where President Eisenhower entertained freshly-minted Americans from eighteen different nations – a total of 48,000 new citizens swore oaths during what Life celebrated (alongside a photograph of a diverse collection of raised arms) as a “show of new hands.”¹ That such a multiracial, multilingual multitude could huddle together under the umbrella of U.S. citizenship expressed the postwar liberalization of national immigration policy and was, in official discourse, offered as fulfillment of the legacy of those who helped vanquish dictatorship and testament to the nation’s ability to meld difference into harmony.² On the date “set aside for tribute to all United States veterans, living or dead, who fought to keep us free,” Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., told crowds in New York City after troops and veterans paraded down Fifth Avenue, the inductions were “dedicated to memory of the past and hope for the future – hope that all men can learn to live together in peace as we have done in this American melting pot of the world.”³

Dotted among the 48,000 were individuals and groups particularly pertinent to the shifting ethnoracial politics confronting the Cold War nation. At Bremerton, Washington, on deck of the U.S.S. Missouri, site of Imperial Japan’s 1945 surrender, several Issei were among those swearing oaths.⁴ Japanese Americans’ elevation to assimilable “model
“minority” remained throughout the decade a favored symbol of white American tolerance and postwar reform, but there were many others for whom recent legislation had eased the path to citizenship.\(^5\) In New York, as Brownell decried “the falsity of the Communist doctrines and practices,” refugees from the Eastern Bloc, including a distant in-law of Czar Nicholas II, swelled the ranks. Michael Hanak, a Czech émigré, the Washington Post reported, endured similar deprivations under both Nazi and communist rule before his flight west, while the initiation of Juliana Nagy, daughter of Hungary’s last non-communist Prime Minister, evinced the assimilative power of U.S. capitalism (Nagy was now employed as an assistant buyer in a D.C. department store).\(^6\)

While media reportage lauded the naturalization of new citizens from many social and national backgrounds, the confluence of such grand ceremonials with the first Veterans Day projected the state’s desire to connect the right of such diverse peoples to U.S. citizenship to that most unimpeachable expression of national loyalty – service as a combat soldier. (The process also worked in reverse, as McCarran-Walter provided for denaturalization of wartime deserters.)\(^7\) Military bands marched in anticipation of events throughout the nation. In Long Beach, thirty-six Veterans’ groups cooperated to organize a two-and-a-half hour procession featuring every branch of the service. “The men and women who once marched in anger lest the nation fall,” commented the LA Times, “had their day yesterday lest the nation forget.”\(^8\) The previous day, November 10, was also one of official remembrance, with the unveiling of the Iwo Jima Memorial at Arlington. Here, the bronze figures raising the flag in recreation of Joe Rosenthal’s famous photograph (with added sculptural bulk and muscle-cularity) signified the diverse nature of the troops who defeated the Axis Powers and were now facing down communism.\(^9\) The scattered
roots of the flag-raisers – including Ira Hayes, a Pima Indian from Arizona, and Michael Strank, a first generation Czech immigrant – became, in their effigial immortalization, “an object lesson in American diversity and democracy,” the towering Marines’ endless straining exhibiting the martial prowess of the multiethnic nation gathered beneath the flag in indefatigable unity.10

In the largest single event of this first Veterans Day, over 7,000 people naturalized in observances staged at the Hollywood Bowl, where, after a performance by the Police Post Band of the American Legion, an assembly containing 1,700 Mexicans, 1,000 Japanese, 222 Russians, and numerous persons displaced by World War II gathered. “You had lost happiness and freedom by war or the cruelty of dictators,” Ugo Carusi, a son of Italian immigrants, former INS Commissioner, and erstwhile Chair of the Displaced Persons Commission, told the crowd, “Now you are, I hope, happy again in your regained freedom.” Alongside Carusi, influential LA newspaperwoman Agness “Aggie” Underwood offered further words of welcome, U.S. heterogeneity the keystone of her address. “Ours is no tradition of a ‘master race,’” she stated, “We have gained our strength and our national eminence because we are of all races.”11

The events of November 1954 mark a shift in the state’s engagement with World War II remembrance, as the federal government had not assumed a leading role in shaping memorial activity during the first postwar decade, deferring instead to popular culture to interpret the conflict to the U.S. public.12 Hollywood was apt stage for the performance of naturalization rites, then, as cultural producers in the nation’s film capital had outpaced those in its political capital in crafting a national physiognomy of multiethnic unity forged from the Second World War. Indeed, the state-sponsored
celebrations of 1954 reiterated tropes familiar to wartime and postwar cinemagoers, as images of racially- and ethnically-disparate Americans living and fighting in faultless unity – like the collective effort communicated by the Iwo Jima monument – had, early in the decade, returned as a means by which to address (or not address) the Cold War dilemmas posed by ethnoracial inequality. 

Historian Wendy Wall outlines two visions of the U.S. clashing in 1950s culture: one in which the nation is “in process” towards its democratic ideals, and another in which these ideals are already “perfected.”

By the early 1950s, the ascent of Hollywood conservatism had debilitated the early postwar paradigm of commemorative democratization, severing the war from the summons to equalitarian change advanced by the Hollywood left. The FBI’s and HUAC’s expurgatory approach to images of interracial conflict meant that while diversity remained a staple of war films, bigoted whites and the narrative of colorblind reformation did not.

Bound up in the presence of diversity and the absence of interracial animosity was an implication that within the crucible of anti-Nazi warfare the nation had healed its internal rifts: that the struggle with fascism had accelerated toward conclusion the process by which the nation was rendering “race” an outmoded concept. Ultimately, via the elimination of white supremacist thought and with it race as a divisive issue, the uncertain legacy of the war that progressives sought to imbue with direction in the late 1940s gained in the subsequent decade a dehistoricizing, retrospective clarity. Nonwhites’ service in World War II was encoded not as a challenge to fulfill the nation’s democratic ideals, but rather a step in the already “perfected” process of peacefully and effectively integrating the armed forces and crafting the capacious nation on display in November 1954. Thus, the summons to action
in the 1949 tagline, “There’s no room for prejudice in the ‘Home of the Brave,’” became by the early 1950s a declarative assertion: “There’s no prejudice in the Home of the Brave.”

The mantra on Veterans Day was “Lest We Forget,” but Hollywood’s and the state’s post-World War II nation was in fact forged in forgetting, most notably in the elision of white bigotry. This chapter focuses on the work of absence and erasure in delimiting the scope of the harmonious interethnic patriotism endemic to the 1950s World War II film, considering the place in World War II remembrance of those groups least central to the decade’s combat pictures. Charting Hollywood’s and the DoD’s management of the melting pot landscape of war, I first explore the depiction of African American combat troops and veterans in two films by Universal-International – *Bright Victory* (1951) and *Red Ball Express* (1952) – as well as in the earliest Korean War film, Sam Fuller’s independently-produced *The Steel Helmet* (1951). While these productions were atypical in dramatizing black Americans at war (or home from war), they mark in their treatment of white bigotry and national segregationist policy the dilution and dissolution of postwar liberal critique into an affirmative embrace of acquiescent assimilation.

Secondly, inching closer to the center, I consider the liminal positionality of U.S. Latinos within the 1950s combat genre. Initially pivotal to liberal Hollywood’s postwar summons to colorblindness (recall *A Medal for Benny*), Latinos remained peripherally integrated (as they were in the wartime military) within the multiethnic spectrum embraced by the film industry. Yet the production histories of two major war films, both runaway productions made later in the decade – Warners’ *Battle Cry* (1955) and Allied
Artists’ *Hell to Eternity* (1960) – reveal that, like African Americans, Latinos were acceptable markers of military and national diversity only so long as their presence was not deployed to expose or critique inequality.

Finally, through the 1958 adaptations of two left-leaning novels published in 1948 – Irwin Shaw’s *The Young Lions* and Norman Mailer’s *The Naked and the Dead* – I consider the eclipse of U.S. anti-Semitism from the Hollywood war film. In light of Cold War demands, the state sanitized images of German war crimes, supporting “good German” pictures like Fox’s Rommel biopic, *The Desert Fox* (1951), and also sought to distance its own history from troubling hints of anti-Semitism (it was, after all, communism, not the “free” world, that was supposed to echo Nazism). Reference to the Holocaust was a rare event in Hollywood film until the 1960s, a fact partly explained by the presence of former Nazi rocket scientists among those becoming U.S. citizens on November 11, 1954.¹⁷

I begin, however, by outlining the white center. The 1950s were a prolific period for war cinema and for the DoD Pictorial Division, especially after the 1949 box office successes of *Battleground* and *Sands of Iwo Jima*. An increased capacity to travel overseas offered radically reduced production costs, while technological innovations – notably Cinemascope and Technicolor – promised a scope and scale that television could not match.¹⁸ One of the most commercially fruitful of the combat epics was *To Hell and Back*, Universal’s 1955 biopic of much-decorated Irish-American soldier Audie L. Murphy.¹⁹ Adapted by Gil Doud from Murphy’s 1949 memoir, produced by New York-born USC graduate Aaron Rosenberg, and made with enthusiastic DoD backing, *To Hell and Back* encapsulates the ideological tenor of the 1950s war film (and national
remembrance), its multiethnic combat platoon communicating an image of diversity and solidarity in a manner accentuated by the filmmakers as they converted Murphy’s writing for the screen.\(^{20}\)

At center-stage is the young Irish-American (Murphy as himself), diminutive in stature but immense in courage. Opening with footage of a formation march and a speech to camera by General Walter Bedell Smith, wartime Senior Staff Officer at Supreme Allied HQ, attesting to the truth of what is to follow, the film covers Murphy’s impoverished youth in rural Texas, his rejection as physically unfit for service by the Marines, the Navy, and the Paratroopers, and then his remarkable record with the Army, which saw him garner an unrivaled collection of citations in North Africa, Italy, and France. Filmed in Washington State, in part at the Army’s Fort Lewis compound, much screen time is devoted to Murphy’s individual courage, director Jesse Hibbs staging spectacular reconstructions of the hero’s propensity for storming German machine gun posts and securing combat objectives along with battlefield promotions.

Around “Murph” orbits an ethnic jumble of supporting soldiers, their names alone – Klasky, Johnson, Sanchez, Kovac, Brandon, Kerrigan, “Chief,” Vicenzo, and Valentino – confirming the “melting pot” functionality of World War II combat. Although the narrator explains that the “dogface” rarely comprehends the reasons for which he fights, Southern and Eastern Europeans, more prominent in Doud’s screenplay than in Murphy’s memoir, reinforce the nation’s ideological steel, their heritage informing and intensifying a desire to drive the Nazis from Europe.\(^{21}\) Valentino (Paul Picerni), a second generation Italian American from Flatbush, NY, eagerly anticipates visiting Naples and “liberating my ancestral home” when the company is transferred to Sicily. “It’ll be real personal for
me,” he remarks. Also integral is Kovac (Richard Castle), a Polish national whose family has been “liquidated” by the Nazis (connecting him by experience to European Jews even while he is not explicitly identified as Jewish). In a telling change from the source, Kovac is introduced while studying for his U.S. citizenship test (at the front line, no less). In this effort, a literalization of the iconography on display in November ’54, the heavily-accented Pole is assisted by “Chief,” a perpetually-silent Native American with a firm grasp of constitutional history. For Kovac, too, the war is highly personal, and he is incensed by the poverty of Italian children, who remind him of the fate of his native Poland. “They no start Hitler’s war,” he says, “Look, look what it does to them.”

In Hibbs’ film, Kovac’s commitment helps his comrades comprehend the war’s greater import, especially after he is trapped under barbed wire and killed by German fire. Johnson (Marshall Thompson), a Southerner, comments that Kovac “sure was a good soldier” because he “thought he was fighting a holy war.” “Maybe he didn’t mind dying,” adds Brandon (Charles Drake), “Maybe that’s what fighting for a cause means.” Revisions to Murphy’s memoir eliminate any soldierly cynicism over the worthiness of the cause. In the text, Kerrigan, an Irish American G.I., rejects the notion that Kovac’s fight constituted a “holy war,” denouncing the promises of postwar American life for the Polish warrior, and adding bitter comment on “4-F, draft-dodging bastards” back home. “Whose the hell war is this?” Kerrigan asks, and his comrades cannot supply an answer.

In cinematic adaptation, no such angry critique mars Kovac’s martyrdom, the Pole’s devotion to the U.S. despite the fact that he “wasn’t even a citizen” bestowing upon him posthumous naturalization, while Chief’s tearful distress asserts once more that military brotherhood spans ostensibly vast cultural gulfs. Later on, when replacements replenish
the squad, the arrival of Sanchez (played by East LA prize-fighter Art Aragon) appends U.S. Latinos, if only peripherally, to the diverse constituencies risking their lives to end European totalitarianism.

*To Hell and Back* concludes with thanks to the DoD and Army as each soldier, whether a casualty or a survivor, returns to parade in an ethnic miscellany of heroes. The G.I.s are shown in double-exposure, while in the background more troops march, supposedly part of Murphy’s Medal of Honor ceremony on April 23, 1945.\(^ {25}\) It is the same formation display with which the film opens, and the careful observer will note several African American G.I.s marching at front-right. These black troops at once signal the postwar nation’s movement towards integration (they were likely stationed at Fort Lewis during filming in 1954), and also offer a reminder of their debarment from the combat experience in which so many other groups are permitted participation during the film. The black G.I., traveling neither to hell nor back, cannot gain representational access to the militarized crucible of World War II remembrance, remaining pinned to the film’s literal and symbolic margins. Also important is that *To Hell and Back*, echoing wartime film, is marked by the complete absence of ethnroracial friction. White supremacy simply does not exist to inhibit the war effort, as if the diverse nation now facing the challenges of Cold War leadership consigned prejudice to the waste bin of history prior to war’s end (the legacy of the war, then, need not be addressed, for it assumes at last a concrete and certain quality). The DoD was delighted: “It should do much to enhance the glory of the Army,” wrote Col. Geo. Patrick Walsh, offering his unequivocal blessing in May 1954.\(^ {26}\)
The absence of racial friction in *To Hell and Back* reflects the disappearance of the progressive trope of racial reform through wartime service. The Second Red Scare and the capitulation of film industry liberals made criticism of the nation-state and its segregated military an increasingly risky and unlikely enterprise. Following the 1948 publication of the Waldorf Statement by industry executives under the direction of MPPA President Eric Johnston, the HUAC hearings of 1951-1953 resembled a mopping-up campaign during which the forces of reactionary conservatism met little substantive resistance. Anti-communist features poured from the studios, tarring communists with the brush of racial bigotry, or suggesting that civil rights movements were communist-inspired, and former radicals recanted their ideological misadventures by “naming names” before the committee. Dozens of radicals and fellow travelers fell foul of blacklists and “graylists,” while non-communist liberals, including Stanley Kramer, scrambling for self-preservation, detached themselves from their more controversial associates. At the 1951 and '53 HUAC hearings, writes one historian, “the public acts of contrition, the eager replies to the leading questions, the humiliating coaching before and during the spectacle showed how far both HUAC and Hollywood had moved since late 1947.”

As the Red Scare removed and cowed those most invested in deriving an equalitarian legacy from World War II, the 1950 intensification of the Cold War into open belligerence in Korea, alongside the process of armed forces integration initiated by Truman’s executive order of July 1948, accentuated the importance of the military image in U.S. cinema. Truman’s order made integration a matter of national policy, but it also made depicting the recent past – including segregated World War II armed forces – a
thornier matter. The Pictorial Division was to some degree compelled to embrace integration, but became at the same time heightened in its sensitivity to depictions of white supremacy and racial inequity. After 1949, the DoD was more likely to require significant alterations to scripts. White prejudice, even if resolved via colorblind reform, was often deemed an unacceptably damaging projection of the shortcomings of U.S. democracy.

The image of black Americans in World War II faded in the ‘50s along with the social problem film as a whole. Like its star and subject’s denunciation of Paul Robeson before HUAC, 1950’s *The Jackie Robinson Story*, made by anti-communist film company Eagle-Lion, advanced acquiescence to the demands of Cold War Americanism, making much of the integration of Major League Baseball while entirely neglecting the wartime court martial Robinson endured after clashing with a Southern bus driver. Instead, Robinson is drafted, promoted to Lieutenant (“that’s a mighty fine job,” comments a friend), and demobilized into a future of sporting success that, the narrator intones, could only unfold in a “truly free” society. “Don’t fight back is the theme of Jackie Robinson Movie,” bemoaned the *Daily Worker*, protesting Robinson’s non-belligerence and the treatment of integration as a favor granted by benevolent whites. To the disgust of the radical press, as sportsman, actor, friendly witness, and cinematic (non-combat) soldier, Robinson represented the peaceful intermixture of black and white on terms ordained by the conservative political order.

Such acquiescence also appears in sections of the contemporaneous black press. “The swiftest and most amazing upset of racial policy in the history of the U.S. military is currently turning the U.S. Air Force topsy-turvy,” enthused *Ebony* in 1949. Further
indicative of segregation’s demise was the dissolution of the all-black 332nd Fighter Wing, the famous Tuskegee Airmen, communicating that the divided history of U.S. air forces in World War II had been laid to rest. The Marine Corps, Ebony further reported in July 1952, was “last among all services to enlist Negroes in its ranks during World War II but today…is as fully integrated as any other of the nation’s fighting units.”

Although retaining a watchful eye on incidents of racial violence, Ebony thus drew affirming attention to the advance of military integrationism.

The slippage of progressive democratization into assimilationist absorption is evident in the two films from the early 1950s most directly addressing black subjectivity and the war. Bright Victory (1951) and Red Ball Express (1952) were both released, with full DoD cooperation, by Universal-International, a studio that did not awaken to the social problem cycle until its peak had passed. Universal attempted to buy Home of the Brave in 1949, and, thwarted in this attempt, aimed at replicating Kramer’s success with Bright Victory. The film passed muster at the DoD without problem. In May 1950, having perused a story outline, Col. Claire Towne told Universal that “the motion picture would be in the best interests of National Defense and would assist the public information programs of all Departments of the Defense Establishment.” Bright Victory was to deal with the rehabilitation of blinded veterans white and black, but other than a caution from the Army against a “maudlin or over-sentimental approach to the direction and the acting,” the production faced no obstacles in securing the NME’s and the Surgeon General’s permission to shoot at Valley Forge Hospital in Pennsylvania. After filming in late 1950, a December preview produced “no objections” from the DoD.
Adapting *Lights Out* (1945), an antiracist novel by disabled veterans’ activist Baynard Kendrick, the production team included two war veterans who had worked on *Home*, screenwriter Carl Foreman adapting the source material and Mark Robson again directing. Through the inclusion of a black combat casualty (another veteran of both the U.S. military and *Home*, James Edwards), the film restates the right of those who served to equal citizenship, continuing the democratizing association between disability and colorblindness evident in the late-1940s, and reflecting Kendrick’s claim, made in 1945 as Honorary Chair of the Blinded Veterans’ Association (a group distinguished by its lack of racial restrictions) that “these boys who have lost their sight in war don’t know the meaning of race or prejudice. Their blindness has blotted out all prejudices.” Made shortly before Foreman fell to the blacklist, the film is rare for its invocation of white supremacist ideology as an obstruction to the nation’s progress toward colorblindness. At the same time, though, Kendrick’s novel, published in 1945, was subjected to significant revision, and the simplicity with which prejudice is overcome in the screen version exposes the dulling edge of liberal cinema’s attack on white supremacist thought.\(^{38}\) The film opens in North Africa in 1943. Larry Nevins (Arthur Kennedy), a wealthy Southerner, brags about his fiancé’s wealth and the “soft set up for life” that awaits him in Florida.\(^{39}\) Moments later, though, laying communications wire in enemy territory, Larry is hit in the temple by a sniper’s bullet. Rendered blind, Nevins is evacuated to the field hospital in Oran, Algeria, then on to Valley Forge in Phoenixville, PA, for rehabilitation. Nevins’ sense of superiority first emerges as he travels back to the U.S., his eyes bandaged and his sight destroyed. Aboard the transport aircraft, Larry chats to a fellow casualty, a black G.I. from Georgia, the conversation proceeding amiably until
the talk turns to each man’s peacetime occupation. Learning that the other is a mere
waiter, Larry discerns that his companion must be black and brings the exchange to an
abrupt halt. This establishes Nevins’ distaste for racial intermixing, but does not permit
him the pontifications he adds in Kendrick’s novel, wherein he imagines returning to run
his soon-to-be-father-in-law’s factory with “no foolishness from labor and uppity
Negroes” and reassures himself that the U.S. “was never made to be run by the Negroes
and the Jews.”

Thus established, Larry’s white supremacy recedes from the film for some time,
although Robson takes care to include black G.I.s in the background of numerous shots,
conveying that the military hospital entertains no color bar even if our protagonist does.
At Valley Forge, Larry overcomes his initially suicidal reaction to learning that his
sightlessness is irrevocable, and begins to recoup his independence, largely by striking up
a friendship with Judy Greene (Peggy Dow), a kindhearted local woman. The theme of
blindness as colorblindness, hinted at on the transport plane, reemerges after Larry
literally bumps into Joe Morgan (Edwards), an African American veteran of the 226th
Machine Gun Regiment who lost his sight to a booby trap at Anzio. (In the novel, Joe
suffers from a training wound received in California. The change, locating Morgan in the
Italian invasion, gives Joe a combat record, underscoring his right to equality. Joe is
from New Orleans and, just like the black soldier on the plane, his southern connection
appeals to Larry, whose unstated assumption is that Morgan is white. This time, Nevins
does not work out that his new companion is black, despite their spending a great deal of
time together. This is, as New Republic’s Robert Hatch noted, rather unlikely, but it
literalizes the liberal maxim that color is the only dividing line between races. Soon fast
friends, a playful montage captures Larry and Joe as part of an unknowingly integrated group, engaging in historically-segregated activities such as swimming and even capturing the blind bowling championship working as a pair. When Joe is set to travel home for a month’s furlough before moving to the “graduate school” of rehabilitation at Avon, Connecticut, Larry comments, “I’m sure gonna miss you, Joe.”

But Larry’s latent racism bubbles to the surface, disrupting the haven of recuperative therapy and interracial solidarity at Valley Forge. In a reverse tracking shot, Larry and Joe walk through the hospital, Joe gently teasing Larry about his blossoming relationship with Judy until someone mentions the imminent arrival of new patients. “Yeah, so I hear,” says Larry, matter-of-factly, “and three of them are niggers. I never knew they let niggers into this ward….” Dropped suddenly and casually, the epithet inflicts instant dislocation, an occurrence that Robson captures within the scene’s formal elements. The reverse tracking shot halts abruptly, as do Joe and the other veterans. Larry, suddenly adrift of the group, is isolated and awkward at front of shot, turned half face as he finishes his sentence, “…did you, Joe?” “Yeah,” Joe replies, a picture of disillusionment, “I’ve been here nearly seven months, now.” At this, Joe departs, crestfallen, a close up oneshot communicating his anger and solitude (African Americans in the hospital have, to this point, appeared only in integrated frames). But if Joe is isolated by Larry’s bigotry, so too is the perpetrator. In Bright Victory, it is the racially-bigoted, economically-privileged white, who, rather like T.J. in Home of the Brave, is marginalized by his own attitudes.

Joe leaves for New Orleans without speaking to Larry, and the white Floridian appears at first unrepentant, despite the other patients’ decision to shun him for his
outburst. When Larry successfully completes the rehabilitation program, his former friends remain disinterested. “You killed your best friend,” admonishes Larry’s doctor, who is also blind, but the Floridian, loyal to an outmoded conception of racial hierarchy, blames Joe for the incident. “What did you expect me to do, say sorry?” he asks, incredulous, “Joe should’ve told me what he was when I met him.” Again, Larry’s thoughts gain more detailed articulation in *Lights Out*, and his fascistic notion that “Negroes should be earmarked somehow, maybe made to wear a bell,” did not make it to the screen.44 Regardless, in both film and book Larry’s position is untenable. The Doctor, restating the link between physical blindness and ideological colorblindness, tells Larry that his life will forevermore be filled by people with “no faces, no color, just voices. You gonna ask ‘em what their race or religion is before you decide whether you like ‘em or not,” the doctor presses, “or learn to trust what you feel about ‘em?”45

The lecture has little ostensible impact on Larry until his turn arrives to travel home on furlough. Greeted by his parents at the Seminola station, the familial root of Larry’s racism is soon revealed, as his mother, Claire Nevins, bewails the departure of the family’s black housekeeper, Ella May. After nine years’ service, Ella May headed north for higher wages in the war industries, and this hint towards the democratic reverberations of the war exposes as anachronistic Southern racial hierarchies. “After all we’ve done for her,” Mrs. Nevins says, unable to grasp why Ella May would reject either the South or domestic employment, both of which are, according to the white matriarch, “where she belongs.” “Oh, Larry,” Claire continues, presuming her son’s sympathy, “you just don’t know what this war’s done to our Nigras.” Larry, betraying a first glimpse of conscience, and jolted by the gulf between Valley Forge and Seminola, replies, “I know
what it did to one of them.” “Our Nigras,” he repeats with a shake of the head, “why do you still talk that way? The Civil War’s over, haven’t you heard?”

His mother thus affronted, Larry and his father (Will Geer) depart for the local bar, where Larry confesses that for a while “my best friend was a Nigra,” and that prejudice “tore us wide apart.” The “us” of this sentence extends readily into national metaphor, especially so for its proximity to Larry’s reference to the Civil War, another occasion on which race “tore us wide apart.” More reasonable than his wife, Mr. Nevins explains to Larry that his mother’s opinions were, like Larry’s, internalized from a young age, the older man recognizing the inevitable shifts inflicted by the war. “The whole world’s changing,” he says, “you more than we because you have to change.” And Larry has changed, becoming less and less comfortable in this racial backwater, where whites, including the affluent family of Chris Paterson, Larry’s fiancé, not only employ black household servants in a manner apparently fixed in history but also entertain problematic attitudes toward disability. Mr. Paterson, owner of a barrel factory (the “soft set-up” of which Larry boasted), doubts that Larry can support himself, and opposes the marriage before conceding to his daughter’s loyalty by offering the veteran a cushy job. But Chris, like her father, holds doubts about the engagement, and when Larry refuses to stay in Seminola, asking her to move away with him, she does not trust his capacity to succeed. The wedding is called off, and Larry takes a friend’s advice, visiting a successful lawyer who was blinded in World War I and becoming inspired to pursue a legal career.

Returning to Valley Forge to catch the train to Avon, Larry reunites with Judy, who offers him a kindness sorely lacking in his Florida hometown. The two are engaged, and Larry gets a further chance at redemption when he hears Joe’s name among a list of
passengers heading north. Larry calls out, and the black G.I. responds, coldly at first. Joe holds no grudge, though, and when Larry asks, “Say, Joe, we’re still friends aren’t we?” Joe replies, “Sure, Larry, if you wanna be.” “I wanna be,” says the reformed bigot, “hey, come on inside, we’ll get some seats.” This they do, and the conversation becomes jovial and natural once more, as the train, another historically segregated space now subject to equalizing reform, bears them in interracial fraternity toward completion of their rehabilitation (which has, in Larry’s case, a double connotation). 46 With this, the film ends. The war has imposed upheaval on Southern minds, and, through shared experiences, united veterans in colorblind brotherly affection.

What is striking about the climax of Bright Victory is the brevity of the concluding reconciliation and the pace with which Joe is willing to forgive. In the novel, the process is much more protracted than in the film, where the closing reunion appears almost an afterthought (from Joe’s reentry until the end credits takes sixty seconds). In Lights Out, Joe initially rejects Larry’s apologetic overtures. “You’ve taught me something too, Larry – never to trust a Southern white man again,” he says, before recalling as evidence of the hopelessness of their situation an incident in Louisiana when Joe’s father was brutally beaten for giving a white girl a ride to school. Joe comes round eventually, and helps Larry reunite with Judy, but on screen no such horrific memories linger to recall that the work of racial reconciliation is far from complete. 47

As with many of the liberal postwar narratives, it is ultimately whiteness that changes, while blackness remains static and unthreatening in its assimilationist desires. As Robson saw it, “Edwards has the key role in the film, for it is through him that the white soldier grows to understand himself. And the picture’s comment and meaning is
made through the character portrayed by Edwards.” There remains the hint of prejudice persevering – not just in Larry’s experiences down South but also in Joe’s comment that his New Orleans furlough was fine, “except nobody would tell me where the bathrooms were” – but the overall implication is that the war, by 1944, has initiated an irreversibly democratic movement. \[49\]

*Bright Victory* premiered in August 1951. Due to the involvement of Robson and Kennedy, both of whom the FBI knew to possess “decided left wing associations,” and Will Geer, who took the Fifth before HUAC, the Agency added the picture to its list of suspicious productions. Perhaps an indication of the softened terms through which it addressed white supremacy, *Bright Victory* was not deemed subversive enough to merit in-depth analysis. \[50\] Anti-racist moderates embraced the film, and by the time of its release *Bright Victory* had garnered praise from Walter White. In June, White was moved to invite some sixty guests – including Langston Hughes, Ralph Bunche, and Eleanor Roosevelt – to a special preview screening at Universal, lauding “one of the most moving films dealing with the race question which has ever been made.” In a July statement for *Ebony*, White described it as “poignant and convincing in demonstrating how skin color is meaningless to those who cannot or will not see color as a barrier to human decency.” \[51\] *Ebony* located in the peripheral engagement with race evidence of progress, finding “its casual approach…significant in demonstrating Hollywood’s acceptance of the Negro angle as part of a routine film.” Reviewing the picture before its release, the magazine praised it as a project that “whacks solidly at intolerance in a new and moving way.” “*Lights Out* basically is not concerned with racial prejudice,” the review surmised, “but rather makes this theme supplementary to its main plot which concerns the troubles of a
blinded vet trying to adjust to the world around him. By its routine inclusion of the scenes about discrimination, it sets a new standard for Hollywood which has in the past hesitated to include bits about bias in ordinary pictures about everyday life.”

Yet, despite the support of black integrationists, the “casual approach” left Bright Victory in danger of losing the message that Robson located at the heart of its “comment and meaning.” Bosley Crowther appreciated “a fine documentation of the technique by which blinded veterans are treated and trained at an Army hospital,” but considered the racial subplot worth only brief mention: “they have even got into their drama a bit of social philosophy,” he noted, “by having their blind hero discover the inconsequence of the color of a true friend.” The review in Life neglected to mention Edwards’ role, while Time chided the picture as a watered-down version of Stanley Kramer’s The Men (released a year earlier). If the dramatization of blindness was, Time felt, “a sentimental journey past soap-opera landmarks,” its treatment of race was still less compelling. “Bright Victory is even more superficial,” the reviewer commented, “in an over-tricky subplot that as glibly poses and solves the Negro problem.” Robert Hatch was of similar mind, dismissing Larry’s reformation as “a tasteless and superficial effort to be progressive.”

Bright Victory constituted a somewhat toothless continuation of the postwar left’s call for colorblind democracy, and in this regard exposes Hollywood’s post-HUAC acquiescence to the demands of Cold War conservatism. For the DoD, such a “tasteless and superficial” stab at progressivism was entirely acceptable, but the Pictorial Division would have more to say about 1952’s Red Ball Express, the first feature film since Home to depict black soldiers in a frontline World War II setting. At the time of Bright
Victory’s release, the war in Korea was a year old, and the status of African American troops remained contentious. In June 1951, writing for the Saturday Evening Post, Harold H. Martin detailed the apparent failings of the 24th Infantry, the Army’s last all-black regiment, which tended to collectively “bug out” (scatter in fear) when facing night actions or artillery fire. “Keeping the Negro soldier awake is one of the most harassing problems his leaders have to deal with,” Martin added.55

The solution to such problems was to surround black troops with “the steadying influence of white men…. In mixed regiments, Martin claimed, all was smooth progress. “No disciplinary or morale problems have arisen by reason of the integration of Negro soldiers into white units, and there has been no friction between the troops that could be traced to differences in color.” Indeed, integrated warfare was a route to colorblindness. “In combat,” the white commander of a mixed platoon reported, “a soldier does not give a damn whether the man on his right is black, white, or green, so long as he will fight.” Moreover, testimony from black officers suggested that removing color lines fused double-consciousness into coherent subjectivity. “You put him in a white regiment, and he looks around him and sees white men and black men both, and he feels in his heart, ‘Now they are treating me like an American, not like a Negro.’” The hero of Martin’s piece was a white officer, John T. Corley, who had placated internal tensions (attributed to NAACP investigations of racial conditions in Korea) and refused to tolerate either indolence from his black charges or prejudice within his white officer corps.56

Among black Americans, integration was not often considered a means to assist a floundering race via access to white beneficence, and neither did the process of disassembling Jim Crow appear as frictionless as Martin suggested. Racial violence, such
as that which swept through Cicero, Chicago, in 1951, met with reference to the damage being done to the process of military integration and the nation’s reputation overseas. “The people of Cicero,” Pfc. Karl Laval Young wrote from Korea to *Time* in August, “by such unwarranted bigotry have created a deadlier effect on my morale and on hundreds of other Negroes here than any Communist bullets…they [white rioters] cannot ever expect the Americans to prove to the millions of people in Asia and Africa that our form of government is really the best for them, when American citizens participate in such riots.” Early in 1952, when Harry T. Moore, leader of the Florida NAACP, was murdered in a bomb attack, *Ebony* declared it the biggest blast since Hiroshima.57

The World War II service of over one million black troops, as well as subsequent service in Korea, emboldened black claims to full citizenship. Yet historians note that in aiding the dissolution of European ethnics (such as *Hell and Back*’s Kovac) into the broader category “Caucasian,” World War II in fact drew the boundary between white and black more firmly.58 No African Americans received the Medal of Honor during the war, while restriction to service battalions, alongside reports of undistinguished performances by some black combat units, meant less compelling combat records and proportionally thinner casualty lists than, for instance, those of the Nisei regiments.59 Still subject to the degradations of Jim Crow, African Americans remained the greatest obstacle to the state’s ability to impress upon the world the putative superiority of U.S. culture, something that made anti-communists and Hollywood filmmakers particularly attuned to invocations of the dreaded “race problem.”60

It is telling, then, that *Red Ball Express* featured African American troops due to the diligence of black activists rather than because of a studio’s or filmmaker’s desire to
honor their service. Released by Universal in 1952, the film is based on the historical experiences of Quartermaster and Transportation Corps troops in supplying Patton’s Third Army on its post-D-Day dash toward Paris. In late 1944, the Red Ball Express, largely manned by African Americans (in segregated companies within mixed regiments), hauled over 400,000 tons of supplies in 6,000 trucks, overcoming difficult terrain, occasional encounters with the enemy, and “never-ending contempt” from the white Americans with whom they were serving.\textsuperscript{61} Patton moved quickly, surprising the Germans and driving deep into the Continent, and the Red Ball Express garnered praise from Eisenhower. Although disbanded in November 1944, the name retained use among World War II transport troops and was revived in Korea.\textsuperscript{62}

Universal contacted the DoD late in 1950, Claire Towne of the Pictorial Branch telling the studio’s military liaison, John Horton, that the preliminary treatment held “possibilities” encouraging to the Army.\textsuperscript{63} Universal purchased the story from screenwriters Marcel Klauber and William Grady, Jr., in January 1951, giving it to Richard Tregaskis, author of \textit{Guadalcanal Diary} (1943), for development.\textsuperscript{64} Neither Tregaskis nor producer Aaron Rosenberg was concerned with dramatizing African Americans’ part in the war, as while work continued through the early months of 1951 the scenario contained no black characters, the studio substituting Italian American troops for the Red Ball’s predominantly black manpower.\textsuperscript{65}

For those invested in remembering black soldiers’ role in World War II, this was unacceptable. In May 1951, the LA-based \textit{California Eagle} discovered Universal’s intentions and raised a protest. “‘This newspaper has learned that the studio is deliberately trying to build a plot structure with Italians instead of Negroes as heroes,’”
the *Eagle* stated, alleging an “irresponsible” effort to “‘slur Negro GIs.’” The studio’s response was, at first, guiltily vague. “We don’t know whether the picture will deal with Negroes or not, although it’s true that the Red Ball outfits were at least 60% Negro,” announced a spokesperson. “We may decide to use only a very limited facet of the operation. And we may never get a picture out of it at all. We certainly don’t intend to do anything to offend Negroes.” Nevertheless, Rosenberg (later to produce *To Hell and Back*) reassured critics that the writers would begin again. “All the material written to date has been shelved,” reported the *New York Times*, while former Red Ball Commander Brig. Gen. Frank Ross was scheduled to consult on future script directions.66

Over the next few months, the black press assiduously applied pressure. Early in June, an editorial in the *Pittsburgh Courier* pointed to *Go For Broke!* as one of many postwar films “extolling the heroism of the men who brought victory to America in World War II.” Such a tribute to Japanese Americans was, the paper felt, fully deserved, but the purpose of referencing Dore Schary’s film was to highlight the lack of honorific treatments of black Americans.67 “What will seem amazing to practically all laymen,” the *Courier* stated, “is that the colored drivers who constituted from 60 to 75 percent of the personnel of the real Red Ball Express are to be minimized, played down, practically eliminated from the picture.” This represented a low point in the already inauspicious relationship between Hollywood war films and black America:

We have had movies of the Air Force without Negroes, of the Infantry without Negroes, of the Navy without Negroes, of the Engineers without Negroes, of the Tank Corps without Negroes, of practically every wartime activity without
Negroes, including the Medical Corps…but a Red Ball Express without Negroes represents the nadir of neglect.

If Universal failed to alter its plans, the *Courier* promised, “fifteen million indignant Americans will accomplish the unprecedented feat of making it the biggest flop in Hollywood’s history.”

Brig. Gen. Ross, who would eventually serve as DoD Technical Advisor, had by this time met with Universal, advocating for a more historically faithful portrayal. At this juncture, the DoD became sensitive to the burgeoning controversy when James C. Evans, African American Civilian Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Defense, forwarded the *Courier* editorial to Towne. “Question may well be raised,” Evans cautioned, “concerning participation in or contribution to any project which would by design minimize or otherwise distort the contribution which the Negro GI made toward victory in Europe through operation of the Red Ball Express.” The DoD conveyed the studio’s assurance “that there is no intention on their part to minimize or exclude the contributions of Negro GIs” and dismissed the *Courier* piece as “without foundation.”

By late-August 1951, Universal had drafted a rewrite, with the Italians excised and black characters introduced. Debutant screenwriter John Michael Hayes inserted a degree of interracial hostility, but Towne nevertheless granted use of stock footage “as a result of the overall acceptability of the treatment.”

Yet Cold War state and Army image-management needs precipitated a chilly response to any dramatization of racial friction, especially in a setting claiming a direct link to historical events. Reviewing a draft script in early October, Lt. Col. Thaddeus P. Floryan was entirely impatient with the presence of bigoted white G.I.s, which he deemed
cinematographically tired and contemporaneously divisive. “We consider it questionable that the racial prejudice theme should occupy such a prominent part in the story,” he wrote, “It is our feeling that the racial theme has been done over and over again far out of proportion to the situation that actually did exist in the Army. If the Negro soldier must be represented,” he continued, evidently wishing otherwise, “why can’t we show him in a more favorable positive portrayal other than the time worn racial angle? A Negro can have other conflicts similar to a white man, but writers seem to recognize only the racial conflicts.”

As Floryan’s review reveals, resolution of racial tension – ubiquitous in the “time worn racial angle” as liberal Hollywood approached it – was no longer an acceptable way to convey the nation’s redemption, particularly with integration ongoing in Korea. “At present the Army is making an all out effort to emphasize on the unity and harmony with which colored and white troops work and fight together,” the Army reviewer continued,

Portrayals, motion picture or otherwise which present white troops as skeptical of the colored man’s efficiency and moral courage, would be like pouring salt into an old wound. We feel the wound is closed; why reopen it? We would like the studio to consider another angle for the Negro troops portrayed in RED BALL EXPRESS. We do not feel that the fact that the conflict is resolved at the end of the film justifies the issue at all.

With Floryan’s review in hand, Towne demanded alterations. “The racial problem as handled in the script is neither authentic nor realistic nor does it reflect creditably on the Dept. of the Army or the white and colored troops that served in the ‘Red Ball Express,’” he wrote. “This aspect of the story will have to be modified.”
Specific instances to which Floryan took exception were several. When the Red Ball encounters a U.S. tank battalion, the draft script has a white sergeant express doubts about their ability to keep pace with Patton. “With them colored supply troops?” the tanker says, “If you expect these jokers to keep up with Old Blood and Guts, I’ll bet my bottom stripe that we take Berlin with slingshots.” This, Floryan felt, would “be taken with a great deal of resentment by Negro personnel now serving in the Army; especially those fighting in Korea.” That the tanker’s assessment proved inaccurate failed to assuage Floryan, revealing that his concern in fact lay with the image of whiteness. Later, a German POW was to comment of his black steward, “It’s a well known fact that Negroes run from a scrap. Maybe we could escape through him.” In the Army’s assessment, the disrespect of the enemy was as intolerable a slight as was the contempt of white countrymen. “What could be more damaging to the Negro cause than to put such words in the mouths of the Germans who fought against them?” Floryan wrote. “The implication here is that the Germans have nothing but contempt for the fighting qualities of the American Negro. Nothing in the picture could possibly remove this stain upon their character.”

Perhaps most objectionable to the Army was a single scene addressing sexual segregation and racial violence. As the truckers stop for refreshments at an American Red Cross station staffed by white women, Corporal Robertson (Sidney Poitier’s eventual role) asks one of them to fill his cup “with those pretty hands of yours.” At this, Wilson, a southern white, retorts, “I don’t like someone like you getting fresh with these girls,” and a fight ensues. “This is a highly explosive scene racially and is presented in very poor taste. It is our opinion that scenes like this when seen by Negro audiences will cause
much bitterness and resentment,‖ Floryan protested, again dressing up his objection as concern for black sensibilities.⁷⁷

Changes stipulated by the Army were echoed by the Transportation Corps following their receipt of a revised final script in October 1951. Most of Floryan’s requests had already been implemented: the tank sergeant’s comments were toned down; the German POWs make no negative comment on their black guards; and the scene at the Red Cross station was stripped of its already slim sexual connotations. Nevertheless, Transportation remained less than thrilled. “If the racial angle has been introduced only to provide story conflict,” wrote the Corps’ reviewer. The historical Red Ball had no integrated crews, and Transportation felt that situating black and white drivers together was a cheap means of creating antagonism. “This film seems like [it is] going out of the way to create friction,” the reviewer commented.⁷⁸ The Transportation Corps appended a number of minor script alterations, and it is evident that Universal heeded some of these. A stage direction requiring black servicemen to “stiffen with tenseness” when Wilson refers to the integrated set-up as a “minstrel show,” was ousted, the majority reaction becoming a good-humored refusal to take offence.⁷⁹ Yet the overall presentation of the Red Ball Express as an integrated, sometimes conflicted, enterprise remained, and Transportation elected to back the project nonetheless. After an October 1951 conference between John Horton and the DoD, Towne awarded Universal full cooperation.⁸⁰

Filming took place in late 1951 and early 1952, the Transportation Corps permitting use of its HQ at Fort Eustis, Va, and providing G.I.s to play the film’s extras.⁸¹ In early March, the Pictorial Division saw a completed print, the preview provoking mixed reactions. Don Baruch reported that “PID still doesn’t think racial angle too good
and had been against it all along....” By contrast, James Evans defended the theme of racial tension. The script’s “explosive elements,” Evans told Horton, were “allowed to contribute to the strength of the picture under controlled reaction, where the slightest mishandling would have done violence to the theme. These are elements of our life,” Evans continued, “and we take pride in the progress which the armed services are making in these areas and without regard to race.” Don Baruch forwarded Defense and Army approval, glossing somewhat in telling Horton, “the Transportation Corps is well pleased and considers the picture an honest portrayal of an historic chapter of its record.”

*Red Ball Express* opens as arrangements are hastily made to supply the Army’s thrust into France. Short of gasoline, food, and ammunition, the Third Army’s need is desperate, and Transport and Quartermaster troops are recruited to make the 270-mile drive to re-supply Patton. The war immediately affects integrative change, then, throwing together white and black troops in the 371st Quartermasters, a fictional integrated truck company. Glimpses of white prejudice appear early, as white G.I.s, including Pvt. Wilson (Hugh O’Brian), object to the unglamorous assignment. When Taffy Smith (Bubber Johnson), a former jazz drummer and one of three developed black characters, suggests that their task will be to man supply trucks, Wilson sneers, “Yeah, the kind of work they don’t care who does.” Though some white drivers, including Partridge (Charles Drake), who happens to be a fan of Taffy’s prewar jazz ensemble, harbor no bigotries, Wilson’s sniping continues, and he casts angry looks at the African Americans in commenting, “I’m beginning to feel like an end man in a minstrel show.”

The effort to understate racism takes hold as soon as Wilson’s provocation is issued. Absent the direction for the black G.I.s to “stiffen with tension,” it is only Cpl.
Robertson (Poitier), a Detroit journalist, who finds the remark objectionable. Counterbalancing Robertson all the way, Taffy reassures his companion that Wilson was merely making a harmless joke. Pvt. Dave McCord (Davis Roberts), the third black G.I., also has no complaints. Having spent his prewar time cheerleading for an unsuccessful black college football team, McCord is just proud to be involved. “It’s great to be on a winning team for a change,” he comments, indicating his gratitude that the war has drawn him from the sidelines into the heart of the nation’s operations. In contrast to Robertson, Taffy implies the ease with which integration can be achieved in the absence of politicized racial consciousness. A model of national loyalty determined to see the best in his white countrymen, Taffy shares a cab with Partridge, the company’s aspiring novelist and the film’s narrator, the two joking their way along bumpy French thoroughfares. Taffy, like the other black characters, stays a safe distance away from white Frenchwomen, and helps Partridge in his attempts to woo Antoinette (Jacqueline Duval), a young woman whom the truckers encounter along the way (she, of course, as grateful, feminized ally, submits to Partridge’s charms in little time at all).

When further instances of potential prejudice occur, they register again only with Robertson (as an intellectual and member of the black press, he might appear a likely candidate for communist indoctrination).84 As the Red Ball sets off, Robertson is assigned to drive with Lt. Chick Campbell (Jeff Chandler), and attempts to make conversation, telling the white officer about his work as a sports writer. Campbell, a Coloradan, is preoccupied by his personal feud with another white soldier, Sergeant “Red” Kallek (Alex Nicol), and responds gruffly to Robertson’s chit-chat, an occurrence that the African American decodes as evidence of deep-seated bigotry. “Sure,
Lieutenant,” he says, knowingly, “I get it.” Robertson’s presumption that racial bias litters the company is confirmed a little later when the Red Ball stops for coffee and donuts courtesy of the ARC. When Robertson asks for a donut (without mention of “pretty hands”), Wilson turns on him. “Black boy,” he spits, “you give orders to nobody. You take ‘em.” This indisputable manifestation of racism Robertson greets with violent rebuttal, and he and Wilson fistfight until Campbell interjects. Although the ARC women blame Wilson for the fracas, is it to the black G.I. that Campbell speaks, and Robertson requests a transfer, implying that unequal conditions are his motivation: “Punches I can handle, Sir,” he explains.

Campbell, though, reassures Robertson that his command style is in no way motivated by racism. Indeed, it appears that the young officer has little consciousness of race, making Robertson’s accusations seem all the more unfair. “I’m not educated to all the subtleties of race relationship,” Campbell says, “but it was never my intention to treat you any differently from anyone else in this company and to the best of my knowledge I haven’t.” More significant are the reactions of McCord and Taffy to complaints against Campbell, who Robertson characterizes as the extension of inequality at home. “He outranks us the way we been outranked all our lives,” the disgruntled Corporal gripes. His two black friends are less certain, though. Taffy considers the Red Ball Express “the best bunch of fellas I ever worked with, even if half of them are white,” and suggests that Robertson is “reading things into Campbell’s mind that aren’t there.” McCord’s continuing gratitude manifests in devotion to duty, and he volunteers to be the first to drive through dangerous, unmapped territory, where he is instantly killed by a landmine.85
McCord’s volunteerism, alongside Taffy’s willingness to dismiss the existence of bigotry, creates an African American image congruent with the demands of the Cold War state. What racial problems afflict the nation stem in significant part from those who would find prejudice where it does not exist. African Americans serve and die bravely, even in combat situations, while inferences of race bias are usually the product of paranoia. If Taffy’s defense of Campbell requires support, the Lieutenant’s insistence that the company delay in order to give McCord a proper burial provides it. Willing to face a court-martial before abandoning the body of a “good man,” Campbell proves his colorblindness in his devotion to the fallen black soldier.

At the same time, the Red Ball’s struggle to supply Patton and earn respect from the combat troops they are equipping eliminates the simmering tensions between Wilson and Robertson. The cohering quality of mutual service is expressed in the call and response song that Taffy strikes up whenever the troops are required to load or unload their trucks. “Lift and load,” Taffy sings, echoed by the other drivers, white and black, “One for Hitler, and one for the road.” As this chant, redolent of a slave spiritual, unites the transport troops in antipathy for Hitlerian Germany, the derision directed at them by a U.S. tank battalion offers another path to solidarity. “Is this an army outfit or a minstrel show?” mocks a tank sergeant, mirroring Wilson’s earlier barb. This time, though, Wilson is enraged by the comment, and he and the others wade into a brawl with the tank troops. This battle reveals the emerging unity of the Red Ball drivers, earning the Transport Corps increased respect from the tankers. Later, when the Express bursts through a flaming French town to provide isolated crews with vital gasoline and
ammunition, a grateful tanker comments, “Those guys get all the work and none of the glory.”

Company unity grows, and Robertson abandons his distaste for Campbell. When Robertson’s transfer comes through, the Corporal recants his request, and white and black G.I.s surround him in congratulation. After this, the troops (including Wilson), given a four-hour pass, head to a nearby French town as an integrated group. Only Sgt. “Red” Kallek (yet another “Red” troublemaker in 1952 Hollywood), who believes that Campbell was responsible for the death of his brother in a prewar trucking accident, retains animosity to Campbell, calling the lieutenant “Simon Legree” and trying to instigate another fistfight (the men of the Red Ball exhibit a profound lack of imagination when arbitrating internal disputes). But, as if to highlight the inappropriate nature of suggestions that Campbell holds a slaveholder’s attitude towards his men, Kallek is carted off by black MPs, while Campbell explains that he was blameless in the death of Kallek’s brother after all. By the end of the film, all discord is resolved and the ability of integrated troops proven, in combat as well as supply, as shots of Robertson manning an anti-aircraft gun suggest. The final frames see the men laughing and heading for a coffee, their mission a remarkable success. Taffy’s “Lift and load” strikes up once more, and text thanks the DoD, the Transportation Corps, and the Virginia National Guard. The war has integrated the armed forces and exposed race as an easily transcended and often baseless source of division, as much a product of black oversensitivity as of white supremacy.

Released in late May, 1952, *Red Ball Express* met with enthusiasm from the black press as a rare recognition of African American war service. In the *Cleveland Call and Post*, the emphasis lay on the historical achievements of black truckers – “it was on men
like Poitier and Johnson that the army put the duty of seeing to it that the General
[Patton] got what he needed,” the paper claimed. As for the film, the Call and Post made
it a “top priority” for black audiences.\textsuperscript{86} Ebony, too, persistently thankful for small
Hollywood mercies, found the history more important than the film, referring to the
picture as “almost a semi-documentary” and recapitulating the contribution of the Red
Ball Express to victory. Rosenberg’s production, Ebony considered, marked “great,
though belated recognition” of black supply heroes, and constituted “the most accurate
recording ever put on film of the part played by supporting troops in World War II.” The
magazine was also pleased that the film gave prominent and minor roles to black actors at
a time when parts were in short supply. The NAACP felt similarly, and, working with
liberal screenwriter Allen Rivkin to stage an event honoring contributions by Schary and
Zanuck to the black image, decided to incorporate William Goetz and Universal in light
of Red Ball Express.\textsuperscript{87}

But the Ebony feature, even in praising the film, exposed as paper-thin any
implication that racial inequity was eclipsed during World War II. Fort Eustis, home of
the Transportation Corps and location for those action sequences not drawn from stock
footage, remained segregated, and Ebony reported that “although the movie shows
complete integration in the 371\textsuperscript{st} Q.M. Co., both the Negro actors and soldiers appearing
in the film lived under segregated conditions while the Ft. Eustis portion of the picture
was being made.” “Anything can happen in the movies I’d always heard,” said Bubba
Johnson, “But I had to go to Jim Crow Virginia and work on a picture about an Army
unit organized on democratic principles. While we were acting democracy was visible,
but we Negroes lived separately in Newport News and the Negro G.I.s went back to their
G.I. units after the cameras stopped shooting.” To emphasize the incomplete nature of desegregation, in subsequent months publications such as the Chicago Defender referenced the Red Ball Express to impugn Eisenhower’s record on race.

Other critics considered the film a rather empty treatment revealing more about the genre’s tiring conventions than the ideology of integrationism. The Baltimore Sun criticized “an undistinguished script which has too many clichés of character and situation.” The New York Times derided a “fraud,” a “fake,” and a “completely stereotyped and shoddy war picture….” For the Times reviewer, the reliance on familiar tropes betrayed an unthinking reiteration of much overused war film “types.” Furthermore, such generic convention extended to the engagement with race. “[S]ince most of the soldiers in the real Red Ball Express were Negro Quartermaster troops led by white officers,” the Times argued, “the authors had to pay lip service to better race relations and did it in a patronizing and superficial fashion.”

Despite such skepticism, the relative simplicity with which Red Ball Express imagined racism transcended continued to find counterparts in the black press. In 1954, reporting on a defense base near the North Pole, Ebony found that “racial friction is at a minimum and some of the closest friendships are between whites from the Deep South and Negro airmen.” Marking the magazine’s tenth year in November 1955, Ebony’s editors heralded a decade marking black America’s “biggest gains since emancipation day.” In the years since war’s end, they wrote, “Negro Americans fashioned a chain of political, social, and economic victories that were discussed in Europe, applauded in Asia and imitated in Africa.” In 1958, with military integration ten years old, Ebony asserted
that inequality had been “virtually eradicated.” “Today,” Ebony claimed, “the Negro serviceman is a full-fledged member of the team.”

As Ebony lauded the intermingling of black and white in the military, it also treated positively developments in Hollywood. Focusing on mixed-race scenarios, rather than on the dying genre of all-black “race films,” future promise hinged on the movement of blackness from a distinct and separate category towards becoming simply Americans. “The future of Negroes in motion pictures is as secure as the Negro’s future in American life,” Dore Schary told the magazine in 1955, adding, “Motion pictures have begun to reach the point where Negro characters are dealt with simply as men and women without supplementary identification as Negroes.” Hollywood columnist Louella Parsons concurred, locating the origins of the new integrationism with Home of the Brave and arguing that as part of mixed casts, black characters were now becoming “human beings.”

Home of the Brave, though, with its portrayal of the persistent bigotry of T.J., was scarcely indicative of the new integration, as black characters’ path toward cinematic humanity entailed the eclipse of race as a meaningful factor in U.S. culture, rather than the politicized address of bigotry as an un-American practice. Post-HUAC integration was, as Bright Victory and Red Ball Express attest, built upon absorption and the denial of a “problem,” and the black roles hailed by Schary, Parsons, and Ebony as evidence of advancement were those in which race was a non-factor. In 1954, for instance, Ike Jones, the first black graduate of the UCLA Theatre Arts program (and assistant director on The Jackie Robinson Story), was cast in MGM’s Korean-set film Prisoner of War, Ebony’s review in June drawing positive attention to the irrelevance of race to the story. “Negro
soldiers are integrated into the film cast just as they are in the army today,” the review
proclaimed, while Jones expressed satisfaction that the film was “staged with absolutely
no reference to the racial identity of my part. I was just another soldier in a mixed
company. At no time during the filming did I have to play segregated scenes with other
Negroes in the cast.”96 Similarly, Zanuck’s The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit (1955)
features a lone black soldier in a single Pacific-set scene, the gentle Master Sergeant in
question calming the battle-fatigued Tom Rath (Gregory Peck) after Rath accidentally
kills his best friend. Narrative slithers such as these (and non-narrative appearances such
as in To Hell and Back) recognized black participation in the war while concurrently
debarring African American troops from combat and avoiding the pitfalls of politicized
commentary.97

As the World War II combat picture transmitted racialized Cold War ideologies,
so did representations of the World War II veteran in Korea, his return to service
legitimating the less than popular conflict as a continuation of the fight against
totalitarianism. As military stalemate and horror stories of “brainwashed” G.I. defections
(such as those informing the 1956 film The Rack), prompted Americans to question the
masculine prowess of the new generation of fighting men, filmmakers turned to the
World War II veteran as the exemplary figure capable of preserving U.S. power.98 The
World War II veteran played a leader’s role in the Korean War picture, and this fell
without exception to white heroes, such as Martin Greer (Dana Andrews) in I Want You
(1951), and Lt. Harry Brubaker (William Holden) in The Bridges at Toko-Ri (1954), two
preparedness films directed by Mark Robson, who had, by this juncture, surrendered the
critical edge characteristic of his earlier work.99 Behind the aging yet dedicated white
serviceman, the presentation of multicultural heterogeneity did the work of Cold War propaganda, even permitting the black veteran, on occasion, to become an intrinsic part of the integrated armed forces.

Continuity between World War II and Korea is pronounced in the earliest Korean War film, Sam Fuller’s *The Steel Helmet* (1951). Fuller, whose time with the 1st Infantry Division in World War II sparked in him a lifelong desire to direct war cinema, began the project as a World War II feature, shifting the temporal and spatial locations after the Korean War began. The film, which Fuller wrote, directed, and produced, and which received the benefit of DoD stock footage if not eventual approval, represents the black G.I. as integral to the Army while concurrently refuting communism’s claims to racial progressivism.

As the film begins, Fuller’s white protagonist, Sergeant Zack (Gene Evans), encounters in the field a black medic named Thompson (the ubiquitous James Edwards), who has recently escaped communist custody. “Did you have plenty of chances to find out how the reds treat you guys?” Zack enquires. “They hate our guts,” Thompson says, to which Zack returns, “That’s not what Joe Stalin says.” “Got fifteen men out there to prove it,” Thompson replies, referring to black G.I.s massacred by communist forces. From the outset, Gerald Early observes, Thompson “is clearly cast in a different light from the black soldiers of *Red Ball Express*. The viewer is meant to respect him as a soldier, and the film does not depend on the assumption that he must prove himself.”

This important shift turns on Fuller’s construction of Thompson as a hardened veteran of World War II (and a skilled field medic) respected by his comrades in arms.
Both Zack and Thompson are veterans of “the last one,” Thompson reporting that he served “from Africa to Czechoslovakia,” first with the Red Ball and then as a volunteer rifleman in the 16th Infantry. “Yeah,” Zack, also a veteran of the 16th, replies, “it was to prove you guys could shoot besides drive trucks, I remember.” The proving is, in *The Steel Helmet*, all taken care of in the previous war, and Thompson shows himself highly capable (both with his medic’s bag and with a machine gun) as well as fiercely loyal to the U.S.103 This loyalty is expressed when Thompson bluntly rejects a captured Korean Major’s claims that U.S. nonwhites should identify not with their racially-fraught nation but with global communism. Receiving medical attention from Thompson, the Major begins, “I just don’t understand you. You can’t eat with ‘em, unless there’s a war, and even then it’s difficult, isn’t that so?” “That’s right,” Thompson replies, before the Major continues, “You pay for a ticket, but you even have to ride in the back of a public bus. Isn’t that so?” “That’s right,” Thompson again confirms, but his tolerance for such transparent “racial agitation” is quickly exhausted. “A hundred years ago,” he says, “I couldn’t even ride a bus, at least now I can sit in the back. Maybe in fifty years, sit in the middle. There’s some things you just can’t rush, buster.” “You’re a stupid man,” the Major snaps, before Thompson ends the discussion by painfully stripping the Major’s dressing. “You’re the stupid Joe,” he retorts, “Why don’t you get wise, buster?”104

In *The Steel Helmet*, the black G.I.’s stature as an integral part of the U.S. Army depends upon his refutation of a belligerent stance on civil rights. If Thompson must wait fifty years to “sit in the middle,” so be it. His loyalty to the U.S. is unchecked, and he is unmoved by the false promises of communism. Nonetheless, the dictates of contemporary conservatism meant that observers such as Victor Reisel of the *New York*
"Daily Mirror," the DoD, and the FBI were not enamored of the film.\textsuperscript{105} Summoned to the Pentagon, Fuller faced accusations that, in referencing segregation, his film constituted “communist indoctrination.”\textsuperscript{106} Fuller remained one of few filmmakers prepared to include developed black characters, and included an African American World War II veteran as anticommunist mainstay in \textit{China Gate} (1957), a film rallying the U.S. for another Asian conflict.\textsuperscript{107} In World War II cinema, parts for black actors diminished to the peripheral positionality afforded them in \textit{Gray Flannel Suit} – part of, yet apart from, the forces (and fruits) of victory. It was not until the late-1960s that filmmakers returned to the black G.I. in order to make critical comment on the exclusionary way in which the war had been remembered.

Moreover, it was not only black G.I.s whose presence Cold War conservatives found disquieting in the 1950s. More regularly included in the ethnic lexicon of the combat film were U.S. Latinos. Although often subject to prejudicial treatment in the wartime military, Latinos were, unlike African and Japanese Americans, integrated among white troops during wartime. Some 500,000 served, and many were decorated for battlefield heroism, including eight Medal of Honor winners.\textsuperscript{108} Latino G.I.s took part in all the U.S.’s major campaigns, and, to some degree, integrated military service offered a route through which Latinos could achieve recognition as more fully American (some assumed citizenship during their service). Veteran Frank Lares recalled hostility from white servicemen when news of the “Zoot Suit Riots” filtered through to the Pacific Theatre, but noted that after Jose P. Martinez became the first U.S. draftee to win a Medal of Honor in the Pacific Theatre, skepticism among white soldiers over Latinos’ dedication to the nation all but disappeared.\textsuperscript{109} Such combative patriotism had its
repercussions on the home front, too. Silvestre Herrera, a Medal of Honor recipient from Arizona who lost both his legs in action, was honored by the Governor’s declaration of “Herrera Day.” Mexican American Medal of Honor winners also fostered positive relations between the U.S. and its southern ally, Consul General Gustavo Ortiz Hernan announcing a day of Mexican pride when naturalized U.S. citizen Cleto Rodriguez was awarded a Medal of Honor for bravery in the Marianas.110

Patriotic, courageous, and capable Latino G.I.s featured in a number of wartime combat films, and also in progressive Hollywood’s films of veterans’ readjustment. As Warner Bros’ Pride of the Marines (1945), made with full Marine Corps cooperation, reveals, in the early postwar period Latino combat heroism and bodily sacrifice offered the Hollywood left an avenue through which to champion racial reform without touching upon the contentious image of black Americans.111 Directed by Delmer Daves, a non-communist with liberal leanings, and co-written by him with Hollywood communist (and later one of the Hollywood Ten) Albert Maltz, Pride features an ethnically-diverse collection of blinded and otherwise disabled Marine veterans. Producer Jerry Wald equivocated over Maltz’s effort to picture black veterans in uniform, though, and the film instead preaches colorblind ideals through a Latino Marine.112

The hospitalized men worry over their postwar futures, and when a convalescing white angrily predicts that he’ll leave the veterans’ hospital to find “some Mexican’s got my job,” he is shunned not only by Juan, a disabled Mexican American veteran, but also by his white friends. “You dumb coot,” the offender is reprimanded, as Juan wheels his chair away across the ward, “he’s got more foxhole time than you’ve got in the Marine Corps.” The guilty party proffers an apology – “Sorry, Juan, you’re a Mexican, but, well,
you’re different; you’re one of the guys in C Company” — and Juan replies, “No, I’m not different, Joe, I’m just a Mexican, like a lot of other Mexicans who fought.” Despite the apparently assimilating power of wartime service (as well as its spur to Latino civil rights activism), Latinos continued to endure segregationist practices in the postwar U.S., particularly in the South West, and incidents of bigotry thus presented the Cold War nation and the DoD with another dilemma of image-management.113

As was the case with all minority groups, the reverberations of racism across international borders informed postwar attitudes towards Latino constituencies in the U.S. Discussing the presence of a “No Mexicans” sign on the wall of a Texas café in an article for the Saturday Evening Post in January 1952, Thomas H. Sutherland, Executive Director of the Texas Council on Human Relations, told readers, “We hear about such incidents right away. They hear down in Mexico City, too, and in Tierra del Fuego, and in Moscow. News about insults to our Spanish-speaking neighbors is eagerly dispensed by enemies of the United States.” The refusal of Three Rivers, Texas, to hold in the town the wake of Latino soldier Felix Longoria, killed in action in the Philippines, was another incident that, when reported overseas, left “static in the Voice of America.” In parts of Texas, Sutherland lamented, “there is more feeling about the Battle of the Alamo (1836) than about the Death March of Bataan.” Nevertheless, he offered redemptive evidence of reform – in the removal of the Café’s prohibitive sign; in Lyndon Johnson’s intervention, which saw Longoria interred at Arlington; and in Texans’ increasing realization that “it isn’t right and it doesn’t pay to have people pushed around or to think they are pushed around.”114 Borrowing the discursive register through which contemporary travel writers asked Americans overseas to field questions about racism – by admitting fault but
emphasizing “progress” – Sutherland suggested that with Texans’ changing views, “the relief will be apparent on brown faces that are looking on from all over the world – and watching Moscow, too.”

As the scene from *Pride* suggests, images of the patriotic sacrifice of Latino soldiers like Felix Longoria, though never central to a war film beyond *A Medal for Benny*, constituted a potential Cold War weapon in the liberal arsenal. Stanley Kramer’s independent film, *The Men* (1950), directed by Fred Zinnemann and made with DoD assistance, focuses on the rehabilitation of a white veteran, Ken Wilcheck (Marlon Brando) by his fiancée, Ellen (Theresa Wright), but its one nonwhite character is a disabled Latino veteran named Angel Lopez (Arthur Jurado). The specter of inequality is raised by references to the impoverished neighborhood in which Angel’s family resides, but visiting the hospital, the Lopez family signifies the promise of assimilation, each generation more proficient in English than the last. Angel himself is a model of bootstraps endeavor, working harder than any other patient to rehabilitate his war-wounded body that he might lift his family up the economic ladder. His sudden death due to complications resulting from wartime shrapnel wounds underscores his sacrifice in the nation’s cause, inspiring greater efforts from his white comrades in arms.

As well as veterans facing difficult adjustments to postwar life, Latinos were also often part of the revived multicultural platoon, as was the case in films such as *Battleground, To Hell and Back, Mister Roberts* (1955), and *The Deep Six* (1958). The presence of “Amigo,” a Latino platoon member in Anatole Litvak’s DoD-backed *Decision Before Dawn* (1951), for instance, surprises only the “good German” defector, “Happy” (Oscar Werner). “Are you an American?” asks the European. “Why,” replies
Amigo, the fiercest anti-Nazi of the U.S. squad, indignant at the German’s presumption that Americans are necessarily of European descent, “don’t I look like one?” Decision Before Dawn was notable in 1951 for its determinedly anti-Nazi focus. Litvak, a Ukranian-born émigré who served with Frank Capra’s film unit during the war, was not as invested in the anticommunist staples endemic to postwar combat films as others in Hollywood. But Decision displays how even in the hands of confirmed liberals the image of U.S. racial diversity became an affirmative, rather than critical, element of the postwar war film.

The potential for critical representations remained, however, and perhaps the grandest honorific staging of Latino World War II service came in Warner Bros. Giant (1956). In an important subplot to the Texan oil epic, the volunteerism and subsequent combat death of Angel Obregon II (Sal Mineo), a poor Chicano, produces interracial empathy in Jordan “Bick” Benedict, Jr. (Rock Hudson), a previously bigoted white tycoon who is persuaded by Angel’s courage to take a belligerent stand against segregation at a local diner (attempting to achieve by his fists a changing of the signs akin to that described by Thomas Sutherland) and begrudgingly accept his mixed-race grandchild. Giant also received DoD assistance, the Army providing a burial detail for the filming of Angel Obregon II’s funeral, at which the Obregon family is presented with both the U.S. and Texan flags while the national anthem, sung by young Mexican American choirboys, accompanies the lowering of his coffin into Texan soil.119

While significant, these images of Latino (usually Mexican American) heroism and sacrifice were notable exceptions, characterized by narrative marginality and representing a fleeting engagement with the Latino veteran and his status. Despite the
expediencies of Cold War foreign policy, diplomatic demands concerning allies in the Americas depleted somewhat in urgency at war’s end, as did Hollywood’s dependence on Latin American film markets. Latinos, particularly Mexican Americans, their place in postwar memory tarnished by sensationalist wartime reporting of the “Zoot Suit Riots,” were in the 1950s as likely to appear as an “alien” intrusion as they were to receive representation as honored veterans or even “good neighbors.”120 There were thousands of Mexicans among those taking U.S. citizenship on November 11, 1954, but the nation’s policy toward non-citizens in the South West was, at this point, expurgatory. Indeed, many Latino veterans must have registered as sadly ironic Attorney General Brownell’s June 1954 announcement of “Operation Wetback,” a “mass round-up and repatriation” of Mexican workers, which began shortly after the tenth anniversary of D-Day. Sweeping deportation measures (up to a million were expelled in 1954) fuelled notions that Spanish-speakers constituted a “flood” threatening the white nation with “pandemonium.” Furthermore, rumors abounded in newspapers such as the LA Daily News that, hidden amid the “Wetback horde,” communist agents were infiltrating U.S. borders.121

It was in this context that the Latino soldier’s image shifted, as much through absence and forgetting as through inclusion and remembrance. In the making of Warner Brothers’ Battle Cry (1955), an adaptation of former Marine Leon Uris’ 1953 book of the same title, a narrative thread addressing racism and reform through conflict between a Texan bigot and a Mexican American fell victim to the Pentagon’s desire to manage international and domestic opinion of the U.S.’s “race problem,” leading ultimately to the virtual deletion of the Mexican American in exchange for technical advice, military
materiel, and Marine Corps endorsement. In the case of Allied Artists’ *Hell to Eternity* (1960), conventions of casting and commerciality produced a whitened rendering of Chicano Marine hero Guy Gabaldon, denying *Latinidad* a place in the film’s “melting pot” imagination of U.S. culture. In the absence of Gabaldon’s ethnicity, the film’s narrative of assimilation through war pertains only to a group more favored as marker of national tolerance – the Japanese American family with which he lived as a young man.

*Battle Cry* centers on a predictably diverse Company containing two Latino Marines. Joseph “Spanish Joe” Gomez is a mess of stereotypes: brawler, womanizer, and liar. By contrast, Pedro Rojas, the Corpsman, is a courageous and skilled medic who wins a Silver Star but is nevertheless persistently labeled a “Spic” by Speedy Gray, a white Texan who flatly maintains that “Mexicans ain’t the same” as Americans. Uris was a self-styled liberal, and his novel closes with brotherly love fomented in combat prompting Speedy’s conversion. When Pedro is killed in action, Speedy insists upon visiting the Rojas family, explaining, “He was my buddy.”

Facing difficult economic circumstances, Warner Bros., the studio behind *Battle Cry*, needed a box office hit, Jack Warner telling director Raoul “Irish” Walsh to “Give it the works.” Production required sequences of beachhead landings, forced marches, and island combat, and, in the interests of authenticity and financing, Warner’s Washington representative, George M. Dorsey, approached the DoD Pictorial Division and its chief, Donald Baruch, with an outline late in 1953. Despite foregrounding the antipathy between Speedy and the “heavily-accented” Pedro, the proposal was favorably received, and early in 1954 the DoD tentatively approved a screenplay. *Battle Cry*, Walsh later recalled,
was really a natural to produce and direct. The Commandant of the Marine Corps, apparently impressed by the magnitude of Uris’s story, was most cooperative in lending us all the tanks, trucks, and landing craft we needed, besides placing at my disposal several companies of Marines on Vieques Island, the training base east of Puerto Rico. 124

But military help came neither as readily as Walsh remembered nor as smoothly as initial exchanges suggested, and securing complete DoD approval hinged on extensive script revisions. Uris’ screenplay had retained the novel’s racialized themes, including the exacerbation of Speedy’s agitation of Pedro via juxtaposition with the ubiquitous colorblindness of the white citizens of New Zealand, the Marines’ Pacific base. Speedy’s change of heart was left prominent, too, appearing very near the conclusion. “In war,” Uris’ outline explains, “Speedy sees the need for unity and realizes the stupidity of bigotry.” 125

Despite resolution of this conflict in standard postwar fashion, it was the major stumbling block, for while the film’s Native Americans transmit unbreakable code (they are, it should be noted, portrayed as inebriated and sleepy the rest of the time), and black Marines are silently interspersed throughout prematurely integrated training and combat sequences, the DoD and the Marine Corps would not accept the critique of white prejudice conveyed through Pedro. 126 An internal memo reveals Speedy-esque attitudes in the Pictorial Division, as, assessing the script in April 1954, Baruch noted “[a] few points which should be taken care of especially the part about racial hatred with Taxan and Spic [sic].” Phrasing this rather more carefully in a letter to Dorsey, he explained, “The racial conflict and hatred…is not considered in the best interest of the government.
The speech by Pedro…is especially objectionable as it easily could be used by the Communists for anti-American propaganda purposes.”

Baruch referred to a scene taken almost directly from the novel. Speedy has been “riding” Pedro despite Pedro’s recent receipt of a Silver Star for gallantry, rebutting the Mexican American’s attempt to befriend him by flicking ash in the hero’s beer. The screenplay reads:

Marion (pats Pedro on back): ‘Congratulations on your Silver Star’

Pedro: “Speedy doesn’t think so”

Danny: “Has he been riding you again? What’s the matter with that guy, anyhow!”

Pedro just gulps down his drink

Marion: “Speedy really isn’t a bad fellow…but bigotry is a childhood disease…”

Pedro: “And I’ve lived in an epidemic all my life. (Shakes his head) I’m sorry, my friends, I’m drunk. It is just that he never loses an opportunity to remind me I am a dirty Mexican. I am sorry I ever came to New Zealand.”

Marion: “I don’t understand. I think it’s a delightful country.”

Pedro: “Yes, and that is why Pedro is sorry. Because for the first time in my life I have been treated as a man…I can walk into a restaurant, ride a street car, sit in movies…no one stares at me here…The people, they call me Tex…Like I am a real Texan. No one here knows what a ‘spic’ is. (Marion and Danny lower their eyes – after a pause.) I want you to know, my friends…Pedro does not fight for democracy because Pedro has no democracy. I come into the service to learn medicine so I can go back to my rotten shack town in Texas and keep the little
ones from dying of filth. I am sorry I come to New Zealand because I know I must return to Texas.”

The Marine Corps’ succinct assessment of this exchange was the annotation “TERRIBLE,” underlined twice in the margins of the script. On behalf of Marine Commandant Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., the 1st Marine Division wrote to advise, “This speech by Pedro would not only be objectionable to Texans but Americans as well. It would also be put to good use by Communists who are sure to use it out of context.”

The scene clearly touched the raw nerves of Cold War image-making. The use of “delightful” New Zealand as a colorblind ideal by which to condemn U.S. segregationism, alongside Pedro’s strongly-stated refutation of American “democracy,” was poison to the state’s projection of the U.S. as the light of freedom to decolonizing nations, and his remarks on economic disparity veered towards the socialistic. Another scene, in which Marine Andy Hookans tells his fiancé, Pat, “I’d hate to see the Americans ruin what you’ve got – no rich and no poor, treatin’ the Maoris like human beings,” was also edited out. With the Pedro-Speedy conflict so undeveloped, elements of the screenplay’s conclusion became incongruous, then disappeared, transforming the film’s ideological force. The script places five white Marines – including Speedy – in a military cemetery. A group close up was to capture them:

[A]s they look down wordlessly upon three crosses – bearing the names: PEDRO ROJAS, JOSEPH GOMEZ, and [Company Commander] SAMUEL HUXLEY. As they stare tearlessly we HEAR the faint rumble of planes. A wind whips through them. The roar becomes louder and louder and ANGLE WIDENS and we
can see flight after flight of B-29’s…overhead, winging for Tokyo. The roar becomes deafening.\textsuperscript{130}

Its camera work tying Pedro’s and Joe’s martyrdom to a vital step toward the Japanese home islands, \textit{Battle Cry}’s original conclusion permitted Latinos access to the militarized democratic crucible of World War II remembrance more explicitly than did any other postwar war film.

Although Warner Bros. proceeded with filming Pedro’s controversial scenes, the character was eventually cut to non-speaking screen time (praying with other Marines, for example) and a single line after Marion congratulates him on his medal: “\textit{Gracias}, my story-writing friend.” His death is reported only by the narrator, Mac (James Whitmore), who in Speedy’s stead states his intention to visit the Rojas family, but no screen time is given to Pedro’s death; no planes “winging for Tokyo” throw shadows across his grave.\textsuperscript{131} Spanish Joe, whom the DoD altogether ignored, was left entirely unaltered. Introduced by Mac as a “troublemaker,” Joe cheats at cards, consorts with prostitutes, brawls with his fellow Marines, thinks Plato is “Mickey Mouse’s dog,” and parades around in combat medals he has purchased at the Army-Navy store. Joe is somewhat redeemed by his friendship with Marion, the sensitive, intellectual white Marine (the budding writer), but, absent the graveyard scene, Joe is only wounded, giving him the opportunity to pilfer the valuables of fellow U.S. casualties in the field hospital, which is where we leave him.

After a screening late in 1954, Baruch’s misgivings pertained only to a pre-marital pregnancy and to excessive drunkenness at the Marines’ “farewell beer party” in San Diego. When \textit{Battle Cry} opened in February 1955 it was, in truth, a near-
advertisement, not unreasonably derided by the communist press as a “Fancy Marine Recruit Poster.” Indeed, the film opens in close-up on a recruitment poster featuring James Whitmore (as Mac), and the narrative dramatizes esprit d’corps and the passage of boys to manhood, as much through romantic entanglements as through battlefield experience. The Marine Seal fills the final frames and a caption conveys, “Our grateful appreciation to the United States Marine Corps without whose assistance this picture could not have been possible.” Premiering in Baltimore’s Stanley Theater, with Marine brass and the city’s Mayor in attendance to honor hometown boy Leon Uris, Battle Cry, the Baltimore Sun said, was a “2 ½ hour poem to the Marine Corps,” and one with its troubling stanzas on Latino marginalization wholly excised.

A few years later, Atlantic Pictures’ Hell to Eternity, originally entitled Beyond the Call, created another potential depiction of Latino World War II service in a major feature. The film was to tell the story of Guy Gabaldon, a poor East L.A. Chicano who was raised in part by a Japanese American family (actually that of Lane Nakano, later to become a film actor), and who consequently spoke “broken and limited” Japanese. Following Executive Order 9066 and the internment of his adopted family, Gabaldon joined the Marines, using his language skills to coax and threaten 1600 Japanese into surrender on Saipan. His remarkable capture of 800 enemy in one day was to mark the film’s climax, representing an achievement dwarfing in scale that of the immortalized Sergeant York. Experiencing some post-war celebrity, Gabaldon featured in the Los Angeles Mirror in April 1957, writer Paul Coates describing him as “an American of Mexican descent” who was “a one man Marine Corps and a legend.” Two months later, Gabaldon was the subject of NBC’s This is Your Life, the Marine Corps cooperating
with producer/host Ralph Edwards, and top brass attending the shoot, alongside Lane Nakano, himself a veteran of the 442. But the public camaraderie on display for millions of television viewers masked tensions between Gabaldon and the Corps. Despite his achievements, he was never promoted beyond Pfc, and received “only” a Silver Star. ¹³⁶

Following his TV appearance, Gabaldon signed a deal with a friend in the film industry, Wayne Lichtgarn. Proposing a combat film to be shot on Okinawa, Lichtgarn wrote in August to declare his interest in DoD assistance. The response was encouraging: “the Marine Corps and the Office of the Secretary of Defense concur that this would be the basis for a good feature motion picture.” Don Baruch did convey reservations, though, adding, “In preparing the screenplay, please be careful in…two areas which might be sensitive – the ‘Dead End Kid’ angle and the handling of the Japanese prisoners.”¹³⁷ The Marines were concerned at the language of the text “reader” at the conclusion, which credited Gabaldon with capturing more prisoners than any soldier in US history, called him “one of the best Marines this Corps has ever seen,” and used the term “beyond the call of duty.” Seeing here implication that Gabaldon merited a Medal of Honor, tainting his Silver Star award with a hint of institutional racism, the Corps Commandant wrote in June 1958, “The wording of the superimposed citation is not technically correct and is indicative of a higher award than the one which Gabaldon received.” Marine approval depended on satisfactory alterations, and producer Irving H. Levin made reassuring promises: “We shouldn’t have any problems in the final rewrite, to carry out what you request.”¹³⁸

The production company, Atlantic Pictures, fell silent for some fifteen months after this, prompting Baruch, in October 1958 and April 1959, to request “definite
information.” After delays securing a “top director” and “an important star,” Atlantic resurfaced in September 1959 with extensive requirements for weapons, vehicles, housing, and even transportation of dailies. Later that year, though, after Baruch met Levin in D.C., the “reader” remained an issue and Levin began to bristle. “We all know that for reasons best known to him and the Marine Corps, the highest award he received was the Silver Star,” he wrote, implying sinister institutional machinations afoot. But box office draw hinged on the protagonist’s perceived heroism. “Strictly from the motion picture selling point of view,” Levin stated,

I believe it is imperative that we build him up as a great hero in the eyes of audiences throughout the world and one of the most important ways we can accomplish this is to include the reader on the screen at the end of the picture as is now set forth. After all, many of the audiences might say, how can a man be such a hero so as to have a picture made about his life and he only ends up being a Pfc and receiving the Silver Star?

The DoD preferred silence as a means to circumvent such awkward questions, and in December Brig. Gen. A.R. Kier, Marine Director of Information, reiterated: “Gabaldon’s citation for the Silver Star credits him with ‘conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity,’ rather than gallantry and courage beyond the call of duty, a phrase reserved for the citation which accompanies the Medal of Honor.” Don Baruch confusionly asked the distributor, Allied Artists, to use “something at the beginning of the film to tell the public that often people from unusual backgrounds, during action, will act in seemingly unusual ways beyond the apparent call of duty.”
Gabaldon’s Japanese American connection constitutes his “unusual background,” and another aspect of the DoD’s project was deemphasizing hostility to the Japanese and softening images of internment. Racist epithets were requested cut, the Corps Commandant arguing, “Although undoubtedly used during World War II, and even later, the term ‘gooks’ is offensive to many people abroad and even in this country.”

Earlier, the USIA’s Turner Shelton objected to a line suggesting that Guy would struggle to fight due to memories of his LA Japanese American family: “There’s something about a Japanese face – we all look so much alike.” This, Shelton warned, “would be bitterly resented by all the Japanese, and by most people of the Far East who resent equally the Western cliché ‘ALL Orientals look alike.’” With regard to internment, the DoD contested only the filmmakers’ use of armed soldiers to round up internees. Finding “no evidence of anyone carrying a tommy gun,” Baruch suggested that a “milder version of the scene would be to our mutual advantage.”

With pre-production delays surmounted, Levin reported early in 1960 that, after consultation with the JACL, the guns, the term “gook,” and the claim that “all Japanese look alike” were cut. “We feel secure,” he said, “that this film, when it is finally completed and exhibited throughout the world, will be a credit not only to the Marine Corps but to the population of our country, as well as to the entire motion picture industry.” Satisfied, in February 1960 Baruch announced “Full cooperation on the production of BEYOND THE CALL….” Shooting was ready to begin on Okinawa, and by spring, the film, now re-titled *Hell to Eternity*, was near completion. The DoD asked for a review showing, and a date was set for June in anticipation of general release in August.
Little of this pertains to Gabaldon’s Mexican American ethnicity, which is precisely the point. If DoD concerns over the “‘Dead End Kid’ angle” had anything to do with race these were muted by the script and by the decision to cast white heartthrob Jeffrey Hunter as Guy. The original proposal for *Beyond the Call* identified Gabaldon as “of Spanish-Italian parents,” but the shooting script elided even this single reference, offering no clue to suggest that he was other than normatively “white.” Text announces the film as “the story of an immortal fighting man of World War II,” but the Depression-era “melting pot of East Los Angeles” to which we are introduced, the diverse background credited with making Gabaldon (whom Mama Une, his adoptive mother, repeatedly refers to as her “All-America boy”) a uniquely effective soldier, contains no Mexican American component.\textsuperscript{146}

Gabaldon (always anglicized in pronunciation with a hard second syllable or shortened to “Gabby”) speaks no Spanish during the film, and nor does anyone else.\textsuperscript{147} His ramshackle home appears once, but his absent, widowed mother dies early on, leaving only the Une family to raise Guy. His six biological siblings go unmentioned, and later, as if to further disconnect him, he says, “I was raised by Japanese.” Photographs of the 5’4” Gabaldon beside Hunter make plain their physical differences, and nothing on screen offsets Hunter’s powerfully “Anglo” image – 6’2”, blond, “all-American” – or that of the fair-skinned, freckle-faced Richard Eyre, the child actor playing young Guy.

Gabaldon’s historical experiences with bigotry, as recorded in his autobiography, need not feature, and the anti-racist moral of the story thus pertains only to Japanese Americans, an area in which the DoD clearly felt more comfortable.\textsuperscript{148} Furthermore, the contentious closing reader is replaced by the text: “We thank the Department of Defense
– especially the Marine Corps and its officers and men of the Third Marine Division in Okinawa – for the cooperation extended during the filming of the battle sequences of this motion picture.” The term “beyond the call” is conspicuously absent.

In truth, DoD interventions altered only slightly a script already engaged in the task of domestic and international reconciliation with all things Japanese. The Unes are characterized by thoroughgoing assimilation, George Une teasing Guy that there is “raw fish” for breakfast when in fact there is cereal and hash browns. Indeed, Gabaldon identifies more strongly with Asian elements of Japanese American culture than do his Nisei friends, and is the fiercest defender of their civil rights, fist-fighting in protection of Ester, George’s fiancé, after news of Pearl Harbor breaks and she is attacked in the street as “the enemy” and Guy is labeled a “Jap lover.” The Une boys, Kaz and George, wish to enlist, but Guy demurs. “We’d be fighting against our own kind of people,” he says, until reminded that the Japanese, “sneaking up on us,” are not their kind of people. The Unes’ loyalty survives Kaz being chased from the recruiting office as a spy, and even persists after they are dispossessed of their home and forcibly evicted to Manzanar. “You’re Americans,” Guy says, “this whole thing stinks.” Kaz thinks otherwise: “Our government’s doing what they think is right,” he says, adding, in a metaphor both fittingly American and impossibly forgiving, “No one bats a thousand.”

That the nation has failed these loyal citizens (and non-citizens) is recognized, but relocation is presented as a trip to camp rather than an uncomfortable reality. Chivalrous, unarmed G.I.s transport the Unes, and the family home in Manzanar is decorated with curtains, photographs, and flowers. Mama explains that she and Papa improved it from “dirt and mud,” but internment clearly has its upside, as Papa’s failing health returns in
the California sun. Like Kaz, Mama and Papa reject bitterness against the state, thinking only of their sons, their country, and the chance to build again. Volunteering for the 442, Kaz and George guarantee the Japanese American future. Their heroism, Mama says, will “straighten out this mess.” Later, when Kaz writes to Guy from Italy to report George’s capture of a German tank and subsequent promotion, Guy corrects a white Marine who doubts the capability and loyalty of “that outfit,” retorting, “They’ll wind up with more medals than any other outfit in the service.”

Japanese born, Mama Une (rather like Tae in Japanese War Bride) makes a Cold War bridge between Japanese Americans and Japan. From war will come understanding, she says, so that “Nobody enemy anymore” and there will be “no more mess ever.” Mama’s universal message – “All Papa sans, Mama sans, all countries, all over the world, is same” – is reinforced in war sequences, as Guy sees the faces of Mama and George in a suicidal Saipanese mother and her son. If that particular tragedy of self-destruction is not stopped, the implication is that the benevolent conquerors of Japan will prevent many like it. In the film’s final image, Gabaldon, “the Pied Piper of Saipan,” carries a Japanese boy aloft and declares his intention to raise the lad in the U.S., a scene resonant with the discourse of charitable adoption through which postwar Americans were encouraged to reconceive their relationship to Japan.149

The state saw in Gabaldon’s story and its reconciliatory tropes the need for image-management and the potential for Cold War diplomacy. Firstly, while they refuted on-screen hints toward a higher honor, Gabaldon’s request for a review of his citation, alongside the publicity created by the film and This is Your Life, saw the Navy upgrade his Silver Star to a Navy Cross (not a Medal of Honor, and pointedly so).150 Secondly,
though Gabaldon’s heritage was absent from the film, his Mexican ancestry and ferocious personal anti-communism made him an ideal cold warrior, especially south of the border. Following a series of promotional appearances in U.S. cities, part of Gabaldon’s personal “anti-Communist program in Mexico,” established in 1960, was a USIS-sponsored tour designed to offset similar ventures by the USSR.¹⁵¹ In 1961 Variety reported that Gabaldon was in rural Mexico to screen and discuss *Hell to Eternity* in “fluent Spanish.” As “a Los Angeles lad of Mexican descent,” Variety reported, Gabaldon’s story was perfect diplomatic fodder, and several hundred Mexican officers saw the picture that autumn. “Propaganda value of film is a natural, since it puts across idea of equality treatment in U.S., and that rewards are not exclusively for top echelon personnel,” Variety enthused. Showings of the film were, it was reported, planned “on [the] same free basis throughout Central America.”¹⁵² Beyond U.S. borders, the state clearly saw utility in deploying anticommunist Latino Americanism, especially as Gabaldon was willing to attend in person, confirming that the man on screen was indeed of Mexican descent.

By the time the Marine Corps and Hollywood were cooperating to eliminate implications of institutional or individual prejudice in *Battle Cry* and *Hell to Eternity*, the DoD’s policy of censoring images of racial antagonism in the U.S. military was firmly set, applying as readily to representations of anti-Semitism as other forms of prejudice. Indeed, Pedro Rojas was not the only victim of Speedy who disappeared in adaptation, as the Texan had, in Uris’ novel, also learned to abandon anti-Semitism, a lesson expressed when he carries a wounded Jewish Marine, Levin, away from danger. Anti-Semitism was also a pronounced feature of Larry Nevins’ personality in Kendrick’s *Lights Out*, an element given no part in the screen version (one social issue has always been
Hollywood’s limit). While Jewish American servicemen continued to bring occasional anti-Nazi fire to the spirit of U.S. forces in films like *Darby’s Rangers* (1958), anti-Semitism of the kind addressed in 1947’s *Crossfire* was another casualty of the 1950s.

Hollywood and the state began to rehabilitate the image of Germany as early as 1943, and the lack of reference to the Holocaust, as well as the general sanitization of anti-Semitism on either side of the conflict, enabled this effort to continue while also alleviating any sense that prejudice caused the U.S. to neglect wartime obligations to European Jewry. This endeavor is revealed in the adaptation of several successful World War II novels, particularly Norman Mailer’s *The Naked and the Dead* and Irwin Shaw’s *The Young Lions*, each published in 1948 and released as studio productions ten years later, the former by Warners and the latter by Fox.

Both novels, written in the postwar liberal moment, betray uncertainty concerning the nation’s future, each representing the U.S. Army as rife with institutional and personal prejudice and each concluding with an at best ambiguous vision of the world bequeathed by war. In Mailer’s novel, the left-leaning Lieutenant, Robert Hearn, is tricked to his death by Croft, a sadistic Sergeant with an over-zealous sense of duty, while on a pointless, grueling reconnaissance mission behind Japanese lines. At the same time, Colonel Cummings, Hearn’s white supremacist commander and intellectual antagonist, a man who envisions postwar U.S. global leadership through unadulterated power (“We might easily go fascist after we win,” he tells his underling) receives credit for a victory over the Japanese that is achieved without his knowledge while he is away requesting unnecessary Navy support. In Shaw’s tale, Jewish American Noah Ackerman endures in basic training persistent abuse from what one critic dubs the
“fascist element” of the U.S. military, abuse that is condoned by his immediate superiors, left unpunished by the Army’s upper echelons, and which eventually drives Noah to temporary desertion. At war’s end, with the Germans in chaos, Noah is spitefully gunned down by a Nazi officer, Christian Diestl, outside an abandoned concentration camp. Noah’s death is cruelly ironic, for it occurs at a scene of liberation from the Holocaust and in the very instant that the embattled Ackerman pronounces the reclamation of the postwar world by “human beings.”

Both works are marked by repeated invocation of the near-ubiquitous anti-Semitism of gentiles in the U.S. military. In the adaptation of *The Young Lions*, directed for Fox by repentant radical Edward Dmytryk, fascism disappeared from both sides. While Ackerman (Montgomery Clift) still endures jabs both verbal and physical from anti-Semitic G.I.s during training, the DoD, offering full cooperation to a runaway production with extensive military requirements, insisted that all but one of the many instances be cut from the shooting script. Washington also ensured that Captain Colclough, the company commander who appears to enjoy Noah’s protracted suffering, is, in the film, eventually subject to severe discipline. Over and above Shaw’s objections, the DoD and the filmmakers also conspired to upturn the novel’s ending, Noah surviving to return to New England and his non-Jewish wife, Hope Plowman, in a change transforming his tragic death into a celebration of an inter-ethnic future.

Furthermore, Dmytryk, having left his anti-fascist sentiments in the 1940s, reversed the path of Shaw’s leading German character, Christian Diestl, from the novel’s descent into fascism. This was, Dmytryk later claimed, a concession to the passing of “war hates” since the novel’s publication, and was also motivated in significant part by
the shenanigans of Brando, who envisioned Diestl as a humanitarian (even proposing that
the character deliver a lecture on injustices committed against both Native Americans and
the Scottsboro Nine, a suggestion from which Dmytryk dissuaded him). Ultimately, the
chaotic shoot, plagued by mishaps and unrest among French communist crews who
resented Dmytryk’s earlier defection, produced what Life called a “gentle German”
alongside a fairly gentle assessment of U.S. anti-Semitism. The film concludes with a
message of religious tolerance, as, following the concentration camp’s liberation, U.S.
Captain Green guarantees the surviving inmates the right to religious services over and
above the objections of the nearby German town’s anti-Semitic Mayor. When, at the end
of the screenplay, Noah announces his optimism that millions of tolerant people like
Green will now run the world, nothing undercuts his sanguine prediction.

Like Shaw’s, Norman Mailer’s novel represents the U.S. Army as far removed
from the democratic ideals for which the war was putatively fought and with which it was
retrospectively credited. Anti-Semitic dialogue and anti-black prejudice occur throughout
(even in the absence of any black characters), Mailer on occasion blurring the lines
between U.S. and German anti-Semites through the thoughts of Goldstein, an intelligent
Jewish draftee who finds it difficult to gain acceptance by the Protestants and Catholics
with whom he serves. The conversation that takes place in the officers’ mess, wherein
Hearn is enraged by fellow officers’ views on “radicals,” Negroes, and Jews, suggests
that Col. Cummings’ barely-latent fascism runs deep in the command echelons, while
Mailer’s characterization of Martinez, the shy, conscientious Mexican American scout,
conveys the impossibility of a “Mex” being accepted as an American. Martinez might
become a hero, he thinks to himself, but he can never become a Protestant.
Efforts to translate the novel to the screen began in the late-1940s, when the liberal actor Burt Lancaster, intent on portraying Hearn, purchased the rights from Mailer. From there, the production traced a meandering path before its eventual 1958 release through Warners (on behalf of the dying RKO, the studio that eventually produced the film). The delay related to the DoD’s response to inquiries about picturizing the novel, which Claire Towne considered “a smutty, obscene, filthy piece of printed matter” bereft of any value to the NME. George Dorsey, negotiating for Warners, communicated a willingness to alter any objectionable elements, and by July 1950 all obscenity had been removed along with the “dictator type general” (Cummings).

These cuts left the DoD with a “generally favorable” attitude, and an outline was approved by August 1950. Mailer, though, rejected the revision of his narrative and its politics, and, in repurchasing the rights, caused a temporary abandonment of the film. Eventually, fatigued by Hollywood, Mailer sold up once more, and RKO filmed the story in Panama. Raoul Walsh, directing yet another war film, had the full cooperation of the Army in staging elaborate battle sequences, a facet of filmmaking at which he was much accomplished. The RKO production returned the previously excised Cummings to the scenario, but reduced this event in importance by inserting into the conclusion both meaning and justice. Cummings’ inadvertent and undeserved triumph becomes, instead, humiliation before his superiors, allowing for no implied victory of his fascistic vision of postwar U.S. power. Hearn, rather than dying pointlessly, returns with information that facilitates the Army’s triumph on Anopopei.

Furthermore, racist language and incidents of anti-Semitism were kept to a minimum, again at the DoD’s request. Indeed, one of two occasions upon which U.S.
anti-Semitism is referenced is handled with a dismissive, almost comedic air, as Sgt. Croft walks in on two replacements, Roth and Spencer, the latter nursing a bloody nose having labeled the former, who happens to be a golden gloves boxer, a “lousy Jew.”  

With Spencer subject to this early and violent correction, the persistent slinging of ethnic epithets and the anti-black discourse of the G.I.s is absent from the remainder of the film, which also replaces the novel’s bleak and pessimistic ending with a speech by Hearn on the essential virtue of the human spirit. That two men carried him the eighteen miles back from the patrol in the burning sun, Hearn lectures Cummings, is proof that the Colonel’s belief in brute power and fear as mediums of control is misplaced. The concerted actions of “a Baptist minister and a wandering Jew” save Hearn, convincing him that men are motivated by love, not fear. (Hearn has no chance to challenge the racism of fellow officers since none of them are openly racist, and thus he does not appear excessively leftist in ideology). Hearn concludes by declaring that there is a “spirit” in mankind that will “survive all the reigns of terror and all the hardships,” that while man cannot aspire to the authority of God, “the spirit of man is godlike, eternal, indestructible.”

*Young Lions* and *Naked* were thus reconceived as parables of national Cold War strength (Hearn mentions withstanding “all the reigns of terror”), religious tolerance, and ethnic diversity. Indeed, that a U.S. Captain defends religious freedom in *Young Lions* and “a Baptist minister and a wandering Jew” save Hearn in *Naked* encapsulates neatly the image of World War II that Hollywood and the state had aligned to promulgate throughout the decade. On Memorial Day in May 1958, close to the release dates of both films, the interment of Unknown Soldiers from both World War II and Korea took place at Arlington, President Eisenhower presenting each martyred corpse with a Medal of
Honor as they were laid alongside the Unknown Soldier of World War I. Concluding what the Washington Post called “three days of pageantry” around the event, a tripartite prayer service, conducted by Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergy (one from the Army, one from the Navy, and one an Air Force chaplain) communicated once more the nation’s unity the intimate connection of diversity to the honored status of the U.S. soldier.

Yet such a physiognomy, despite the efforts of the DoD and Hollywood, was beginning to unpeel in the latter part of the decade. As the Unknown Soldiers were buried, the Baltimore Sun espied a degree of fatigue among Americans looking back on more than fifteen years of periodic military conflict. “Today in the bright sunshine of May,” the Sun opined, “the false hopes [for peace] of the past seemed to be plainly revealed.” More than a decade after World War II’s end, and with the Korean War having produced only stalemate and armed truce, the Sun could not look back on World War II with any degree of optimism or conclusiveness.

Along with events domestic and international, seemingly perpetual conflict and the fatigue it was engendering began to open cracks in the consensus façade of World War II remembrance. The Cold War entered the “Eisenhower Thaw” in ’54, lessening in intensity with the death of Stalin and the Korean truce in 1953, and the televised demise of Joe McCarthy after his attack on the U.S. Army the following year. Peter Biskind argues that these events, “made it easier to cast a jaundiced eye on the chauvinism of the center.” So too did the destabilization of the blacklist, weakened by Supreme Court decisions turning back elements of the 1940 Smith Act and making it more difficult for the FBI to build cases based on what the accused believed. In 1958, with blacklisted writers returning to work under pseudonyms, the FBI abandoned its investigation into
Hollywood communism. At the same time, stewardship of the Production Code Administration passed from Joseph Breen to Geoffrey Shurlock, an English Protestant with a more liberal posture towards film content.\textsuperscript{173}

As conservatism’s grip on Hollywood weakened, incidents of racial violence displayed before global media the falsity of claims that racial hierarchy belonged to the U.S. past. The colorblind soldiers of Hollywood’s imaginary were proving less than ubiquitous in U.S. life, a fact illustrated with brutal clarity in August 1955, when a teenage black Chicagoan, Emmett Till, was pistol whipped to death in Mississippi by two decorated white World War II veterans. Described by William Bradford Huie in \textit{Look} magazine, the savagery of the murder and the killers’ subsequent acquittal by Mississippi courts provoked widespread international condemnation of the U.S.\textsuperscript{174} Two years later, the spectacle of Eisenhower sending the 101\textsuperscript{st} Airborne – “The Battered Bastards of Bastogne” – to protect black students in Little Rock, Arkansas, exhibited further the shortfalls of U.S. democracy more than a decade after war’s end.\textsuperscript{175}

With space and imperative to do so, liberal Hollywood resurfaced, questioning whether the values for which the war was fought were being upheld. Pictures referencing World War II in such a way emerge beyond mid-decade, notably with the 1956 release of Fox’s \textit{Three Brave Men} and Columbia’s \textit{Storm Center}. Penned by liberal screenwriter (and, in this case, director) Daniel Taradash, \textit{Storm Center} depicts a small town librarian (Bette Davis) and her refusal to remove from her shelves a book entitled \textit{The Communist Dream}. Ultimately, the townspeople’s frenzied insistence that she do so provokes a misguided young boy into an act of arson, producing a mass book-burning which cannot help but recall Nazi Germany.
Three Brave Men, directed by another liberal screenwriter, Philip Dunne, and based on the true story of a Jewish World War II veteran and Navy employee, centers on Bernard Goldsmith (Ernest Borgnine), a Maryland man who loses his job due to alleged communist associations in his dim past. It begins with Goldsmith’s daughter, Shirley, earning a prize for a Fourth of July essay in praise of World War II veterans, “the brave men who fought and died” for freedom “regardless of race, color, or creed.” As Goldsmith’s nightmare unfolds, those who see beyond his history and recognize his patriotism become legatees of the “brave men” about whom Shirley writes, and the Red Scare is tainted as a corruption of that legacy. In both cases, the progressive demand that the war’s legacy be democratic in spirit and action was returning.

In 1958, with the release of United Artists’ Kings Go Forth, this critique turned to U.S. racism in an overseas setting. Indeed, throughout the mid-fifties, in those corners of Hollywood where dissenting engagement with World War II and Cold War culture endured, it did so in depictions of Americans overseas, as leftover liberals and European émigrés questioned U.S. management of the postwar world and the efficacy of the nation’s postwar diplomacy. This is the subject of chapter 6.


2 The introduction of new U.S. citizens was an apt means of commemorating the Second World War. The war years represent a peak in U.S. naturalizations, with 112,000 becoming citizens during their military service, and some 1.5 million civilian naturalizations taking place in addition. After the war, with the 1952 repeal of stringent limitations imposed by Johnson-Reed since 1924 (allowing for symbolic, if not substantive, immigration to the U.S. by ethnoracial groups previously excluded), immigration reform became a means to indicate the nation’s ethnic capaciousness. Reed Ueda, “The Changing Path to


4 Some seventy others of various national origins joined the Japanese inductees aboard the *Missouri*, but it was to the Issei that *Life* drew particular attention. “Show of New Hands,” 49; Oleson, “336 From 38 Countries,” 25.

5 Brownell also announced a new initiative designed to ensure that most potential immigrants who were rejected would receive word before they left their country of origin, and that accepted immigrants arriving in the U.S. would be processed without need for detention. “Text of U.S. Attorney General’s Talk,” 14.

6 Oleson, “336 From 38 Countries,” 25; Bracker, “16,000 Take Oaths as Citizens Here”; “50,000 Take Citizenship Oath in Ceremonies,” 2.


8 “Veterans March and Also Pray – ‘Lest We Forget,’” *LAT*, November 12, 1954, 1, 10.


12 Piehler, Remembering War, 135.

13 In Fox’s The Big Lift (1950), for example, when a German woman suggests that if British, Irish, German, and French peoples were put together on the same island, “In five minutes they’d kill each other,” her GI boyfriend, Polish American Hank Kowalski, fires back, “Ever heard of a place called Manhattan?”


16 See, for example, Oscar Handlin, Race and Nationality in American Life (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1957), 135-164.


18 Cinemascope was first used by Fox in 1953, helping to produce the first upturn in box office receipts since 1946. Robert Sklar, Movie-Made America: A Cultural History of American Movies. Revised and updated (New York: Vintage, 1994), 285. The outbreak of war in Korea also lent impetus to the production of war-themed pictures, and, in prompting the conversion of domestic electronics industries, promised “the diminution, if not the end of the production of television equipment.” “War Over Hollywood,” Newsweek, August 28, 1950, 76. These films include Task Force (1948), Fighter Squadron (1948), Command Decision (1948), Twelve O’Clock High (1949), Sands of Iwo Jima (1949), Battleground (1949), Breakthrough (1950), Halls of Montezuma (1950), Go For Broke! (1951), Decision Before Dawn (1951), The Frogmen (1951), The Steel Helmet (1952), Red Ball Express (1952), From Here to Eternity (1953), The Bridges at Toko-Ri (1954), To Hell and Back (1955), Battle Cry (1955), Between Heaven and

Murphy was the cover star of Life a month after his return from Europe, and was subject to a photo spread, as were some of his 28 medals. See “Life Visits Audie Murphy: Most Decorated Soldier Comes Home to Little Town of Farmersville, Texas,” Life, July 16, 1946, 94-97. He had already appeared in around a dozen feature films, mostly Westerns, when, in 1953, he signed with Universal to play himself. Thomas M. Pryor, “Audie Murphy Set to Act Life in Film,” NYT, June 15, 1953, 19. See also Jeannine Basinger, The World War II Combat Film: Anatomy of a Genre (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 2003), 156-159.

DoD Film Collection, Box 11, Folder 19, Georgetown University Libraries Special Collections.

Audie L. Murphy, To Hell and Back [1949] (New York: Henry Holt, 2002)

Murphy’s book contains several Italian American characters, but none speaks of his personal desire to liberate Italy. Murphy, Hell and Back, 33.

As Kovac flounders, Chief prompts him as to the year wherein the Constitution was established. Chief does not speak throughout the entire film, instead communicating, where necessary, through actions. He signs the date of the Constitution to help his good friend Kovac out. In the book, no explicit connection between military service and citizenship is made in Murphy’s writing.

Kerrigan’s speech is as follows: “What had he [Novak/Kovac] to save? A brain-baking job in a goddamned steel mill. A room in a slumgullion boarding house. A lousy dame who took his dough and then didn’t have the decency even to answer his letters. Man, he had plenty to fight for. When I think of those 4-F, draft-dodging bastards I know back home, I want to spit nails. Whose the hell war is this? Was it Novak’s? Is it mine? Is it yours?” Murphy, Hell and Back, 94-95.

The Army provided tanks and other hardware to the film, which was shot in Washington State. See Suid, Stars and Stripes, 248. Also DoD, Box 11, Folder 19.

Walsh to John Horton, May 27, 1954, DoD, Box 11, Folder 19.

In the Waldorf Conference Statement, MPPA members, including a reluctant Dore Schary, swore not to employ any of the Hollywood Ten, and to “eliminate any subversives; to protect the innocent; and to safeguard free speech and a free screen wherever threatened.” Waldorf Conference Statement


29 Chinese communism’s victory in 1949, the Soviets’ development of atomic weaponry in the same year, and the outbreak of war in Korea in mid-1950, propelling into battle with appropriately transitional symbolism both the last segregated and first fully integrated U.S. units, were critical. So, too, was the passage of the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950 (sponsored by three members of HUAC) alongside several cases of internal espionage.

30 Cy Roth, a filmmaker of low production standards but uninhibited enthusiasm, found the DoD unwilling to assist his postwar Navy drama, *Air Strike* (1955), until the travails of Jewish and African American sailors were eliminated. “We do not care to extend cooperation,” wrote Donald Baruch in January 1954, “as basically the story is built around religious and racial prejudices and discriminations….Your story would have the public believe that religious and racial prejudices are prevalent in the Navy.” The film eventually received some official assistance, but only after Roth had, somewhat angrily, eliminated the two victims of unequal treatment. “It is alright for a Negro or Jew to fight and die for this country,” Roth wrote to President Eisenhower, accusing the DoD of institutional prejudice. His reward was a DoD request for an FBI investigation, and although the radically altered screenplay did receive Navy aid, the finished film was deemed unfit to bear the stamp of armed services’ approval. Baruch to Roth, January 28, 1954; Roth to Eisenhower, March 31, 1954; Baruch to Roth, January 22, 1955. DoD, Box 1, Folder 12.

Eagle-Lion was the company behind such anti-communist films as 1950s *Guilty of Treason*, a picture honoring the anticommunist struggles of Hungarian Catholic (and anti-Semite) Joszef Cardinal Mindszenty. David Platt, “‘Don’t Fight Back’ Is the Theme of the Jackie Robinson Movie,” *Daily Worker*, May 4, 1950, FBI, Reel 10, Frame 00253. Platt’s review noted that within the film Robinson, who plays himself, is called “boy” over thirty times, and Jackie or Mr. Robinson only fourteen times. Before HUAC, Robinson denounced Robeson’s earlier statement that black Americans should be loyal to their race and had no quarrel with the Soviet Union.


Towne to Universal, May 26, 1950. Files of the Assistant Secretary of Defense, Office of Public Information. RG330 190/28/10/2 Box 689, Folder 288, Archives II, College Park, MD.

Major Walter S. King to Pictorial Division, June 15, 1950; Towne Memo, November 30, 1950. The final Shooting Script was approved full cooperation awarded by the Army on September 12, 1950. See Towne Memo, December 5, 1950. RG330 190/28/10/2 Box 689, Folder 288.


The character in the book is named Larry Nevin, and the filmmakers, somewhat inexplicably, added an s.


Again, the connection between racial colorblindness and actual blindness is more developed in the novel, including during the scenes wherein Larry’s father suggests that while a sighted Southerner would be committing social and economic suicide in supporting racial equality, no one would dare stand up against a collection of veterans who lost their sight in service of their country. Kendrick, *Lights Out*, 113-114.

Kendrick’s novel makes much of the train as a symbol of inequity. Journeying home, Larry considers “a white man might be subjected to a great indignity by finding himself a passenger in a Jim Crow car. Of course, a blinded Negro, such as Joe, ran the same chances. Well, not exactly the same. Joe would be elevated by riding in a car with white people, elevated and highly honored. Joe’s education would be improved by listening to the conversations born of white education…. This surmise Kendrick undercuts as Larry’s listens to the conversations of whites in the carriage, most of which are far from educational. It is on the train that Larry begins to question some of his “knowledge.” Kendrick presents a list of Larry’s “norms,” many of which are racist slurs, before the blinded veteran realizes: “Larry Nevins didn’t know a goddam thing about anything.” *Lights Out*, 73, 96-97.
Ibid., 199-200.


FBI, September 15, 1951, Reel 6, Frame 00581.

Walter White invitation, June 14, 1951; Walter White to Morrison, July 9, 1951. Papers of the NAACP, Group II, General Office File, 1940-1956, Box A276, Folder 5.


Ibid., 141, 31, 31, 139.


On the white-black binary emerging from World War II, see Matthew Frye Jacobson, *Whiteness of a Different Color: European Immigrants and the Alchemy of Race* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1998), 94-113. Jacobson writes, “In such a bifurcated racial climate, the whiteness of the former white races became more salient than the once-perceived differences among them. For those who were not
encompassed by the one-fourth, one-eighth, or one-drop rules establishing how much ‘black blood’ renders a person ‘black,’ ineluctably and irrefutably Jim Crow whitened.” 113. Cf. Gary Gerstle, American Crucible, esp. 231-232

59 As Gerald Early and Alan Lightman point out, “The decidedly mixed reports on the performance of all-black units in combat during World War II – particularly the 92nd Division’s unimpressive performance in Italy in June 1944 – only suggested to many whites in command that blacks were indeed unfit and that the practice of segregating troops by race and tracking them into certain occupations was a sound one that should be continued.” “Race, Art, and Integration: The Image of the African American Soldier in Popular Culture During the Korean War,” Bulletin of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. 57, No. 1 (Autumn, 2003): 32-38, quote on 34.

60 The hostile reception by the FBI and other conservatives of Home of the Brave and Lost Boundaries makes this plain. Furthermore, the FBI had difficulty conceptualizing black Americans as Americans. Materials relating to the membership of the CPUSA’s LA branch in May 1955 list the “national origin” of the 90 members as follows: “English 4; Russian 6; Swedish 2; American 31; Jewish 54; Negro 3. FBI Reel 7, Frame 00550.


63 Horton to Towne, December 14, 1950; Towne to Horton, January 22, 1951. Files of the Assistant Secretary of Defense, Legislative and Public Affairs, Office of Public Information, News Division, Pictorial Branch, Subject File, 1951-1953. RG 330/ 190/ 28/10/ 2, Box 709 Red Ball Express folder.


65 The early treatment features a feud involving a character named “Rocco.” Claire Towne objected to this feud in his letter to Horton on January 22, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

67 The roots of *Home of the Brave*, for all its progressive intentionality, lay in a work of fiction, and lacked the direct claim to historical authenticity associated with a picture like *Go For Broke!*


69 “There is no question but that Negro truckmen played a big part in the success of the Red Ball outfit. Almost 60 per cent of the personnel was Negroes,” said the *Chicago Defender* in a mid-June editorial, adding, “With this in mind is it any wonder that the great general of the equally great outfit should wish to see the story told as it happened…?” “Officer Who Headed Crack Outfit Riled,” *Chicago Defender*, June 9, 1951, 16.

70 James C. Evans to Office of Public Information, June 19, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

71 Claire Towne, Internal Memo, June 21, 1951; Osgood Roberts, Deputy Director, Office of Public Information, to James C. Evans, June 21, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

72 Horton to Towne, August 21, 1951; Towne to Horton, August 24, 1951, RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

73 Floryan, to Pictorial Division, October 8, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709, Emphasis added.

74 Floryan to Pictorial Division, October 8, 1951. My emphasis. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

75 Towne to Universal, October 10, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

76 Floryan to Pictorial Division, October 8, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

77 Floryan to Pictorial Division, October 8, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

78 Transportation Corps to John Horton, October 23, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

79 Red Ball Express Draft Scripts, RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

80 Towne to Horton, October 26, 1951. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

Baruch Memo, March 6, 1952; Evans to Horton, March 7, 1952. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.

Baruch Memo, March 11, 1952; Baruch to Horton, March 11, 1952. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 709.


Thus becoming the first black G.I. killed in action on a U.S. cinema screen since Epps in 1943’s *Bataan*.

“‘Red Ball Express’ at Hipp, Debut for Pointer, Johnson,” *Cleveland Call and Post*, May 17, 1952, 4D.

Rivkin to White, September 20, 1952, NAACP, Box A276, Folder 6.


95 “But who knows,” Parsons wrote, “how long it will be before they earn billings like those of Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe? Things happen fast in this country of ours. If you don’t believe it, take a look at major league baseball.” Ibid., 29.


97 Further examples of background appearances by black G.I.s abound. In Decision Before Dawn, for instance, there is a scene in which a friendly black soldier directs Lt. Rennick (Richard Basehart) to the appropriate location at which to deposit his German POWs. Black G.I.s can also be seen, sometimes in bit parts but usually as extras, in films such as Breakthrough (1950), The Caine Mutiny (1954), Battle Cry (1955), Mister Roberts (1955), To Hell and Back (1955), The Naked and the Dead, and Fraulein (1958). The scene in Gray Flannel Suit was drawn directly from Sloan Wilson’s novel. Wilson, The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit (Simon & Schuster, 1955), 104.

98 Military films of the 1950s, including two made with the personal approval of SAC Chief Curtis LeMay – Strategic Air Command (1955) and Bombers B-52 (1958) – are riddled with white, middle-aged World War II veterans, reenlisting, despite family responsibilities and the golden call of the corporate world, for military duty. On the Korean War and fears of the “demasculinization of the American male,” see, for example, Tony Jackson, “The Manchurian Candidate and the Gender of the Cold War,” Literature/Film Quarterly, Vol. 28, No. 1 (2000): 34-40.

99 In fairness to Robson, in 1955, under Dore Schary, he directed one of the few social problem films produced at mid-decade, MGM’s Trial.

100 Basinger, World War II Combat Film, 167.

101 Lawrence Suid, Stars and Stripes, 224; Fuller writes, “My mother had raised me to respect peoples of all cultures, to honor the idea that America was great because of its melting pot of peoples.” Samuel Fuller, with Christa Lang Fuller and Jerome Henry Rudes, A Third Face: My Tale of Writing, Fighting, and Filmmaking (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2002), 73, 110.
Indeed, it is the platoon’s young white officer, Lt. Driscoll (Steve Brodie), who lacks lessons in World War II-era manliness. Zack is repelled by Driscoll’s prejudice toward Tanaka (Richard Loo), a Nisei Sergeant who is also a World War II veteran, and then by his timid and uncertain leadership. Zack derides Driscoll by comparing him to his D-Day commander, who stood up on Omaha Beach and drove his frightened men forward, only to fall under German bullets. Only by an exhibition of personal bravery in defending a Buddhist temple from onrushing North Koreans can Driscoll graduate to the ranks of World War II masculinity, earning in his own combat death the titular pot (which belonged to the heroic D-Day officer) as a mark of Zack’s newly-won respect.

After failing with Thompson, the communist Major attempts a similar approach to a Japanese American Sergeant. He, too, gives the Korean’s arguments no credence.

Most obviously Zack’s decision to shoot down the unarmed Major after Zack’s young South Korean friend, Short Round, is killed by communist forces. Riesel’s column, from January 11, 1951, is, along with other materials pertaining to the film, collected in the DOD files at NARA. RG 330/190/28/10/2, Box 692, Folder 306.

Thompson, a general told him, “is a code name for clandestine communist workers in the United States.” (The filmmaker had actually taken the name from his friend, black boxing champion Turkey Thompson.) Fuller, A Third Face, 263-264.

Nat King Cole plays Goldie, a World War II veteran serving with a mercenary regiment in Indochina.


Morin, Among the Valiant, 48-56.

Ibid., 197-211.
Notable Latino appearances in wartime cinema include Desi Arnaz as Pvt. Felix Ramirez in MGM’s *Bataan* (1943). Ramirez shows his dedication to the war by attempting to soldier on despite a severe case of Malaria, which eventually claims his life. Anthony Quinn played Marine Jesus “Soose” Alvarez in Fox’s *Guadalcanal Diary* (1943). The character is subject to “Latin lover” stereotypes, as he lies aboard deck dreaming of Conchita and Lolita, then later gets a letter from Margarita. Later, Alvarez is the only Marine to escape a mission to scout another island. Fleeing the Japanese, he swims for safety, reporting back with vital information. In another late wartime film, RKO’s *Back to Bataan* (1945), Pvt. Jesus Santos of Hebbronville, Texas, is among the actual survivors of Japanese POW camps featured in the film’s closing sequence.

Wald wrote to Daves during production, saying: “In the recreation hall scene, pleas don’t mix colored boys and whites around the piano. This stuff is usually cut out of pictures in the South.” Paul Tatara, “Pride of the Marines,” [http://www.tcm.com/thismonth/article.jsp?cid=85252&mainArticleId=138969](http://www.tcm.com/thismonth/article.jsp?cid=85252&mainArticleId=138969) (Accessed May 5, 2009).

These include postwar legal cases dealing with discrimination against Latinos: *Mendez v Westminster Schools District* (1946) integrated Mexican Americans into California public schools; *Delgado v Batrop Independent School District* (1948) mandated similar in Texas; *Gonzalez v Sheely* (1951) desegregated Arizona public schooling; *Hernandez v Texas* (1954) ordered Texas to allow Mexican Americans on juries in criminal cases.


Sutherland, “Texas,” 66. On State Department efforts to educate Americans for “overseasmanship” and the work of journals such as *Reader’s Digest* in preparing Americans to field questions about discrimination, see Klein, *Cold War Orientalism*, 100-142, esp. 110-113.

Set in a veterans’ hospital and made with DoD assistance, *The Men* recognizes the service of other nonwhite Americans by including Asian and black faces among the mothers of wounded G.I.s.
His mother speaks only Spanish, and while Angel is bilingual, speaking fluent English with an accent, his sister, Dolores, completes the process of acculturation, speaking English with a non-accented “American” voice.

In another independent production, soon-to-be-blacklisted director Joseph Losey’s *The Lawless* (1950), a Chicano veteran, Lopo Chavez, suffers violence at the hands of Anglo bigots in a divided California farming town. Eventually, white journalist Larry Wilder is persuaded to stay in the conflicted area and publish a liberal weekly newspaper calling for tolerance after another Chicano, Paul Rodriguez, tells him that he (Wilder) reminds Rodriguez of his brother, a casualty of the Normandy invasion.


On the “good neighbor” films of the war years, see Brian O’Neill, “The Demands of Authenticity: Addison Durland and Hollywood’s Latin Images During World War II.” In Daniel Bernardi, ed., *Classic Hollywood, Classic Whiteness* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2001), 359-385. As O’Neill points out, these wartime films, influenced by South American elites, generally presented Latin America as clean, prosperous, modern, and white, and did not address South Americans of color, let alone U.S. Latinos.


Raoul Walsh, *Each Man in His Time: The Life Story of a Director* (New York: Farrar, Strauss, & Giroux, 1974), 358. Walsh was of Irish Catholic descent, named (with an extra “o”) for the Spanish Captain, named Raul, who brought his father to the U.S in the late-nineteenth Century, 3-4.

Dorsey to Towne, September 9, 1953; September 18, 1953. Towne to Dorsey September 11, 1953, September 25, 1953; Baruch to Dorsey, January 7, 1954. Lt F. E Coghlan, Navy Dept. Memo, January 15, 1954; On January 18, 1954, Dorsey assured the DoD’s Lt. Frank Coghlan that the script was “in the process of being rewritten as per Marine Corps suggestions.” DoD Film Collection, Box 2, Folder 21. Quote from Walsh, *Each Man*, 359

Outline for *Battle Cry*, September 18, 1953, DoD, Box 2, Folder 21.

Private Lighttower, introduced as “the pride of the Navajo” by Mac, is asleep on the train and has his foot set on fire by a fellow Marine, giving Mac’s voiceover a somewhat derisive, mocking tone.

Baruch, Internal Memo, April 20, 1954; Baruch to Dorsey, April 22, 1954, DoD, Box 2, Folder 21.

This annotation was made on a copy of the screenplay submitted to the DoD on November 30, 1953. DoD, Box 2, Folder 20, 102. Burger to Baruch April 19, 1954, DoD, Box 2, Folder 21.

A portion of negotiations over *Battle Cry* and many other films with which the DoD was involved took place over the phone, so a paper trail doesn’t always exist. This is the case with Andy’s line, over which there is no correspondence in the archive. Quote in the *Battle Cry* script, DoD Film Collection, Box 2, Folder 20, 72.

DoD, Box 2, Folder 20, 155-156 of screenplay. A similar scene appears in Uris’ Novel, 501-502.

Warners resisted DoD wishes for a time, shooting Pedro’s major scenes in spring 1954, with Victor Millan, himself a World War II veteran, in the role. Millan discovered only later that his part and his screen credit were gone. “Ashamed” and “Brokenhearted,” he did not attend the premiere. Robb, *Operation Hollywood*, 292-293.
407

132 Baruch to Dorsey, November 19, 1954, DoD, Box 2, Folder 21. By this time, DoD objections to a narrative thread involving pre-marital pregnancy had also been smoothed over; “Warners ‘Battle Cry’ – Fancy Marine Recruit Poster” People’s World, February 18, 1955, 7. FBI, Reel 10, Frame 00865. The People’s World reviewer added: “The sins of this film are compounded by typical Hollywood handling of minorities in the cast. Two Indians in the corps are given the typical ‘ugh’ routine while the bad boy of the outfit is given the nickname of ‘Spanish Joe.’” Bosley Crowther found no objection to the film’s racial characterizations, but was not far from the People’s World in describing Battle Cry as “Warner’s salute to Marines.” Crowther wrote, “Another enthusiastic tribute to the United States Marines…is whipped up in pep-rally fashion and extended for two hours and twenty-seven minutes…. “Screen: Warners’ Salute to Marines” NYT, February 3, 1955, 18.


136 In his self-published autobiography, Gabaldon draws comparison between himself and Sergeant York, who received a Medal of Honor for capturing 32 machine guns and 132 Germans during the First World War, and was depicted on screen by Gary Cooper in Warner Bros.’ preparedness film, Sergeant York (1941). Gabaldon outlines the prevalence of prejudicial attitudes towards “Spics” in the Corps, attributing his lack of a similar medal to “extreme racism.” In later years, as he and his allies sought a Medal of Honor award (even after the Silver Star was upgraded to a Navy Cross in December, 1960), the stance of the USMC, he complained, remained, “Too bad, Gabaldon, you are a Hispanic.” Gabaldon was also overlooked for promotion during wartime, despite, he reports, his impressive record, his high IQ, and
his seniority. On being discharged as a Pfc., Gabaldon expressed “shame and anger.” “I got the finger,” he wrote in 1990. Gabaldon, *Saipan*, 65-66, 121, 133. This situation may have been exacerbated by Gabaldon’s brief period AWOL after the war, which was overlooked due to his hero’s status but certainly did not endear him to the Marine Corps. Footage from Gabaldon’s TV appearance is included in the documentary *East L.A. Marine*.

137 Lichtgarn to DoD, August 6, 1957; Baruch to Lichtgarn, August 26, 1957, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

138 The closing text is missing from the DoD files, which do not contain a full script, but its content can be inferred from letters of complaint sent by military figures to the production company. D.R. Nugent to Baruch, June 11, 1958; Levin to Baruch, June 30, 1958, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

139 Baruch to Levin, October 2, 1958, April 7, 1959; Levin to Baruch, November 10, 1958; H.A. Weinberger, Internal AB-PT Memo to Levin and Mandel, September 30, 1959; Atlantic Pictures & Allied Artists to Commandant of USMC, December 18, 1959. The director eventually secured was Phil Karlson, known for his films noir. DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

140 Levin to Baruch, November 18, 1959, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

141 Brig. Gen A.R. Kier to Pentagon and Asst Sec of Defense, December 4, 1959; Baruch to M.A. Lipsner of Allied Artists, December 9, 1959, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

142 D.R. Nugent to Baruch, June 11, 1958, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

143 Baruch to Shelton, May 14, 1958; Shelton to Evans May 21, 1958; Baruch to Levin, June 20, 1958, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16. Of course, Japanese Americans had been removed to the internment camps by armed soldiers, as photographs from the time make plain, but no guns at all are visible in these scenes in *Hell to Eternity*.

144 Levin to Baruch, January 19, 1960, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

145 Baruch to M.A. Lipsner, February 4, 1960; Sidney Markley, AB-PT Pictures, to Baruch, February 8, 1960; Baruch to Markley, May 2, 1960; DoD Memo, June 22, 1960, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16.

146 The only suggestion of Gabaldon’s ethnic background comes when Mama states that her sons, George and Kaz, are in Italy fighting men “who look like brother they love.” This, of course, implies that Gabaldon is either German or Italian in descent. Serving as a technical advisor on the film, Gabaldon
reluctantly countenanced the casting decision, justifying it some years later in saying that the producers “must have believed that they were doing the right thing, even the selection of Jeffrey Hunter to portray me.” Gabaldon, Saipan, 154. Nevertheless, Gabaldon remained grateful for the “singular honor” of the film, 11.

147 It is a revealing irony that Gabaldon helped Hunter with his Spanish only in anticipation of the latter traveling to Spain to film King of Kings.


149 Despite all this, when Hell to Eternity opened in August 1960 it did not have full DoD approval. The Marines balked at a long sequence in which Gabaldon seduces a white journalist known as the “Iron Petticoat.” Hence the final caption could indicate gratitude only for help in staging combat scenes. In a letter to Allied Artists, June 27, 1960, Baruch states, “To all of us who reviewed the picture, it appeared that the scene was played long and for as much as could be gotten out of it.” In fairness to Baruch, this is not an unreasonable assessment, but one wonders, too, if the subtext – that a Latino Marine was able to sexually “conquer” a supposedly disinterested white woman – did not discomfit the NME. Also Internal Memo by Baruch, October 10, 1961, DoD, Box 22, Folder 16. On the discourse of charitable adoption, see Klein, Cold War Orientalism, 143-190.

150 DoD News Release, December 20, 1960. The citation for the Navy Cross describes the award as the “second highest Naval award for personal heroism.” DoD, Box 22, Folder 16. Gabaldon saw this as evidence of an “undeniable twinge of conscience” from the USMC, but added, “…the Marine Corps Brass will never admit that the most vicious racism existed in the ‘old corps’, and that unwritten orders were given that the Medal of Honor should not be awarded to a Hispanic.” Gabaldon, Saipan, 156.

151 National tour covered in Gabaldon, Saipan, 154. Gabaldon’s political views included virulent homophobia and more virulent anti-communism. He embarked on a number of postwar adventures, including an attempt to form a vigilante army intent on deposing Fidel Castro. In the late ’70s he fought with the Nicaraguan Contras. Saipan, 161-184.

In the novel, Larry’s friendship with Ivan Stern, a blinded U.S. Jew, helps him realize the error of prejudice. In an important moment for Larry, he sees himself as a member, alongside Negroes and Jews, of the “legion of untouchables,” and understands “…the world refused to think of, or understand, blindness just as it equally refused to think of, or understand, a Negro or a Jew.” It is from Ivan that Larry receives his most direct lessons. At one point, Ivan says, “You’re a lousy, inhibited, ignorant Southern Christian – which in my life is three steps lower than any Negro who ever lived, or any Jew.” Kendrick, Lights Out, 236, 62-63.


The publication histories of these novels are covered by Philip Beidler, The Good War’s Greatest Hits: World War II and American Remembering (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1998), 86-149. Lawrence Suid has covered in some detail the protracted negotiations that preceded the adaptation of James Jones’ From Hell to Eternity, although with characteristic inattention to the general sanitization of racism. Suid, Guts and Glory, 142-153. Incidents of white American prejudice are nevertheless frequent in the novel, and none make it to the screen. James Jones, From Here to Eternity (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1951)


James R. Giles, Irwin Shaw (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1983), 93. This includes multiple verbal attacks and a series of ten bare-knuckle boxing matches, to which Ackerman challenges his tormentors after they steal books and money from his locker. In the film, there are only four fights. Shaw, Young Lions, 620.

Suid, Guts and Glory, 164-165; Suid, Stars and Stripes, 278. For Colclough’s indifference to Ackerman, and his labeling of Ackerman’s friend, Michael Whiteacre, a “Jew-lover,” see Shaw, The Young
Lions, 327. For instances of anti-Semitic invective, 301-304. Also omitted was Bruce, an African American hotel porter who predicts a “race war” between white and black Americans sometime in the near future. Shaw, Young Lions, 184-185.

159 Shaw’s objections in Giles, Irwin Shaw, 103. The couple is, by the end of the picture, expecting a child.


162 For instances of racist dialogue in reference to African Americans, see, for example, Mailer, Naked and the Dead, 160, 204-206, 227. For Goldstein’s troubles, see 52-53.


164 Towne, Memos to Department of the Army, May 3, 1950, July 18, 1950. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 681, Folder 199.

165 Dorsey made plain that Warners cared little for preserving the book’s political stance, writing, “We are open to suggestions and what we want now is an overall opinion on whether or not the Department will give us cooperation, based on this preliminary treatment and our desire to make whatever changes may be necessary to secure your approval of the project.” Dorsey to Towne, July 17, 1950; Towne to Dept. of Army, July 18, 1950; Towne to Dorsey, July 24, 1950. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 681, Folder 199.

166 The Department of the Army approved an outline on August 14, 1950. Dept of Army Memo. RG 330, 190/28/10/2, Box 681, Folder 199. Also Manso, Mailer, 155.

167 Suid, Stars and Stripes, 157.

168 The other instance is when Gallagher, trying to induce the injured Roth to jump a gap in a mountain ledge, calls him a “Jew bastard.” This repeats a scene from the novel, and Gallagher’s motivational intent is clear.


Russel Porter, “Hoover Deplores ‘Stifling’ of FBI,” NYT, September 20, 1957, 10; Sklar, Movie-Made America, 295. The PCA and the Legion of Decency clashed over films such as Baby Doll (1956), and the 1956 revision liberalized the Code, neglecting to maintain proscriptions against “miscegenation” that dated back to 1929. Peter Lev, “Censorship and Self-Regulation,” in Lev, ed., Transforming the Screen, 87-105, 93-98. The use of pseudonyms was eventually punctured by Otto Preminger, who openly credited Dalton Trumbo for the screenplay of 1960s Exodus.


Three Brave Men received DoD approval (although no cooperation credit was desired by the NME) after scenes were appended attributing the need for the government security program of which Goldsmith fell foul to the threat of communism. DoD, Box 11, Folder 13.

The 1956 release of *Storm Center* and *Three Brave Men*, two films overtly critical of the anticommunist excesses of Cold War patriotism, reveals the persistence of critical voices in U.S. film culture. *Storm Center* in particular, in dramatizing an attempt to delimit freedom of speech that culminates with the incineration of a public library, hinted at the Nazi-esque connotations of attempts to dictate the circulation of ideas within (and about) the United States. Despite its domestic setting, *Storm Center* is also a commentary on U.S. cultural diplomacy, as tactics such as the removal of progressive historical works from U.S. libraries overseas characterized the McCarthyite approach to national image-management (those opposing McCarthy often referred to anticommunist zealots as “book burners”).¹ Predictably, *Storm Center* attracted disapproval from the American Legion, and the FBI took concerned interest after receiving a report from Y. Frank Freeman, President of the MPAA and Vice President in Charge of Production at Paramount, that the film contained “propaganda of a type favorable to Communism.”² However, the positive response to the picture’s release in Britain elicited a conflicting posture from the State Department, which requested from the producer (Julian Blaustein) and director (Daniel Taradash) an hour-long adaptation “for TV beaming over the Iron Curtain.”³

State Department endorsement of a project critical of U.S. anticommunism reflects an ongoing shift at mid-decade in attitudes to the potential diplomatic worth of Hollywood cinema. As Andrew J. Falk illustrates, the early-1950s blacklisting of those “articulating views contrary to the dominant political culture” caused many to
“move…their dissent underground and overseas.”[^4] Here, the work of U.S. progressives often found receptive audiences (Arthur Miller’s *The Crucible*, for example, toured Europe to great success in 1954). As *Storm Center* suggests, dissenting impulses were also evident by mid-decade in the work of liberal cultural producers working in U.S. settings, the “Eisenhower Thaw,” Joseph McCarthy’s decline, and the waning influence of HUAC offering a protection lacking in preceding years. Moreover, while at war’s end many held high hopes for Hollywood as a medium of overseas propaganda, it soon became apparent that excessive nationalistic braggadocio and the attempt to project idealized and sanitized images of American life were not enrapturing “the foreign mind” as easily as some had anticipated.[^5] Indeed, transparent attempts to aggrandize U.S. culture (including its contributions to World War II) did little to improve American standing overseas, as was revealed in objections to the absence of British fighting forces from the 1948 film *Command Decision*.

By the mid-fifties, U.S. commentators and government agencies were increasingly attuned to the repercussions of heavy-handed exceptionalism and the ironies exposed by censorship in the name of democracy. Falk writes: “after McCarthy’s attempts to silence voices and after American allies reacted in disgust to those attempts, the Eisenhower administration came to see such brash efforts at content control as futile and embarrassing.” Not all Americans shared such a realization, but when Claire Boothe Luce, U.S. Ambassador to Italy, insisted upon the withdrawal of Richard Brooks’ *Blackboard Jungle* from the 1955 Venice Film Festival, liberals balked. “If the time ever comes,” cautioned Bosley Crowther, “when our Government can tell film makers what

[^4]:  
[^5]:
pictures they can show abroad then we will have surrendered the freedom of expression and accepted a fundamental change in our democracy.”

The Eisenhower government began to realize that exporting culture critical of aspects of U.S. Cold War politics was, in fact, sound diplomacy likely to gain approval from America’s allies. Indeed, by 1959, leftist screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky (whose 1955 screenplay for Marty was anything but a glorification of U.S. culture) was traveling along with Richard Nixon as part of an official delegation to Moscow. Additionally, emphasis began to fall more heavily on the everyday task of national image-management. In 1956, Eisenhower initiated the “people-to-people campaign,” holding that each U.S. citizen overseas need transmit the nation’s character in diplomatic fashion: “every man an ambassador,” ran the central concept. Every man, and every film, then, took on diplomatic implications in a timeframe during which expressions of dissent stood increasingly for U.S. freedom and capacity for self-criticism.

The need for anti-exceptionalist renditions of U.S. identity and for each American to serve as an ambassador coalesced in the mid-to-late 1950s around images of World War II and U.S.-Allied relations. As inter-Allied clashes in 1948’s Berlin Express suggested, and as affronted reactions to U.S.-centric renditions of the war confirmed, memory of the war and the respective contributions of the Allied powers (at least those Western European nations that remained Cold War allies) was a sensitive postwar issue. Furthermore, the “people-to-people” campaign lent official sanction to the notion of the soldier as national synecdoche (such as is expressed in Asian context in Three Stripes in the Sun), as the prevalence of U.S. forces overseas meant that many foreign nationals would glean their impressions of American culture from representatives of the military.
As we have seen, early postwar combat films depicting the European Theatre of war – notably the aviation films set in wartime Britain – relied upon a gendered depiction of international relations in which the presence of masculine U.S. power served as liberator and redeemer of feminized Allied nations. Films engaging World War II and its aftermath in the mid-1950s continued to replicate this gendered dynamic, with relationships between U.S. G.I.s and Allied women serving as metaphorical negotiations of wartime and postwar inter-Allied relations. Yet, as critic Suzanne Clark suggests, predominant postwar constructions of U.S. manliness, in advancing “a militarism that exaggerated masculinity and emphasized its aggressiveness,” actually threatened to replicate the very sins of belligerence and imperialistic dominance of which the Soviet Union so regularly stood accused. To be sure, Americans never appear possessed of the rapacious desires and intents ascribed to the “regimented he-men” of the Red Army in films such as A Foreign Affair (1948) and Fraulein (1958). Yet, with HUAC’s and McCarthy’s power declining and what Robert Fyne calls the “ambiguities born of Korea” troubling at triumphalist visions of the U.S. at war, internationally-inclined Hollywood liberals and European émigrés joined those blacklistees working overseas in challenging the manner in which anticommunist cultural producers were articulating and deploying U.S. military and economic muscle through images of World War II and its aftermath.

This chapter complicates the study of liberal Hollywood’s gendered engagement with postwar foreign policy by exploring a set of little-studied mid-to-late-1950s films centering on wartime romances between G.I.s and women of Allied nations. I first consider U.S.-French affairs through two films directed by Hollywood Europeans: Ukraine-born producer-director Anatole Litvak’s 1953 independent U.S.-French
production *Act of Love* (or *Un Acte D’amour*) and German-born Curtis Bernhardt’s 1956 MGM release, *Gaby*. Next, I turn to British-American relations in Twentieth Century Fox’s *D-Day, the Sixth of June* (1956), directed by another German-born filmmaker, Henry Koster. In each of these pictures, U.S. soldiers possessed of either nationalist arrogance or a tendency to reduce European-American relations to a purely monetary level learn lessons in “overseasmanship” that discipline U.S. exceptionalism and craft alternative visions of internationally-sensitive G.I. masculinity. In this way, these films concurrently criticized excessive military and financial muscularity on the global stage and affirmed the nation’s capacity for self-reflection.

Importantly, as U.S. manhood received gentler, internationally-conscious reconstitution, the contributions of European armed forces to military victory, all but absent from war films of the late-‘40s and early-‘50s, reemerged. *D-Day*, alongside two films with which I deal more briefly – MGM’s New Zealand-set drama *Until They Sail* (1957, dir. Robert Wise), and Warner Bros.’ *Darby’s Rangers* (1958, dir. William Wellman) – portrays a collaborative military effort in which U.S. forces are ably assisted (even instructed or led) by comparably manly Allies. Eschewing the arrogant assumptions of earlier European-set dramas, these films, in internationalizing World War II remembrance, endorse a multilateral approach to postwar foreign relations. (This did not, of course, extend to the Soviets, who remained entirely ignored.) On those occasions where military help was requested, the DoD, conscious, like the State Department, of the need to manage carefully its allies’ image, was willing to assist, encouraging filmmakers to excise any undiplomatic moments. That said, as was the case with *Act of Love*, military
censors drew the line at any implication that the U.S. armed services had contributed to damaging postwar foreign relations irreparably.

Lastly, this chapter returns to a French setting to consider the work of U.S. liberals Frank Ross and Delmer Daves in the 1958 United Artists release *Kings Go Forth*. Enabled by 1957 reforms to the Production Code and driven by international attention to domestic crises of desegregation, Daves’ film challenges and reshapes (white) U.S. masculinities through a narrative connecting U.S. racial bigotry to failing international diplomacy. Juxtaposed to the putative colorblindness of the wartime Allies, U.S. white supremacy is presented as an international embarrassment undercutting the nation’s moral authority and undermining the equalitarian ideological principles of World War II.

If international romances offered affirmation of assertive U.S. masculinities in their newly global setting, the failure (or near failure) of such affairs suggested the potential for U.S. power to slip into a nationalistic arrogance likely to alienate Allied nations. As a commercial for *Act of Love* noted, “There is a thin line between an act of sin and an act of love,” a line suggesting the precarious nature of U.S. foreign affairs.¹¹

The collective implication of these films, some felt, was that the U.S. had crossed too often to the wrong side of that thin line. Responding to the release of *Kings Go Forth* in 1958, Bosley Crowther saw the film as one of many “hopeless tales of love and war.”¹² Either set during the conflict or depicting U.S. G.I.s’ post-1945 return to the scene of wartime assignations, these “hopeless tales” looked back on the war and the immediate postwar period with what Crowther called “sad melancholy” – unease over the nation’s postwar international demeanor. Either through disregard for its Allies or an economic bullying bordering on the imperialistic, the films of failing wartime romance imply, the
U.S. might squander the chance of international accord for which many on the left hoped at war’s end.¹³

Scholars of foreign relations have noted the ideological connotations implicit in postwar dramatizations of U.S.-European romance. Emily S. Rosenberg, for example, discusses the articulation of U.S. foreign policy in Billy Wilder’s A Foreign Affair (1948) and Nunnally Johnson’s The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit (1956), two postwar narratives of servicemen romantically intertwined with European women. The former, she argues, in its G.I. lead’s eventual rejection of ex-Nazi consort Erika von Schluetow (Marlene Dietrich) in favor of Iowa Congresswoman Phoebe Frost (Jean Arthur), reflects an “isolationist” sentiment, a retreat from entanglement with a corrupted continent. The latter, in contrast, through the decision of veteran Tom Rath (Gregory Peck) to assume financial stewardship of the child he fathered in wartime Italy, communicates what Rosenberg terms “internationalist messages” about U.S. postwar responsibilities. So confronting the paternal obligations bequeathed to him by the war (here framed monetarily), Rath also resumes domestic authority over his faltering marriage. Rosenberg reads Johnson’s film (produced by Darryl Zanuck) as an expression of the “dominant discourse” of Cold War patriotism, in which “the nation’s international assertiveness became metaphorically linked to traditional gender roles of male assertiveness and female subordination”.¹⁴

The retreat into isolationism that Rosenberg locates in Wilder’s picture swims against the prevailing tide of early-postwar Hollywood.¹⁵ Propelled towards the continent by commercial opportunity and state support for representations of the U.S. in benevolent-yet-muscular global posture, filmmakers of the late-1940s and early-1950s
embraced the nation’s new international prominence, advocating a militarized, often paternalistic guardianship of Europe as bulwark against the return of totalitarianism.\textsuperscript{16} Rosenberg considers two films dealing with U.S./male-Axis/female affairs, but similar symbolism governed postwar U.S.-Allied relations. Before and after U.S. entry into the war, American commentators understood Europe’s failure to arrest fascist expansionism in gendered and sexualized terms. In the previous two years, wrote poet Roy Helton in a late-1940 issue of \textit{Harper’s}, France and Britain had pursued “a female pattern and…a female philosophy.” This reflected a threat of societal “softness” that also menaced the United States’ future, and which was betrayed, most notably at Munich, in the European powers’ “official appeasements and submissions… [and] their ability to struggle only when locked in the ravisher’s arms….\textsuperscript{17}” In 1949, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., attributed Europe’s prewar passivity to a plutocratic system of governance that “enfeebled” France and left Chamberlain’s Britain “impotent” against Nazism.\textsuperscript{18} So emasculated, the Allies could not be trusted to stave off “the ravisher’s” postwar grasp, be it fascistic or communistic in inclination. By 1947, as one British diplomat put it, the U.S. was deeply ensconced in the process of “plucking the torch [of global power] from our chilling hands.”\textsuperscript{19}

Early-postwar Hollywood mirrored Helton’s and Schlesinger’s discourse via the absence of Allied military masculinity. Films such as \textit{Fighter Squadron} (1948) and \textit{Breakthrough} (1950) each confirmed via a nationally-gendered dynamic the U.S.’s accession to global preeminence and the atrophy of European power. Michael Sherry suggests that Stanley Kramer’s 1952 production, \textit{High Noon}, should also be understood as comment on the postwar U.S. as lone global sheriff, an allegory of the nation
abandoned to stand alone against totalitarianism while its weakling Allies quail in acquiescence.\textsuperscript{20} Schlesinger, though, drew from director Fred Zinnemann’s tense Western differing messages. Writing in 1958, the soon-to-be assistant to the Kennedy administration saw in \textit{High Noon} concerns over the waning stature of masculine identity in a society wherein women were “seizing new domains like a conquering army.” After all, the Sheriff’s newlywed Quaker bride spends much of the narrative attempting to dispossess him of his gun and persuade him toward pacifism and retreat.\textsuperscript{21}

In a period of anxiety over the “umanning” of U.S. men and the rise of a female dominance derided as “momism” – expressed in Philip Wylie’s \textit{A Generation of Vipers} (1942) and exacerbated by apparent military failure in Korea – political subversion and gender/sexual subversion were increasingly cast as deviant bedfellows.\textsuperscript{22} In compensation, political and popular culture leaned heavily upon imagery encoding the U.S. as necessarily robust and tough, with Western Europe often serving as feminized antithesis, a situation reflecting prevailing Cold War ideas associating gender and sexuality with a “hard” or “soft” stance on communism. Policymakers of the era, venerating their manly World War II forebears, understood the tasks of international diplomacy and warfare through masculinized codes learned in elite schools and World War II combat, and their fixation was, above all, to avoid appearing “weak.”\textsuperscript{23}

Many in Hollywood shared this masculinist ideology, and male bodies of early fifties cinema communicate politicized messages. At one extremity John Wayne, swaggering with bulky belligerence through combat pictures and red scare films such as \textit{Big Jim McLain}; at the other, perched cross-legged, the slight figure of Robert Walker, tinged lavender and red in shirking war duty and football to (almost) betray the nation in
1952’s *My Son John*. If the U.S. was to be successful in “quarterbacking democracy in the global struggle with communism,” argued Eric Johnston, head of the MPPA, in 1949, it would require more Wayne and less Walker. Employing suitably strenuous metaphors, Johnston called for a “brawny-armed democracy, mentally alert, economically vigorous, and spiritually robust.”

Hollywood’s early-postwar World War II films expressed tough, uncompromising Cold War manhood, as well as a commitment to safeguard postwar Europe, not only in images of a defenseless continent bereft of youthful masculinity, but also through the white G.I.’s sexual dominion over “liberated” Allied womanhood. Grateful European women fell on multiple occasions into the arms of U.S. combat soldiers, or, failing this, furnished the admiring and affirming feminine gaze before which the G.I.s’ toughness and virility could be performed. Offering filmmakers a chance to insert a feminine presence into otherwise all-male tales of combat heroics (recall Denise Darcel as the “buxom, juicy French girl” in Dore Schary’s *Battleground*), these encounters often remained fleeting narrative sidebars, ambiguous as to the shape of U.S./masculine-European/feminine relations beyond war’s end.

Yet the movement of millions of U.S. men into far-flung corners of the globe inevitably produced more permanent attachments, and the arrival, between 1942-1952, of thousands of overseas brides, representing a confluence of gender relations foreign and domestic, held multiple connotations with respect to U.S. masculinity and the United States’ status in the postwar world. On one hand, the brides’ oft-reported preference for U.S. husbands furnished further reassurance of national superiority, as well as holding the promise of international exchange. On the other, the hostility shown to brides of foreign
origin, both in departing their native lands and upon arrival in the U.S., communicated the fragile nature of international relations, even between the wartime Allies. So too did the U.S. Army’s decision to block the passage of white women married to African American G.I.s, which, in forcing the abandonment of some 1,000 mixed-race babies in Britain alone, raised before a disapproving world the diplomatically deleterious consequences of racial inequity in the “free world.”

Moreover, the war brides furnished alternative visions of diplomatic Cold War masculinity that liberal Hollywood would embrace in the mid-1950s. As the *New York Times* reported in 1947, the supremacy of U.S. husbands derived not from Wayne-esque “hardness,” but rather from their “deeper consideration” of their wives’ wants and needs. Unlike his European counterpart, the G.I. husband was, apparently, willing to “go shopping for groceries and carry home clumsy packages, dry the dishes after dinner, push the baby carriage on his day off, and even fix his own breakfast while his wife stays in bed.” Film scholar Steven Cohan argues that if the “hard” posture was often deemed necessary in foreign affairs, then a more tender masculinity characterized representations of domestic gender roles. I suggest here that Hollywood images of U.S. relationships with Allied women, whether set in wartime or beyond, occasionally brought this softer rendition to bear on postwar international politics, either through implicit or explicit critique of the warlike U.S. manliness so prevalent in early Cold War culture.

Under question in these alternative visions of internationalist masculinity was neither the prevailing military might of the U.S. nor its vital contribution to the victory. It was unquestionable that the United States had done much to prop up wartime Europe and that it possessed the means to become “the workshop, the bakery, and the banker of the
postwar world,” as well as its military custodian.\textsuperscript{32} Rather, it was the bellicosity with which this power was being expressed that came increasingly under challenge. Once mightier European nations knew that their protection and economic security now relied in large part on America, and this “relationship of dependence,” Mark Trachtenberg writes, “was always a source of unease” in transatlantic affairs (even as Britain and France continued to invite further military and monetary presence).\textsuperscript{33} The State Department threatened to withdraw Marshall funding in order to secure access to Europe for Hollywood producers; U.S. aid to France was frozen in 1954 after the French rejected membership in the European Defense Community; Washington’s steps to undermine the value of Sterling prompted Britain’s withdrawal from its joint military action with France and Israel in the Suez crisis of 1956-57.\textsuperscript{34}

Manipulations such as these, writes Thomas J. McCormick, meant that European nations frequently “suspected American foreign policy of being a self-serving device to steal away their old empires and intrude into their home markets.”\textsuperscript{35} American criticism of the foreign policy of its Allies, such as the French imperial wars in Vietnam and Algeria, and the 1956 French-British-Israeli action against Nasser’s Egypt, provoked retaliatory resentment at America’s supposedly heavy-hand. For many in the U.S., of course, this appeared as gross ingratitude for wartime military aid, and for the many millions of dollars pumped into faltering European economies.\textsuperscript{36} A 1957 article in the \textit{Saturday Evening Post} asked “Is France Still Our Ally?” and reported opprobrium directed towards “titanic America, solely occupied with material things, deaf to appeals from the heart, charmed only by the purr of refrigerators and the roar of jet planes.” At this time, the \textit{Post} reported, French citizens were returning to the U.S. embassy in Paris
“citations received for helping American airmen in during World War II” – a clear reflection of the two nations’ conflicting postwar paths.\(^{37}\)

In this atmosphere of cooperation, dependence, and tension, and with the U.S. government waking up to the need for cultural exports to function diplomatically, the DoD encouraged empathetic engagement with the World War II Allies. In 1951, for instance, the Pictorial Division allowed Polish émigré director Rudolph Mate the use of World War II stock footage for his independent film, *The Green Glove* (1952). Written by British screenwriter Charles Bennett and shot on location in France in the spring of ‘51, the picture dramatizes the return of down-on-his-luck former G.I. Mike Blake (Glenn Ford) to a French village where he seeks a sacred artifact of which he gained and lost possession during the war. Competing with an aging, corrupt (and formerly collaborationist) aristocrat, Count Paul Rona (George Macready), to recover the emerald-encrusted gauntlet, and prodded by his feminine companion, American tour-guide Christine Kenneth (Geraldine Brooks), Blake is gripped by conscience. Instead of stealing the glove for financial advantage, he returns the relic to its rightful home, the Catholic Church in the village of St. Elzear. This action instantiates Blake as custodian and healer (not pillager) of French history and culture, and earns him the respect and admiration of both French authorities and Christine.\(^{38}\) Given the U.S. veteran’s reformation towards benevolent, culturally-sensitive overseasmanship, the DoD was happy to assist.

The company behind *The Green Glove* was Benagoss Productions, founded in 1949 by wealthy New Yorkers in order to produce films overseas.\(^{39}\) Benagoss returned to France soon after, this time for another consideration of U.S.-French relations framed
around a veteran’s return to remembered wartime haunts. Unlike the earlier production, though, in *Act of Love* the chance for unity is, at war’s end, lost beyond recuperation, an implication played out both through the veteran’s memories of an ill-fated wartime romance and through the depiction of present-day U.S.-French relations reduced to the crude level of economic exchange. Benagoss again requested DoD assistance, but this time military reviewers declined, objecting to the implication that postwar U.S. foreign policy had created fissures between former Allies that a change of heart akin to Mike Blake’s could not readily mend.

Liberal novelist and World War II veteran Irwin Shaw (author of *The Young Lions*) adapted *Act of Love* from *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* (1949), a Rome-set novel by Alfred Hayes, an English-born leftist. Hayes’ parents arrived in the U.S. when he was just three and, after serving with the U.S. Army during World War II, he worked on a number of postwar Italian-made dramas, cooperating on the screenplay for Roberto Rosselini’s *Paisan* (1946), about a black G.I. in Italy, and writing the story for Fred Zinnemann’s *Teresa* (1951), in which an Italian bride suffers a domineering U.S. mother-in-law. Hayes conceived the tale that would become *Act of Love* on his way back from Naples in the winter of 1945, already carrying a sense that the U.S. was mishandling postwar Europe. In 1954, Hayes recalled conceptualizing the story (which he also turned into a short-lived stage play), telling the *New York Times*:

> It was to be a simple play and it was to argue that, in 1944, with the liberation of the great cities, of which Rome was the first and possibly the most significant, there was a moment, not to be quickly repeated, when we held the moral destiny of Europe in our hands: that, reducing the complexities of pride to the size of a
CARE [Co-operation for American Remittances to Europe] package, we lost that moment: and that now, in the darkness of the Via Flaminia, with the river one way and the exhausted city the other, we were to be compelled to search for what we had had and what we had lost.”

Hayes’ novel is characterized by tension between the U.S. (represented by overconfident and relatively wealthy soldiers) and conquered, impoverished, feminized Italy. Initially, Italian women view G.I.s as sources of material comfort, food, and as potential vehicles out of Europe. “What’s left of Europe? A Memory,” says “Mamma” Pulcini, proprietor of a Roman wine bar. But if the G.I. represents to the citizens of shattered Europe hope for a brighter future, what Hayes dubbed “the weight of victory” proves too much for the conquerors, and the high expectations of Europeans as to America’s postwar role are continually confounded. The U.S.’s “moment” is lost in microcosm through the doomed relationship of Robert Teller, an Army clerk, with Lisa, an Italian woman left orphaned and homeless by the war. Through a mercenary friend, Nina, who sports expensive clothes purchased by a U.S. Captain, Lisa is introduced to Teller, with whom, it is proposed, she will live and make love in exchange for food and shelter. “Everything now is such an arrangement,” Nina reassures the nervous Lisa.

While Lisa struggles to accept her dependence on U.S. manhood and money, Teller, inexperienced in international travel, cannot grasp the root from which her resentment toward him stems. “You needed the food,” he protests as her sense of shame manifests in argument, criticism, and a growing desire for emotional investment to match his material outlay, “I thought I would just be exchanging something somebody needed for something I needed.” The reduction of interpersonal relations to such cold
commercialism, turning Europe into America’s concubine, cannot forge genuine bonds of international affection, and Lisa desires from Teller concern and attachment – “Love would have made everything excusable,” she laments. Teller’s interests remain selfish, though. “I’m 7,000 miles away from the Statue of Liberty,” he protests to Ugo, an elderly Italian, as if distance from “Liberty Enlightening the World” negates the commitment to freedom and equality for which it putatively stands, “This isn’t my country, these aren’t my people. I went to bed with a girl. She was hungry. All right: the account’s square, isn’t it?”

But the account is not square, as by now Lisa has been arrested by the Carabinieri and stigmatized as a prostitute. Teller remains unmoved, earning from Ugo the admonishment that he is too “hard” (a subversively negative use of the term). The G.I.’s callous treatment of Lisa raises questions about the excessively financial engine of postwar U.S. policy, while her reduction to the status of sex worker nurtures resentment in Italian men, such as Antonio, a wounded veteran. “What is it that the Americans give away so generously?” he demands, “a piece of chocolate? A pair of silk stockings?” After Lisa returns from custody it is her turn to reject U.S. “generosity.” “Take your tanks, take your money, take the coffee and the sugar and all your generous gifts and go home!” From this Teller at last gleans a lesson, vowing to once more inspire the Italians to “hang out flags and throw roses” as they did at the time of first liberation.

The realization comes too late, though, and Lisa flees into the dark, mazelike city, slipping beyond Teller’s grasp along with the “moment…when we held the moral destiny of Europe in our hands.” Lisa’s flight signifies the failed diplomacy that Hayes wished to highlight, yet the G.I.’s late epiphany that the Italians are “good people,” that “not
everything had been destroyed” suggests, if dimly, the possibility that Teller’s clumsiness might not be irrevocable. In Litvak’s and Shaw’s adaptation, produced three years later, this faint flame of possible redemption is entirely extinguished. The opportunity possessed by Teller and his nation in 1944-45 is, by 1953, altogether frittered away, a suggestion conveyed by Lisa’s death (rather than flight) at the picture’s conclusion, and by the addition of an arrogant U.S. Captain whose refusal to see feminized Europe as a legitimate Army concern precipitates the young woman’s suicide.

Gary Cooper initially purchased the film rights to *Via Flaminia*, before deciding to sell the story to Anatole Litvak in 1951. Born in Kiev, Litvak worked in the German film industry until the mid-1930s, whereupon he joined the exodus of refugees bound for Hollywood, taking up U.S. citizenship in 1938. After directing the anti-fascist *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (1939) for Warner Bros. and the pro-British *This Above All* (1942) for Twentieth Century Fox, Litvak joined the U.S. Army Signal Corps, where he served with a Special Services Film Unit, helping to produce the *Why We Fight* propaganda series. Litvak had wartime experience in France, and this familiarity prompted him to change the location of Hayes’ story to wartime and postwar Paris. The director considered the narrative applicable to any location in which U.S. servicemen were encountering native populations, as the provisional title *Somewhere in the World* indicates.

Litvak shot *Act of Love* in both French and English versions, trusting that the bicultural approach would lend his film greater purchase in the often anti-American French film market. Its independent origins left him more leeway than he might have found at a major studio, and his intentionality was to assert mutual responsibility for
U.S.-Allied tensions in the aftermath of war. “The problem of our Armies’ adjustment and that of the people in whose countries they are living is an urgently needed story,” he stated. “The idea is to show that where difficulties arise in contacts between two peoples the errors may be laid to both sides. No one side is all white and all black, there are just different shades of gray.” Furthermore, discussing the tragic denouement, Litvak characterized his picture as a metaphor for international relationships. “It is Romeo and Juliet,” he said, “except that the parents are no longer Montagu and Capulet but United States and Europe.” The conclusion was, the *New York Times* wrote, “A little brutal, and certainly not in conformity with Hollywood standards, but Litvak is no compromiser.”

The contentious politics of *Act of Love* are reflected in DoD unease at the prospect of cooperation. In October 1952, Gordon Griffith, production manager on the U.S. version, contacted the Pictorial Division with a story outline and a tentative query as to potential technical advice from the Army. Noting Teller’s lax attitude to regulations and the Army’s uncaring part in Lise’s tragic demise, Col. Patrick Welch was quick to raise objection. “We do not believe the producer wants to portray an American soldier in such a negative way,” he cautioned, “We believe the producer will want to make the central character an honest, God-fearing, brave American soldier.” Forwarding this assessment to Griffith, Claire Towne prodded Litvak toward radical revisions of the narrative’s tone. The aspects to which Welch took exception, Towne wrote, “will no doubt be remedied in the script, to the end that he [Teller] will be an honest, typical, likeable American boy whose performance will not detract from the prestige of the American soldier, or do anything to damage French-American relations.”
Through the remainder of 1952, Griffith maintained intermittent contact with the DoD. In the continuing absence of a script, a specific list of requirements, or a response addressing their initial misgivings, the DoD remained reluctant to offer anything beyond cursory advice and information. By the time Shaw’s script arrived in late-January 1953, alongside another request for technical advice and access to U.S. uniforms, Litvak had already begun shooting in Paris. Shaw’s treatment of Teller displayed little attention to assuaging the Army’s earlier misgivings, which instead proliferated into other aspects of the story. An incidental scene involving a black G.I. dancing with a white French girl, regardless of its authenticity or the fact that “it may be completely acceptable under certain circumstances,” was, Towne argued, too “controversial” to remain. Furthermore, the Army disliked Shaw’s addition of Captain Henderson, a U.S. officer who denies Teller permission to marry Lise (Lisa’s French equivalent) and exhibits a casual disregard for the upshot of his actions. While Henderson should not, Towne said, authorize Teller’s request for marriage, he should nevertheless be rewritten as “an understanding and sympathetic officer, firm but reasonable, and only doing his duty.”

Litvak proved to be “no compromiser” in his dealings with the military, and evidently had no intention of altering the production in this way. Indeed, on February 12, 1953, a week after Towne returned the DoD script analysis to Benagoss, Robert Cranston of Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE) discovered that the filmmakers had bypassed the cooperative limitations imposed upon them, obtaining “logistical help” from the U.S. Army’s 7961 Eucom Detachment in Paris under authority granted by a “Colonel Ream.” The problem was, Cranston told Towne, no such officer existed. With filming already a month old and the Army deceived into providing the help he required
Litvak had already moved on to the project’s studio-based sequences.

The director’s need for DoD cooperation thus negated, Cranston was pessimistic with regard to any potential changes. Indeed, Litvak’s reply to Towne’s letter of February 4 had the distinct whiff of deceit about it. “Many thanks for your suggestions,” he wrote, “Most of them I have already incorporated in the picture. Some of them, but very few, sorry as I am, I couldn’t use because it was too late. The scenes were already shot.” When Towne contacted Cranston later in February, it was with concern for an “unwarranted condemnation of the Army” and resignation that a chance to manage the nation’s and military’s image had escaped him. “We have made no very great hope that any of our recommended changes to the script will be made,” Towne stated. “Too bad we were not able to get it on the track and see to it that it would do credit to the Army, instead of creating the misinformation which we think will be the result,” he concluded, asking Cranston to keep an eye on the film’s overseas reception.

The U.S. version of Act of Love, released in December 1953, confirms that Litvak paid little mind to the DoD’s wishes. The scene involving black G.I.s dancing with white women, although incidental, remained in the picture, and the central theme of U.S. diplomatic failure in reducing French culture to the level of prostitution – both figurative and, in Lise’s case, literal – Litvak left unmodified, in fact sharpening the thrust of Hayes’ novel via Lise’s demise and the unfeeling behavior of Captain Henderson. Importantly, in a structural amendment to Hayes’ novel, the narrative is presented through a lengthy flashback from the present of 1953 to the 1944 liberation. In “The South of France, Today,” veteran Robert Teller (Kirk Douglas), now a civilian tourist,
visits Villefranche, a Riviera town, which, we will discover, might have occasioned happier times for he and Lise had their marriage (the symbol of his ambassadorial reformation) been countenanced by Henderson and the U.S. Army.

Relations between France and the U.S. military were, in the early ‘50s, somewhat contentious, as the hostile reaction of sections of the French left to the 1952 visit of General Matthew Ridgway, newly-appointed NATO commander, indicate. The opening scenes of Act of Love establish such a conflicted dynamic, as while the two nations’ flags fly together on the streets and a large, official-looking banner declares, “Welcome, U.S. Navy,” the camera also picks out a contrary slogan daubed on the side of a cliff: “U.S., Go Home.” Subsequent frames continue to couch the relationship of liberator and liberated in potential enmity, as U.S. sailors arrive on furlough and are instructed by their commanding officer, “No broken windows, no broken heads, and no what they call ‘international incidents.’” Clearly, eight years on French soil has not negated the need for servicemen to receive cautionary lectures on diplomatic citizenship. Watching from a sidewalk café, the scene resonates with World War II veteran Teller. “Here we go again,” he says to himself.

Villefranche, deceptively picturesque and idyllic in the coastal sunshine, soon reveals amid its local population evidence of economic desperation, as French tradesmen scrap for American dollars. Here, Litvak establishes the economic dimension lurking behind all U.S.-French interactions in his film. A mobile Bureau de Change arrives to service the sailors, while a food stand, featuring a picture of the Statue of Liberty and peddling “‘emburgers” and hot dogs, suggests a flattened, superficial level of cultural exchange. The Statue of Liberty, gifted by France and symbolic of the nations’ long
historical alliance (and of the U.S. promise of refuge and freedom), has been reduced to a crass commercial image, an advertising icon representing only the need to coax the servicemen into emptying their bulging pockets. At the same time, the fact that these French traders are selling not creations of their own culture’s culinary tradition, but instead a version of U.S. fast food, suggests a creeping Americanization of French culture and bespeaks U.S. indifference to the traditions of Allied nations.

Teller is not the only U.S. tourist in Villefranche, and, as he watches the sailors, he is approached by an overweight, loud-shirted compatriot who recognizes Teller but cannot recall from where. This, we later discover, is the former Captain Henderson (George Mathews), and his inability to remember Teller, despite the pivotal role he played in preventing the G.I. from marrying Lise in 1944, is the first marker of the military’s unfeeling treatment of French womanhood. Echoes of such persist into 1953, as excessive manly arrogance, conveyed by sailors wolf-whistling and calling out lasciviously to local women, inflect U.S. attitudes to France with a threatening edge. A local woman sits down with Teller in hope of avoiding the attentions of the “friendly” sailors, even while professing, clearly for the sake of appearances, that she likes “all Americans very much – such nice boys.” This confluence of raucous, sexually-charged U.S. servicemen and objectified French civilians inspires in Teller a memory, and the narrative flashes back to the 1944 liberation of Paris. The use of flashback explicitly connects 1953 and 1944, locating in the war’s waning months the origins of the now uneasy relationship between France and America. Act of Love, then, is related as an act of embittered remembrance (and, in Henderson’s case, casual forgetting), of diplomatic
opportunity spurned and affection lost because, as Teller puts it, “I made a bargain for something I had no right to bargain for.”

The initial flashback creates a stark juxtaposition. In 1944, the streets of Paris are crowded with celebrants, French civilians embracing and cheering G.I.s. “Vive La France,” cries Teller, “Vive La Paris.” Yet even in these triumphant surrounds, where mutual affection and relief abounds, hints of inter-Allied friction filter through. The camera cuts between a series of French citizens: first, a young woman whose affections clearly shift with the balance of the conflict – from Germans to Americans; second, an elderly Parisian man, Fernand Lacaud (Fernand Ledoux), who laments the loss of national dignity and honor in dependence upon U.S. power for liberation; third, Claude Lacaud (Serge Reggiani), a cynical French veteran, excluded from the congratulations yet carrying, in the form of a metal plate in his head, memory of French military combatants; and finally, an old woman, Adele Lacaud (Gabrielle Dorziat), who expresses surprise that the Americans, so confident “in the movies,” become “lost children” after a couple of drinks. Thus, as the temporal locale shifts again, just briefly, forward from 1944 to 1953, and Teller watches a sailor dance with a Frenchwoman, a disquieting implication that such relationships will ultimately produce disillusionment lingers, a sense that the celebrations of ‘44 mask but thinly the potential for coming disappointment.

Just before Teller’s first flashback ends and the scene returns momentarily to Villefranche in 1953, a close up focuses on the feet of a French girl standing on the running boards of an U.S. Army vehicle. As the anonymous woman is swept up for a moment in the arms of an unseen G.I., her feet no longer reach the boards, and the shot (capturing the ankles down) suggests the dangling feet of a hanging victim: act of love;
act of sin. This image foreshadows Lise’s death and, as the body of the narrative begins by once more returning to 1944, a sense of foreboding shrouds ostensibly joyous events. In every aspect, the behemoth of U.S. wealth directs and distorts U.S.-French interactions. A G.I. veteran of D-Day complains that U.S. troops are receiving less than honorable treatment from the nation they fought to save. “Three hundred Francs the guy says for one stinking shot of Cognac,” the G.I. gripes, “We come here and liberate the country and they charge us three hundred Francs for Cognac.” Commodity exchange quickly tarnishes human exchange, too, as the lonely Teller talks with Nina, a mercenary Parisian who has arranged for Lise Gudayec (Dany Robin) to become Teller’s concubine (posing as his wife). The conversation is fraught with tension and duplicity, communicated by the prevalence of broken mirrors and canted angles. The exchange of U.S. wealth for European affection is a fragile bargain, Litvak implies, fostering deceit and quashing romance. “There’s a war on,” Nina tells Teller, “buy love.” Doubleness and distortion complicate the nations’ gendered relationship – both affection and exploitation inhere in this room of cracked reflections.

The potential for obsessive materialism to disrupt cultural exchange and foster disillusionment resurfaces later in a more famously mirrored environment. In another addition to the novel (also a chance to take advantage of Paris’s visual splendor), after Teller and Lise have begun their commercially-tainted affair, he takes her to visit the Palace of Versailles with its renowned Hall of Mirrors. As well as invoking the failed peace of 1918 (and thus raising comparisons with the peace of 1945), the location permits Litvak to once again deride the U.S. tendency to measure culture solely in dollar value. Two visiting servicemen bounce on an antique bed and ponder the enormous income
taxes “these old foreigners used to pay.” Lise and Teller watch in smiling indulgence, but the atmosphere later changes when, attending a country dance, a paratrooper (a D-Day veteran with a Silver Star) presumes Lise can be bought away: “I’m loaded with back pay,” he announces. Unhappy with the soldier’s advances, Lise and Teller depart the dance (leaving behind them, alongside the rejected paratrooper, one or two black G.I.s tripping the light fantastic with white women on their arms).

By now, in contrast to his compatriots, Teller is beginning to show signs of cultural sensitivity and with it genuine affection for Lise, upon whom he dozes comfortably while riding the Metro (earning glares from disapproving Frenchmen). It was his idea that they should visit Versailles, where he makes no attempt to measure the dollar value of anything, and before long he is making plans to visit the Riviera with Lise once the war is over. Furthermore, Lise begins to view his attempts at generosity in a different light, especially after he gifts money to a blind beggar. “I was wrong about you,” she tells him, and the two exchange their first on-camera kiss as the train arrives to take Teller back to barracks.

Before Teller’s drift toward this more ambassadorial posture, he has displayed the same kind of coldly economic approach to Lise that the paratrooper exhibits at the dance. The first thing he does upon meeting his “wife” is offer chocolate. When she responds unhappily – “You think you can buy everything” – he attempts to placate her by upping the stakes with fruit cake. Americans, she scoffs, “you put everything in little tins and you have invented chocolate that doesn’t melt, so you think you are civilized.” Furthermore, Lise entertains mistaken notions about Teller and all other Americans. He must be rich, she says, and also assumes from the outset that his interest in her derives
not from loneliness at being so far from home, but rather as an extension of the already rampant sexual tourism of which she presumes him (and, again, all G.I.s) guilty. This ill-informed discussion of U.S. culture – representing the French contribution to intercultural tensions – spills into an argument about the war. “Look,” Teller states, alleging French complicity with the Nazis, “don’t tell me you ate bananas out of banana trees when the Krauts were here.” Lise is angry: “That’s a lie,” she protests, “We fought them, we fought them.” An exchange of slaps across the face does little to foster Franco-U.S. amiability, and neither does Teller’s next comment: “Listen lady, we didn’t come here for the scenery. A whole lot of good boys got themselves hurt here and it wouldn’t do you any harm to remember that.”

Lise’s conclusions about Teller may be harsh, but his implication that Parisians did little to resist Nazi rule is also crudely forgetful. Indeed, the French military sacrifice that Teller denies is represented by Claude, son of the café proprietors with whom Lise and Teller keep a room. The metal plate holding together Claude’s skull results from injuries inflicted by both German and British bombs, so the wounded French soldier might easily be forgiven for wondering whether the U.S. will turn out to be a beneficent occupier. Furthermore, the fact that Teller is a clerk and has faced little in the way of danger rather undermines his capacity to throw U.S. military sacrifice out to Lise. At first, Claude resents Teller, objecting to the way in which the Americans have overrun Paris “with their silk stockings and their cigarettes and their girls.” When Teller offers him a cigarette (symbol of U.S. wealth and abundance), Claude refuses. “I prefer our own,” he says, “They stink, but they are ours.” The French veteran watches the relationship between Teller and Lise from the periphery, embittered at the way in which
his countrywomen “sell themselves to the yanks.” But Claude, like Lise, is gradually won over by Teller as the G.I. becomes more and more the vessel of respectful Franco-American relations as well as a caring companion to the French woman. Emerging from a visit to the Arc D’Triomphe, where 128 historical French victories are carved in stone, Claude tells Lise that Teller is “not a bad man,” especially as it was the American’s idea to visit the Palace at Versailles. 128 victories, Claude says, have produced 128 disappointments, and his antipathy to Americans stems from fear that their presence will produce the 129th. Nonetheless, he is impressed by Teller’s increasingly considerate conduct.

Alas, enter Captain Henderson and the U.S. Army to crush Teller’s work into the ruins of French disillusionment. An angry G.I., fleeced by a French woman who had agreed to date him, summons the Gendarmerie to the café, and Lise, without the proper papers, is dragged into custody. Now officially marked as a prostitute, she is, Fernand suggests, doomed to inhabit the wrong side of the law. What will she do, he asks, when Teller has returned to the U.S.? At this, the G.I. rushes to Henderson’s office, where he pleads for Lise’s freedom and absolution. But Henderson refuses to believe that Lise is a respectable woman worthy of respectful treatment. “Get back to your desk, Teller,” he says, failing even to look the young clerk in the eye.

Lise’s detention and Henderson’s pitiless indifference collapse the growing sense of U.S.-French camaraderie. As Lise returns from prison, Claude, enraged that she and Teller are not actually married, attempts to cut off her hair as a mark of her betrayal of France. This was a punishment often meted out to women who slept with Germans, and thus encodes Teller once more as the enemy. Teller tries to offer comfort, tearing up the
card that identifies Lise as a sex worker, but she is, in her humiliation, too angry to listen. “What will you do?” she demands, “Offer them a carton of cigarettes in exchange for my life?” Teller, though, is by now committed to an act of love untainted by commodification. He has “forgotten about the bargain,” and promises that they will travel to Villefranche, of which she retains happy childhood memories, after the war. At this point, Teller declares his love for Lise, and announces, with her consent, that they will marry once he has secured the requisite paperwork.

The lovers’ future, then, hangs on Henderson’s discretion, and the outcome is not favorable. Neither is there any sense of the “understanding and sympathetic officer” that the DoD requested. Instead, Henderson refuses even to meet with Lise, rebuffing Teller with disdain. “Are you drunk, Teller?” he snaps, before lecturing the frustrated clerk on the impossibility of successful union between people of different cultural backgrounds. Once Teller departs, Henderson determines to “do something for that boy.” Assuring himself that “ten years from now he’ll bless my name,” he orders Teller immediately transferred to Rheims.

This order debars Teller from being able to meet with Lise and offer an explanation. Desperately trying to secure forged papers, Teller goes AWOL and is soon apprehended by MPs and detained, presumably to face desertion charges. Waiting in vain at a café, Lise receives a call from an MP, who tells her that Teller will not be coming “for a long, long time.” Claude, his 129th disappointment being confirmed at every step, finds the disconsolate Lise and continues to lambast her for selling herself to Teller. The American, Claude argues, was lying all along, and never intended to marry her. “Deep down in our hearts it was too much to hope for,” the Frenchman laments. From here, Lise
takes her last steps, down to the riverside. As she stares into the waters, the scene fades, reemerging back in Villefranche, 1953.

The final scene, bringing the undiplomatic errors of 1944 to bear on contemporary U.S.-French relations, sees Henderson, now a camera-toting tourist, approach Teller with an indistinct sense that they have met before. After a pause, Henderson grasps his faint recollection more firmly, and recalls with delight how he “saved” Teller from making an awful mistake. “It’s funny how you come back,” says the bloated former Captain (he has clearly eaten too many ‘emburgers), but his ignorant idyll of wartime remembrance is punctured when, as Henderson gropes for Lise’s name, Teller informs him, “They found her in the river a long time ago.” At last Henderson appears to register the cruelty of his actions, and on this note, Teller departs. We leave him peering wistfully from the hotel window as he replays in his mind Lise’s description of the scene. This international Romeo and Juliet, Litvak suggests once more, were denied their happy ending by the U.S. authorities’ failure to handle the Allies with respect and decency.

Opening late in 1953, Act of Love received generally favorable critical reaction, although contemporary reviewers, with the exception of Mae Tinee in the Chicago Tribune, missed (or chose to ignore) its metaphorical implications. Bosley Crowther called it a “fine and strongly moving but eventually irksome tracing of a plain romance,” and the LA Times spoke of wartime love “tinged by sadness.” The Baltimore Sun was most effusive, praising “sensitive direction, excellent acting and an outstanding script which should win all sorts of awards…” It is telling, though, that the U.S. communist press found the film especially appealing, no doubt due to its critical posture towards a foreign policy represented as powered by national arrogance and dollar diplomacy. In
January 1954, *The Worker* ranked *Act of Love* alongside Hollywood communist Herbert Biberman’s *Salt of the Earth* among the year’s best pictures, an honor which drew predictable attention from the FBI. Nonetheless, in keeping with the positive overseas response to American critique of U.S. policy, the *Baltimore Sun* reported that the film had fulfilled the cross-cultural hopes held out for it by Kirk Douglas (if not by the DoD), the dual language filming rewarded with “noteworthy” success at the French box office.61

Other Hollywood Europeans and U.S. liberals of the mid-1950s reiterated the themes of *Act of Love* without entirely quashing the possibility of intercultural exchange and reconciliation. The 1956 film, *Gaby*, made during Dore Schary’s last months at MGM, was directed by Curtis Bernhardt, a German Jew who sought refuge from Nazism in the U.S. A remake of the already twice-filmed *Waterloo Bridge* (1931 and 1940), *Gaby* expresses internationalist countertrends at large in mid-‘50s Hollywood.62 The film opens in “London, 1944.” Through a chance encounter on the bomb-damaged streets a U.S. paratrooper, Gregory Y. Wendell (John Kerr), meets the title character, a French ballerina (Leslie Caron). Gaby drops her money, and Wendell intervenes, collecting the spilt coinage and, in the process, slipping into her hand the equivalent of six extra shillings in U.S. dollars. Later, having attended a ballet recital at which Gaby is the star turn, Wendell is invited back stage, where he announces that he is “loaded” and boldly asks the dancer out on a date. Gaby, however, is not interested in Wendell’s companionship, and merely wishes to return his unsolicited gift. Regardless, she tells the amorous G.I., she must later fulfill her obligations as a volunteer worker at a soldiers’ canteen.
Undeterred, and brimful of self-assurance, Wendell persists. “If you’re out with me,” he presses, “you’re doing your duty by the G.I.” Bolstered by the presumption that his money and his status as a U.S. soldier entitle him to Gaby’s attentions, Wendell’s arrogance is unchecked by her refusal to let him accompany her. “This isn’t a canteen for the Americans,” she says. “Who else?” Wendell asks, nationalist blinkers leaving him perplexed. “Ah,” Gaby replies, bristling with frustration, “there are other people in the war, you know. This is for the French soldiers and sailors, the fighting French.” “Ok,” says the G.I., his sense of superiority reflected in his elevated position within the frame, “bring the two of them along.” “That isn’t funny,” Gaby snaps, and at this she makes a hasty exit. Masculine conceit, disrespect for France, and the assumption that a little spare change will purchase the affection of any European woman has cost the soldier his chance, it seems, and done little of a solicitous nature for U.S.-Allied relations.

Returning to her dressing room after this unhappy encounter, Gaby complains to her dancer colleagues. “What’s six shillings?” she says, “He’s American, he’s rich; he doesn’t need six shillings. No one here’s been doing anything for the past four years but sitting around waiting for them to come over and win the war for us,” she continues, apparently without irony, “They’re the only ones who can fight, the only ones who can do anything. So, go ahead, make fun of everyone else, boast, brag, push people around. Oh, that makes me so mad.” It is not, then, the vital nature of U.S. financial and military might to the war effort that Gaby contests, but rather the way in which Wendell expresses that power in haughty superiority.

Redemption lies in Wendell’s realization that he must embrace diplomacy if he is to subsequently embrace Gaby. In a London pub, he approaches a French sailor, buying
him a beer and clumsily declaring that the U.S. and France are “Amigos...amis.” Later, Wendell makes his way to the canteen, where he professes to Gaby that he is not, in fact, “anti-French.” With this, the G.I. begins a song, rendered in a laughable attempt at French. The canteen’s denizens generously join in, creating an amicable ambience in which Wendell offers Gaby a sincere apology, dropping his manly pretenses as he does so. He was, he confesses, “trying to talk big,” and, having never met a French person, brought with him wild assumptions about the hedonistic continental lifestyle. “Back home,” he tells her, “you get a lot of funny ideas about the French, especially when you live in Nebraska, where there aren’t many.” This communicates the G.I.’s lack of worldliness (he is, like Teller, an overseas virgin), and his nervousness during an air raid allows Gaby’s calmer reaction to recall the longer experience of Europeans with the realities of war (she has been bombed out of two homes already). As Wendell’s masculine façade further wanes, she admits that she too had some “funny ideas.” Americans are all divorced, her mother told her, and the G.I.s in London frighten her: “They whistle so much and yell....”

Wendell’s humbler, more culturally-sensitive expression of U.S. identity earns him Gaby’s trust and admiration. It is not wealth or machismo, then, which ingratiates him to the dependent-yet-defiant Frenchwoman, but rather his admission of frailty and his willingness to learn about France and recognize the Allied contribution to the war. From here, the relationship blossoms, and the couple plan to marry once he returns from D-Day. Wendell departs with the 101st Airborne, the invasion of mainland Europe recalling U.S. sacrifices in liberating Gaby’s homeland and defending her current home. When Wendell is reported dead, Gaby’s misery manifests in attempts to comfort other
soldiers. She takes a string of lovers, masking her sorrow by lending sexual solace to broken men suffering from “battle fatigue.”

As it transpires (off screen), Wendell is not dead, but merely wounded. Nurtured back to health by a French farmer (more evidence of international cooperation), the paratrooper suffered three months of amnesia before recovering. He returns, with a permanent limp, telling Gaby how his desire to return to her sustained him (through his period of memory loss, oddly). The two sit out the U.S. Army’s obligatory “cooling off period” before obtaining a marriage license, but Gaby, overwhelmed with guilt, feels compelled to confess her recent sins of the flesh. Wendell is at first repelled, but is persuaded by Gaby’s friend, Mr. Carrington, that there is enough quarrelling in the world, that Wendell should forgive Gaby’s unknowing infidelity. Wendell comes to terms with his jealousy, pursuing the fleeing Gaby through the streets of London. “None of this is us,” he tells her, “We can’t blame each other for what the war’s done.” With this the couple is reunited, the happy conclusion imparting that both Allies must forgive the others’ failures. If the G.I. liberator can be exonerated for his initial arrogance and materialism, so must Americans see beyond the apparent lack of loyalty and gratitude of their Allies, here expressed in Gaby’s promiscuity. Again, the pathway towards amiable postwar relations is opened by American rejection of masculine arrogance and national exceptionalism.

Despite its British setting, Gaby’s focus fell on U.S.-French relations. Nonetheless, the gendered representational division of the film was also applied to Britain, as postwar Hollywood, revising somewhat the U.S.-centric dynamic of the aviation films discussed in chapter three, continued to negotiate postwar U.S.-British
politics through representations of World War II. Although the British war effort had been eclipsed in early postwar combat films, Britain remained, despite tensions over quotas imposed on Hollywood and occasional disagreements in international affairs, the United States’ closest postwar ally, and even before the state’s mid-decade swing toward embracing self-critical U.S. representations the DoD was concerned that Britain be given its due. In 1952, for example, when Columbia submitted a script for *El Alamein*, a ‘B’ picture set in North Africa, the Pictorial Division was at pains to avoid any upset. Colonel Geo. Patrick Walsh, head of the Army PID, firmly opposed cooperation:

The activities of this crew take place in an area of war completely dominated by the British, and only small token detachments of American tank troops participated. To label a picture EL ALAMEIN, which is known worldwide as a great British victory and then portray the activities of one little tank crew predominantly American, is a most presumptuous premise. We feel that such a portrayal would certainly draw severe criticism from our British Allies.\(^64\)

Forwarding this opinion to Robert L. Cohn at Columbia, Claire Towne accused the studio of “borrowing glory from the British….” Cohn’s reply reassured Towne that despite the focus on a U.S. tank crew, the film emphasized “close cooperation between the British and American forces in the North African Campaign.” “The overall effect,” he continued, “will be one that will show the heroic exploits of the British forces repelling Rommel. Most of the big production scenes will be British.” Furthermore, Cohn added, Britain’s War Office had vetted the project and returned no concerns.\(^65\) Their reservations allayed, the Army agreed to provide stock footage for the short feature. Walsh remained worried by the excessive aggression exhibited by the U.S. protagonists, urging that they
“handle situations involving our Allies and indigenous citizens without resorting to force, unless absolutely necessary.” By May, however, Towne was satisfied with a script that was “more than ever a story about the British operation in North Africa, which is as it should be.”Released in late-1953, El Alamein received little attention, but the DoD’s exchanges with Columbia reveal growing sensitivity toward overly heroic images of Americans riding to the world’s rescue and a desire for a cooperative paradigm to hold sway. Such was the case in 1956, this time with regard to a far more grandiose and expensive film – Fox’s D-Day, the Sixth of June, which was, like Act of Love, adapted from a successful postwar novel.

D-Day, expensively shot in Cinemascope and Technicolor, was drawn from Canadian war correspondent Lionel Shapiro’s The Sixth of June (1955), which the author introduced as a bridge between the U.S. and Britain. Canada, in “loving and in a sense uniting” Britain and America, Shapiro wrote, was a perfect intermediary between the two more powerful transatlantic allies. The novel’s central theme, dramatized once more through a love affair between a U.S. soldier and a European woman, is that of British-U.S. relations moving from suspicion and distaste toward respect and cooperation. The American protagonist, Captain Brad Parker, departs his wife in New England for rural Lincolnshire, where U.S.-British contact is at first strained. A fight occurs after U.S. bomber crews mock the British Home Guard and its commander, imperial throwback Brigadier Russell, and G.I.s complain that the English, who are treating them like “lepers” or (worse still) “Japs,” should “fight their own wars.” Nonetheless, Parker’s impression of his hosts improves as he romances the Brigadier’s beautiful daughter,
Valerie, who explains the difficulty the proud British feel in depending on American help.\textsuperscript{68}

Valerie’s astute diplomacy endears Britain to its American guests, and U.S. combat sacrifices in Europe generate reciprocal appreciation. As Valerie explains by letter while Brad is away in North Africa, the Council House in the Lincolnshire village “runs up two flags now, the American as well. It took time, of course, time and casualties…” Furthermore, from such respect stems exchange and camaraderie, as a flyer named “Tex” becomes the local pub’s darts champion, while Agostini, an Italian American, establishes himself as a marvelous cricketer, prompting the villages to erect a memorial after he is shot down over Germany.\textsuperscript{69} Valerie and Brad fall in love, and she wishes that he would return from combat duty and “rescue me from my own country that is torn and sad.” But Valerie, though unmarried, has a British lover, Captain John Wynter, who proves his own martial aptitude in bravely leading a tripartite British-U.S.-Canadian commando force on D-Day. In an ending that leaves U.S. and British manly pride intact, Valerie elects to stay with John, allowing Brad to return to his wife in Connecticut.\textsuperscript{70}

Keen to “capitalize upon the fame and popularity which we feel the novel will enjoy,” Frank McCarthy of Fox contacted the DoD with a draft script on July 8, 1955, a month before the release of Shapiro’s novel.\textsuperscript{71} The Army considered the treatment “basically acceptable,” but nevertheless harbored concerns. On July 22, Lt. Col. H.D. Kight wrote to the Pictorial Division, outlining instances wherein British-U.S. interaction might be shaded more roseate.\textsuperscript{72} Kight requested that an argument between the aged Brigadier and U.S. Sgt. Gerbert be “rewritten to tone down both the ridicule of the British
and the hostility shown by representatives of both countries. Specifically,” he continued, “the fight…should be eliminated. It is believed that the writer can come up with a toned-down version of the unfriendly relationship that existed between the British and the Americans and still retain the dramatic purpose of the scene.” The Army also took exception to a proposed incident in which another G.I. threatens Lt. Col. Wynter. “Here again,” wrote Kight, “it is believed that there is too much hostility shown by Americans towards the British….” Finally, objection was raised to Colonel Robey, an eccentric, incompetent British officer who orders a courier plane solely to transport nylon stockings. “This does not add to the story,” Kight observed, “and makes the British look rather childish.” Nonetheless, he concluded, “Provided the changes are made as specified above, this office recommends this production for cooperation by the Department of the Army.”

Fox was happy to honor the Army’s wishes. Although the argument between Brig. Russell and Sgt. Gerbert remained, script revisions moved the physical fight between the Brigadier and the U.S. Sergeant off-screen, the animosity ameliorated by a tactically-placed fade. Colonel Robey’s self-indulgent foolishness and the threats made against Wynter were also excised from the screenplay. In early August 1955, the DoD declared itself willing to cooperate, and later that year agreed to provide a Technical Adviser and access to Navy vessels for the film’s D-Day sequences.

Fox shot the film predominantly on its back lot, and by March of 1956 the studio was turning attention to staging a premiere with both commercial and commemorative connotations, requesting that the debut be held on June 6 aboard “an aircraft carrier in the port city of Long Beach, California. This spectacular event,” wrote T.A. Hines, director
of the Premier, “will be in honor of the United States Armed Forces and their World War II allies.” Hines’ intention was to invite D-Day generals and troops, “recreate Normandy on the Pacific Coast,” and enhance the spectacle with the selection of a “Miss United States Armed Forces.” Army officials expressed concern at the use of a Navy vessel to stage the Premiere and declined the opportunity to judge the beauty contest, but the film’s overall acceptability, especially after compliance in script alterations, nonetheless merited significant assistance in “exploitation.”

Hines’ vision proved too grand, and there is no suggestion that Normandy was reproduced at Long Beach. Nor was a carrier made available, so Fox had to be content with a special preview showing in late May for the 1,100 officers and enlisted men of the heavy cruiser U.S.S. Rochester. Having taken part in the D-Day operations in 1944, and scheduled for departure to Asian waters on May 29 (the day after the screening), the Rochester signified appropriately both wartime U.S. power and the nation’s postwar status as global custodian. A week later, on the June 6 D-Day anniversary date, another showing, this one at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre in LA, seated 1,000 D-Day veterans alongside officers from Fort MacArthur and stars Dana Wynter and Edmond O’Brien (himself an AAF veteran).

D-Day, the Sixth of June, as it was clumsily titled, was directed by Henry Koster, a German Jew and “journeyman professional” who fled Nazism for the safety of Hollywood in 1936. Like Act of Love, D-Day is structured through flashback, opening as the experienced John Wynter (Richard Todd) leads his tri-national force, including Captain Brad Parker (Robert Taylor), toward its D-Day target. With certain omissions and shifts of emphasis, Koster follows the shape and thrust of Shapiro’s novel,
recognizing U.S. power and its importance to the war without forgetting to include and appreciate the part played by the other Allied powers (Canada and Britain, at least). The film, through its only developed female character, Valerie Russell (Dana Wynter), mediates excesses of masculine posturing and nationalistic conceit on either side of the transatlantic alliance, paving the way for amenable international relations.

As we flashback, with Parker, from the deck of a D-Day warship to rural Lincolnshire, British-American tensions emerge in the form of competing nationalist masculinities. The stiff, formal Brigadier Russell (John Williams) represents an outmoded, untenable British parochialism indicative of a passing age of imperial power. A veteran of World War I and something of a colonial relic, Russell occupies a big house named “Darjeeling,” where, surrounded by the trappings of empire, he is faithfully assisted by Mala, his Indian servant. Frustrated with Britain’s waning power, reflected in its inability to act alone against Hitler, Russell maligns his nation’s reliance upon American “boys” to fight the war. “A bit of cold steel now,” he opines, preposterously advocating hand-to-hand combat in a war of ever-expanding technological devastation, “is worth twenty American bombers in a year’s time.” In the absence of an official position with the British Army, which rejects his application for active service, the aged Brigadier commands the local Home Guard through maneuvers on the village green.79

If Russell’s anachronistic sense of national superiority constitutes an obstruction to U.S.-British cooperation, the G.I.s stationed in the village of Barstow possess a contrasting arrogance born of youthful overconfidence. Arriving at the train station complaining that England is a “graveyard,” Sgt. Gerbert (Parley Baer) and his men waste little time in making fun at the Home Guard’s expense. “You know something,” Gerbert
mocks, impugning the manliness of these aging warriors, “my grandmother could lick 'em all, and she’s two years dead.” Russell reacts angrily, striking at Gerbert with his walking stick and provoking the American to retaliate. A quick fade spares us the details of the fight, but leaves U.S. Major Mills with some peacemaking to do. The men of the Home Guard, he lectures Gerbert, are “doing their best to win the war,” but the American is angered by the cold shoulder of ingratitude shown his men by the villagers. “They act like they’re doing us a favor letting us come over to England,” he complains, “If we’re not good enough to talk to why can’t they fight their own wars?” Similarly intractable is Russell, who labels U.S. forces a “rabble disguised in uniform” and criticizes America’s belated arrival in the war without regard for Parker’s rejoinder that Gerbert will do his duty, perhaps die, in daylight bombing raids over Europe. Although publicly reconciliatory, Parker too reveals indignation after the stuffy Brigadier dismisses his attempted apology. “Who do these characters think they are?” he asks Mills. “They were licked in ’40 and they’re still taking a walloping, they won’t admit they’re dead pigeons, that’s the trouble with ‘em. They need us inferior Americans who’ve got no manners but a lot of power and know-how and its killing ‘em.”

Torn between these competing nationalisms and masculinities (just as she is romantically torn between Parker and Wynter) is Valerie Russell. Immediately coded as a mediator between the two powers by virtue of her work for the American Red Cross, Valerie requests from Parker and Mills clemency for Gerbert and understanding for her father. Older Britons, she says, are too proud of their nation’s history, and unused to requiring help from anyone, “except possibly God.” She also reminds the U.S. officers
that her father was wounded at Dunkirk, and in so doing forces acknowledgement of the longer, more arduous British experience of the war.

The Allies’ conflicted response to U.S. wealth and power is again implied as Parker boards a London-bound train on which, before he chances once more upon Valerie, he accidentally steals the seat of a British woman. “Americans,” she says, displeased, “Top priority, I suppose, always get the best of everything.” Her distaste lasts precisely as long as it takes Parker to produce a package of U.S. cigarettes, however, and he is quickly surrounded by a crowd clamoring for a hand-out. This event illustrates the conflicting pull of U.S. commodities on Allied peoples torn between their own diminishing national pride and the desire to alleviate wartime deprivations unfamiliar to prosperous Americans. Espying a certain smugness in Parker’s reaction (he has been complaining that Britons make “strangers feel stranger”), Valerie teases him about his “generosity.” Americans, she adds, love to consider the British “green with envy” over their affluence, a charge that Parker counters by noting that the British certainly exhibit no respect for their Atlantic Ally.

Valerie’s admission that the lack of respect for the U.S. is an “ugly” British trait does not, then, leave the host nation entirely to blame for U.S.-British antipathies. While Americans indisputably possess the bombers and cigarettes for which tiring Britain lacks, they are not always the most gracious of givers. Regardless, movement onboard the train equates to movement within Allied relations. Valerie stands for a modernizing, feminine articulation of British identity, accepting of the nation’s fall from global preeminence and yet still capable of assertively partnering Parker’s internationalizing Americanism (and contributing to the war effort, too). The two develop a mutual affection, each changing
the other’s perspective on their respective nations as they share a series of dates. From here, their banter becomes lighter, cushioned by affection and humor. Furthermore, Britain’s necessary movement away from attachment to its history as an imperial power (and the United States’ accession to the status vacated by Britain) is communicated when the Brigadier, rejected for service once more, commits suicide in his home, an event tellingly juxtaposed with the onset of victorious and cooperative Allied operations in North Africa.  

Valerie’s attraction to Parker, imbued with greater passion than is the rather formal goodbye we have seen her share with John Wynter, is tempered by knowledge that John is away fighting in North Africa, a situation giving Parker (who is already married) something of a underhanded feel and offsetting any sense that U.S. manhood stands above that of Britain. Parker, like Teller in *Act of Love*, is at this point a noncombatant, and comments with humility that he has, so far, “wielded a very valiant pencil.” Indeed, as Parker and Valerie dine by the Thames, headlines carry reports of the Tobruk operation, in which John’s commando unit is involved and during which eight British officers have already perished. Parker’s act of love, then, threatens to appear more like an act of sin.

Recognition of the cooperative nature of the war’s military prosecution accelerates after Parker is transferred to Algiers, where he reconnects with Dan Stenick, an American friend who is headed back to London. Stenick has volunteered for a mission with Force Six, a commando unit comprised in equal parts of “a mixed bunch: G.I.s, Canadians, Limeys.” “I don’t go for them Limeys,” Stenick adds, “They talk fast but fight slow.” When Parker discovers that another friend, U.S. Colonel Timmer (Edmond
O’Brien), a gung-ho citizen soldier, is to command, he too manages to secure a transfer to the D-Day mission, tasked with a preemptive strike that will open the way for the landings to follow. But Timmer, an ultra-masculine, hard-drinking car salesman with a fervent desire for combat glory, cracks under the pressure of command, and is found inebriated in a London doorway, announcing details of the top secret operation to all and any passers-by. Perhaps “fighting slow” is not such a hindrance, then, as command passes to the steadier leadership of John Wynter, lately returned from North Africa. The rivals for Valerie’s heart will spend June 6 fighting together.

By this stage, Wynter’s return has thrown Parker’s and Valerie’s union into doubt, for, despite her obvious preference for the American, the guilt-ridden Englishwoman vows that she will return to the wounded John. For his part, Parker is by now professing a newfound admiration for the British and “the things you people stand for,” stating his intention to “never give her up.”\(^8\) A declaration of lasting U.S. dedication to a feminized Britain detached from colonial arrogance and nationalistic conceit, Parker’s professions of loyalty connote the United States’ Cold War commitment to protect British (and European) freedom, but without the erasure of Allied masculinity endemic to Hollywood’s British-set war narratives of the late-1940s. Instead, just as Parker has learnt to value the perseverance of Britain’s civilians, so will he gain admiration for its military prowess, represented in the commando landing by John’s calm head and combat heroism. In scenes filmed using DoD-loaned landing craft, the British-U.S.-Canadian force assails gray Normandy beaches, scaling ominous cliffs and attacking German gun emplacements. Pinned down by enemy fire, it is Wynter who alone attempts a dangerous flanking move up a precarious ridge. Stenick, the G.I. who impugned “limey” combat
capabilities, is killed at this juncture, the narrative removing another character lacking the necessary deference and internationalism (just as it did the loudly combative Timmer, and, on the other side of the alliance, the anachronistic Brigadier).

In Shapiro’s novel, both Parker and Wynter return wounded from D-Day, and Valerie, from loyalty rather than love, elects to remain with the British officer. This, in itself, avoids further international conflict, as it frees Parker to return to his wife. In the film, though Parker does not know it, as the American is being carried wounded from the beach, Wynter, inexplicably casual given his earlier prowess, wanders across mined terrain and is killed instantly. So, even as Valerie visits Parker in hospital and the American tells her that John is “a pretty terrific guy,” the audience knows that she will not be with Captain Wynter. Her decision not to tell Parker this, and thus allow him to rejoin his wife in Connecticut, becomes, then, even more diplomatic in connotation. If the novel’s conclusion could be read as a minor slight against American manhood, the film retracts any such implication. After all, with both the Brigadier and Wynter dead, the strength of British military manhood is passing, and Valerie will no doubt need the care and protection of the U.S. in the years of postwar uncertainty to come.  

Brad Parker conveyed a version of U.S. manhood with which the DoD could be satisfied. Protective, committed, and strong, yet respectful of Allied nations and their capabilities, this was a type of “overseasmanship” of which the State Department would surely have approved. Furthermore, those Americans – such as Timmer and Stenick – who perform a manliness contingent upon blustering militarism or exceptionalist disdain, are eliminated by the war. They cannot traverse the perils of combat, and thus do not continue into the era of U.S. global leadership. In fact, Timmer and Stenick are indicative
of the broader reconceptualization of U.S. military manhood ongoing in this timeframe, not only in films made by Hollywood Europeans, but also in pictures made by U.S. liberals. This is the case in two further films with connections to Britain and the British Commonwealth: MGM’s New Zealand-set Marine Corps picture, *Until They Sail* (1957), and Warner Bros.’ Scottish-set combat picture, *Darby’s Rangers* (1958). In these productions, arrogant G.I.s who gloat over their nation’s power or exploit their supposed charm and wealth in sexual adventurism are exposed as inadequate for the true test of manliness – combat soldiering and diplomatic Americanism.

*Until They Sail*, adapted from James Michener’s 1951 short story, was purchased in 1952 by Mark Robson and Robert Wise, two U.S. liberals with a history of challenging staple Cold War ideologies. Made with assistance from the government and armed forces of New Zealand, the film went into production early in 1957, and location shooting began in March, with Paul Newman in a leading role and Wise directing. The picture, which centers on a family of four sisters and their encounter with the wartime U.S. Marine Corps, establishes two conflicting versions of U.S. masculinity. Captain Bates (Charles Drake) is a sensitive former Rhodes Scholar who apologizes for the arrogance of some of his compatriots and, via such enlightened acts as washing dishes, wins Anne Leslie’s (Joan Fontaine) heart. When Bates is killed on Guadalcanal, leaving Anne pregnant and alone, his family write to their “beloved daughter” and arrange for her passage to Oklahoma, where she and her child will be welcomed and cared for. Further articulating a diplomatic military manhood is Captain Jack Harding (Newman), a Marine Corps investigator of potential war brides who overcomes war widow Barbara Leslie’s (Jean Simmons) complaints about Americans “sweeping all before you with your charm.
and your money…then [looking] down on the girls who are nice to you” to secure Barbara’s hand in marriage.

In distinction to Bates’ and Harding’s intelligent internationalism, other Marines display an ignorance offensive to their hosts. “Where are all the men?” asks one unthinking G.I., a question that the film answers when Barbara’s first husband, Mark, is reported dead in North Africa. Particularly guilty is Max Murphy (Ralph Votrian), a young Marine who dates Evelyn (Sandra Dee), the youngest of the sisters. Max disparages New Zealand’s women for “hooking” U.S. husbands. “Some gratitude,” he complains. When Barbara asks, “For what, Max?” the Marine replies, “Well, I mean, saving your country.” Max’s posturing is wholly misplaced, for while New Zealand’s men are deployed in global combat with fascism, Max has merely been training, and did not fight on Guadalcanal. Reflecting the fruitless nature of Max’s cocksure stance, young Evelyn drops him, labeling him “a drip.” When the ANZAC soldiers return, Evelyn is soon engaged to a young New Zealander and combat veteran.

Similar ideas characterize William Wellman’s *Darby’s Rangers*, in which British Commandos stationed in Dundee, Scotland, train G.I.s to become an elite unit of U.S. Rangers. The Americans’ initial distaste at being trained by “limeys” is soon dispelled. Col. William Orlando Darby (James Garner) orders his men to “get along with the British,” and Lt. Manson (Edward Ashley), an uncompromising instructor with the British Commandos – described by Darby as “probably the finest fighting troops in the world” – tells his raw recruits: “It is said that one American can defeat five of any other nationality. You will soon learn the fallacy of that concept.” The fallacy of the concept is proven, fatally, at the film’s conclusion. The Rangers, despite rigorous preparation, are
trapped by the Germans during the Anzio landings, and die in scores, fading away, Master Sergeant Saul Rosen (Jack Warden), laments, “without a whimper.”

As well as disputing U.S. military supremacy and honoring the dead, Darby’s Rangers undermines visions of U.S. masculinity expressed in aggressive sexual adventurism. As with D-Day and Until, those G.I.s who treat their British hosts with disrespect fail to attain the stature of combat soldier and war veteran. While Pvt. Rollo Burns (Peter Brown), in his devotion to Sgt. McTavish’s daughter, Peggy, wins the approval of his potential Scottish father-in-law, those troops with more flippant attitudes to inter-Allied romance meet inglorious outcomes. “Pittsburgh” Tony Sutherland (Corey Allen) is a boastful womanizer, and, announcing without hint of remorse that he possesses “the moral fiber of a goat,” sets about preying on the women of Dundee. Billeted with married couple John and Sheila Andrews, Sutherland takes advantage of John’s absence (he serves with that icon of aging British masculinity, the Home Guard) to seduce Sheila, who falls for the dashing Pennsylvanian. Yet, just as Sheila breaks the news to her husband, Tony, who plans to abandon her anyway, fails the measure of military manhood. During training, he slips from a cliff face and is killed on rocky ground below.86

Tellingly, and introducing another aspect of U.S. culture in need of diplomatic revision, Darby’s Rangers and Until They Sail point to Allied nations’ comparative racial tolerance in order to critique U.S. bigotry. In the early 1950s, as I have shown, Hollywood filmmakers often suggested that racism was a national failing laid to rest through the wartime intermixture of diverse U.S. constituencies. By the mid-to-late 1950s, though, while such claims persisted (in the work of Arthur Schlesinger, for
example), filmmakers, freed from the glare of the FBI and HUAC, began to draw on images of the World War II Allies in order to raise the issue of racism and it damage to America’s global standing.\(^87\)

If U.S. prejudice did not often appear in early-1950s World War II films, it became more commonplace later in the decade to see white Allied nations presented as colorblind havens, examples that the U.S. might aspire to emulate (even Germany appears so in Henry Koster’s 1958 film *Fraulein*). In *Darby’s Rangers*, for instance, the Jewish American narrator, Saul Rosen, comments that, on the Rangers’ departure, a Scotsman wished him good luck “in Jewish,” an act that Rosen considers “nice of the old boy” and which indicates British/European tolerance. A similar point applies to *D-Day*, also, although with regard to that film it takes shape in absence. While Shapiro’s novel has Britons expressing disquiet at the “mixed races” that make up the U.S., no such notions appear in the film.\(^88\)

On occasion, even without DoD input, filmmakers chose to spare U.S. blushes with respect to race.\(^99\) Michener’s short story “Until They Sail” is littered with incidents of U.S. Marines attempting to treat New Zealand Maoris as they might African Americans in the Jim Crow south. When Anne Leslie walks out with Bill, an officer with the Joint Purchasing Board, she is horrified when, after a Maori accidentally bumps into her, Bill strikes the New Zealand native, yelling, “Don’t knock into white girls, you damned nigger!” Anne is proud of the reaction of her white compatriots, who attack the American, and writes in complaint to the local newspaper. This incident, not the only example from Michener’s tale, prompts the Marine Corps to send round the more diplomatic Lt. Bates.\(^90\)
Such events were written out of the screen adaptation, but the notion of Allied colorblindness as a summons to U.S. reform was beginning to emerge in film. Reform of the production code in 1957 dropped the longstanding provisions against images of “miscegenation,” and a desire to take advantage of possible controversy inspired independent producer Frank Ross to tackle the subject of racism and U.S. masculinity overseas in an adapting a war novel. The book in question was Joe David Brown’s 1956 bestseller *Kings Go Forth*, another story of faltering G.I. diplomacy, this time portrayed through a romance both international and interracial.⁹¹

Ross purchased the film rights in May 1956, and, having scouted locations in the south of France that July, assembled a cast including Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis as G.I.s, and Natalie Wood as a light-skinned African American woman who has lived her whole life on the French Riviera (and is thus essentially French).⁹² Overseas shooting took place in the fall of 1957 and, due to scheduling conflicts, additional combat scenes requiring Curtis and Sinatra to appear together were filmed that November in Carmel, California, with DoD assistance. Shooting was complete by December, and the film’s international orientation was confirmed with the staging of a June 1958 premier in Monaco, where Princess Grace and Prince Rainier sponsored an accompanying benefit for Greek refugee children.⁹³

As well as aiming at international audiences, Ross was keen to attract black filmgoers. He hired reporter A.S. Young, who became “the first Negro publicity agent to work for a Hollywood production.”⁹⁴ While advertisements in the mainstream press drew attention to a “challenging” story of love and war, those in the black print media promised an explosive treatment of prejudice. “War has ripped the screen before – Love
has crossed color lines before,” announced a full page spread in the *Pittsburgh Courier*, “but never like this.”

In January 1958, the *Chicago Defender* reported that the cast of *Kings* was among the happiest in Hollywood history. “All the participants,” the paper trilled, “believe in its liberal theme.”

The effort to sell the message of racial tolerance as international diplomacy appeared in *Ebony*, the July 1958 cover of which trumpets the inclusion of a piece by Sinatra. In “The Way I Look at Race,” the star outlined the colorblind ideology to which he adhered throughout his life. Labeling bigotry “a national disease – worse than any medical disease,” Sinatra recollected for *Ebony*’s readers the prejudice he had faced as a young Italian American – “a wop” – in Hoboken, New Jersey, and professed his distaste for the racial hierarchies still highly visible in the postwar U.S. Importantly, Sinatra observed that not only was the “hate-sickness” of racism “un-American,” it was also damaging the nation’s reputation. Less than a year earlier, Sinatra reminded readers, “the tragedy of Little Rock was splashed across the world’s headlines and caused America to lose prestige in crucial areas.”

Pointing to the *Brown* decisions, Sinatra was confident that America’s children would not long brook inequity, and conveyed his belief that friendships “forged across color and religious lines” were “the surest way to erase all the lines that divide people everywhere.” If friendship could eliminate color lines, so too could heterosexual love, and the *Ebony* piece contained an endorsement of “intermarriage,” which was, he claimed “never a problem with civilized human beings.” Praising pictures such as 1957’s *Sayonara*, which concludes with the marriage of a U.S. airman and a Japanese dancer,
Sinatra credited Hollywood with significant contributions to antiracism in the late-1950s. “Stereotypes,” he claimed, “have just about disappeared.”99

After its Monaco premiere, *Kings Go Forth* was released in the same month as the *Ebony* article appeared.100 The film centers on two G.I.s serving in southern France towards war’s end, employing the conflict as stage for a love triangle involving Sgt. Sam Loggins (Sinatra), Lt. Britt Harris (Curtis), and Monique Blair (Wood), a mixed-race woman who has lived her whole life on the Riviera.101 The backdrop of colorblind France evokes the need for racial reform as a tool of U.S. diplomacy. Early on, as U.S. troops arrive, an atmosphere of Franco-American camaraderie is established as smiling G.I.s, distributing treats to hungry children, are greeted by cheering civilian crowds. However, the insertion of race prejudice soon creates fissures in U.S.-French relations, leaving the onus on bigoted G.I.s to fall in step with Allied tolerance.102

Sam and Monique meet on the Riviera, passing a few pleasant evenings together before the G.I. professes his love. Contravening the stereotype of the mixed-race woman’s desperate desire for a white lover who might enable her ascent to whiteness, Monique rejects Sam (who describes himself as “poor and not handsome”), telling him that she wishes to be friends. More importantly, Sam’s advances provoke her decision to “out” herself as black, a revelation she is convinced will drive her American suitor away. In refusing to pass, Monique inserts into the previously raceless – that is, white – narrative symbolic both her blackness and Sam’s whiteness. Monique’s unexpected “difference” forces Sam to face his explicitly American prejudices and consider whether his love for her can outweigh his learned beliefs in racial separatism.
The camera assists, registering U.S. white supremacy and sexual separatism as a cause of international enmity and division. Immediately prior to Sam’s proposal of marriage, he, Monique, and Mrs. Blair are positioned together within the frame, enjoying amicable games of poker and chess. As Monique reveals her secret, though, sharp-cutting oneshots of Sam, Monique, and her mother interject. The invocation of the color line creates distance and separation here in French terrain, as Sam further indicates by failing to respond to Monique, instead managing only to stare at the floor. When Mrs. Blair holds out a photograph of her late husband, Fred, Sam refuses to look at it.

*Kings* explicitly introduces a transnational perspective, accentuating its antiracist positionality by inflicting another displacement on whiteness – at once political, cultural, and spatial. Removed from the supporting scaffold of domestic law and culture, U.S. racial taxonomies are denaturalized, made alien by exposure in unfamiliar French space. Revealing her father’s racial identity, Monique does not mention white prejudice, only *American* prejudice: “I know how Americans feel about some things,” she says, “I have read and I know the way so many of the soldiers talk. I have told you that my father was a very great man. Believe me, he was. He was also a Negro. I guess ‘nigger’ is one of the first words you learn in America, isn’t it? Goodbye Sam.” Raised in colorblind France, Monique cannot separate Sam’s prejudice from his nationality, and, reflecting once more a sense of diplomatic opportunity squandered, the affinity established between French citizens and U.S. soldiers is dispelled.

The discord between French racelessness and U.S. whiteness is reinforced by Mrs. Blair, who recounts her husband’s story after Monique has fled the sitting room. Fred Blair worked tirelessly to extract himself from poverty in Georgia and go to college,
eventually owning a Philadelphia insurance company. The quintessentially “bootstraps” story of Mr. Blair’s life emphasises the un-American nature of Sam’s response. The G.I. has earlier remarked on how wise Monique’s father must have been (she is fond of quoting him), and this makes a hypocrite of Sam once the issue of race is made visible. Mrs. Blair continues by relating the problems she and her husband faced as an interracial couple, even in the northern U.S. But, she reveals, it was the potential suffering of their child that prompted the Blairs’ escape to France, a narrative reversing the accepted immigrant path of Europeans seeking liberty in America:

When the time came, I discovered I was going to have a child. I cried that night. I said to my husband: ‘There are ways,’ I said. For us it hadn’t mattered what people thought. We walked the streets of Philadelphia proud, defiant, and in love. But a child? My husband was a rock of a man. He said, ‘It is the will of God.’ He said, ‘we will go to France. In France they have a beautiful blindness to color. Our child will be French.’ We’ve lived here ever since (my emphasis).

France is of particular significance as the setting of Kings Go Forth. In 1956, Paris provided the venue for the first Congress of Black Artists and Writers, and French denunciations of the Little Rock crisis in 1957 were particularly vociferous, prompting the State Department to orchestrate a defence via the U.S. embassy in Paris. Indeed, by 1958, France had long enjoyed a reputation, particularly among black Americans, as a country in which race was an irrelevance. Prominent African American artists and intellectuals made their homes in France both before and after World War II, and, historian Tyler Stovall writes, “shared the surprising realization that whites could treat them with affection and respect, that a color-blind society just might be possible after
all.” “The myth of color-blind France,” Stovall recognizes, is “complex and flawed,” but nonetheless held a “powerful attraction” for both African Americans and the French. Moreover, many white Americans were aware of the damage caused to the nation’s reputation overseas by incidents of bigotry. *Kings* was not the only film to employ French colorblindness in a World War II setting as a summons to U.S. racial reform.\(^{104}\)

In June 1956 Ross declared that he would not tone down Brown’s novel. “Mr. Ross isn’t at all sure that the picture will be permitted to play unchallenged in some sections of the South,” reported the *New York Times*, “but he is determined not to dilute the story to avoid objections.” “That’s the risk a producer must take,” Ross told the *Chicago Defender*.\(^{105}\) Indeed, the filmmakers’ intentionality is revealed in revisions to Brown’s novel made by screenwriter Merle Miller, an Army Air Corps veteran. In the novel, while Monique and her family fled the U.S. to escape the hatred induced by interracial marriage, it is suggested that such bigotry is, even in 1944, an aspect of the past. “You see a good many mixed marriages nowadays,” Mrs. Blair tells Sam, “then, you didn’t.” She also comments that Monique, living in France, mistook “the whole United States as one vast Ku Klux Klan.”\(^{106}\) Brown’s Sam is colorblind from the outset, and does not require exposure in an unfamiliarly egalitarian space in order to appreciate the need for reform. Moreover, Mrs. Blair makes no mention of any comment by her husband that France possesses “a beautiful blindness to color.” The screenwriter clearly sought to emphasise French colorblindness in order to challenge U.S. white supremacy.\(^{107}\)

Even as *Kings* establishes its antiracism, though, in order for its narrative of diplomatic reconciliation to reach fruition it is necessary that Sam possesses the
possibility to reform. This occurs in the scene immediately after Monique’s “confession,” as Sam dwells on what has just occurred. Here, the narrative makes use of Sam as an omniscient narrator who recalls the story still unfolding on screen from an unspecified post-war perspective. Looking back on Monique’s perceptions of white Americans’ habitual use of the word “nigger,” Sam states:

I fought two wars that week: my own and the Army’s. The Army’s was easy.

Mostly, I thought about that word. Monique was wrong. It’s not the first one you learn at all, and some kids never learn it at all. Some learn it and never use it. I learned it early and used it often. It showed just how tough I was. And that wasn’t all. Where I was brought up, Harlem near 125th, they were on one side and we were on the other. Why? I don’t know why, except a lot of people need somebody to look down on, or they think they do.

Having reached this epiphany, Sam returns on his next leave to the Riviera, where the Blairs welcome him wholeheartedly. “You’re a good man, Sam,” Mrs. Blair tells him, and, in confirmation of his change of heart, Sam replies: “I’m a little better than I was a week ago.”

As Sam is reconciled to the joyful Monique, it appears that World War II-era U.S. whiteness has fallen in step with French racelessness (Sam’s “two wars” coalescing). However, the appearance of Britt Harris (Curtis) produces another encounter with U.S. prejudice, and one that Monique will not shake off so easily. It is here that the critique of normative white U.S. masculinity emerges most clearly, for Britt is at once daring, courageous, charming, and unashamedly bigoted. Younger, richer, and more attractive than Sam, Britt joins his commanding officer on leave, and Monique soon falls for the
younger man. At first it appears that Britt, too, is both colorblind and internationalist, even French and African American-identified. He speaks French fluently, plays a mean jazz trumpet, and shares Monique’s admiration for blues artist Bessie Smith. As the attraction grows, Monique asks Sam to tell Britt about her mixed-race heritage. This he does, and Britt appears unconcerned. For her part, Monique tells Sam that she “worships” the young soldier, and the couple declare their intention to marry.

But Britt is far from enlightened; in fact, he is performing a racially tolerant white masculinity in order to attain his sexual fantasies, and is interested in Monique only because she is black. Discovering that Britt has not even submitted a marriage application, Sam forces him to reveal the truth. “I guess what Sam means is I’m not going to marry you, Monique,” admits the guilty man, glibly, “That’s about it, I guess.” Mrs. Blair is incensed, calling Britt “scum,” and he replies with open contempt for the idea of interracial marriage, once again painting U.S. whiteness an unsavoury shade: “I don’t like that word [scum], coming from you.” Britt’s casual disregard for the consequences of his actions is further betrayed as he explains to Mrs. Blair, “on several occasions I’ve been engaged to marry and on several occasions I’ve been not engaged to marry, if you follow me. And a lot of these girls I wouldn’t take to a country club, but with the exception of your daughter, Mrs. Blair, all of them were white.”

The film is again more forceful than the novel. In Brown’s text, Britt remains unaware of Monique’s racial identity throughout the affair. Once he learns about her father, he immediately breaks off the engagement, telling Sam: “You wouldn’t want your friend to marry a nigger, would you Sam?” In Miller’s screenplay, Britt does not use the same language, but his cynical exploitation of Monique more directly invokes the
history of sexual abuse of black women by white men. The discovery that the relationship was based on a lie – Britt never intended to marry her – renders the consent on which their affair was based illegitimate. Britt, like many whites before him, has sexually exploited a black woman to his advantage and her misery. In contrast, every reference to Mr. Blair indicates that he was a caring, faithful husband, as well as a wise and perceptive man (who rejected the U.S. for France). Indeed, Fred appears as a model of U.S. manhood – so much so that the *Chicago Defender* described him as “the most dominant character in the movie.”

In *Kings*, stereotypes of threatening and rapacious black masculinity are subverted. White-supremacist manhood becomes the demon in the shape of Harris’ touristic sexuality, performed by Curtis as oblivious, almost jocular disdain.

Britt Harris reopens the puncture in the dominant narrative tropes of World War II white masculinity that were temporarily repaired by Sam’s return to Monique. Britt is a war hero who has twice risked himself without compunction to defend his comrades in arms and help drive the retreating Germans out of France and Italy. Britt’s combat heroism in France, though, is undone by his confirmation of Monique’s notions about U.S. prejudice. Again, an adaptation from the novel is suggestive. In Brown’s story, Harris is a Mississippian, while Sam, who remains a New Yorker, is not prejudiced: “With me,” he says, “[Monique’s racial identity] wouldn’t have made any difference. But I didn’t come from Mississippi.” In the film, Britt’s home is New Jersey, an alteration intended to recall that prejudice was not solely the domain of the South. Once Britt and Monique are engaged, Sam asks, doubtfully, “you going back to New Jersey?”
Importantly, Britt’s betrayal of Monique fractures the solidarity of U.S. whiteness, provoking Sam into a rejection of his homosocial bond with Britt. This is essential to the reconciliation between white and black (and the U.S. and France) with which the narrative ends, as it allows Sam, the good white, to become the defender of black/French dignity. As Monique wails in despair, covering her face and fleeing her home for a second time, Britt appeals to Sam for reassurance that his actions are acceptable. “Look, you understand,” he says, nudging Sam in the ribs, “It was like a new kick for me.” But Sam is by now totally enraged, and he answers Britt with a punch in the face.\textsuperscript{111} Physical violence in protest against racism establishes that Sam has truly stepped out of U.S. whiteness as an ideology and ascended to French colorblindness.

In Brown’s novel, like so many literary and cinematic “tragic mulattoes” before her, Monique responds to her heartbreak by committing suicide.\textsuperscript{112} On film, although she does attempt to drown herself, Monique, unlike her literary predecessor, is rescued by a passing Frenchman. Indeed, of the four central characters, Monique is the only one who survives \textit{Kings Go Forth} physically intact. Sam vows to kill Britt, but the Germans do it for him (World War II taking care of white supremacists on either side). Sam survives, despite ordering an artillery barrage directly on his position close to a German munitions depot, but his right arm is severed. Mrs. Blair excuses herself by passing away while Sam is suffering through seven months hospitalization, leaving Monique to establish her school for orphans. It is to the school that the amputee Sam returns for the film’s closing reunification of U.S. whiteness (now possessed of the requisite overseasmanship) and French culture.
What the nature of Sam’s relationship with Monique will be upon his return is somewhat ambiguous. They each call the other “friend” – she in a letter to the hospital, he when they meet in the lobby of the new school – yet something changes as Monique organizes the orphans to sing for the newly promoted Captain. As the children begin a love song, “Sous le Ciel de Paris” (Under the Paris Sky), Monique and Sam gaze at one another, and the camera lingers on this exchange, imbuing it with significance. The children’s song recalls the French example of tolerance: under French skies, things less possible in the U.S. become acceptable. The frame retreats, capturing Sam, Monique, and the children together within the classroom doorway. The desks on either side create a central aisle in the room, so that it might be a wedding chapel within which this new interracial, international family is contained. Furthermore, Sam is now disabled, and calls himself “one of the dispossessed.” His body is marked with stigma as is the black body, creating affinity with Monique, who tells him, “everyone in the world has some kind of burden, but it is not the burden that’s important, it’s how you carry it.” Sinatra told *Ebony*: “Most people who have seen the film conclude that Sam marries Monique…. What is most important is that a great many people will want this to happen.”

His lessons in French colorblindness learned, Sam becomes in this scene the racially-tolerant, internationalist husband and father to postwar France, a vessel of diplomacy of which the nation can be proud.

The mid-1950s films of U.S.-Allied romance herald the emergence of dissenting images of World War II and postwar foreign policy, created through anti-exceptionalist, internationalist visions of G.I. masculinity. *Kings Go Forth*, as one of the first (if not the very first) World War II films to bring the issue of racism to bear on inter-Allied
relations, signposts also the coming of increasingly fierce critiques of U.S. racism, challenges to the putatively integrative legacy of the conflict. As we shall see in chapter 7, in the 1960s and 1970s, often working outside the influence of the DoD, Hollywood progressives began to unstitch with greater purpose and potency narratives of military assimilation.

1 On McCarthy’s pursuit of control over the circulation of U.S. culture overseas, see Andrew J. Falk, *Upstaging the Cold War: American Dissent and Cultural Diplomacy, 1940-1960* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2010), 194-195. For example, a 1953 rally against the “book burners” drew attention from the FBI. FBI, Reel 7, Frame 00299.

2 FBI Office Memorandum, October 13, 1955. FBI Reel 7, Frame 00604.

3 FBI, Reel 7, Frames 00064, 00751, 00755. State Department request in LA Times, June 13, 1956, Reel 7, Frame 00764.


9 In *Fraulein*, shot on location in Germany, Dana Wynter’s title character, the daughter of an anti-Nazi academic, must flee Russian soldiers on numerous occasions, and is twice saved from assault or stigmatization by a kindly African American G.I., played, of course, by James Edwards. To my knowledge, the first instances of U.S. servicemen guilty of rape or attempted rape appear in *Town Without Pity* (1961), *The War Lover* (1963), and *In Harm’s Way* (1965). “Regimented he-men” from Geoffrey S.


13 Crowther, “More Movie War.” The idea that masculine-coded U.S. power, if expressed in unilateralist hubris, was potentially destructive of international coalition was not entirely new to the mid-‘50s. As I have earlier detailed, in Dore Schary’s 1948 RKO film, *Berlin Express*, not only are British, Russian, and French characters essential counterparts to Illinoisan Robert Lindley (Robert Ryan), but the American must also moderate the cocksure manner in which he approaches his potential love interest, Lucienne, before the Frenchwoman will consider him.


15 As critics have suggested, the implications of the proposed marriage at the film’s end may be a little less straightforward than Rosenberg appreciates. Gerd Gumunden, *Foreign Affairs: Billy Wilder’s American Films* (New York: Berghahn Books, 2008), 54-72.


21 For Schlesinger’s interpretation, see “The Crisis of American Masculinity,” [Originally published in *Esquire*, November 1958]. Reprinted in *The Politics of Hope* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1963), 237-246, esp. 238-239. As Schlesinger saw it, if Christine Jorgensen, the former G.I. who had reassignment surgery in the mid-1950s, could switch sexes, it was no wonder that the society as a whole was in a state of gender confusion.


23 Robert D. Dean argues that the fear of repeating the sin of European appeasement subsequently propelled U.S. foreign policy from World War II through the War on Vietnam. Dean, *Imperial Brotherhood*. On anti-appeasement and the gendered rhetoric of Cold War politics, see also Sherry, *In the Shadow*, 126-128, 178-181. Geoffrey S. Smith writes, “Aspiring mainline politicians [such as Henry Wallace and Adlai Stevenson] who sought office after 1945 and who spoke of possible accommodation with the Soviets, who betrayed sensitivity or self-doubt, or who questioned the manly premises of containment or the national security state found themselves in difficulty, often marginalized, usually defeated.” Smith, “Security, Gender, and the Historical Process,” 84.

both former football stars and current U.S. G.I.s, their departure for war in Korea underscoring their
difference from the effete masculinity of their older, communist-indoctrinated sibling.


26 Scholars estimate that U.S. servicemen married up to a million foreign brides during and after
the war, some seventy-five percent of these eventually moving to the U.S. Elfrieda Berthaume Shukert and

27 Some examples include Denise Darcel in Battleground, Antoinette in Red Ball Express (both
France), Fighter Squadron and Command Decision (both England), and Go For Broke! (Italy). Female
gaze from Amy Kaplan, The Anarchy of Empire in the Making of US Culture (Cambridge, MA: Harvard
University Press, 2002), 95, 111. Schary quoted in Suid, Guts and Glory, 105.

28 Such was overtly the case in 1948, when, with Italian elections approaching and communist
victory a distinct possibility, Hollywood producers were among those sponsoring an anti-communist letter-
writing campaign by Italian war brides. See, for example, “Italy Shows its Muscle,” Life, April 19, 1948,
54-56. Also Wendy Wall, Inventing the ‘American Way’: The Politics of Consensus From the New Deal to

29 “It brings us closer together,” said New Zealand’s Consul in New York upon the arrival of
thirty-eight antipodeans in 1946, “There’s nothing like a baby or two to break down international barriers.”

30 Shukert and Scibetta, War Brides. On racism, 30, 48-49; on hostility to British brides, 79. See
also Jenel Virden, Goodbye, Piccadilly: British War Brides in America (Urbana and Chicago: University of
Illinois Press, 1996); Pamela Winfield, Melancholy Baby: The Unplanned Consequences of the GIs’
Arrival in Europe for World War II (Westport, CT: Bergin and Garvey, 2000); Graham Smith, When Jim

31 Lee E. Graham, “Yank on a Pedestal: With All His Faults the American Husband is Tops with
Brides from Across the Sea,” NYT, April 13, 1947, 152. “Cold War politics,” Cohan writes, “further
complicated the picture by projecting contradictory ideals for American manhood, requiring a ‘hard’
masculinity as the standard when defending the nation’s boundaries, yet insisting upon a ‘soft’ masculinity as the foundation of an orderly, responsible home life.” Steven Cohan, *Masked Men: Masculinity and the Movies in the Fifties* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1997), xii.


33 Mark Trachtenberg, “Introduction,” in Trachtenberg, ed., *Between Empire and Alliance: American and Europe During the Cold War* (Oxford: Rowman and Littlefield, 2003), vii. By 1945, the U.S. was producing half of global goods and services, possessing a rising GNP and defense budget even as Old World economies stood at the precipice of failure. With monetary and military might came great influence, and the Truman and Eisenhower administrations used their economic weight to cajole greater access to European markets from which U.S. goods had been previously excluded. Lundestad, “Empire By Invitation?; McCormick, “America’s Half Century.”


36 It is telling that in Rosenberg’s reading of *Gray Flannel Suit*, Tom Rath’s turn to “internationalism” involves only throwing money at the problem of global engagement. Other gendered postwar dramas of U.S.-European interaction suggest the need for a different attitude. In Billy Wilder’s *Sabrina* (1954), U.S. businessman Linus Larrabee (Humphrey Bogart) is, at first, only able to perceive other nations “in merely transactional terms.” But, Dina Smith suggests, in *Sabrina*, “American capitalism is a bully sorely in need of Europe’s ‘feminization,’” which is provided by Audrey Hepburn as the title character. Once Larabee has ameliorated his economically imperialist stance he is able to appreciate European culture more fully, a change of heart expressed in his eventual marriage to Sabrina. Rosenberg, “Foreign Affairs”; Dina M. Smith, “Global Cinderella: *Sabrina* (1954), Hollywood, and Postwar Internationalism,” *Cinema Journal*, Vol. 41, No. 4 (Summer 2002), 27-51, quotes on 34, 39.

The assistance required, taking the form of stock footage only, was easy to provide, but nevertheless conveys DoD approval of the storyline and its sentiments. Assistant Secretary of Defense, Legislative and Public Affairs, Office of Public Information, News Division, Pictorial Branch, Motion Picture Section, Topical File 1943-1952. RG 330, 190/28/10/2 Box 688, Folder 284.

These were Henry Rogers Benjamin, William Auten, and Germaine Gossler; hence the name Benagoss.

I have not been able to see *Teresa*, and thus draw from Fred Zinnemann, *A Life in the Movies: An Autobiography* (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1992), 86-94.


Ibid., X3.


Ibid., 176, 186, 199, 209.

Ibid., 212.


I am giving attention here only to the U.S. release.


Griffith to Towne, October 28, 1952. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Entry 141, Box 700.

Welch to Towne, October 28, 1952. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.

Griffith to Towne, October 30, 1952. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.

Griffith requested a DoD-appointed Technical Adviser in November, but, having responded negatively to the original outline, the military was reluctant to proceed without knowing more. Towne answered some questions on the specific US units involved in the liberation of Paris, and, after a meeting with Griffith at…..HQ in New York, Robert Cranston, of the Public Information Division, Supreme
Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe, awaited official approval from the US Army’s European command. By the end of the year, the DoD was still awaiting a final script for assessment. Griffith to Towne, November 7, 1952, November 11, 1952; Towne to Griffith, December 2, 1952; Cranston to Towne, December 30, 1952; Towne to Griffith, January 6, 1953. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.

Litvak to Towne, January 20, 1953. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.

Towne to Litvak, February 4, 1953. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.

Cranston to Towne, February 12, 1953. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.

Litvak to Towne, February 18, 1953. “As we couldn’t get your official approval for the small amount of cooperation we needed for the picture,” the director wrote, “we just had to go ahead and help ourselves the best we could with the elements we could find here.” Litvak requested U.S. soldiers willing to volunteer their time in order to play extras in some of the remaining scenes. “The French,” he explained, “cannot play American soldiers.” Towne asked once more for details, but none were forthcoming. Towne to Litvak, March 2, 1953. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.

Towne to Cranston, February 20, 1953. RG330, 190/28/10/2, Box 700.


A similar scene features in Darby’s Rangers (1958), with U.S. servicemen shaking through air raids that barely register with their British dates.

Walsh to Towne, July 22, 1952. DoD Film Collection, Box 5, Folder 17.

Towne to Cohn, July 23, 1952; Cohn to Towne, July 29, 1952. DoD Box 5, Folder 17.

Towne to Cohn, July 31, 1952. “We hope you do not feel that we are attempting to set ourselves up as the protectors of the honor of our British friends, or as the sole judges of who is to get the glory for the El Alamein victory,” Towne said. Walsh, undated Memo; Towne to Columbia, May 15, 1953. DoD Box 5, Folder 17.

Lionel Shapiro, The Sixth of June (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1955), dedication page.

Ibid., 81-82, 85, 87, 90.

Ibid., 148-149. Similar movement towards reciprocal respect occurs after joint British-U.S. operations produce victory in North Africa, establishing the U.S. as a genuine world power, 150-154.

Shapiro, Sixth of June, 161, 316, 350.


By September 1955, Baruch was satisfied that the script’s “problems” had been satisfactorily handled. Navy to DoD, November 18, 1955. In December, Fox’s Anthony Muto wrote with a request for 500 personnel to help restage D-Day, but the Marine Corps, from whom the troops would be lent, was committed to helping another motion picture already in production. Fox scaled back the manpower required for its D-Day scenes. Muto to Baruch, December 7, 1955; Baruch to Marine Corps, December 12, 1955; J.L. Mueller, Marine Corps, to Baruch, December 20, 1955. DoD Box 10, Folder 15.
480


76 Cosgrove to Baruch, March 5, 1956. In May, Baruch communicated his satisfaction with the final cut in a letter countenancing the film’s public release. “The changes which were agreed upon in the script turned out very well,” Baruch wrote, “We look forward to continuing cooperative efforts on future subjects which we trust will work out as nicely to our mutual benefit.” Baruch to Muto, May 23, 1956. DoD Box 10, Folder 15.

77 “Ship’s Crew at Preview of ‘D-Day’ Film,” LAT, May 29, 1956, 3-4; “1000 D-Day Veterans at Film Showing,” LAT, June 7, 1956, 2.


79 The Home Guard was comprised of men otherwise unable to fight or considered essential to domestic life. S. P. MacKenzie, The Home Guard: A Military and Political History (Oxford University Press, 1995).

80 This is made more explicit in the novel, when news of the Brigadier’s suicide in pushed from the front pages by reports of the positive military impact of U.S. forces in North African. Shapiro, Sixth of June, 154-160.

81 Ibid., 148, 163.


83 Education for overseasmanship in Klein, Cold War Orientalism, 21-23.

84 Michener’s story appeared in the 1951 collection Return to Paradise (New York: Random House, 1951), 267-321. See also the introductory essay, “New Zealand,” 243-266. Wise is perhaps best known for his science fiction film The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951), which challenged Cold War
nuclear proliferation and anti-Soviet paranoia. Robson, as we have seen, directed *Home of the Brave* (1949), and *Bright Victory* (1951), two arguments for racial equality in light of World War II.


86 *Darby’s Rangers* gained DoD approval, the Army providing full cooperation on a picture that Lawrence Suid calls “a great recruiting advertisement for the service.” Suid, *Stars and Stripes*, 53.

87 Schlesinger, “Crisis of Masculinity”

88 Shapiro, *Sixth of June*, 49. Mr. Sargenter, local Air Raid Warden and Home Guarder, is disturbed by the arrival of U.S. forces in Lincoln. “Mixed races, the Americans, very mixed races” he says, “ominously.”

89 Recall here DoD objections to lines in 1955’s *Battle Cry* that contrasted U.S. bigotry with white New Zealanders’ more humane attitude towards the Maori.

90 Michener, “Until They Sail,” 285-288. Also 300, when Barbara compares Harding’s sense that Americans are superior to others to the attitudes of Adolf Hitler. Michener writes that, despite occurrences of racism, “the relationship between brown and white in New Zealand is far superior to that between black and white in America.” “New Zealand,” 247.


95 See, for example, *NYT*, June 22, 1958, X4; *Pittsburgh Courier*, August 9, 1958, 5


97 Frank Sinatra, “The Way I Look at Race (as told to Allan Morrison),” *Ebony*, July 1958, 35-44.
This public foray into the politics of ethnicity and race was not Sinatra’s first, nor would it be his last. See Leonard Mustazza, “Frank Sinatra and Civil Rights,” in Stanislao G. Pugilese, Ed., *Frank Sinatra: History, Identity, and Italian American Culture* (New York: Palgrave MacMillan, 2004), 35. In 1986, the editors of *Jet* described “The Way I Look at Race” as “the most significant stand taken by a famous white person since Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt…gave support to the cause of racial justice and equality…. ” “Relationships of Sinatra With Blacks that Book About Him Does Not Highlight,” *Jet*, October 13, 1986, 59.


Sinatra performed a special concert in Monte Carlo just before the premiere. According to biographer Will Friedwald, the concert “raised money for the United Nations refugee fund.” Friedwald, *Sinatra! The Song is You: A Singer’s Art* (New York: Scribner, 1995), 408.

The trailer puts Sinatra in a study with copies of earlier novels converted into successful films in which he starred – *From Here to Eternity* and *The Man With the Golden Arm* – an attempt to improve *Kings Go Forth* by literary association. Tom Santopietro, *Sinatra in Hollywood* (New York: St Martin’s Press, 2008), 240-241.


*Dudziak, Cold War Civil Rights*, 135.


107 Stovall points out that tales of French racelessness set in favorable comparison to U.S. racism were popular fare in France. In 1946, Richard Wright published an article describing meeting an African American soldier who plans to marry a white Frenchwoman. When Wright pointed out that living in Missouri with a white wife was unwise “from a racial point of view,” the soldier appeared confused. So taken was he by Parisian egalitarianism, Wright reported, that he had forgotten the difficulties facing such couples in the U.S. Stovall, *Paris Noir*, 139.


112 As Donald Bogle notes, the late 1950s and early 1960s witnessed a “massive resurrection” of the “tragic mulatto” character, most of whom met unhappy ends. Bogle, *Toms, Coons*, 191-193.

113 Sinatra, “The Way,” 43; emphasis in original.

114 *Kings* dilutes the passion of this interracial union. There is remnant doubt about the likelihood of marriage, which is not mentioned. The relationship between the two is desexualised: they do not even kiss upon their reunion. Sam’s amputation is a symbolic emasculation, while the presence of orphaned French children, themselves among the “dispossessed,” provides Monique and Sam with a surrogate family, removing the need for them to produce (potentially black) children of their own. The *Baltimore Afro American*, while wishing that Dorothy Dandridge or Lena Horne had played Monique, labeled the film “one of the strongest pleas for racial tolerance in Hollywood history,” noting irony “in the fact that they are supposed to be fighting for democracy, but actually harbor deep racial prejudices.” “New Interracial Film Has Sinatra, Tony Curtis Vying for Colored Girl,” *Baltimore Afro-American* December 28, 1957, 7. Baker E. Morten, “Baker’s Dozen,” *Baltimore Afro-American*, July 19, 1958, 7.

As Hollywood leftists sought to direct U.S. “overseasmanship” in narratives of international World War II romance, Kings Go Forth asserted that U.S. racism laid for the nation a diplomatic minefield whether emerging in Little Rock or on the French Riviera. A similar impulse governs the 1963 Twentieth Century Fox release Man in the Middle, an adaptation of Jewish American Howard Fast’s 1959 novel, The Winston Affair. In this film, shot in Britain and India (without DoD assistance), white supremacist ideology provokes high tension between British and U.S. forces in World War II India after a U.S. Lieutenant murders a British Sergeant for conducting sexual liaisons with Indian women. “He was defiling the white race. He wasn’t fit to live in a white man’s world,” Lt. Winston (Keegan Wynn) explains. The picture’s message is that democracy is only truly served if men as twisted and fascistic as Winston receive justice along with everyone else, and the killer is declared insane at military tribunal (and thus spared execution). This is not what British and U.S. Army brass had demanded, but the removal of the lone bigot via proper procedure is enough to restore inter-Allied harmony (as Sam’s change of heart repaired U.S.-French relations in Kings Go Forth).

Kings and Man in the Middle, released in the late-1950s and early-1960s respectively, mark the return of images of U.S. prejudice disrupting the progression of a democratic war and tarnishing the nation’s global image. While narratives of racial conflict in a World War II framework had, as we have seen, been excised (or at least severely diluted) for much of the fifties, Kings heralded a coming shift, as progressive filmmakers returned to the war in order to expose the ironies of racial injustice in a
conflict (and nation) supposedly dedicated to freedom. Admittedly, both films end in familiar fashion, with the ruptures of racism ejected (Britt Harris is killed in combat while Lt. Winston is institutionalized), yet Winston’s exit, with the Lieutenant still screaming frenzied accusations of interracial intermingling (one of the judges, he alleges, has a sister who married a Filipino), does little to suggest the neat resolution of problems of race and racism with which so many films (perhaps including *Kings*) had been wrapped up. Narratives problematizing the war and race gained momentum in the 1960s, as the decline of assimilationist ideology among nonwhite Americans and the reconceptualization of national military history imposed by conflict in Vietnam destabilized and undermined previously dominant representations of the Second World War. Through the late-1960s and into the early 1970s, World War II became more often a vehicle for the expression of racialized dissent, even for the outright rejection of militarized assimilationist paradigms.

This chapter explores the film industry’s representations of race and the Second World War in the 1960s and early 1970s through images of the two U.S. racial constituencies most obviously excluded from the wartime imagined community: African Americans, subject to Jim Crow segregation in civilian and military life, and Japanese Americans, subjects of naturalization prohibitions and mass incarceration. War in Vietnam undoubtedly did much to debilitate the U.S. military image, but even before the Indochinese “quagmire” made its cultural impact, the narrative arc of World War II as beacon of national virtue and ethnic cohesion was, in light of an increasingly conflicted landscape of race and memory, already beginning to exhibit structural weakness. Beginning in the early-‘60s and through the early-‘70s, the nonwhite soldier and the trope
of multiracial service became no longer an affirmation of democracy and equality, but instead a point from which subversion of the World War II film could unfold. As James Baldwin put it in 1962, unequal treatment during the Second World War constituted “a turning point in the Negro’s relation to America,” but not, as Hollywood had previously insisted, a turning point towards the inevitable realization of equal citizenship. Instead, the war appeared to Baldwin a moment at which assimilationist desires suffered a hammer blow. Unequal treatment during (and after) a war ostensibly fought for democracy, Baldwin stated, shaped a historical juncture at which, for black America, “a certain hope died, a certain respect for white Americans faded.”

The African American World War II G.I. remained (if not wholly ignored) a peripheral figure in Hollywood cinema. By the 1960s, though, progressive filmmakers were starting to depict blackness in the World War II era (either in home front dramas or combat films) in order to represent race as yet unresolved terrain. Hollywood remained closed to black filmmakers, and for that reason I concentrate, with one exception, upon the work of white liberals. Returning to Home of the Brave producer Stanley Kramer and his 1962 film Pressure Point, I explore the resurfacing of a figure largely lost in the filmscape of the 1950s: the wartime white supremacist. I then consider a number of military pictures shaped by the context of war in Vietnam and the rise of cultural nationalisms at home. These films evince the radicalization of the World War II film through discordant echoes of visual and narrative staples from the combat genre. I read the 1967 film Story of a Three-Day Pass in dialogue with Darryl Zanuck’s DoD-supported D-Day epic, The Longest Day (1962), revealing how director Melvin Van
Peebles’ ironically mirrors the earlier film in order to question the supposedly democratic legacy of the war.

Van Peebles’ is the only black-directed military film of the period, but it shares affinity with two works spearheaded by white liberals. The racial politics of Robert Aldrich’s *The Dirty Dozen* (1967), I argue, represent a self-conscious rejection of earlier films (such as the emblematic 1943 combat picture *Bataan*), which hung their affirmation of Americanism on the democratic connotations of the colorblind, multiracial platoon. A similar subversive inclination characterizes the work of Jewish television producer Aaron Spelling. Despite his reputation as a manufacturer of “schlock,” Spelling looked on occasion to address social issues in his programming, and his 1970 made-for-television film, *Carter’s Army*, was the first feature-length production to center on a collection of black G.I.s in a World War II setting since 1952’s *Red Ball Express*. Unlike the earlier film, however, which encapsulated an assimilationist era, *Carter’s Army* concludes in ambiguity, twisting generic convention and thus challenging the construction of World War II as a curative moment of interracial unification.

Images of racial healing enacted through the war remained across the postwar timeframe more easily attached to Japanese than black Americans. Coded as a “model minority” whose history, a brief explosion of wartime “hysteria” aside, verified the white nation’s ethnoracial capaciousness, Japanese American assimilation and the complementary reform of white bigotry (achieved principally through Nisei military service) was central to Hollywood’s and the nation-state’s Cold War alliance, as DoD-supported films such as *Go For Broke!* and *Hell to Eternity* illustrate. But, during the late-1960s and after, Japanese Americans, influenced by emerging patterns of black
dissent and the rise of ethnoracial nationalisms, developed a new politicization alongside a sense that Japanese (and Asian) American history and citizenship could not be understood without reviewing the war years with a more critical perspective. Again, films reflecting the rising sensibility of dissent and disillusionment emerged, if less frequently than those dealing with black Americans, in spite of ethnic insiders’ lack of image-making power. I focus here on the first (perhaps only) example relevant to Japanese American history, 1971’s If Tomorrow Comes. Made for ABC, like Carter’s Army, by Aaron Spelling, the film, which premiered on December 7, 1971, recasts memory of Pearl Harbor and the war’s onset, historicizing white prejudice more deeply than had earlier films and arresting the staple element of Nisei heroism producing interracial resolution by having the vitriolic white reaction to Pearl Harbor drive its Japanese American protagonist to suicide rather than military service.

To bring together this set of films, each in some way challenging an aspect of dominant racialized World War II remembrance, is not to contend that Hollywood ceased to produce triumphalistic representations of the war during the sixties. Indeed, amid the dislocations of the Vietnam era, the earlier conflict offered the potential reassurance of recalling a righteous past (World War II was, as Christina Jarvis argues, subjected to “Vietnamization,” but not before attempts were made to overlay World War II frameworks on the new war). Produced with extensive DoD cooperation, John Wayne’s The Green Berets (1968), Hollywood’s first engagement with the Vietnam War, attempted to garner support for the nation’s expanding military commitment by superimposing a World War II template (U.S. forces as benevolent liberators of peoples
oppressed by totalitarianism) on the conflict in Indochina, however transparently awkward the fit.\footnote{8}

Nonetheless, from the late-1950s onwards, and accelerating through the 1960s, developments in Hollywood and Washington opened up space for progressive critique. Reform of the Production Code, the demise of prohibitions against leftist filmmakers, and the emergence of détente with the Soviet Union were each important in attenuating the control exerted by conservatives over images of the nation at war. HUAC’s power was much depleted, and student protestors and ex-Presidents alike assailed the committee. In 1959, for instance, Harry Truman labeled HUAC the “most un-American thing in the country today.”\footnote{9} At the FBI, Hoover remained a fervent anti-leftist, but in 1958 the agency aborted its fifteen-year investigation of the film industry, the end of COMPIC encapsulating the passing of a censorial age.

After the FBI ceased its often racialized scrutiny of Hollywood, it opened in 1960 an investigation into civil rights activists and radicals.\footnote{10} In part, this grew from Hoover’s and the Bureau’s ingrained prejudice, but it also responded to the radicalization of racial politics. As Nikhil Singh argues, World War II had initially “solidified the idea that the incorporation of immigrant difference was the template for solving the problem of national minorities in general and racial minorities in particular.”\footnote{11} Yet the “ambiguous triumph” of integrationism across two postwar decades left many black Americans (and other nonwhites) skeptical of the capacity and willingness of U.S. whites to cede their hegemonic positionality to a colorblind democracy.\footnote{12} As the war grew a more distant memory and racial violence and systemic inequity persisted, the ideological claims of 1950s cinema – that the conflict and the cohering multiracial service it inspired put paid
to race as a determining factor in American life – became less and less tenable.¹³ On June 12, 1963, the same evening that John F. Kennedy made his televised call for civil rights reform, the murder in Mississippi of World War II veteran and NAACP official Medgar Evers by Byron De La Beckwith, a Klansman, leader of the White Citizens’ Councils, and former World War II Marine, offered gruesome confirmation of divisions that no form of military service could bridge.¹⁴

By July 1963, even Ebony, so patient an advocate of gradualism in the 1950s, was adopting a more confrontational posture. Editor Lerone Bennett Jr. described “massive disaffection and a growing ‘mood for blackness’” arising from the feeling that hard-won victories of the previous decade had exposed the essentially empty promise of equality. “Every advance revealed a new wall,” Bennett wrote, “Every step forward revealed unbearably the precise nature of the American racial system: naked and violent power organized in the defense of special privilege.”¹⁵ Many blacks now saw integration as either impossible or flatly undesirable. “Negroes are tired of the gradualism which was too often an apology for weak action or mere acceptance of the status quo,” said Henry Steeger of the National Urban League, “Our duty is to let people know that the Negro now is a fighting man, willing to stand up for what he believes with dignity and courage.”¹⁶ In Bennett’s view, the roots of this belligerence lay twenty years earlier, in World War II and the subsequent betrayal of the black “fighting man.” “The shift in the attitudes of American Negroes is a direct result of the root-shaking dislocations of World War II,” he claimed. “After World War II, which was fought to free the world of racism, Negro and white Americans faced each other over a new set of relationships.”¹⁷ Memory of the war as foremost an anti-racist cause let down by the course of postwar history thus
catalyzed protest, constructing continuing inequity as an ongoing deferral of the conflict’s rightful legacy for black Americans. After the war, wrote black veteran William Gardner Smith in 1970, U.S. blacks realized “Their relations with their white countrymen had not changed.”

By this time, progressive Hollywood was already looking back on World War II and its unrealized democratic bequest as a means to expose rather than heal the nation’s racially-fraught history. Stanley Kramer had broken new ground with *Home of the Brave* in 1949, and, as the blacklist faded, continued to advance liberal anti-racism in films such as *The Defiant Ones* (1958) and *Judgment at Nuremberg* (1961). In the latter, set during the war crimes trials of 1945-1946, Nazi attitudes are pointedly juxtaposed to U.S. racial codes. One witness points out that Hitler introduced Germany’s first legalized concepts of race (in contrast to the long history of U.S. racial codifications), while references to the Nazi ban on interracial sex reminded audiences that “intermarriage” remained prohibited in nineteen American states.

This theme persisted in 1962’s *Pressure Point*, a taut psychological drama in which Kramer returned to issues of race, national identity, and the war. Produced independently, as were all Kramer’s projects, the picture is based on Jewish psychiatrist Robert Lindner’s wartime therapy sessions with “Anton,” a fascist sympathizer and leading member of the German-American Bund. Kramer, “trying to push forward the barriers to the categories of roles for black actors” (and no doubt recalling the success of *Home*), shifted the psychiatrist’s identity from Jewish to black, casting Sidney Poitier in the part. Kramer remained a believer in integration, but his confidence in the inevitability of such had clearly attenuated since 1949. While *Pressure Point* rejects
separatisms both white and black, alterations to Lindner’s account deny the Patient redemptive reconciliation with the nation, and the opening and closing scenes, set contemporaneously in 1962, figure racial enmity as very much a facet of the U.S. present. The wartime conflict of white and black with which the film is concerned is, then, not a democratizing cure-all, but a site of confrontation still pertinent twenty years later.

The story describes a 1942 encounter in a federal prison between Anton, now redrawn as a symbolically nameless “Patient” (Bobby Darin), and Poitier’s equally anonymous black psychiatrist. The Patient, Darin said in an interview with Ebony, “is probably the most despicable [character] since the landlord in Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” and his role in Pressure Point signals the outspoken return to U.S. cinema of the wartime white supremacist. Kramer was in the process of scripting his comedy, It’s a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963), so Hubert Cornfield, who wrote the screen treatment of Pressure Point, also took charge of direction, applying a degree of visual inventiveness not usually evident in Kramer’s films. Nonetheless, Pressure Point retains the feel of a Kramer picture, particularly in its tight framing and cramped institutional sets (hospitals and prisons), which trap together Americans white and black.

Opening in a psychiatric hospital in 1962, the film quickly establishes a fractious contemporary racial dynamic. Poitier’s Doctor, head of the institute in question, counsels a white colleague (Peter Falk) who is ready to give up on an adolescent black patient after months of unsuccessful therapy. The youth’s mother was a sex worker, and his father murdered one of her white clients before being killed by whites in retaliation. Falk’s doctor is powerless in the face of “how deeply he [the black youth] hates,” and wishes to
retreat into a defeated separatism of his own. Only a black psychiatrist would stand any chance of success, he protests.

The Doctor (Poitier) is unimpressed, however, and his colleague’s despair prompts the film’s major narrative portion, recounted in flashback as the black therapist recalls a similar experience with racial antipathy in wartime. As we return with the Doctor’s memories to 1942, the Patient (Darin), a paranoid white supremacist suffering from anxiety and night terrors, is in jail for seditious activities, and, in session with the black doctor, wastes little time in establishing his venomous Nazism. “Now the Jews put that cripple in the White House,” he says, noting a picture of FDR on the office wall, “you people think you got it made.” Telling the Doctor to “Go back to Africa,” the Patient outlines his plan to unite “white Christian America” as Hitler united Germany, behind an anti-Semitic, anti-black political platform.

Connecting the Patient’s intractable separatism to that of the black youth in 1962, the opening flashback cautions against the potential return of U.S. fascism and the advance of black separatism. This plotline was an addition to Lindner’s account, Cornfield and Kramer advancing what Stuart Svonkin calls the “unitary concept of prejudice” more common to early postwar liberal cinema.23 As the Doctor recounts the Patient’s life, Pressure Point implies that the origins of every prejudice must lie in forerunning forms of ethnocentrism. While the Patient’s neuroses derive from hatred for his abusive father and his clinging mother, it becomes clear that what tipped him towards active fascist agitation was his rejection by the Jewish family of a girl with whom he fell in love. Critics have objected to the way in which the opening device connects contemporary black animosity for whites with the historical abhorrence of fascists for
African Americans and Jews. Poitier biographer Aram Goudsouzian argues that the scene concerning the black youth, tied to the Patient via the flashback device, “likens…white fascists of the 1930s to black extremists of the early 1960s.”

Yet, one might locate in the juxtaposition of separatisms a suggestion that the roots of black disaffection lie with the racial doctrines expressed by the Patient (and still prevalent in U.S. society). The black youth’s story reflects continuing white economic, sexual, and physical dominance, while the Patient’s embrace of Hitlerian ideology and his anti-black as well as anti-Semitic attitudes present Nazism and Jim Crow as two sides of the same coin. Eventually, the discussions of race between Doctor and Patient produce a blunt indictment of U.S. history. It is the fascist, though, who most articulately debunks the promise of integration and equality for nonwhites and non-Christians. Following the Patient’s excited account of the pre-war Bund’s rise in popular membership, which includes uniformed U.S. Nazis singing the “Star Spangled Banner” and culminates in footage of a rally 18,000-strong, the Doctor flatly rejects the Patient’s worldview: “Everything you’re fighting for is founded on a lie,” he admonishes.

The Patient’s retort provides an extraordinary moment in Hollywood history: “Tell me something,” he says, “where you gonna find a bigger lie than the one this country’s founded on?”

‘All men are created equal.’ Everything this country’s supposed to live by, right? You personally: as far as you’re concerned, Joe Miller could’ve written the Bill of Rights….What can you do? Can you walk on a bus or a streetcar or a train and sit down with a little dignity like a free human being, like a free man? You wanna go see a movie can you walk in just any theatre…? You’re a Negro with some
brains; you could use a little education. Can you go to the school where you get it best? Maybe you see a house you like and you’ve even got the money to buy it. Can you live there, huh? You live in the ghetto, North, East, South or West you live where they let you live, in Harlem, U.S.A. Now, maybe you’re good at some job, can you go to work where you can make something out of it? Can you do any of those things, doctor? And how about your kids, are you kids gonna do any of those things?”

The Doctor’s reply, a simple “maybe,” merely spurs the Patient on:

Maybe, huh? Sure they will, oh yeah. In about fifty-five hundred years. Have they got you so beat doctor that you don’t know when somebody’s making sense? Why you’d have been in Madison Square Garden if it wasn’t for the fact that you’re black. And you hypnotize me, huh? They got you hypnotized. They got you so mixed up you’re singing ‘My country tis of thee’ while they walk all over you.

Because the speech is made by the white supremacist (rather than the black American), Goudszouian feels that it testifies to progressives’ still timorous approach to race. “It is a comment on the limits of Hollywood liberalism,” he writes, “that the most scathing indictment of American racism in the film – in the entire body of Sidney Poitier films – comes from the mouth of a crazed, despicable Nazi sympathizer.”25 The doctor’s reaction to the speech is one of assimilationist horror, as the potential destructiveness of separatist attitudes like the Patient’s – attitudes increasingly shared by black Americans in 1962 – are presented with terrifying veracity. Giving these lines to the Nazi does, of course, undermine all separatisms via association with violence and zealotry (re-forging the
connection with which the narrative began), even psychosis. But, despite Goudsouzian’s misgivings, the truths contained in the statement could not fail to resonate with audiences, and neither could the suggestion that such restrictions as the Patient outlined still applied in many areas of U.S. society.

Importantly, *Pressure Point* does not delimit wartime racism to the overtly bigoted Patient, as the Doctor recalls that in 1942 he also faced prejudicial judgment from his ostensibly liberal white employers. After the Doctor has extricated the Patient from the Oedipal mess of his psyche, ending his nightmares and panic attacks, the Patient assumes the role of model prisoner, convincing the prison’s white staff that he is no longer dangerous. The white psychiatrists wish to grant parole, a decision that the Doctor, aware of the Patient’s still fervently fascist outlook, is alone in disputing. The Chief Medical Officer (CMO) cannot see beyond the Doctor’s race as easily as he sees beyond the Patient’s racism, however, and is convinced that personal investment in the case is clouding the Doctor’s judgment. When the CMO tells him to “take it easy,” the Doctor retorts: “that’s what they did in Germany, they took it easy.” Racism, the Doctor insists, is not as easily “cured” as the white psychiatrists seem to think.

Parole is awarded nonetheless, and the Doctor quits in response to the lack of faith shown in him. On his way to freedom, the Patient stops by to goad the Doctor a final time. Who did the white authorities believe, he crows, “The big black boy who’s supposed to be running this place, or the white Christian American?” But just as it appears that extremism will win out, the Doctor provides an impassioned counterpoint to the Patient’s earlier speech, determinedly rejecting the claim that blackness and Americanism are incommensurate.
This is my country; this is where I’ve done what I’ve done, and if there were a million cruds like you, all sick like you are sick, all shouting down ‘destroy, degrade,’ and if there were twenty million more sick enough to listen to them you are still gonna lose. You’re gonna lose, mister, because there is something in this country, something so big, so strong, that you don’t even know. Something big enough to take it from people like you and come back and nail you into the ground. You’re walking out of here, you’re going nowhere.

The Patient’s grin fades at the Doctor’s defiant faith in the nation, and, as the narrative returns to 1962, it is plain that it is not blackness or integrationism but white supremacy and racial separatism that are irreconcilable with Americanism. In Lindner’s account, Anton is redeemed somewhat by his later death serving with the U.S. Army: “Two years later I learned he had been killed in action during the recovery of the Philippines,” the psychiatrist reports.26 *Pressure Point,* however, permits no such return to national belonging for the U.S. fascist. The Doctor reports instead that the Patient was hanged in the early 1950s for the apparently motiveless murder of an old man. “The character that I play is a hate-monger and sadist to the last,” said Darin, and the absence of reform to which this points is key to the film’s conclusion.27

Ultimately, Kramer’s liberal integrationism wins out, affirming the Doctor’s faith in the U.S. as to a significant degree well-founded. His professional success (he is now the institutional head, with whites working under him) in the past two decades disproves the Patient’s arguments on the permanent exclusion of black Americans, while fascism has clearly failed to attain a political stranglehold over U.S. whites. Yet, at the same time, the opening plotline of the black youth still suffering poverty and violence in 1962
refuses any inference that racial inequity is no longer a pressing issue. Instead, *Pressure Point*’s U.S. Nazi shapes Hollywood’s first caution against domestic fascism since the early postwar years. “The way I see it,” Darin commented, “*Pressure Point* says, in the final analysis, ‘Do not fall asleep to the hazards of fascism that have occurred not once, but twice in this century.’” Indeed, with membership of white supremacist groups like the John Birch Society reaching 5-7 million by mid-decade, the warning spoke directly to the splintering racial politics of the day.  

*Pressure Point* was well-received by the black press and African American critics. The film provided, Albert Johnson felt, “the most outspoken cinematic presentation of racial feelings, openly spoken about between a white and a Negro character” in Hollywood history. Assessing audience responses, Johnson found both African Americans and whites moved by the debate raging on screen. Darin’s speech, he said, solicited “loud laughter and applause” from black audiences, who evidently appreciated the sentiments if not the orator. Whites, in distinction, greeted the Doctor’s defense of the national spirit “with deafening applause,” while black theatergoers remained “contemplative, tensely moved, and silent.”

Elsewhere, both the *Chicago Defender* and *Pittsburgh Courier* were encouraged that a role initially written for a white actor had been revised to feature Poitier and an intelligent discussion of race in the U.S. With opportunities for black performers and producers still thinly spread, Malcolm Boyd of the *Courier* saw *Pressure Point* as a bright spot in what remained a “white man’s world.” Film industry exclusivity marked another arena in which postwar reformist hopes had been largely dashed – in 1963, the *New York Times*, borrowing the ambiguous phrasing of the Supreme Court’s 1954 *Brown
decision, suggested that Hollywood was integrating with “all deliberate speed” – and that same year the NAACP began a campaign to improve the lot of black workers and performers, threatening protests and boycotts of companies slow to change. Hollywood was guilty of turning black Americans into “the invisible man,” said NAACP Labor Secretary Herbert Hill, and, joined by prominent industry liberals including Burt Lancaster, Marlon Brando, and Paul Newman, the organization extracted from studios and unions an admission of guilt and an agreement to initiate reform. The mid-1960s saw a slow stream of sympathetic social dramas, films such as *Black Like Me* (1964) and *Nothing But a Man* (1964) reshaping to some extent the black image on screen.

*Pressure Point* brought ambiguous images of World War II to bear on 1960s culture, but retained with Kramer a faith in integrationism. Some black observers were less convinced, however, and by mid-decade African American memory of the war often served as a point of origin for radicalizing political sensibilities. Black Nationalist spokespersons, regarding World War II as another chapter in a long history of exclusion, rejected outright the trope of military assimilation so often proffered by Hollywood. Revolutionary hero Crispus Attucks, Stokely Carmichael told a Seattle crowd in 1967, “was a fool! He should’ve been fighting white folk instead of dying for white folk!” Attucks’ unrewarded sacrifice and patriotic misidentification were unchanging facets of U.S. society, Carmichael insisted. “So here come World War II, and we gonna fight! We gonna prove how good we are! Let us fight on the front lines! Let us stop the war! We must fight! We’re good Americans! Let us fight in Poland to stop Hitler! And our fathers gave their lives in Poland to stop Hitler from running over the Poles, and in 1966 a Polish honky in Chicago gonna throw a rock at us and tell us to get out his neighborhood.”
1968, leading Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver identified a crisis of white identity stemming from the demythologization of white heroes. “The Negro revolution at home and national liberation movements abroad have unceremoniously shattered the world of fantasy in which the whites have been living,” he argued. For the young white American, Cleaver stated, “There seems to be no end to the ghastly deeds of which his people are guilty. GUILTY. The slaughter of the Jews by the Germans, the dropping of atomic bombs on the Japanese people – these deeds weigh heavily on the prostrate souls and tumultuous consciences of the white youth. The white heroes, their hands dripping with blood, are dead,” Cleaver declared.37

War in Vietnam sharpened separatist sensibilities. Influenced, as were many, by the ideas of Frantz Fanon, Cleaver considered segregationism and support for the war as derivations of the same impulse to defend white hegemony. War in Asia thus revealed not a reversal in U.S. history, but merely the predictable continuation of white supremacist policy. As political supporters of Jim Crow – including South Carolina’s Strom Thurmond – railed against the anti-war movement and the cause of racial equality, Cleaver suggested they were “fighting the same war” having “retreated to different terrain.”38 Black overrepresentation in U.S. military forces in Vietnam, he added, exposed an effort to undermine international anti-racism/anti-imperialism by framing African Americans as oppressors of other peoples of color. “Black Americans are considered to be the world’s biggest fools to go to another country to fight for something they don’t have for themselves,” he added.39

As they had been during the Korean War, African Americans were drafted in numbers disproportionate to their share of the U.S. population, and were more likely to
be assigned to combat duty (the same was true of Latinos).\textsuperscript{40} Moreover, the first war since the Revolution to deploy fully integrated U.S. forces damaged the image of frictionless interracial camaraderie pursued by the DoD and, to a great extent, bolstered by Hollywood since the late-1940s. Facing widespread bigotry from white troops, and more often subjected to military justice than were their white counterparts, black G.I.s’ grievances frequently went unheard or ignored by a military hierarchy reluctant to acknowledge racial tensions. In response, black troops shaped collective unity through the articulation of racial pride and by “display[ing] the symbols of this new culture, such as slave bracelets, black-power canes, and black-power flags.”\textsuperscript{41} The violence following Martin Luther King’s April 1968 assassination swept through military installations in Vietnam as well as over 100 U.S. cities, and while comparative calm was reinstated by 1969, what James Westheider calls the military’s “glowing reputation as the most racially advanced institution in America” had suffered lasting injury. “It now appeared,” Westheider writes, “that African Americans no longer viewed military service as an honorable obligation owed to one’s country or as a route to social and economic advancement.” Belying the treasured idea of shared combat experience as the maker of colorblind military subjects, interracial violence was in fact most prevalent within combat units.\textsuperscript{42}

As war in Vietnam strained black Americans’ relationship to the military, the DoD’s relationship to Hollywood also underwent severe revision. With the exception of \textit{Green Berets}, Hollywood filmmakers steered clear of the Vietnam War while it was ongoing, but the racial fault lines accentuated in Indochina nonetheless crept into movie theaters through subversive reconstructions of the World War II combat genre.\textsuperscript{43} The
comfort blanket offered by colorblind representations of World War II had (as *Pressure Point* and *Man in the Middle* show) begun to fray in the early 1960s, coinciding with (and exacerbated by) an increasingly tense relationship between Hollywood and the DoD’s Office of Public Affairs. In the 1960s, younger executives displaced studio heads and production chiefs possessed of long relationships with the DoD (and thus intimate knowledge of its procedures). The business conglomerates and bankers who bought up major studios between 1966 and 1973 had little historical connection to the U.S. armed forces, further diminishing any incentive to make military pictures. War film production in the 1960s and 1970s fell dramatically from 1950s levels.

Furthermore, Hollywood filmmakers met with increasingly prohibitive scrutiny from Washington. The sheer volume of Army resources devoted to *The Longest Day* (1962), alongside Darryl Zanuck’s scant regard for the DoD’s production wishes, provoked public disapproval from congressmen who considered commercial filmmaking a misappropriation of federal resources. The death of a sailor in an explosives accident on location with Gold Coast Productions’ Pacific war film *No Man is an Island* (also 1962) invited the further disapprobation of elected officials, some of whom demanded from Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara an accounting for the prolific record of DoD collaboration with Hollywood. “I do not approve of the military furnishing men and equipment to commercial movies which inure to the advantage of the movie industry,” Democratic Senator Howard W. Cannon of Nevada told reporters.

The DoD countered by imposing stringent demands on Hollywood, fresh guidelines composed by the newly-appointed Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, Arthur Sylvester, coming into effect in 1964. Producers were now required to
furnish details regarding when, where, and for how long specific DoD resources would be put to use. The Pentagon, said Sylvester, would henceforth accept “less ordering stuff all around and more precise definition beforehand of what cooperation was to involve.” Coupled with war films’ decreasing popular appeal, the new regulations were sufficient to dissuade many filmmakers from approaching the U.S. military. Lawrence Suid reports that “John Horton, who had arranged cooperation between Hollywood and the Pentagon for almost twenty years, specifically attributed the decline in films about military subjects to Sylvester’s 1964 regulations.”

To be sure, the DoD never possessed unchecked power to shape images of the U.S. at war, but it had often wielded equipment, men, advice, and locations to its representational advantage. After Sylvester’s revamp of the DoD guidelines, though, many filmmakers, increasingly working as independents outside the studio system (if still reliant on studio distribution channels), chose to sidestep the DoD, shooting in nations where equipment could be acquired without imposition of artistic or ideological conditions. The new guidelines (and often more critical nature of the material) prompted outright rejections from the military hierarchy at an unprecedented rate, and even when the DoD did provide assistance, it sometimes had to bend its wishes to filmmakers less hampered by studio-imposed strictures. The DoD continued to help produce films throughout the Vietnam period, but these, following the commercial success of The Longest Day, tended to be “bloated epics,” part of what James Chapman calls a “shift towards spectacle on a massive scale” in war film production. More concerned with visually-spectacular and putatively authentic reconstructions of famous
battles than with engaging the politics of the war, these films remained, almost without exception, entirely white.

In the thinning stream of combat films produced with DoD cooperation during the early-to-mid 1960s, black G.I.s remained peripheral, leaving *Ebony* to feed once more on scraps. Such was the case with former Olympian Rafer Johnson’s role as a black Marine in a small, “non-racial feature part” in Frank Sinatra’s Pacific war film, *None But the Brave* (1965), which received limited Marine Corps help.\(^5\) It was outside both DoD influence and U.S. borders that the black soldier featured most regularly in narratives seeking to debilitate cinematic staples of unifying multiracial national service. In 1963, for example, formerly blacklisted progressive Carl Foreman, writer-director-producer of *The Victors* (shot in Europe without DoD assistance), included a vignette in which white servicemen attack two black G.I.s in an Italian bar. “Coon hunting tonight! Any niggers in here?” declares the ringleader, his menace captured in a low-angle shot. “Two real pretty ones,” replies a fellow thug, a line Foreman punctuates with a U.S. flag on the wall behind. To the dismay of Italian onlookers, who mistakenly consider all Americans “the same peoples,” the whites administer a savage beating to their black compatriots while other white servicemen look on. Eventually, MPs arrive, dragging away the black victims while the whites flee unmolested: justice in a Jim Crow army. Capturing the bitter tone of the entire picture, the hit wartime song, “Remember Pearl Harbor,” plays in the background, doling out hollow pieties of historical unity and national pride. The scene had no part in Alexander Baron’s novel *The Human Kind*, on which Foreman based his screenplay, and the introduction of racial violence was important to the leftist director’s
effort to capsize patriotic myths (I discuss The Victors at greater length in the following chapter). 52

A similar impulse is evident in the first African American-directed feature film since Spencer Williams’ Marching On (1943) to represent the black G.I. In 1967, Melvin Van Peebles, an Air Force veteran, released Story of a Three-Day Pass, which he had shot in France courtesy of a $200,000 grant from the French Office de Production d’Edition et de Realisation. 53 Born in Chicago in 1932, Van Peebles had, in the late-1950s, abandoned Hollywood (where he was advised that taking up tap dancing would improve his prospects) for the greater opportunity available in Europe. “I want to get the man’s foot out of our backsides,” he said, and he worked hard to meet French requirements for directorial rights and state support so that he could make Three-Day Pass. 54 Returning to the U.S. in November 1967 as part of France’s delegation to the San Francisco Film Festival, Van Peebles had directed, edited, and scored Three-Day Pass, as well as written (in French) La Permission, the novel on which it was based. 55 Compounding the point made by the exile’s success beyond national borders, the narrative and formal elements of Three-Day Pass play with Hollywood conventions, asserting that the equalitarian promises of World War II (and war films) remained unrealized. Three Day Pass at once exposes continuing restrictions on black troops and challenges earlier cinematic renderings of World War II.

The film opens by expressing the splintering of black subjectivity through service in a white-dominated institution. Turner (played by Guyanese actor Harry Baird) is an African American Corporal serving as an orderly in postwar France. In the first scene, Turner regards himself in the bathroom mirror, wondering aloud whether his white
Captain will grant him the promotion for which he is hoping. At this, the screen divides into two images of Turner – the reflection occupying the left hand side. The mirrored image does not follow Turner’s movements, instead addressing him as one side of his conflicted double consciousness. Turner reassures himself that someone must be promoted, so “why not me?” but the mirror offers a differing view. If Turner does advance, his double contends, it will only be “because you are the Captain’s new good colored boy. You are the Captain’s Uncle Tom, baby.” Exactly what this entails is soon explicated, as Captain Lutz (Hal Brav), berating the camera in intimidating fashion, addresses Turner on his philosophy of command. In order to be trusted, the officer lectures, the soldier must adhere to his prescribed place in both civilian and military realms.

“What happens to you boys over here? You seem to go wild or something,” the Captain says, introducing his racial paranoia as the camera adopts the subjective positionality of the powerless black protagonist. Turner is promoted to Sergeant and Assistant Orderly, but the Captain adds that advancement hinges upon Turner’s ability not to “go wild” in Paris on the three-day liberty granted him before his new duties commence. That avoiding the company of white women is chief among the requirements is heavily implied in the Captain’s parting caution: “If I can’t trust you, boy, and you know what I mean by trust, don’t you, I’ll bust you.” Turner’s progress, then, depends on acquiescence to white power structures.

After an initially lonely Friday in Paris, Turner meets Miriam, a French shop assistant. The two hit it off, arranging to visit the Normandy coast the next day. Turner’s separatist mirror image cautions him that the white woman will not come, but she does,
apparently unrestrained by racial prohibitions. There is a hint here of the resurfacing myth of colorblind France so pivotal to *Kings Go Forth*, as, unlike Turner and his Captain, Miriam does not understand what being a “good negro” entails (it means, Turner explains, being “too frightened to go after the white girl”). Turner reacts angrily when a barroom singer calls him “Senor Negrito,” but Miriam explains that being called black is not an insult in French society. Their subsequent physical intimacy is handled with comedic tension as an event that Turner does not know how to approach. The awkwardness uncovers differences of perspective between white and black, and is accentuated by intercutting images of the two prospective lovers’ fantasies. In Turner’s mind, he becomes an aristocratic dandy mounted on a horse; in Miriam’s, she is forcibly taken by a group of African “savages.” These visions do not inspire confidence, and neither do the sharp, disjunctive cuts to images of Southern U.S. protestors that interrupt the love scene. Jim Crow proscriptions await the chance to discipline Turner for his racial indiscretion.

The film’s temporal setting is contemporaneous with its release, and while World War II is not directly referenced, it lurks nonetheless as historical memory contained in the French landscape. Turner travels with Miriam to Normandy, its beaches by now firmly enshrined in U.S. memory as “a synecdoche for the Allied victory, for the triumph of democracy over totalitarianism….” The status of D-Day was more elevated in the U.S. than in other Allied nations, Marianna Torgovnik argues, emerging as the preeminent symbol of national glory: “Britain has its Blitz; the French have the Resistance….The United States has Normandy and the D-Day beaches,” she writes. D-Day assault forces were not integrated, of course, and historical exclusions were later replicated in cinema,
so that D-Day remembrance was a venue in which white American heroism was the sole subject of valorization. During production of *The Longest Day*, for instance, the Marines provided integrated forces to restage D-Day, prompting associate producer Elmo Williams to “instruct… the cameramen to avoid capturing a black face if at all possible.” None appear in the final cut.

In *Three-Day Pass*, there is at last a cinematic black presence on the Normandy beaches, but Turner remains in this landmark of historical U.S. power subject to undemocratic restrictions. “If my Captain could see me now,” he laughs, happy in his transgression, while the couple lay on the shoreline. As the coastal Normandy locale summons memory of the war, the camera looks out across the channel, reproducing (minus the upturned helmet at left) the final frames of *The Longest Day*, with Turner’s gaze substituting for the white gaze of Zanuck’s film. This device, I suggest, interrupts D-Day’s status as a synecdoche “for the triumph of democracy over totalitarianism,” Van Peebles using the iconic setting as the stage for an oppressive encounter between Turner and postwar U.S. whiteness.

At this juncture, after Miriam goes to buy ice cream, Turner is accosted by three white G.I.s who share with the Army hierarchy a less than democratic attitude to race. As the whites drive toward the beach, quick intercutting builds visual and narrative tension between romantic scenes on the beach and the impending collision, while the whites’ enthusiastic version of “Roll Me Over in the Clover” (a popular tune that William Bradford Huie called “the American theme song of World War II”) is as evocative of U.S. wartime memories as are the Normandy hedgerows along which they drive. Initially, the G.I.s are friendly, congratulating Turner on his promotion. Once Miriam
returns, however, and the whites realize that she and Turner are on intimate terms, their demeanor alters, the prohibitive power they seek to exert reproduced in a high angle shot looking over the whites’ shoulders down to the crowded and intimidated couple. The next shot moves behind the lovers, looking out to sea once more, except that the three white G.I.s, adopting now an aggressive posture, block the view across the channel just as they block realization of the war’s democratic promises (their journey from Paris to Normandy also reverses the accepted trajectory of D-Day freedoms). “We’ll let you get back to your thing, but we’ll tell everybody we saw you…” one says, his threat implicit. “I guess I just lost my promotion,” Turner concedes, “They’ll tell the captain they saw me with you.” Once their antagonists depart, Turner and Miriam lie, like defeated soldiers, on the stony beach. There are no invasion forces to dispel this triumph of racist ideology, though, and Turner now faces combat of a differing kind.

Learning of Turner’s dalliance, Captain Lutz immediately strips him of his promotion. “What would you do on the battlefield?” Lutz asks, as if such an experiment had never been tried, “You have to learn a lesson, all of you.” Turner is confined to barracks and given the role of chaperoning a visiting group of African American Methodists, the Captain insisting that they be guided by “one of their own.” The kindly Methodists negotiate in Turner’s behalf, and the Captain eventually allows him off base, where he is at last able to call Miriam. Yet, despite earlier professions of love and a vow to wait for Turner, Miriam is out with another man. Black subjectivity, Van Peebles implies, cannot cohere within the racist structures of the armed services or in entanglement with fickle white womanhood. Even a colorblind Frenchwoman is
ultimately unworthy of trust. Fundamentally, World War II’s, and in particular D-Day’s, legacy of liberation has missed the black G.I. out.

Finding U.S. distribution through Filmways, *Three Day Pass* and its auteur gained popularity among black audiences. Van Peebles appeared on TV’s *Black Journal* in 1968, and *Three Day Pass* continued to circulate, appearing in 1974 on the program of the Pittsburgh Black Film Festival.61 Van Peebles, who went on to produce films pivotal to the expressly politicized early days of the “blaxploitation” genre, became, Donald Bogle writes, “something of a folk hero for the black community,” but his story and his film remained exceptional in both origin and perspective. Almost thirty years would pass before another black director took charge of the image of an African American G.I.62

While Van Peebles’ had to exit the confines of the U.S. film industry in order to make his film, staples of military cinema were by now under attack in Hollywood, too. Predating *Three Day Pass* by a few months was another World War II picture with intertextual subversion and generic rupture at its heart. MGM’s *The Dirty Dozen* (1967), directed by Robert Aldrich and based on the 1965 novel by E. M. Nathanson, was described by the *LA Times* as “surely one of the most outspoken anti-military, anti-establishment movies ever to come out of a major studio.”63 Aldrich’s film, shot entirely in the UK, uses World War II as a surrogate for the Vietnam War, suggesting the collapse of U.S. military morality in the equivalencies it draws between U.S. Army command and the Nazi enemy. For Aldrich, the picture also expressed broader trends at work in the American attitudes to authority. “It is not just civil rights, or Vietnam,” he said, “this country has lost faith in its leadership, any leadership.” Aldrich’s response to declining
U.S. leadership tapped popular sensibilities, and *The Dirty Dozen* found particular acclaim with young audiences who came of age after World War II.\(^{64}\)

Aldrich was a political progressive who gained his early film industry experience under the tutelage of leftists such as Joseph Losey and Clifford Odets. He made several war films before directing *The Dirty Dozen*, and his portrayal of a neurotic World War II officer corps in 1956’s *Attack!* provoked the DoD’s first outright rejection of a request for cooperation. Aldrich subsequently attempted, without success, to acquire film rights to *The Naked and the Dead* and *The Young Lions*.\(^{65}\) Those two anti-establishment World War II novels eventually appeared in 1958 in heavily sanitized screen versions, but Aldrich had more luck with Nathanson’s 1965 novel. Initially, he failed to option the book, but he joined the project after MGM had secured the rights. Aware of the pitfalls of involving the DoD, Aldrich took his production to England, acquiring World War II vehicles from across Europe in order to film the combat sequences.\(^{66}\)

Aldrich was fond of expressing his political sensibilities through the subversion of generic staples, overplaying narrative and stylistic elements to a satirical degree. His 1955 film noir, *Kiss Me Deadly*, in which he lampoons the ultra-masculine excesses of anti-communist orthodoxy, is a sometimes misunderstood example.\(^{67}\) Similarly, what some contemporary reviewers saw as the gratuitous violence and excessive machismo of *The Dirty Dozen* (Bosley Crowther called it “a raw and preposterous glorification of a group of criminal soldiers”\(^{68}\)) is, in fact, the filmmaker’s attempt to debunk military authority and demystify the Second World War. “The time of the story may be 1944, but its sentiment is strictly 1967,” the *LA Times* observed, and the World War II setting accentuated Aldrich’s critique by its very status as the preferred conflict of recent history,
the war most idealized in Hollywood and thus the most potent arena in which to 
dramatize the unmaking of national military mythologies.

Like *Three-Day Pass*, *The Dirty Dozen* reconstructs the image of World War II 
through oppositional engagement with earlier cinematic representations, a process that 
began in this case during pre-production. By the time Aldrich joined the project, the 
vastly experienced Nunnally Johnson had already composed several draft treatments, and 
the director was concerned that the seventy-year-old screenwriter had excised too much 
of the “anti-authoritarian, anti-establishment” character of Nathanson’s novel. In short, 
Aldrich felt that Johnson had written a “1947 picture” rather than a “1967 picture,” and 
he brought in his longtime collaborator, Lukas Heller, to reinsert a more cynical, 
subversive tone.⁶⁹

If outmoded elements of the World War II genre threatened the script while it was 
in Johnson’s hands, Aldrich was also concerned to learn that MGM had offered the role 
of the Dozen’s commander, Major Reisman, to John Wayne, the screen’s most powerful 
icon of patriotism. Tony Williams reports that Wayne rejected the script as “unpatriotic 
and communist-inspired,” but this is not the case.⁷⁰ In fact, Wayne saw an early draft by 
Johnson and found the part attractive. Negotiations stalled over the star’s reluctance to 
play an adulterer (in a plotline eventually dropped, Reisman has an affair with a married 
English woman). The subplot was cut and the script returned to Wayne, but by this time 
he had elected to make *The Green Berets*, a film that in attempting to bring World War II 
sensibilities to Vietnam offers an ideological photo negative of *The Dirty Dozen*.⁷¹

Released shortly after D-Day’s 23rd anniversary, Aldrich’s satirical engagement 
with the war film hinges on deforming the “classic configuration” of an unconventional,
multiracial platoon charged with completing a vital mission. Twelve G.I. convicts, mostly rapists and murderers, are given the chance to gain commutations by completing a dangerous pre-D-Day operation in occupied France. The Germans are using a luxurious Château as a recreation center for off-duty officers, and the Dozen must destroy it, weakening German defenses and organization in anticipation of the June 6 landings. The narrative follows the troop through training, war games, and finally the mission, which results in the deaths of all but one of the Dozen, as well as many Germans, their female companions, and their French servants.

_The Dirty Dozen_ debilitates heroic constructions of war by collapsing the distance between the Nazi enemy and U.S. Army brass. At the film’s outset, U.S. officers, including General Worden (Ernest Borgnine), occupy as their HQ a medieval stronghold not dissimilar to the Chateau used by the Germans, suggesting a shared feudal hierarchy by which the Dozen are being exploited. The U.S. officers do not expect the troop to return even if they succeed, so the men are essentially being sent out to execute themselves. Images of the U.S. military as akin to the enemy persist, and the Dozen unite as a fighting unit in unsanctioned battle with U.S. troops commanded by arrogant West Pointer Colonel Everett Dasher Breed (Robert Ryan). In _The Dirty Dozen_, U.S. soldiers are either criminally violent G.I.s or coldly authoritarian officers, and anti-Nazi action emerges from an institutional structure itself tainted with fascistic hues. This is most notable in the final scene, when dozens of unarmed, off-duty Germans, their female consorts, and a household of French servants are herded into a cellar, doused in gasoline, and burned alive. The mass incineration of entrapped victims and the use of “gas” calls to
mind the Holocaust, while the deaths by fire were intended to reference the use of Napalm in Indochina.\footnote{73}

Aldrich’s genre subversion extends to his misshapen reconstruction of the multiethnic, multiracial platoon. Of particular significance is his use of the roll call scene, an introductory staple in which troops are inspected by their commanding officer and through which, at least in earlier World War II films, the diverse unity of the U.S. army (and thus the nation) was evinced. “The ‘melting pot’ roll call,” Richard Slotkin writes, had, since the war, become “a basic trope of the war movie,” creating an “idealized self-image of a multiethnic, multiracial democracy, hospitable to difference but united by a common sense of national belonging.”\footnote{74} As The Dirty Dozen’s titles roll, Major Reisman (Lee Marvin) is introduced to his criminal squad by Sgt. Bowren (Richard Jaeckel). The Dozen are a diverse lot, to be sure, including among their number Jiminez, a Latino (Trini Lopez); Wladislaw, a Polish Jew (Charles Bronson); Jefferson, an African American (Jim Brown); and Posey, an Apache (Clint Walker).\footnote{75}

Diversity lined up in such a fashion recalls another MGM release, the 1943 combat film Bataan. A Dore Schary executive production, Bataan dramatizes the resistance of a small, ramshackle squad (there are initially twelve) to the Japanese advance in the Philippines, and culminates with all but one of the Americans and their Filipino allies dead and the last digging his own grave in anticipation of another enemy onslaught. Like Reisman, Bataan’s Sgt. Dane (Robert Taylor) meets his unconventional and hastily-assembled platoon in a roll call line-up. The camera moves with the commander along the line, introducing Leonard Purckett, a small town cinema usher; Jake Feingold, a Jewish Corporal; Felix Ramirez, an LA Latino; and Wesley Epps, an
African American demolitions expert. Perfidy and brutality lie only with the enemy, and each American proves his valor and devotion before being overcome by superior numbers.

In *Bataan*, every death reasserts the unity and determination of U.S. democracy. Each has meaning – “It doesn’t matter where a man dies,” Dane says, “as long as he dies for freedom.” Little of this connotation remains in Aldrich’s vision, however, the only freedom under consideration being that of the Dozen from incarceration or hanging, and, as the men die off, the film takes no consolation in the ideological superiority of the U.S. cause. The exploitation of the Dozen by a military hierarchy willing to order the slaughter of civilians and unarmed men leaves the soldiers’ deaths empty of redemptive meaning, and Aldrich eschews the sentimental death-bed speeches and tearful pietas endemic to films such as *Bataan*. Visually, *The Dirty Dozen*’s line-up scene mimics the dynamics of Tay Garnett’s direction of *Bataan*, but does so only to identify the memory it wishes to countermand (the camera’s movement is from left to right in *Dozen*, and right to left in the earlier film). When the troops are introduced in *Bataan*, Sgt. Dane learns a little about each man: his hometown, his trade, his interests. In Aldrich’s “1967 picture,” all that we hear of the men is their names and the nature of their sentences, which range from twenty years hard labor to death by hanging. Violent and, in certain cases, mentally unhinged, the Dozen and their situation represent democracy’s failure rather than its affirmation.

Of the four members of the Dozen who face hanging, three are ethnoracial minorities (Wladislaw, Jefferson, and Posey) and one, A.J. Maggott (Telly Savalas) is a fervent white supremacist, undoubtedly the most reprehensible of the twelve. Maggott is convicted of sexually assaulting and murdering a woman, an act that he justifies with
blood and thunder religiosity (again, a staple of U.S. wartime and Cold War benevolence – Christianity – is upturned in implication): “I never raped that evil slut…the lord gave me that woman and told me to chastise her.” Maggott is not party to the Dozen’s growing team spirit, and he antagonizes Jefferson in particular. “Do we have to eat with niggers?” he goads, provoking an early physical altercation with the African American prisoner. Maggott’s compulsion to rape and kill emerges once more after the mission begins. Inside the German-held mansion, he stabs a young woman and betrays the Dozen to the Nazis.76

Jack Palance, who worked with Aldrich on Attack!, apparently rejected the role of Maggott because of its “unserious comment on bigotry.”77 But Aldrich uses this caricature of rapacious misogyny and racial venom to build a connecting, rather more “serious” suggestion of institutional racism within the U.S. Army. Maggott’s protest against eating “with niggers” in fact echoes an earlier comment made to Jefferson by one of the stockade guards (an addition to the novel): “Be a good boy and maybe I’ll let you eat with the white folks tomorrow.” Furthermore, Wladislaw, Posey, and Jefferson have each been harshly treated. Wladislaw killed an officer, but only because the man in question was fleeing combat and stealing his own platoon’s medical supplies; Posey, big and strong but always reluctant to fight, regrets having accidentally killed a man; Jefferson faces the gallows after killing two whites who were attempting to castrate him. Such mitigating circumstances have clearly left each court martial unmoved, and in a situation in which U.S. officers and Nazis are interchangeable, service in a racially-prejudiced military constitutes an impossible trap out of which no pathway to equality can emerge.
In rejecting the assimilationist paradigm and attempting to capture black anger and defiance, Aldrich possessed the perfect tool in sportsman-turned-actor Jim Brown (described by Don Bogle as “the perfect black hero for a separatist age”). Barrel-chested, tall, and strong, Brown projected an uncompromising black masculinity, carrying the threat of violent retaliation to racial bigotry, so that on and off screen he “seemed to be avenging all those earlier black male heroes who had to bow and kowtow.” In sharp contrast to the black actors most often cast as black G.I.s in earlier postwar years – James Edwards and Sidney Poitier – Brown was a figure entirely befitting the rejection of assimilationist possibilities and desires.

The potential black power embodied by Brown is, throughout the film, a threat to white masculinity, and one that Aldrich makes justified. Reisman must convince Jefferson to join the mission, but the condemned man is unimpressed even though his only other option is to remain in prison and face certain death. “Don’t sweet talk me, whitey, you know why I’m here,” the African American retorts from his cell, “Or maybe you think I should have let those cracker bastards go right ahead and castrate me.” One can assume that the “cracker bastards” in question were also G.I.s stationed in England, and the nature of the crime, as well as recalling historical violence perpetrated by white Americans, articulates the sexualized racial panic induced in whites by Brown’s performance of unbowed black masculinity.

Reisman agrees that Jefferson was justified in killing his assailants, but tries nonetheless to associate the U.S. with the cause of global racial justice. “The Krauts,” he ventures, “they’re the real master race merchants.” With Jefferson’s recent past in mind, such a distinction can only seem hollow, as “master race merchants” appear on both sides
and the only visible white supremacists in the film (the Guard and Maggott) wear U.S. uniforms. “That’s your war, man, not mine,” Jefferson tells Reisman, “Me, I pick my own enemies.” Jefferson is eventually persuaded to participate, but his reluctance to do so, even in preference to awaiting execution, illustrates the trap in which service places the black soldier. Jefferson can unite with the nation’s cause by joining a virtual suicide mission, or he can defy the nation and its racial violence (as he did in killing his potential castrators) and as a result die by the gallows (either way he is lynched). Neither self-defense nor acquiescence offers Jefferson a fair outcome: he is a prisoner whether he leaves the stockade or not.80

Ultimately, the black soldier plays a vital role in destroying the Chateau. It is Jefferson who kills Maggott once the latter betrays the Dozen’s presence, and, importantly, it is Jefferson who makes the final death-dealing run, tossing grenades down onto the German soldiers and French civilians trapped below. Bogle suggests that Brown’s challenge to whiteness, his potential to “shove back to whitey the violence whitey had originally dealt out,” was contained, in The Dirty Dozen and other pictures, by having him “work with the dominant culture rather than against it.”81 This is true to some extent, as Jefferson’s heroics complete the destruction of the Chateau just as U.S. high-command desired. Maggott’s death, too, can be decoded this way, as the white supremacist is in the process of destroying the mission (and brutalizing a white woman) when Jefferson shoots him. If there is any degree of anti-racist triumph in Jefferson’s elimination of Maggott, though, or a suggestion of alignment with “the dominant culture” in his heroics at the Chateau, it is surely undermined by the implication that, however powerful the black individual, he can do little to combat the uneven institutional terrain
on which he stands. Giving Jefferson the final task of grenade-throwing, the Army makes him the murderer of women and civilians, and guarantees that he will not escape. Exposed in the open courtyard, Jefferson is caught in German fire, the black body used up defending one form of fascism from another. In the end, Jefferson has been given a non-choice between two methods of execution, neither of which can reconcile him to the white nation. He thus represents the antithesis of earlier assimilationist black G.I.s, something from which contemporary black media took encouragement. “The acceptance of the self-assured, determined Jim Brown,” said Jet magazine, “proved there is room for Negro actors in the celluloid capital.” And, it should be noted, on terms very different from those that met Edwards and Poitier.

As with the line-up scene at the opening, Aldrich ends with another effort to undermine heroic reconstructions of the war. The three survivors – Wladislaw and the two non-criminal leaders, Bowren and Reisman – are returned to active duty, but not before they receive high praise from the Generals who sent them out to die. This conclusion, along with its upbeat military soundtrack, has prompted suggestions that the film imposes a celebratory ending. Bosley Crowther contended that The Dirty Dozen contained not “the slightest hint of intentional, sardonic comment upon the fundamental nature of war…” But the very fact that the Army is rewarding the remainder of the Dozen for their slaughter of unprotected targets calls attention to the highly circumstantial process of making heroes from killers.

The film closes with General Worden’s order to return the survivors to duty and inform the bereaved families that the men died “in the line of duty.” Grinning and self-satisfied, Worden visits Reisman, Bowren, and Wladislaw in the field hospital. In this
scene, the reaction of the recipients to Worden’s praise runs counter to Crowther’s reading. Worden’s congratulations meet only blank silence from Reisman and Wladislaw, who regards the assertion by General Denton that “we need men like you out there” with near stupefaction. Shot through the bars of their hospital beds, the survivors are not freed by their success, a fact confirmed by their imminent return to active duty. Moreover, as Tony Williams points out, through a high angle shot of the three survivors, Aldrich creates in the hospital scene’s last frames an image of the U.S. flag dissected. The red hospital blankets, Bowren’s blue robe, and the white hospital gowns that Wladislaw and Reisman wear constitute this unpicking of patriotic icons. “Boy, oh boy, oh boy,” Wladislaw comments, “Killing generals could get to be a habit with me.”

Jefferson’s death and the disassembled flag enunciate the unraveling certainties of triumphalist war cinema. Tom Engelhardt suggests that in the late-1960s and early 1970s, as productions like Aldrich’s (and others, including Play Dirty [1968]) moved the war film “closer to horror,” the genre diminished further. “The last significant group of World War II films,” Engelhardt writes, “including Patton and Tora! Tora! Tora!...appeared in 1970.” These DoD-assisted epics of the European and Pacific Theatres were not the only war films of the period, however, and in the late-1960s and early 1970s producers continued to assail the heroic image of World War II in adaptations of novels such as Castle Keep (1969), Catch-22 (1970), Slaughterhouse Five (1972), and The Execution of Private Slovik (1974), a television movie dramatizing the execution of an unfortunate World War II deserter.

Unrelentingly bleak, Private Slovik was a product of an avenue of film production that gained importance in the 1970s. During the tail end of the 1960s, as studio fees for
broadcast rights of older films continued to rise, television and the made-for-television film emerged as a prolific venue for original productions. The first TV movie debuted in 1964, and Richard Maltby reports that by the end of the decade, “made-for-television movies had become a mainstay of network programming.” The remainder of this chapter focuses on the made-for-TV film and its engagement with race and World War II in the early 1970s.

Television series set during the war had, prior to the late-1960s, treated World War II with reverence while perpetuating the prevailing whiteness of national remembrance. ABC’s Combat! (1962-1967) followed a battle-hardened squad led by the stoic Sgt. Saunders (Vic Morrow) through D-Day and across France, but included no nonwhite Americans in its five-year run, even as extras. The popular CBS comedy series Hogan’s Heroes (1966-1971) featured black actor Ivan Dixon among its five central characters (along with Dixon, two white Americans, a Briton, and a Frenchman), but its effort was always to downplay the significance of race, leaving “Kinch” Kinchloe’s blackness unmentioned and irrelevant in almost every plotline. The demystification of the war ongoing in Hollywood found its way onto the small screen by creative osmosis, however. The producers of Combat! tried again in 1967-68 with a less honorific series called Garrison’s Gorillas, the proximity of the show’s premise to that of The Dirty Dozen leaving MGM executives contemplating a law suit. Of particular relevance, though, is the development of the ABC “Movie of the Week,” a series of original films that began in 1969 under Barry Diller, head of ABC prime-time programming, and was soon attracting audiences of 40-70 million each Tuesday evening. The network approached Aaron Spelling to make twenty-six such
films, and his sixth executive production was Carter’s Army (1970), which he co-wrote, and which is the first film since Red Ball Express to center on a group of black American soldiers in a World War II setting. Antiracist messages appear throughout Spelling’s career in visual culture, and in 1969 he picked up an NAACP Image Award for his multiracial drama Mod Squad.91

Carter’s Army tells the (fictional) story of an African American sanitation company pressed into late-wartime combat service under the leadership of a white southern officer (Beau Carter, played by Steven Boyd).92 Shot at Paramount, with location scenes filmed in California’s Los Padres National Forest, the film, helmed by experienced television director George McCowan and also starring Richard Pryor, Billy Dee Williams, and Robert Hooks, began shooting in August 1969 and aired in a primetime slot on January 27, 1970.93 Borrowing again from the sub-genre of the shambolic squad charged with a mission crucial to the war, Carter’s Army replicates many staple elements of early postwar antiracist cinema. The white officer, for instance, begins the narrative convinced of the worthlessness of his black subordinates, but learns the error of his racist assumptions after witnessing his troops’ bravery in combat. The black G.I.s, for their part, overcome their resentment at being compelled to risk their lives in service of a bigoted nation, rising capably to the challenges of combat soldiering.

Despite the narrative of mutual conversion, Carter’s Army reflects an engagement with memory of World War II shaped by the waning of gradualism and integrationism. Clad in red berets and sporting afro haircuts resonant with the politically-charged styles of Black Nationalism, anachronisms of costuming construct the G.I.s of Carter’s Army as representatives not only of African Americans in World War II, but also of those
currently fighting in Vietnam and on the home front. Fittingly, alongside their courageous wartime service, the film’s black troops adopt a confrontational attitude toward racism, while the conclusion, rather than pronouncing bigotry a casualty of the war’s integrative power, carries pronouncedly downbeat connotations concerning the legacy of black combat service.

Like Dozen before it, Carter’s Army opens with comparisons between Nazi racial attitudes and those of white U.S. elites. The film begins in “Germany, 1944,” as Captain Carter learns from General Clark (Paul Stewart) that he must lead a mission to hold a bridge and prevent the destruction of a strategically-important dam. Comfortably ensconced in a palatial German mansion, Clark is waited upon by a red-coated black G.I. whose duties – essentially functioning as butler – indicate a form of military “service” that recollects Southern plantation life and highlights the limitations imposed on African Americans in the wartime Army.

Carter must meet his men after parachuting to their position, and the Georgian’s attitudes to soldiering are, at least initially, as lily-white as the silken canopy under which he descends. Unaware of either the Captain’s imminent arrival or the orders that he carries, the G.I.s of B Company, 1st Platoon exhibit slack military discipline, confirming to Carter their inherent lack of fitness for combat duty. Sneaking up behind the beret-clad Pvt. Crunk (Richard Pryor), whose attempt at guard duty is lackadaisical to say the least, Carter introduces himself with a mixture of physical intimidation, threats of courts martial, and abundant use of the term “boy.”

If discipline in the African American platoon is lax (the credits roll over images of frenzied gambling and drinking), Lieutenant Edward Wallace (Robert Hooks) will
nonetheless not be cowed by the belligerent addresses of Carter. “You can salute, boy,” Carter demands, but Wallace refuses. Jim Crow codes will not apply here, even in a Jim Crow Army. Furthermore, once Carter inspects, with no little hostility, his new command (in another roll call scene), Wallace leaps to defend his men. “This isn’t a company, it’s a circus,” Carter complains, “They aren’t even soldiers.” Wallace insists that each man volunteered “to fight, to die for his country,” but instead they have spent three years as a sanitation company, arriving before white combat forces to dig latrines and sewerage trenches, and remaining behind to clear up the filth afterwards. While this undesirable assignment clearly accounts for the company’s missing dedication, Carter views it as confirmation of an appropriately racialized distribution of labor. These, the Captain insists, “are black men doing what they know how to do. The Army just gave them a job doing it.” Nevertheless, Wallace must select six men to join Carter on what the black officer considers a doomed mission, and he does so with open resentment. “I hope the first bullet hits you between your blue eyes,” he tells the white commander.

Wallace’s open confrontation of Carter locates potential violence in black responses to bigotry, a rejection of the passive posture of sufferance adopted by earlier, integrationist black G.I.s such as Home of the Brave’s Peter Moss. Inverting the standard racial demographic in leaving the white commander (rather than the black G.I.) isolated, the film stresses the vulnerability of the racist subject when black Americans collectively (perhaps forcefully) reject assimilation and white authority. No longer hankering for acceptance and equality, the G.I.s of Carter’s Army are skeptical of the nation’s sudden interest in their combat capabilities, and Carter will learn lessons not only through the
black soldiers’ commitment to “prove themselves,” but also through their refusal to accept racism without defiance and counter-threat.

Pvt. Lewis (Billy Dee Williams), another sporting anachronistic and radically-inflected afro hair, hints at the potential for armed black resistance in perpetually sharpening his knife, an act in which he is pointedly engaged while telling Carter that his previous “combat experience” derives from service with the “134th Street Division” in Harlem. “If you’d have come near me then,” Lewis adds, “I’d have used it on you.” The prospect of “fragging” a white officer suggests the indiscipline of the Vietnam era, and while Lewis earns Carter’s grudging respect through his competence in knife-throwing, the black G.I.’s “combat” experiences in New York City invoke the history of racial violence at home and suggest that Carter’s eventual change of heart begins as a pragmatic act of self-preservation. As Wallace cautions, Carter’s safety might well hinge on the loyalty of his black troops, and the white Captain will be left powerless if, when facing mortal danger at the hands of the enemy, “That one shot doesn’t come” to save him.

The choice of sanitation as the platoon’s assignment (and Carter’s presumption that such is the only work of which the troops are capable) foregrounds the debilitating effects of menial duty on discipline and morale, as well as the counterproductive nature of segregationism. Contrary to Carter’s assumptions, the six men Wallace selects to join the mission include G.I.s whose talents would surely have been more effectively deployed elsewhere. Doc Hayes (Moses Gunn) a black intellectual who bemoans the “duty, patriotism, and stupidity” that prompted his voluntary enlistment, serves as company cook despite his peacetime occupation as a Howard University Professor of Physics.94 “Don’t that beat all,” says Carter, shocked that an African American could rise

525
to such heights but failing to note the illogical nature of a policy determined by racial apartheid. Carter is not sufficiently impressed with the worth of his men to heed Wallace’s warnings about the danger of proceeding along recognized roads, though, and he leads the platoon into the sights of German fighter planes, causing the death of “Fuzzy” (Napoleon Whiting), before refusing to pause and give the black G.I. a proper burial. “Would there be time if he was white?” asks Wallace. (Earlier pictures offer contrast, as it was in delaying operations in order to bury McCord that Red Ball Express’s Lt. Campbell proved his colorblindness.)

Carter’s Army begins by connecting U.S. command to fascist racial attitudes, and the critique contained in this comparison is reiterated when Carter and the platoon chance upon a blonde-haired, blue-eyed German named Anna. The troop hides from a passing German patrol in a farmhouse where Anna, pro-Allied despite her Aryan characteristics, affords them shelter. Black commentators such as William Gardner Smith suggested that postwar Germans exhibited better treatment of black troops than did many in the U.S. military, and Carter’s behavior restates that point. Anna entertains no racist assumptions, instead comforting Wallace, who confides to her his lack of faith in his men: “We’ll all be dead tomorrow,” he predicts. Anna tries to instill confidence in the black officer. “Something,” she says, has made him the victim of self-doubt (“something” is, transparently, the racism riddling the Army), but he is fighting “on the right side” and must harness his confidence and strength to do so effectively.

By way of moral support, Anna plants a small kiss on Wallace’s cheek. With impeccable timing to cast further doubt on whether he is fighting “on the right side,” Carter observes this momentary physicality, and his ingrained segregationism prompts an
angry response. “Don’t ever let me see you touch a white woman or so help me…” he begins, only for Anna to slap his face. Wallace also lays into Carter, stating that he pities a man whose sense of racial propriety compels him to defend white womanly virtue even though there is a war on and “the lives of seven men are on the line.” “You’re not in Georgia anymore,” says Wallace, letting the Captain know that U.S. racial codes do not travel well. Moments later, when Nazi troops arrive at the farmhouse, it becomes clear that Carter’s defense of white womanhood was misdirected, as Anna is compelled to sleep with a lecherous German in order to cover the platoon’s escape. For his part, Carter registers Anna’s disgust, as well as Wallace’s explanation that bigotry is killing the black troops “little by little.” “I’m sorry,” says the once unrepentant racist, “I wasn’t thinking.”

Despite defiance of white authority and the defense of black rights and dignity mounted by Wallace and others in the platoon, Spelling’s picture pulls up short of endorsing the rejection of national identification and integration. Wallace refuses to condone the troop’s plan to desert their Captain, as this would, he cautions, only confirm Carter’s preconceptions. “You leave now you deserve to dig holes for people like him,” he says, urging the men that this is their only chance to exhibit ability for endeavors greater than sanitation detail. The dilemma over whether to serve or flee is most explicitly confronted through Crunk. Always the least convincing soldier, Crunk is gripped by a paralyzing fear and crawls whimpering into a hole, a situation that Carter proposes to resolve by shooting the Private for desertion. Crunk declares himself a worthless “nothing” and refuses to move, only for Big Jim (Roosevelt Grier) to lecture him on his responsibility to the race and the opportunity to become a “something” with which he is now confronted. If Crunk fails, Big Jim warns, Carter will “tell all his white
friends: ‘Man, I knew them niggers couldn’t cut the mustard. They just curled up in a hole and let me shoot ‘em in the head.’ And 100 years from now black men will be cleaning latrines just like you and me.”

Collectively and individually, the platoon rises to the occasion, expending bullets and blood in defending the bridge from the Germans. As black bodies fall, Carter realizes at last that these men of color are soldiers worthy of respect. Big Jim is picked off by a civilian sniper; Lewis is killed on a scouting mission to assess defenses at the bridge. Crunk, who despite Big Jim’s pleas appears to have deserted, emerges from a hay cart to seize the German detonator intended to destroy the dam and heave it into the river. Crunk and Doc are both wounded, but have proven their merit to Carter and restored Wallace’s confidence in his race. “Thank you, soldier,” says Carter to the badly injured Doc, while Wallace tells Crunk, “You did good.”

As Carter and Wallace prop up the limping Crunk, the interracial camaraderie created in combat might hint at a conclusion redolent with liberal Hollywood’s early postwar efforts. Yet the film refuses neat resolution, ending with heroism unrewarded and integration deferred. Also killed in the defense of the bridge is Brightman (Glynn Turman), a young black G.I. who keeps a detailed journal of the platoon’s experiences. Brightman’s writings are revealed intermittently, exposing the “journal” as a work of pure fiction, the pages filled with imagined accounts of military success and national intention to honor the platoon. Before the mission begins, Doc reads a passage describing a spectacular victory during which Brightman was “awed by the heroism” of his compatriots, and which will result in the author receiving a Medal of Honor for “bravery under fire.” These are the waking dreams of a soldier denied his chance at combat.
service, a tragic alternate narrative in which fantasies of soldierly glory and commemorative democratization are realized. Brightman’s journal recalls the distance at which black G.I.s were kept from such honor (none received Medals of Honor during the war), while, in its simplicity, suggesting the naivety of expecting military service to undo racism.

Brightman eventually fulfills part of his fantasy, bravely confronting German troops at the bridge and killing several before being gunned down. As Wallace consults Brightman’s journal in the aftermath of battle, the writer again draws attention not just to black heroism, but also to its respectful commemoration. “I will receive a medal from General Eisenhower,” Wallace reads, “But the heroism of B Company will be preserved by the men who have seen us fight and die.” The fictional accounts Brightman has constructed in the absence of heroic duty are made true by the troops’ combat exploits, but the film offers no suggestion that honorific treatment by the white establishment will be forthcoming. Indeed, all sense of victory attached to the fact that Brightman has acted in the kind of heroic fiction he composes soon dissipates.

The closing sequence troubles at the image of World War II as a historical watershed fostering white tolerance and black progress toward full citizenship. Wallace, Carter, and Crunk, three of the brigade’s four survivors, stand as an integrated unit on the bridge they so recently secured for the Allies. As U.S. traffic begins to cross, though, implications of democratic progress crumble. The second vehicle to drive over the bridge has a Confederate flag draped proudly across its hood, while a white G.I. throws a shovel down to the combat heroes, yelling: “Hey, boy, you better get some latrines dug.” At this, Crunk casts down his gun in disgust, his impulse to become “a something” in order to
meet Big Joe’s challenge deflated by the persistence of bigotry (explaining a future in which hats and hair like Crunk’s are commonplace). Thus, even as Carter, now reformed, returns Crunk’s rifle to him, insisting that he remain a soldier (and thus “a something”) there is no sense that “Carter’s Army,” in fulfilling its mission so ably, has altered the future trajectory of black-white relations. Brightman’s fantasy of official remembrance will, it appears, remain only a fantasy, and the deflated Crunk represents concurrently the forgotten black G.I. of World War II and the black radical of 1970, looking back with anger at the betrayal of the war’s anti-racist premises.

Critical response to Carter’s Army was limited and also divided. The black press appreciated the production, the Pittsburgh Courier praising Spelling’s film for having “told it like it was” regarding black soldiers’ treatment in World War II, while the Chicago Defender included it among its “TV Highlights.” The LA Times, though, was less impressed, criticizing the heavy-handedness with which the “message” was delivered. Heavy-handedly perhaps, but Carter’s Army (later re-released as Black Brigade) made points too often obscured in Cold War film. The war had not resolved the issue of racial inequity, the film insisted, but might be better understood as a historical juncture at which the promise of integration and acceptance was denied once more to black Americans.

Images of this kind continued to emerge, if only occasionally, through the remainder of the seventies. In ABC’s 1979 series, Roots, the Next Generations, the sequel to Alex Haley’s highly successful television miniseries, the young Haley (Damon Evans) returns from wartime service to face the realization that white-black relations are unaltered. Attempting to secure lodgings for himself and his family in New York (where
he hopes to become a writer), Haley, despite being dressed in his uniform and protesting that he is a veteran, is refused entry to the premises of the Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW). Black director Lloyd Richards uses this scene to echo the visual style of pioneers such as Van Peebles, zooming in to capture Haley realizing the irrelevance of his military regalia as he looks in a mirror in the VFW foyer. “I took a long look at myself in the mirror,” he later tells his wife, “My medals were right there, the United States eagle was right here, and you know what I saw? Not a war hero, no sir. Not a veteran; not a serviceman. I saw what they [the VFW] saw: a nigger in a fancy monkey suit.”

From 1962’s *Pressure Point* to 1979’s *Roots*, images of black Americans in World War II settings strayed far from the dominant assimilationism of the 1950s. The destabilization of World War II history extended to other areas of U.S. culture, too, as while black Americans comprised the vanguard of dissent, not only the black image in World War II was reshaped in the 1960s and 1970s. African American cultural nationalism did not develop in isolation, and men such as Stokely Carmichael inspired new engagements with U.S. history in other minoritized groups, including Japanese Americans. Reexamining the past with a shared anti-racist, anti-imperial eye, nonwhite constituencies found commonality of perspective and purpose in their oppression by the same white majority (Asian Americans also found collectivity in this way). Richard Aoki, a former Japanese American internee, was involved with the leadership of the Black Panthers, while memory of Japanese Americans’ wartime incarceration offered a pungent image of racial injustice that spoke to other oppressed sections of society. During his 1967-68 stint as SNCC chair, H. Rap Brown cautioned followers, “The government is reactivating the concentration camps, including the ones where they kept the Japanese
during World War II. We know that those camps are for us.”

Furthermore, War in Asia and the derision expressed toward Vietnamese “gooks” (in both pro- and anti-war circles) seemed to replicate the racist logic of the war while concurrently expressing the still unequal status of Asians in the U.S.

Though more than twenty years removed from the war, the Japanese American civil rights movement was, nevertheless, a belated response to incarceration. Following the 1948 Evacuation Claims Act, which provided small financial recompense to internees, Japanese American communities adopted a “prolonged and shared period of silence” on the war, memories of which evoked in many a sense of lingering shame. Postwar, many Nisei preferred to focus on the assimilationist postwar reconstitution of the Japanese American image, and in 1967, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Executive Order 9066, Japanese Americans staged little in the way of commemorative events. Assimilationist silence prevailed. White American society also gave little mind to the injustices of the incarceration, while the persistent discourse of Japanese Americans as an upwardly mobile “model minority” allowed the divisive experiences of the war to be consigned to a now-inconsequential past.

Japanese Americans’ postwar history continued to connote immigrant success, but the wounds of war were not as fully healed as silence on the issue might have implied. The lack of discourse around this history piqued the curiosity of later generations, particularly the third generation sansei, who reopened to debate a fractious past and demanded from the government recognition and recompense. In the late-1960s, campaigners fought to repeal Title II of the 1950 Internal Security Act, which provided for the future mass detention of suspected subversives (such as black nationalists, for
example), lending wartime incarceration an immediate relevance to contemporary politics. This helped inspire a previously absent commemorative culture, and in 1969 Japanese Americans began making an annual pilgrimage to the Manzanar site.\(^{104}\)

The “Emergency Detention Act” of 1950 was repealed in 1972, and by then Japanese American activists were turning attention to the economic losses inflicted on West Coast communities in the 1940s. Emerging at JACL conferences in the late-1960s, the redress movement gained momentum through the 1970s, until in 1978 the JACL elected to launch a public campaign for fiscal compensation. The movement had its Japanese American detractors, but provided what former JACL Redress Director John Tateishi considers Japanese Americans’ first chance “to talk publicly about what they experienced during World War II”\(^{105}\)

As faith in governmental authority suffered under the weight of Vietnam and Watergate, challenges to historical decisions by federal agencies took on new legitimacy, and numerous historians began to rehistoricize the logic of internment and the cultural climate that afforded it public countenance. Historians had documented pre-Pearl Harbor racism closer to wartime (Morton Grodzins’ 1949 book *Americans Betrayed*, for example) but the issue was, in the postwar period, submerged beneath Cold War tales of reform and harmony.\(^{106}\) In the early-1970s, historians challenged these curative constructs, situating internment in a long history of anti-Japanese (and anti-Asian) sentiment. In her 1976 study, *Years of Infamy*, Michi Weglyn, who experienced relocation as a teenager, rejected the dominant narrative that explained wartime racial “hysteria” as a phenomenon emerging suddenly from the smoke at Pearl Harbor. Instead,
as James Michener wrote in introducing the book, incarceration derived from “long years of propaganda,” and remained an “eternal discredit” to the U.S.\textsuperscript{107}

At the same time, Japanese Americans began to look beyond tales of loyalty to a history of dissent. Asian American critics’ mid-1970s discovery of John Okada’s 1957 novel, \textit{No-No Boy}, was both spur to and product of the new interest in U.S. Asian cultural forms. Okada’s novel ran counter to previous Japanese American works, such as Monica Sone’s \textit{Nisei Daughter}, which emphasized forgiveness and loyalty, instead focusing on the postwar situation of Ichiro Yamada, a young Nisei who refused to renounce Japan and serve the U.S. military, and thus spent two years in jail.\textsuperscript{108} Okada’s novel begins with a white G.I., a “blond giant from Nebraska” declaring that he would not fight for a nation that imprisoned his family, and Okada’s empathy for the ranks of “no-no boys” (of which he was not a member, having served in the Army) is pronounced. Consistently juxtaposing Japanese American veterans and dissenters, and despite its slightly upbeat ending, \textit{No-No Boy} contends that military service cannot extricate Japanese Americans from the conundrum of racial otherness. “They think just because they went and packed a rifle they’re different,” says Kenji, a decorated and dying soldier, of his fellow Nisei veterans, “but they aren’t and they know it. They’re still Japs.”\textsuperscript{109} The permanence of being a “Jap” outweighs the temporary status attained through blood sacrifice, and the restoration of normalcy means the reassertion rather than abrogation of anti-Japanese sentiment in the U.S.

In Hollywood cinema of the mid-1960s to the mid-1970s, Japanese American characters were invariably to be found engaged in patriotic wartime pursuits. In the Pacific combat film \textit{Ambush Bay} (1966), filmed in Manila with assistance from both the
Filipino and U.S. military, a Japanese American woman serves as a spy, assisting U.S. forces in their jungle fight with Japan. Miyazaki (Tisa Chang) is a resident of Long Beach, California, and uses her skill in espionage to defend rather than undermine the U.S. war effort. When Sgt. Steve Corey (Hugh O’Brian), a former society playboy, comments, “Too bad there’s a war,” his desire to return to high living contrasts pointedly with Miyazaki’s wish for normalcy. “Isn’t it?” she replies, “My folks would still be in their home in Long Beach, instead of the internment camp out by the Santa Anna racetrack. I suppose they [the camps] are for our own protection. Maybe they’re afraid we’ll poison their gardens.” At once grudgingly accepting “internment” and fulfilling the role of loyal minority, Miyazaki follows the path to full citizenship trodden by Hollywood’s earlier Nisei combatants. Distracting a brutish Japanese Captain so that Corey can escape a Filipino village, Miyazaki is killed, sacrificing herself to save her white compatriots and protect vital information concerning General MacArthur’s imminent return.

It was outside DoD influence that Japanese American wartime experiences were addressed in a critical aspect, however. 1971’s If Tomorrow Comes was another ABC creation, produced and directed, like Carter’s Army, by Aaron Spelling and George McCowan. The screenplay was written by Lew Hunter, a white American who knew nothing of the incarceration until 1959, when an uncle told him that Japanese Americans were relocated “for their own safety.” Deciding to rework Romeo and Juliet by substituting racial division and suspicion for the Shakespearean family feud, Hunter visited the site of wartime concentration camps and interviewed many who experienced
incarceration. The script was complete by 1970, when ABC picked it up as a potential “Movie of the Week.”

Japanese Americans were not part of the production crew, but Asian American critics nonetheless kept a watchful eye on the project. The producers planned to use the title My Husband, the Enemy, but Vince Matsudaira of the Japanese American newspaper Rafu Shimpo protested the association with disloyalty with which this conjured (ironic as the intent surely was). The JACL agreed, and requested a change of title. Actor and JACL official George Takei, best known as Star Trek’s Mr. Sulu, stated that as well as being “corny,” the original title was “detrimental to the social climate of Japanese Americans specifically and to racial harmony and understanding generally.” ABC obliged in November, and the film premiered as If Tomorrow Comes on the thirtieth anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack.

Set in California, If Tomorrow Comes narrates the love affair, marriage, and tragic separation of a white American college student, Eileen Philips (Patty Duke), and a young Japanese American man, David Tayaneka (Frank Michael Liu). It is a unique U.S. film in that it does not hide anti-Japanese sentiments behind the mask of sudden, Pearl Harbor-induced “hysteria.” In the early scenes, while David communicates a hybrid identity within which his love for U.S. (and Western European) culture – basketball, English Romantic poetry, bagels, and Bob Hope – flourishes, there is little evidence of reciprocal white interest in or knowledge of Japanese American culture. Eileen, out for an evening walk, stumbles upon a Japanese festival, and finds in attendance only Japanese Americans, most clad in traditional garb. A shot/reverse-shot pattern implies that the festival-goers consider Eileen somewhat unwelcome. David, with a foot firmly planted in
each culture, intercedes and announces her as “a friend,” alleviating suspicions, but the uneasy interaction between white and Japanese Americans suggests sharp ethnic separation predating the war. As David’s father, Hachiro, notes, it is highly “unusual” for a white resident such as Eileen to take an interest in Japanese tradition.

If white culture is fixedly white, Japanese-American culture is a hybrid grounded in Japanese and U.S. practices, an ethnic enclave undergoing generational assimilation. Beyond the traditional costume and food of the festival, David introduces Eileen to a dance hall in which Nisei couples enjoy U.S.-style swing, and makes plain his preference for assimilating over retaining the “old customs” (this is no Japanese American version of Jim Brown). He is thankful, he tells Eileen, that the Tayanekas’ home is not “too Japanesey,” as despite his mother’s continued reverence of Emperor Hirohito, his father taught him: “when in America, be American.” What’s more, David excels at “being American,” for he is a high school basketball star, an honor roll student, and an Eagle Scout, integrating with white society and honoring Hachiro’s belief that “different color flowers grow side-by-side – make fine garden.” Hachiro’s adage recalls the yellow and white flowers growing on Komoko’s grave in Bad Day at Black Rock, and its symbolism is alike in connotation, asserting the strength and legitimacy of pre-World War II Japanese Americanism.

The film also replicates Bad Day’s depiction of a white population at best ignorant of Japanese American culture (Eileen cannot tell the difference between Chinese and Japanese), and at worst intent on its destruction. In an early scene (the narrative opens in November 1941), David and his cousin, Tadashi, play pick-up basketball against Harlan Philips, Eileen’s brother, and some of his white friends. Harlan’s aggressive foul
on Tadashi sparks a fight between the two, with Harlan spitting epithets such as “Jap” and “boy,” and asserting that Japanese Americans, like blacks in his native Oklahoma, should not seek intermixture: “Back in my country, people know their place.” Not all white Americans share such opinions, as the arrival of the Sherriff (Pat Hingle) to break up the scuffle conveys, but, like their Shakespearean predecessors, David and Eileen face problems deriving from the past as well as the present.

Eileen and David fall in love over their shared affection for the poetry of Keats and Wordsworth, but the young couple, acutely aware that California society will object, meet only in secluded spots. When Eileen wavers for a moment at his initial request for a date (“It’s just that…umm”) David immediately decodes her reticence as racially-derived. “I didn’t mean it that way,” she protests, but when the couple attend a movie, the image of white settlers in combat with “savage” Indians restates the white/non-white binary around which privileges and rights have been assembled in U.S. history. After the couple decide to secretly marry, the Tayaneka family’s Catholic Priest, Father Miller, cautions that they will have to carry “the burden of other people’s prejudices.” If, then, it is wedding-day news of the Pearl Harbor attack that dissuades Eileen and David from telling her father of their elopement, reasons for discretion predate December 7. Indeed, after news breaks of the attack, and notices begin to appear in shop windows – “This restaurant poisons both RATS and JAPS”; “JAPS SHAVED, Not responsible for accidents” – David comments, “I guess Pearl Harbor lets them spell it out on paper.”

After the attack, anti-Japanese actions originate with both the federal government and the town’s quickly-assembled mob (which includes Eileen’s father, Frank Philips [James Whitmore]). David finds scores of the Tayaneka’s sheep butchered in the fields,
one with a “Remember Pearl Harbor” sign speared into its carcass and painted in blood. In the meantime, Lew Hunter’s screenplay is dotted with radio broadcasts declaring Japanese Americans a “depraved breed.” “You can’t make an American,” intones one announcer, “out of a little Jap junior by handing him an American birth certificate.” Such announcements inflame heated racial consciousness, and the mob descends on the Tayaneka home, where Hachiro is struck with rocks and subjected to a torrent of verbal abuse.

The mistreatment of the Tayaneka family is underscored by their loyalty to the U.S. This loyalty does not match the instantaneous forgiveness summoned by the Une family in *Hell to Eternity*, but instead diminishes in the face of frenzied prejudice. Hemmed in by local whites and accosted by radio-borne propaganda, Cousin Tadashi is angered by what U.S. whites are forgetting as they “remember Pearl Harbor.” “Are they gonna remember that there are 78,000 Japanese Americans who have never seen Japan?” he asks, “Will they remember how many Japanese fought in World War I?” Hachiro is among that number, as Tadashi reveals: “Take a look in your father’s closet,” he tells David, “He still has the uniform and the medals.”

Despite being a decorated veteran of the Great War, Hachiro and others are immediately subject to FBI investigation. Coslow, the G-man who arrives along with the reluctant Sheriff, is an ignorant and paranoid figure who, not content with confiscating the radio, also eyes suspiciously the family’s clothes line. Local Issei men, along with some U.S. citizen Nisei, are detained by the military and transported to a prison compound for having contributed financially to “The Black Dragon Society,” a Japanese nationalist group. That these donations were made over thirty years ago to assist Japan’s
1904-05 war with Russia is, in the minds of government officials and local whites, irrelevant. Hachiro and many others are confined over and above their protestations. “I gave money for fight Russia,” pleads one elderly man, making a point designed to connect with Americans raised in a Cold War climate, “Russia, not United States America. We loyal; we all loyal.” At this, the arrestees strike up a rendition of “God Bless America,” their patriotic chorus rendered tragic by their circumstance. Watching on, Frank Philips cannot assimilate this image, screaming at the Japanese Americans to desist.

Hachiro’s arrest and Frank’s near-hysterical rage occur after the Shakespearean elements of the picture have begun to unravel and Harlan Phillips’ death has heightened Frank’s pronounced distrust of Japanese Americans. By chance, Harlan and his friends see David and Eileen kissing, and the white youths approach angrily, armed with baseball bats. They encounter Tadashi along the way, and after the Japanese American taunts Harlan – “what’s the matter, afraid you’ll have Japanese relatives?” – Harlan and he brawl again. With Tadashi distracted by David’s arrival, Harlan strikes him in the head, killing him instantly. Enraged, David now attacks Harlan, inadvertently knocking him down a cliff face. Harlan, too, is dead, the advent of war claiming casualties on either side of the domestic racial divide. David is acquitted at trial (the courtroom remaining strangely free from wartime frenzy), and the Sheriff warns the young Japanese American that the town is no longer a safe place.

Frank Philips was in any case anti-Japanese, charging that “Jap” farmers deliberately bought land close to military bases and power lines in order to sabotage the U.S. war effort (he is unimpressed with Eileen’s argument that no white farmer wanted
the land). Japanese Americans, he tells Eileen in response to her claim that they are “people, just like us,” are in fact “the enemy…” and would “kill you without batting an eye.” This situation is intensified after Harlan initiates the exchange of killings, as Frank refuses to accept the verdict of accidental death. After the notice of incarceration is posted, Eileen and Frank argue once again. “Daddy, Hitler’s doing the exact same thing to the Jews,” she protests, but Frank, reassured by the radio, counters that the Japanese want to go in order to prove their loyalty. Revealing the racial motivations behind such a claim, Frank dismisses the loyalty argument even as he articulates it, turning instead to General DeWitt’s pronouncements on the “undiluted” “racial strains” that guarantee “a Jap is a Jap.…” In this exchange, Frank precipitates the tragic conclusion toward which his and others’ racial hysterics have guided the narrative. Harlan, Frank says, still unaware of his daughter’s marriage, is “better off dead than married to a Jap.”

The actions and opinions of federal authorities and private citizens make impassable the narrative paths by which earlier Hollywood films returned Japanese Americans to the nation. Hachiro, who taught his son to “be American” and served the U.S. in World War I, is so shaken by detention that he loses faith in assimilationism. When David visits his father in the Bakersfield prison compound, Hachiro reports through electrified fencing that several of the Nisei inmates “keep saying: ‘I American.’” To Hachiro, this assertion no longer makes sense, and he replies, “You American? Walk out cage.” Imprisonment divests Hachiro of his hopes of acculturation, and is soon followed by Executive Order 9066, which, contrary to Frank’s claims, leaves David’s mother, Midori, devastated. “My life, my home, my children…” she weeps.
If federal persecution destroys Hachiro’s assimilationist ambitions, Frank’s personal prejudice provokes David’s irrevocable retreat from Americanism. With Father Miller’s assistance, Eileen, desperate to change her father’s perspective, fakes her own suicide at the beach, hoping that once she emerges alive, Frank will be too happy at this news to raise objections to her marriage. David, hearing the news before Eileen can reach him, responds in kind, the film cutting to the beach where the young Japanese American takes his own life. The defeat of multicultural Americanism is symbolized in the Japanese clothing David wears (the only time he is not dressed in Western styles), and the traditional Japanese manner of his death – cutting open the stomach in the “seppuku” style. To be sure, If Tomorrow Comes privileges Japanese American acculturation by constructing suicide as “Japanese,” but more significant in light of earlier representations is the way in which this Pearl Harbor story refuses to provide a comforting conclusion between Japanese and white Americans.

David will not have the chance to prove his devotion to country by dying on a European field of battle, for he is already dead, and his interracial marriage destroyed. Furthermore, the single scene after David’s suicide places Eileen not with her biological family, but instead united with Midori in mutual grief. There is, then, not even reconciliation between the colorblind liberal white and her bigoted relatives. Frank cannot learn his lesson, even though prejudice has cost him his son, and the future of Japanese Americans in California remains, at the film’s conclusion, tied to the contingency expressed in the title. Moreover, with the campaign to repeal Title II ongoing, the “tomorrow” of the title refers also to an unspecified future time in which the nation might face again questions of race and loyalty.
If Tomorrow Comes fared well on the Nielsen ratings, finishing as the tenth most watched show of the week.\textsuperscript{113} It was not widely reviewed in the mainstream press, but the \textit{LA Times} saw it as a rejection of sentimentalism around thirtieth anniversary Pearl Harbor remembrances, turning “Glenn Miller-jitterbug bobby sox nostalgia back on itself.” The \textit{Times} considered If Tomorrow Comes “a worthy, painful reminder of the fate of the Japanese Americans during World War II.” Even so, the reviewer could not resist once again assigning such issues to the past, remembering internment in order to verify the distance traveled by the postwar nation. Japanese Americans, the paper argued, “have triumphed over grave injustice.”\textsuperscript{114}

There is in the \textit{LA Times} review a desire to seize hold of the reemerging interest in the abrogation of wartime civil rights and claim that in recuperating the lessons of 1941-1945 the matter could once again be foreclosed (if not entirely forgotten). Around the national bicentennial, even as the U.S. began to proffer official recognition of wartime wrongdoing, media outlets gave the issue scant attention. In February 1976, thirty-four years after Roosevelt’s decision, President Ford formally revoked Executive Order 9066. “We now know what we should have known then,” the President said at a White House ceremony, “not only was that evacuation wrong, but Japanese Americans were and are loyal citizens.”\textsuperscript{115} Ford suggested that the U.S. Bicentennial was an opportunity to confront national mistakes as well as triumphs, but, a few articles in the \textit{LA Times} aside, the lack of coverage in the mainstream press exposed the absence of interest in resurrecting such uncomfortable memories. The only attention to Ford’s “Proclamation 4417” in the \textit{New York Times} came via a letter to the editor by historian Roger Daniels,
who complained that “one of the most significant symbolic events of the entire Bicentennial” had passed without significant comment.\textsuperscript{116}

Inattention to official recognition of wartime wrongs points towards the recuperation by mid-decade of narratives of World War II as racial curative. So, too, do images at work in films of the period receiving DoD support. Having recommended and carried out Japanese American relocation, the U.S. military was determined to present the affair in roseate hues. This was a policy that remained consistent through the U.S. bicentennial, as the DoD assisted the production of \textit{Midway}, a patriotic rendering of the pivotal naval battle of 1942. Set in wartime Hawaii, the picture features a subplot in which Lt. Tom Garth (Edward Albert), the son of Captain Matt Garth (Charlton Heston), wishes to marry a Japanese American woman, Haruko Sakura (Christina Kokubo). Haruko and family are loyal Americans, but membership in the “Black Dragon Society” brings them, as it did the Tayanekas, to the attention of federal authorities.

Early draft scripts featured a suggestion that the Sakura family were to be sent to the U.S. mainland for “trial.” The Navy found this distasteful, and also objected to a scene containing the word “internment” in reference to Japanese Hawaiians. Mass incarceration was not imposed on Hawaii’s Japanese population, and the Navy was particularly sensitive to this implication and any others suggesting federal mistreatment of loyal citizens.\textsuperscript{117} Filming at Fort MacArthur, Los Angeles, and other DoD locations in June, 1975, \textit{Midway} eventually retreated behind the excuse of wartime frenzy, abruptly abandoning the racial subplot as the naval battle takes over.\textsuperscript{118}

When Matt Garth hears of his son’s desire to marry a Japanese American, his objection is only to the awkwardness of such a union in wartime. “I don’t care what color
your girl is,” Matt tells Tom, “but six months after Pearl Harbor” creates a problem of timing. When Haruko, loyal but frustrated at the suspicion she and her family face, asks, “What makes us different from German Americans or Italian Americans?” Tom replies, “Pearl Harbor, I guess.” Tom requests Matt helps to get the Sakuras, at least Haruko, out of trouble with the FBI. “These people are no more a threat to national security than your pet Airedale,” he tells a friend in the Agency, and this appears to have the desired results. As combat storyline takes over, the Japanese American subplot disappears. On the only occasion at which Haruko or her family appears after Matt’s visit to the FBI, she is at the Honolulu docks, anxiously awaiting the return of her wounded fiancé and apparently free to resume their relationship.

The fading racialized plotline of *Midway* points to a more general dissipation of racial critique in the late-1970s, prefiguring the coming rehabilitation of World War II imagery in the Reagan era. By the late-1970s, with respect to both Japanese and African Americans, the conflicted images of the late-‘60s and early ‘70s were once more receding, as a resurgent (and compensatory) triumphalism in the post-Vietnam period left the preceding years appearing a short-term aberration. Hollywood in the late-1970s and beyond began to rehabilitate the national confidence temporarily waylaid by War in Vietnam. That loss of confidence also applied to U.S. foreign relations, though, and my final chapter will consider U.S.-Allied affairs in World War II films of the 1960s and early-1970s.

---


2 Other nonwhites were less represented, but also facilitated dissenting narratives of the war. On Native Americans, for example, see Carol Miller, “Native Sons and the Good War: Retelling the Myth of
American Indian Assimilation,” in Erenberg and Hirsch, eds., The War in American Culture: Society and Consciousness During World War II (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 217-237. In the 1961 film The Outsider, based on the life of Marine veteran and Pima Indian Ira Hayes, the process of making heroes from those in the famous Iwo Jima photograph becomes too much for Hayes to bear. He dies a penniless alcoholic, his immortalization in the Memorial at Arlington unable to mask the failure of U.S. society to offer a postwar home for this Native American veteran.

3 Andrew Huebner argues that by the mid-1960s Americans were becoming increasingly unhappy with involvement in Indochina. In 1966, he suggests, “the war became increasingly disturbing to many people in the United States....” Huebner, The Warrior Image: Soldiers in American Culture from World War II to the Vietnam Era (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2008), 182-183.


16 Ibid., 28

17 Ibid., 38, 30. My emphasis.

18 In 1970, back in the U.S. after twenty years overseas, black author and World War II veteran William Gardner Smith (whose *The Last of the Conquerors* [1946], was the first African American World War II novel) wrote: “World War II was a landmark in the evolution of black thought. Tens of thousands of black men were uprooted from their tenant farms and ghettos and hurled across the ocean to do battle with white and yellow men in the name of freedom, democracy and equality. The war opened up cast new horizons. Many black Americans came alive for the first time in the ruins of Berlin, the coffeehouses of Tokyo, the homes of Frenchmen and Italians. Members of a victorious army, they found respect and consideration for the first time – but from the former enemy!” The “vast civil rights movement,” Gardner added, was part of the “revolt of these veterans” upon their return to an unequal society. Gardner Smith, *Return to Black America* (Englewood, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1970), 42.

19 Kramer presented the issues raised by the film as efforts to induce comparisons between fascist atrocities and the behavior of the Soviet Union (“In 1961 we had communist Russia and several other nations still doing things for which we had condemned the Nazis after World War II,” he later wrote). Stanley Kramer, with Thomas M. Coffey, *A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World: A Life in Hollywood* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1997), 177.


Ibid., 203-204.

Lindner, “Destiny’s Tot,” 154.

Darin, “Why I Played a Film Bigot,” 46.


Ibid., 18-19.


Cleaver, “Rallying Round the Flag,” in *Soul on Ice*, 112-120, quote on 116.

Cleaver, “The Black Man’s Stake in Vietnam,” in *Soul on Ice*, 121-127, quote on 127.

William O’Neill reports that while black Americans comprised 12% of total troops in Vietnam, they made up 20% of combat forces. O’Neill, *Coming Apart*, 182.


Ibid., 20, 113, 169. The military began, in the early 1970s, to address such issues more systemically, with racial sensitivity training introduced in 1971.


*The Victors* and *The Dirty Dozen* were shot in England; *Castle Keep* (1969) was filmed in Yugoslavia; many Vietnam War pictures took advantage of military assistance from the government of the Philippines. After the “divorcement” that followed gradually in the wake of the 1948 Paramount ruling, the studios could afford to produce less ‘B’ pictures (they no longer had a guaranteed national distribution network for such films), and greater influence passed to independent producers. Thus, formulaic genre pieces, the format of so many war films in the 1950s, declined markedly in numbers, from 448 in 1948, to 336 in 1953, to 240 by 1964. Concurrently, independent productions rose, from the 40 released in 1945 to upwards of 160 by 1957. Maltby, *Hollywood Cinema*, 161, 170.

As more productions moved beyond direct control of the studios, the Pictorial Division struggled to contain images of racial tension, and was sometimes pressed into cooperating as an exercise in damage control. Such was the case with the Korean War Marine Corps picture *All the Young Men* (1960), which starred Sidney Poitier as a Sergeant struggling to gain the respect of bigoted underlings. The Marines, inflexibly opposed to any suggestion of prejudice in the ranks, refused to discuss the script with producer Hall Bartlett, but eventually relented under pressure from the Pictorial Division, which feared that rejecting the production would both permit sensationalist advertising (“the film the Marine Corps don’t
want you to see,” and suchlike) and prevent the DoD from negotiating a softened image of racial tension.

This they eventually achieved, persuading Bartlett and the distribution company, Columbia, to limit prejudice to one particularly unhinged white Marine. Nonetheless, the always contingent influence of the DoD was clearly facing greater challenges, and the criticism of racial inequality in the armed forces so roundly excised for much of the 1950s found its way back into the military image. *All the Young Men*, which turns on a pivotal scene in which the racist Private must accept a blood transfusion from Poitier’s Sergeant Towler, concludes in the standard fashion of interracial reconciliation. Nonetheless, it provides an early indication of the effects of independent filmmaking on DoD influence, and of the return of interracial hostilities to the combat genre. DoD Film Collection, Georgetown University Special Collections, Box 17, Folder 12.


53 *Ebony* claimed that Van Peebles was “the first black American to direct a feature-length motion picture.” “The Story of a Three-Day Pass,” *Ebony*, September 1968, 54-60, quote from 54.


56 No year is provided, but a poster of James Brown on a barroom wall dates it to the 1960s.


58 Suid, *Guts and Glory*, 218.


67 Misunderstood, for example, in Michael Rogin, *Ronald Reagan, the Movie: and Other Episodes in Political Demonography* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1987), 236-271.


70 Williams, *Body and Soul*, 251.


73 Richard Schickel of *Life* felt that the mission’s final act constituted “cold-blooded murder,” while Tony Williams observes that the Dozen’s officially-sanctioned violence eclipses in brutality the

74 Slotkin, “Unit Pride,” 469.

75 The presence of Richard Jaeckel, a regular in patriotic war films since 1943, references the breaking down of the generic combat picture.

76 In this respect, the film follows closely Nathanson’s novel. *The Dirty Dozen*, 67.


78 Bogle, *Toms, Coons, Mulattoes, Mammies, and Bucks*, 221, 223.

79 Bosley Crowther was clearly uncomfortable with Jefferson, identifying the character as a “white-hating Negro.” “Screen: Brutal Tale of 12 Angry Men,” *NYT*, June 16, 1967, 36.

80 In the novel, Jefferson’s comments make plain the impossibility of assimilation through military service. “I am a nigger,” he says, “I shall be a nigger even after they put that rope around my neck, or of they don’t put that rope around my neck.” Nathanson, *Dirty Dozen*, 82-83.

81 Bogle, *Toms*, 222.


84 Williams, *Body and Soul*, 258.


88 In one episode he poses as an African prince to the Heroes’ advantage.


Spelling was raised the son of Jewish immigrants in Texas, and in his youth experienced ethnic bullying to such a level that he became, for a time, bedridden. Aaron Spelling with Jefferson Graham, *Aaron Spelling: A Prime Time Life* (New York: St Martin’s Press, 2002), 1-3; “ABC-TV Networks Wins NAACP Image Award,” *Chicago Defender*, November 1, 1969, 39. Spelling said later, “Every fourth show we try to do something meaningful.” “An Attempt to do ‘Meaningful’ Shows,” *Chicago Defender*, June 28, 1984, C9.

92 Spelling, *Aaron Spelling*, 1-3, 76-81.


97 See, for instance, Jim Brown in 1979’s low-budget *Pacific Inferno*.


http://www.hyphenmagazine.com/magazine/issue-1-premiere/forgotten-revolution-0?quicktabs_1=1


On narratives such as Sone’s, M. Paul Holsinger, “Told Without Bitterness: Autobiographical Accounts of the Relocation of Japanese Americans and Canadians During World War II,” in Holsinger and Schofield, eds., *Visions of War*, 149-159.


117 Robert Manning, Navy Department, to Donald Baruch, April 17, 1975; David M. Cooney, Navy Department, to Baruch, May 12, 1975; John Horton to Baruch, June 6, 1975; Baruch to Navy, June 11, 1975. RG 330/290 77/4/7, Box 1, Folder 15, Archives II, College Park, Maryland.

118 NME memo, June 20, 1975, RG 330/290 77/4/7, Box 1, Folder 15.
Chapter 8: War without Victors: Cold War Détente, the Vietnam War, and U.S.-Allied Relations

Through the 1960s and into the early-1970s, Hollywood’s World War II narratives of racial cohesion ruptured into a critically-inclined address inspired by the changing dynamic of national ethnoracial politics and the diminution of assimilationist ideologies. At the same time, in light of major developments in international affairs, filmmakers also brought this critical spirit to bear upon images of U.S. relations with the wartime and postwar Allies. The ways in which Hollywood crafted from the nation’s interactions with Allied nationals retrospective meanings about the U.S. contribution to the war and its implications for the nation’s Cold War posture were always unstable and complex, the confident, techno-muscular masculinity of the late-1940s, for instance, giving way in the mid-1950s to gendered lessons in “ overseasmanship” chastening against national arrogance and excess dollar diplomacy. Hollywood leftists were prevalent in the 1950s movement to discipline U.S. exceptionalism, and in the 1960s and early-1970s, as progressives responded to the oppositional potentialities created by fractures in the veneer of Cold War consensus – notably the onset of détente with the Soviet Union and the War in Vietnam – they sought once more to reconfigure U.S. understandings of the nation’s role in World War II and its place in shaping the postwar international (dis)order.

This chapter focuses primarily on the work of progressive filmmakers as they challenged national narratives of World War II, but the representational politics attached to the Allies trace during this timeframe a double movement in U.S. culture, providing a conflicted barometer by which to measure competing understandings of World War II’s
legacy in global politics. On one hand, images of U.S.-Allied conflict and U.S. diplomatic failure suggested and critiqued national mismanagement of Cold War leadership, implying that across two postwar decades the U.S. had squandered the goodwill accruing from the war and isolated itself in a belligerent Cold War stance productive of further international acrimony. On the other, more conventionally patriotic images of the U.S. at the forefront of (sometimes international) World War II operations persisted, offering reassurances concerning the United States’ right to (and capacity for) preeminence in global postwar leadership. In either case, as they had been since war’s end, representations of the World War II Allies were largely concerned with defining the U.S. and addressing its diplomatic conundrums, providing sounding boards against which competing versions of U.S. foreign policy were enunciated. This chapter again considers images of U.S. relations with three of its major wartime European Allies: the USSR, France, and Britain.

The reassessment of World War II and the diplomatic lessons deriving from it was in no small part facilitated by the diminishing presence of Cold War phantoms at home and abroad, especially after tensions in Berlin in 1961 and the knife-edge nuclear diplomacy of the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis brought the superpower rivals perilously close to atomic exchange. From these near-disasters emerged a new ethos of détente between the post-Stalinist USSR and the U.S., symbolized by the installation of a “hot line” between the White House and the Kremlin.¹ Such developments opened discursive space in which “commonsense” elements of Cold War thought faced revision. A thawing political climate, diplomatic historian Geir Lundestad contends, brought forth less monolithic (and less demonizing) conceptualizations of international communism and the
origins of postwar tension, so that many Americans were able to imagine their nation at least partially responsible for the Cold War stand-off and the War in Vietnam. “East-West détente,” film historian Tony Shaw writes, “allowed filmmakers to question Cold War orthodoxy with less fear of being labeled traitors or subversives.”\(^2\) Thus, encodings of World War II as a conflict furnishing lessons immediately applicable to the postwar struggle to contain another, equally poisonous, form of totalitarianism met with greater scrutiny than at any time since war’s end.

As did the rise of détente, involvement in Vietnam enabled critical backward glances at the mobilization of World War II remembrance in postwar U.S. culture. In Hollywood and Washington, memory of World War II had often served as affirmation of U.S. power and precaution against repeating the prewar sins of European diplomacy (most obviously French and British appeasement). World War II, understood as the product of military unpreparedness and misguided policy (embodied by Chamberlain at Munich in 1936), animated the United States’ somewhat bellicose postwar posture, powering the discourse and practice of containment.\(^3\) Lengthy embroilment in Vietnam, however, left the logic of containment debilitated, prompting widespread interrogation of the postwar history that had ultimately deposited the U.S. in the “quagmire” of Indochina.\(^4\)

Throughout its duration, neither Hollywood studios nor the DoD Pictorial Division were interested in directly representing the War in Vietnam (never having faced the task of depicting a losing war, filmmakers bypassed it as box office poison). Instead, it was through images of the Second World War that the often shining celluloid image of the U.S. military began to exhibit visible tarnish (as was the case with \emph{The Dirty Dozen}).\(^5\)
As filmmakers collectively looked away from Indochina, the earlier conflict became a surrogate stage for military dramas reflecting a growing sense of cynicism and disaffection towards war-making (and war storytelling)." Indeed, so pronounced was the apparent death of U.S. triumphalism that, by 1975, sociologist Daniel Bell was suggesting that the war in Indochina had divested the U.S. of its sense of exceptionalism, exposing it as merely “a nation like all other nations.” The confluence of Cold War détente and a morally-questionable military engagement induced from film industry leftists a pronounced reexamination of World War II as cinematic narrative. Hollywood liberals, often working overseas (without need of help or sanction from the U.S. DoD), confronted and contested the calls to Cold War containment communicated through so much World War II (and, I should add, Korean War) cinema in the 1950s.

Wearied and disillusioned by two postwar decades of conflicts hot and cold, filmmakers such as former blacklistee Carl Foreman, in The Victors (1963), liberal screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky and producer Martin Ransohoff, in The Americanization of Emily (1964), and Robert Aldrich, returning to the Second World War in Too Late the Hero (1970), capsized preceding images of the most venerated U.S. martial crusade in order to destabilize entrenched shibboleths of the nation at war and reconsider its consequences for U.S. international relations. Focusing once more on U.S. G.I.s and wartime European Allies, these pictures challenged the potential arrogance born of military power and economic affluence, as well as the ways in which heroicized mediations of World War II – in cinema and other avenues of memory-making – perpetuated the veneration of militarism and the warrior-martyr, leading the nation
toward further, more morally and politically fraught postwar conflicts. As they
represented national remembrance, then, these films sought to remake and redirect it.

Détente-era criticism of Cold War containment and its offshoot into Vietnam
emanated in the most part from filmmakers operating outside the influence of the DoD
Pictorial Division. It is on these films that this chapter focuses, but it is also important to
comprehend how the DoD endeavored, where it could, to maintain the military image in
the face of its crumbling façade. From productions wherein Vietnam threatened to show
through the World War II garb in which it was often dressed, the DoD retreated. In 1967,
the Pictorial Division rejected for cooperation Cornell Wilde’s independent Pacific
combat picture, *Beach Red*, the film’s unrelenting images of American death and
frustration in a jungle setting sitting disquietingly close to the contemporary experiences
Remagen*, another independent project, was also rejected by DoD censors for straying too
close to Vietnam-era sensibilities, especially in Sergeant “Angel” Angelo’s habit of
robbing German corpses and his propensity for threatening (and in one case striking) his
incompetent officers.

In contrast, World War II films receiving DoD countenance in the mid-to-late
1960s were those offering counterbalance to the declination of triumphalist clarity
expressed in *Beach Red* and *Bridge at Remagen*, often those representing the U.S.
standing alone as the exemplary anti-Nazi (and, in the Cold War connotation, anti-
totalitarian) power, and thus tendering affirmation of the United States’ ability and right
to go it alone in Vietnam. Combat pictures such as Warner Brothers’ *First to Fight*
(1967), in its insistence that the World War II paradigm required no adjustment
regardless of events in Vietnam, expressed an almost desperate nostalgia for a time in which military narratives were uncomplicated by moral ambiguity or the suggestion of diplomatic and political missteps (it received full Marine Corps backing). Loosely based on the experiences of Pacific War hero “Manila” John Basilone, “Shanghai” Jack Connell (Chad Everett), the Marine protagonist of *First to Fight*, performs bravely in combat on Guadalcanal, earning a Medal of Honor and a trip home for a money-raising publicity tour of the U.S. Here, as he embodies a conventional image of national heroism, Connell falls in love with and marries his guide, Peggy Sanford (Marilyn Devin), their romance blossoming after a trip to the movies to see *Casablanca*. Following the couple’s marriage, Connell finds that familial attachment has stripped him of his once reckless courage, but the slippage of “As Time Goes By” from the soundtrack of *Casablanca* into the soundtrack of *First to Fight* reassures audiences that the Marine will recover his combative priorities in time to rejoin the war effort. Like Bogart’s Rick Blaine, Connell must comprehend that patriotic duty trumps personal desire. Whatever fears the nation and its warriors face (however much “time goes by”), the picture insists, the “fundamental things apply” nonetheless, and the nation’s responsibility remains the same: fight on regardless. It is, after all, “still the same old story/ A fight for love and glory/ A case of do or die.”

Contained within the title *First to Fight* is a representational and historical sleight of hand that eclipses the World War II Allies (none of which are mentioned in the film), placing the U.S. (specifically the Marines) at the perpetual vanguard of democracy’s defense. The film cannot help but bring that same implication to the Indochinese conflict raging in the year of its release. Again, the U.S. steps forth as the primary custodian of
freedom against aggression: the “first to fight.” While Allied absence characterized this and several other films of the triumphalist or nostalgic ilk, beyond such unilateral World War II remembrances were a collection of DoD-backed films clinging with equally pungent nostalgia to the image of the U.S. as spearhead of a willing international coalition, counterbalancing the lack of international support for the increasingly unpopular Indochinese war.

There was, however, still no place for the Soviet Union in Hollywood’s World War II imaginary. While détente opened potential to recognize the Soviet contribution to the defeat of Nazism, as John F. Kennedy did in a June 1963 address at American University, World War II cinema did not follow suit. Irrespective of improved diplomatic relations, the Eastern Front remained anathema, a subject almost entirely un referenced in postwar U.S. film. Take, for instance, perhaps the most famous war picture of the 1960s, Darryl F. Zanuck’s The Longest Day (1962), which, with assistance from multiple national militaries (including the U.S.), marshaled a collection of international directors and actors through a documentary-style reconstruction of the 1944 Normandy landings.

Although Zanuck later claimed to have been attempting to impart an anti-war message, he recognized that the ideological implications of the film, which premiered in Paris in September 1962, were ultimately to honor U.S. triumphalist narratives alongside those of its major Western European allies – notably through the prevalence of British and French combat forces. The Longest Day eschews the exceptionalist dynamics exhibited by early postwar films (including Zanuck’s Twelve O’Clock High), instead foregrounding a cooperative, international effort. “We’re comparative newcomers,” says
John Wayne’s Col. Benjamin Vandervoort of his U.S. forces, “England’s gone through a Blitz with a knife at her throat since 1940….” In impressively-staged combat sequences, Free French commandoes fight unflinchingly for their own liberation, and, unlike many postwar narratives (such as 1950’s *Breakthrough*), no hint of collaborationism or feminized helplessness tarnishes the Gallic contribution to the “day of days.”

If this internationalism championed continuing Cold War fraternity between the Western Allies, Zanuck also took care to represent former enemies diplomatically, humanizing German soldiers as victims of higher echelon overconfidence and Hitlerian eccentricity of planning, and hiring Austrian director Bernhard Wicki to handle the film’s German episodes. Stephen E. Ambrose comments that the “larger purpose of the film…was to show reconciliation among the Germans, British, French, and Americans, now acting together against a communist threat from the east.”

Despite its international flavor, then, *The Longest Day* occludes Russia from the list of Allied powers, perpetuating the blinkered U.S. focus on the Western Front, and especially D-Day, as the war’s pivotal arena and moment.

The Pictorial Division encouraged such absences. As far as the DoD was concerned, any mention of the Soviet role in Germany’s defeat constituted an unacceptable slight on the U.S. war effort. Such was the case in 1961, when writer-producer E. Charles Straus requested use of stock footage in making *Hitler* (1962), an anti-fascist biopic characterizing the Nazi leader as (in equal measure) crazed and incestuous. Charting the rise of National Socialism through to the Fuehrer’s suicide, Straus suggested that his project would “dissipate the growing legend and myth
enveloping Hitler” and draw attention to “the ever-present threat, activity and regrowth of the Nazi Party throughout the world.”

The DoD and the USIA were unhappy, though, with the film’s treatment of German military defeat. No combat scenes feature, but draft treatments focused Hitler’s strategic anxieties primarily on the Eastern Front. Reviewing the script in May 1961, the USIA’s Turner Shelton contended that the climactic scenes gave the impression “that the fighting and beating of Hitler’s armies were chiefly the achievements of the Russian Army with the allies playing a relatively minor role….” This, Shelton complained, was historically misleading. “While it was undoubtedly true that the German armies had been considerably depleted by campaigning into the Soviet Union, thus making it difficult for the German army to fight a war on two fronts,” he told Donald Baruch, “it was an accomplished fact that the fall of Germany was brought about by the invasion of Europe by the Western allies.”

Forwarding these concerns to the distribution company, Allied Artists, Baruch questioned the “predominant image of the Russians winning the war” and included “a plea for the proper place of the U.S. forces!” Straus redrafted, drawing emphasis away from the Red Army, excising references to the Eastern Front, and altering all mentions of Russia into Nazi unease at the approach of unspecified “enemies.” U.S. state agencies remained unimpressed with the lack of “a proper picture” of American and Western Allied forces’ prowess, but any suggestion of Soviet primacy in the European Theatre was quashed. Speaking to Variety, Straus reported the State Department’s desire that Hollywood “accurately and truthfully depict the times and the people, but not… inflame or distort the present set of values.” Variety regarded this with skepticism: “By ‘distorting
the present set of values,”’” the reporter wrote, “it is presumed the State Dept. means that Germany now is our ally while Russia (our ally during the war) is our enemy.”\textsuperscript{21}

Diplomatic relations between the superpowers blossomed somewhat after 1963, but Cold War tensions fluctuated rather than dissipated, and in U.S. cinema of the Second World War Russians remained at best absent (as they were in \textit{Longest Day}) and at worst the potential initiators of World War III. Indeed, production of \textit{The Bridge at Remagen} produced a sharp reminder of the continual specter of Cold War tensions, when, in the summer of 1968, location shooting in Europe was delayed by the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.\textsuperscript{22} Thus, even in the period of détente, the Cold War continued to impede any sense of remembered historical affinity in the defeat of Nazism. The USSR and the U.S., of course, stood on opposite sides of the Vietnam conflict, so that while détente survived through the 1970s, the nations retained ample suspicion of one another’s motives and goals. Thus, the “brainwashed” communist agents of 1962’s \textit{The Manchurian Candidate} still held cultural currency in the late-1970s. Director Don Siegel’s 1977 film, \textit{Telefon}, echoed both \textit{Candidate} and Siegel’s own \textit{Invasion of the Body Snatchers} (1956), as Soviet agents – “brainwashed human time bombs” dispersed throughout the U.S. – threaten a Third World War. The Soviet plot in \textit{Telefon} is presented as a relic of twenty years earlier, and the détente-era Soviet government is earnest in its attempts to thwart a dissident Stalinist hardliner from activating the sleeper agents. Nonetheless, the film proffers a warning that the Cold War might resurface at any moment to threaten U.S. security once more.

In 1962, \textit{The Longest Day} was a commercial triumph, saving Fox from bankruptcy and revealing also that military cinema still carried commercial appeal. By
1964, nearly twenty World War II films were in production (none of them, of course, set on the Eastern Front).\textsuperscript{23} As well as rekindling a certain enthusiasm for the war as subject matter, Zanuck’s epic film, historian James Chapman observes, ushered in a new stylistic era of World War II cinema, a “shift towards spectacle” in which realism and “sheer scale” became prevailing characteristics.\textsuperscript{24} While Zanuck’s anti-war intentionality was lost, in other DoD-backed films, such as Edward Dmytryk’s \textit{Anzio} (1968), and Richard Attenborough’s \textit{A Bridge too Far} (1977) – the latter adapted from another work by \textit{Longest Day} author Cornelius Ryan – Vietnam-era sentiment peeked through despite overwhelming attention on the spectacle of combat. Indeed, the Anzio landings and Operation Market Garden (the subject of \textit{Bridge}) were both military ventures ending in Allied failure, hardly the raw material of glorified remembrance.

Dmytryk later claimed that he wanted to make \textit{Anzio} a statement about “the waste of war,” but that Columbia executives, sensitive to U.S. involvement in Vietnam, “mangled the film,” excising “every line…which suggested that war was not exactly a glorious pastime….”\textsuperscript{25} Nonetheless, \textit{Anzio} advances (even if its American troops do not) a consistent critique resonating with issues at large in Indochina. The command capabilities of U.S. General Lesley (Arthur Kennedy) are roundly impugned, the suggestion imparted that an inept officer class wasted hundreds of G.I. lives. Moreover, the film concludes with acidic comment from correspondent Dick Ennis (Robert Mitchum) on the perpetual nature of armed conflict. Studying the military images sculpted into the 4\textsuperscript{th} century Arch of Constantine in Rome as General Carson (Robert Ryan) enjoys a rapturous Italian reception (plainly staged by U.S. Army photographers), Ennis observes, “Nothing changes except the uniforms and the transportation.”\textsuperscript{26} World
War II is not an exception, but merely another example of a destructive impulse as old as human civilization (and currently on display in Vietnam).

In *A Bridge too Far*, failings of military leadership restate the points made by *Anzio*, even if they lie primarily with the British officer class. Made with cooperation from the military establishments of six nations, including the U.S. DoD, the film includes images of the Dutch underground, and British, U.S., and Polish forces failing to secure Allied objectives during Market Garden. According to Lawrence Suid, despite the film depicting less-than-glorious operations, “The Pentagon considered the script to be excellent and contributed men and material to the American segments of the British production.”

Despite this, as screenwriter William Goldman points out, the film eschewed triumphalism, drawing attention to the effects of war on civilian women and children, and featuring moments of dark irony (such as when desperate British troops risk their lives to retrieve a supply drop only to discover a set of brand new regimental berets and nothing else). “This wasn’t *The Longest Day,*” Goldman said, “where everybody got to leave the theatre waving the flag. This was a tragedy.”

The film contained moments of high historical heroism, such as a recreation of U.S. troops’ daring daylight crossing of a river in German-held territory, but, according to Goldman, reviewers had by 1977 become so inured against such Hollywood heroics that they did not believe the event took place.

As did elements of *A Bridge too Far* in 1977, *Variety’s* knowing 1961 comment on the eclipse of the Red Army from *Hitler* suggested growing fatigue towards the ways in which memory of World War II had so often served the needs of the state and the Pentagon. At the same time, *Variety’s* need to clarify that Russia had indeed been a
wartime ally communicates the extent to which, even amid the deconstruction of World War II cinema, postwar U.S. cultural producers nonetheless kept Soviet forces detached from the anti-fascist coalition. By the mid-1960s, though, and despite the almost unbroken absence of the Russians in Hollywood films, progressive filmmakers began to question whether World War II ought really, given the legacy of international conflict it bequeathed, to be considered a time of national triumph at all. In this way, the presence of Russia as a World War II power reemerged.

The earliest attempt to debunk mythologies of World War II and assail the management of the war’s legacy originated, appropriately, with a victim of the Cold War blacklist, Chicago-born Jewish filmmaker Carl Foreman. A former collaborator with Stanley Kramer, Foreman departed the U.S. after his 1952 encounter with HUAC, subsequently living and working in Britain. There he wrote The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957) and The Guns of Navarone (1961), commercially-successful World War II films with non-triumphalist perspectives. Following Guns, Foreman continued to work with a British film company, Open Road, adapting The Human Kind, a novel by British Marxist Alexander Baron, into a screenplay that he ironically entitled The Victors. Receiving U.S. release through Columbia, the film announced Foreman’s return home, and it was an intensely personal project for which he not only wrote the screenplay and served as producer, but which also became his sole directorial venture.

Having served in the U.S. military during World War II only to experience postwar pillory and exile, Foreman identified with what he deemed a generation of veterans betrayed by conservative cooptation of the war’s legacy and the swift demise of “one world.” He thus wished to challenge not only triumphalist depictions of the war
(and warfare as a whole), but more specifically the idea that the U.S. (and its soldiery) emerged from the conflict victorious. The film, he said, “raises questions about who won what in World War II.”

I’m taking a backward look at the war years from the standpoint of the present. I don’t know how many people share my feelings, but I am conscious of a lot of disappointments and defeats when I think of how dedicated we felt then, and this is inherent in the story. One’s attitudes change. I am sure now that any war – even a ‘just’ war – in some ways degrades even the victors. The dictionary says ‘degrade’ means corrupt or damage, and that’s what I mean and what the film will say.

More straightforwardly, during production, Foreman related that The Victors was “dedicated to the proposition that we lost the war.”

This proposition Foreman advanced by contrasting an unceasingly grim representation of G.I.s’ war experiences with the roseate ways in which the conflict was mass-mediated into the public sphere. Throughout the picture, by juxtaposing upbeat newsreel reportage with the stark “reality” of combat soldiering, and by depicting U.S. G.I.s as, in various instances, pimps, racial bigots, and cold-hearted killers, Foreman presents the preeminent postwar nation – the belligerent power least physically and economically depleted by the conflict – corrupted and damaged by warfare and the postwar responsibilities of power. Interactions between U.S. troops and Allied nationals, most tellingly in the film’s final scene, a mutually fatal Berlin encounter between U.S. Corporal Trower (George Hamilton) and a Russian soldier (Albert Finney), frame the war’s primary legacy as a precipitous descent into Cold War hostilities.
Anticipating that his vision would “shock and offend some people,” Foreman did not seek assistance from the DoD (to do so would have been entirely pointless). Instead, the production remained European-based, shooting beginning in Sweden in the spring of 1962 before moving through French, Italian, Belgian, and English locations.\textsuperscript{34} The primary target of Foreman’s arguments were, nonetheless, U.S. audiences and U.S. narratives, and this, surely coupled with an eye on the box office, saw him shift the nationality of Baron’s British protagonists to a near-exclusively American cast of characters. Baron’s novel, a “sequence” of short vignettes – some connected, others less so – followed a platoon of British infantrymen, the author exhibiting admiration and empathy for working class Britons struggling through the war. In substituting Americans for Britons, Foreman was, like many before him, Americanizing remembrance of the war, but he did so not to aggrandize the U.S. contribution but to expose and undermine the nation’s oft-sanitized and glorified remembrances of the conflict.

In this respect, \textit{The Victors} was also a swipe at Hollywood, at both its generic war stories and its postwar capitulation to the American right. “By bowing to the witch hunt,” Foreman said in 1963, “Hollywood castrated itself. For at precisely the time that European movies were being revitalized, Hollywood cut itself off from more than 200 talented men and women.”\textsuperscript{35} In keeping with his and his film’s outsider status in U.S. culture, \textit{The Victors} premiered at the 1963 San Francisco Film Festival. Accepting the invitation of organizer Irving H. Levin (producer, you may recall, of \textit{Hell to Eternity}), Foreman’s film became only the second Hollywood-released picture ever to open at the progressive, international west coast symposium.\textsuperscript{36}
Little about The Victors recalls Hollywood war film convention, except where it does so to subversive ends. Rather than upholding militaristic bromides of preparedness and containment, Foreman opens by integrating World War II into a historical pattern in which the democratic promises of wartime are betrayed, prompting only further conflicts through which soldiers and civilians suffer. Rapidly cutting stock images shape a frenzied historical montage, beginning with the 1919 peace at Versailles and culminating with its collapse into another global war (conveyed by a fleet of planes emerging from Hitler’s mouth). World War II is, then, merely another in a line of international conflicts (as, by extension, is the Cold War), and the suggestion is early tendered that the post-World War II peace bears uncomfortable commonalities with that of 1919. The Great War – fought “to keep the world safe for democracy” – produced only more and bloodier conflict, and Foreman is determined to suggest similar of the Second World War.

Structured, like Baron’s novel, as an episodic series of vignettes, The Victors follows a U.S. infantry company in the European Theatre, focusing on Corporal Trower (Hamilton) and Corporal Chase (George Peppard). In a structural addition to the novel, Foreman persistently interjects snippets of wartime news footage. The first of these highlights promises made by Franklin Roosevelt to the world’s nations, and particularly to “the youth of the free world.” The U.S., Roosevelt declares, is “supremely conscious” of its obligation to shape a democratic, cooperative postwar climate: “No Betrayal After War, Says FDR” trumpets the newsreel headline. Viewed from 1963, through the filter of fifteen years of Cold War conflict, such pronouncements appear as hollow echoes of a lost age of liberal internationalist hope. The same newsreel report proffers further evidence of the gulf between mass mediations of the war and the conflict as The Victors
recreates it. Following coverage of a female dance troupe attempting the Marine Corps obstacle course at Quantico, the image transitions to news of the Italian front, where, having focused on two bedraggled German POWs – “not-so-masterful members of the master race” – the report cuts to Trower and Chase, supposedly triumphant American G.I.s. “A study in contrast,” the newsreel chirps, “the vanquished and the victors.”

It is readily apparent that the newsreels are stretching credibility, as Trower and Chase – “the victors” – betray the same trampled appearance and blank expressions as do their “vanquished” foes. Silent, careworn, and exhausted, the U.S. protagonists suggest from the outset that “victory” is, for the soldier and his nation, a poisoned chalice. The Victors returns to the newsreels time and again in order to present the images contained therein as a source of national misunderstanding. Also implied in this structural device is a jab at Hollywood’s tendency to glorify the war. The newsreels are, like feature films, a medium through which ideas about the war gained vast public audiences, and they invariably sanitize and celebrate the conflict, ignoring the savagery and moral collapse that Foreman considers endemic to warfare.

The next documentary interjection, for instance, which lauds the D-Day landings and the “G.I. Joes, the Tommies, and the Johnny Canucks” who are “putting Dunkirk into reverse,” appears shortly after a sequence in which white G.I.s assault African American troops in a Rome wine bar (see chapter 6), and directly subsequent to a scene in which Italian children rob dead or drunken U.S. troops. Later on, as the war in Europe drags into 1945 and the “Big Three” powers meet at Yalta, newsreel reports (again with irony appended by postwar history) detail FDR’s claim that the Allies are “closely united… in war aims and peace aims,” and his promises of a “better world” in which the “children
and grandchildren of the whole world must live and can live.” This announcement Foreman sandwiches between a mournful reconstruction of the death by firing squad of deserter Pvt. Eddie Slovik (the only such execution since the Civil War) and images of a line of G.I.s waiting to patronize Italian prostitutes.

The grand promises of the President, restricted to the evidently fictional realm of newsreel reporting, have little connection to the desperate and depraved goings on at the front. In The Victors, U.S. relations with “liberated” Allied nationals – and indeed with former enemies such as Italy – perpetuate and accentuate the critical impulse evident in the postwar U.S.-Allied romance movies of the 1950s. Indeed, one of few instances beyond the newsreels in which international camaraderie is evident is when Chase, embarking upon a brief and ill-fated romance with a mercenary and ideologically-chameleonic Polish businesswoman, dines in distasteful opulence at a black market restaurant where deserters from all belligerent nations – Axis or Allied – congregate peacefully. Only here, united in personal indulgence and the rejection of national duty, do international relations appear to run smoothly.

Foreman’s G.I.s are not universally “degraded” by victory, and remain capable of treating European women with diplomacy and respect, such as Sergeant Craig (Eli Wallach) displays in his kindly attitude to a French widow whom he finds in her bomb-ruined home (his reward for such kindness is, ultimately, disfigurement and hospitalization, further evidence of the absence of justice for the G.I.). Yet the prevailing sense, shared with an earlier film like Act of Love, is once again that U.S. attempts to leverage affluence in exchange for influence create exploitative barricades between representatives of the new occupying power and their European wards. Indeed, while we
learn that German soldiers are guilty of raping Allied women, and Russian soldiers guilty of raping German women, certain Americans exhibit behaviors scarcely more moral. On brief leave in a Belgian inn, Trower is attracted to a young Belgian violinist named Brigitte. An educated and talented orphan, Brigitte is still a child, her room adorned with dolls and teddy bears. Trower, representing the best of ambassadorial manhood, wishes to romance her, but by the time he and Chase are able to return, a differing form of U.S. masculinity has reduced her (as Act of Love’s Teller reduced Lise) to a sexual commodity.\textsuperscript{37}

To his dismay, Trower learns that Pvt. Eldridge (Michael Callan) has established himself as the local pimp, and, stripping Brigitte of her cultured ways (she no longer plays the violin), is selling the now inebriated woman to lustful G.I.s. Liberation by U.S. power, at least for this young European, is anything but a path to freedom. Eldridge explains his exploitative logic, further communicating the notion that U.S. guardianship of postwar Europe was less than ubiquitously benevolent: “You gotta be firm, you know? You gotta let them know they need you. You gotta make ‘em understand they’re better off with you than they are without you,” he tells Trower. Again adding to the novel, Foreman evokes once more the lost liberal promise of war’s end. “Like they say, it’s all one world,” Eldridge says, corrupting Wendell Willkie’s optimistic phrase into an indication of expanding global opportunities for profit-driven manipulation. From this sorry episode, which ends with Trower and Eldridge brawling, Foreman cuts to more newsreel, this time of happy G.I.s engaged in a brotherly snowball fight in the Ardennes.

The film concludes in the immediate aftermath of “victory” in Europe and Asia, Foreman once more apposing mass-mediated triumphalism on the home front with the
complexities of postwar international relations and the unraveling of wartime alliances. A newsreel montage covering May-August 1945 documents the joyous meeting of U.S. and Soviet troops at the Elbe, then details Truman (the liberal figurehead, FDR, is by now dead), Churchill, and Stalin shaking hands in apparent unity at Potsdam before concluding with footage of home front U.S. crowds hailing the atomic bombings of Japan. Each scene restates Foreman’s disillusionment at the postwar descent into acrimony (and nuclear stand-off). The Russian “ally,” of course, would soon become the greatest foe in U.S. cultural discourse, while the atomic bombs so heartily celebrated in the newsreel clip had, by 1963, long been the ultimate symbol of a potential World War III (a potential almost realized during the Cuban Missile Crisis of a year earlier).

From the blind optimism of the 1945 news footage, Foreman shifts the scene to the austerity of “Berlin – The Soviet Zone – 1946.” Here, Allied camaraderie is promptly consumed by postwar rancor, as Americans and Soviets clash over German women in an encounter metaphorically-charged with Cold War implications (the Soviets erected the Berlin Wall in 1961, a year before filming began). Trower is, by now, involved with a young German woman, Helga (Elke Sommer), who lives with her parents and sister in the Russian quadrant. Trower maintains amiable relations with Helga’s family, chiefly by plying them with material goods: hard-to-find foodstuffs and a radio, for instance. German womanhood serves here as Foreman’s symbol of postwar Europe, the locale in which the alliance of U.S. and Soviet masculinities pictured at the Elbe (and celebrated in the newsreel) comes apart. In feminized postwar Europe, loyalty is capricious, a commodity hawked to the highest bidder. Helga’s sister, Trudi (Senta Berger), has taken as her boyfriend and meal ticket a Russian Captain, and she and her sibling compete over
what their respective beaus can provide. “American is best, ja?” Helga comments after Trower presents the family with a radio (blaring out the “Star Spangled Banner,” no less), initiating a debate in the kitchen (if not quite a kitchen debate) as to which of the conquering Allies promises the more prosperous future. Trudi counters, pointing to the fur coat she wears, the apartment her family shares, and the fresh eggs they eat as evidence of Russian guardianship’s superior appeal. Furthermore, Trudi believes Russia to be richer in cultural capital than the U. S.: “Your people have no culture,” she sneers at Trower.

The struggle between U.S. and Soviet goods and culture for the loyalty of postwar Germans (and, by extension, Europeans) is Foreman’s method of addressing the destructive consequences of “victory” in World War II. Attempts to garner German favor, indicative of capricious shifts in international relations at war’s end, produce only animosity between the soldierly representatives of each superpower. The rivalry elevates in intensity through the metaphor of sexual politics. Trudi claims that Helga used to date a Russian officer, spurring in Trower a hotly jealous reaction. Helga’s denial of this charge does little to assuage Trower, as she tells him that she was in fact raped by Red Army troops. “They were like animals, drunk,” she says. Whether Helga is being truthful or simply adapting to circumstances in order to survive in relative comfort is left unclear (the family mantelpiece still exhibits pictures of two uniformed Russians), but the desire to protect both Helga and his own masculine pride sends Trower spiraling into indiscriminate fury at the former Ally.

Heading back through the ruined Berlin cityscape toward the U.S. zone, Trower encounters an inebriated Russian soldier on a low, narrow footbridge. There is room
enough for only one to pass at a time, and, in their inability to communicate, neither man gives ground, Trower staring angrily at the Russian and asking, “Find somebody to rape?” Trower cannot be certain that any Russian, let alone this particular soldier, is guilty of a crime against his German lover, but the inability (indeed, refusal) of the two to communicate hardens their hostile sentiments. “I didn’t come all this way to be shoved by anybody,” says Trower, refusing to allow the Russian to pass and pushing his adversary into the water. The Russian retaliates by heaving a brick at Trower, and both men draw knives.

Fighting over right of way in postwar Berlin, each man’s position (anticipating Cold War obstacles) derives in part from miscommunication and, in Trower’s case, anger based on unreliable information. Neither will concede ground, and Foreman divides them in the shot (appropriately enough, given the Berlin setting, on either side of a wall) before each lunges forward, brandishing a blade. There can be no winner in a conversation held with knives, however, and in failing to understand one another and work peaceably to negotiate the obstacle, the men seal their respective fates. Each strikes the other a fatal wound, and at this the camera retreats, a crane shot capturing the two bodies wasted in mutual destruction. Amid the rubble of a war only just concluded, another begins.

The conclusion of *The Victors* makes more violent and ominous the last vignette of *The Human Kind*, Baron’s British soldiers’ pronounced distaste for the Red Army (and the resultant murder of a Russian by a British soldier) becoming instead the double death of a Russian and an American in early postwar Berlin.³⁸ The imputation is, of course, that the end of World War II did not meet the newsreel’s and politicians’ promises of “one world” characterized by peaceful cooperation (the shift to the more belligerent Truman in
the last newsreel also indicates such), that the war engendered only more war, a truth masked in wartime and after by triumphalist mediations of the conflict and heroic fictions concerning the men who fought it. Here, in the earliest of postwar settings, rises instantly another, longer conflict, potentially fatal to both belligerent powers. There are no victors; there is no victory.39

_The Victors_ is a little-seen and less-studied film, but British historian Robert Murphy argues that while the final scene “might seem an overblown metaphor for the futility of war, it is also a satisfactory resolution of the film’s narrative.”40 Satisfaction is a subjective concept, of course, and contemporary U.S. reviewers did not share Murphy’s enthusiasm, expressing disquiet at the assault on conventions of World War II cinema. Regional motion picture censors refused to allow some of the more unsavory depictions of U.S. troops to run in Maryland, while reviewers decried Foreman’s “heavy” hand and “obvious” symbolism.41 Bosley Crowther’s analysis was confused, the influential critic claiming that, despite the director’s best efforts, the film made of war “a bold and exciting thing.”42 It is difficult to see from where such an interpretation derived. There is little of the conventionally “bold and exciting” in scenes such as Slovik’s execution, or in the sequence in which a young replacement adopts a puppy only for his comrades in arms to execute it for target practice.43 Crowther was, perhaps, squirming a little at what was a bolder, more challenging address of the war and its aftermath than Hollywood had produced in two postwar decades. If Foreman’s work lacked for subtlety, as reviewers clamored to point out, this hardly makes it unique among combat pictures.44 It was, more likely, the political trajectory along which this lack of subtlety was headed that provoked discomfort, for despite the more open cultural climate developing at the time, Americans
were not yet used to such unrelenting denunciations of a most favorably remembered war.

The appearance in *The Victors* of Russian World War II military personnel, however briefly and ambiguously encoded, was a rather isolated instance in 1960s U.S. film culture. Yet, despite the misgivings of mainstream reviewers, as Cold War détente made something of a mockery of the hysterical cinematic imaginings of the 1950s, it was possible to view once more the late-1940s as a time of lost opportunity, the Cold War as the betrayal of the fighting man, an unnecessarily acrimonious (and near-apocalyptic) development in global affairs. Becoming one of the first postwar World War II films (perhaps the very first since *Berlin Express*) to reference the collapse of U.S.-Soviet alliance with regret for internationalist possibilities spurned rather than flat condemnation of the communist power, *The Victors* furthered the opening of World War II to oppositional retrospective engagement. In this it had something in common with a number of Cold War dramas that followed.45

Cold War logic continued to face blunt confrontation in the mid-1960s. In pictures such as *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962), *Dr. Strangelove* (1964), *Fail Safe* (1964), and *Seven Days in May* (1964), while the Russian enemy hardly experienced widespread rehabilitation, left-leaning filmmakers such as John Frankenheimer, Stanley Kubrick, and Sidney Lumet included anticommunist U.S. militarists, policymakers, and nuclear strategists (not just their Russian adversaries) among the enemies of international security. As Tom Engelhardt observes, the speech by a U.S. government scientist (Walter Matthau) in Lumet’s *Fail Safe*, defending the Japanese “sneak” tactics at Pearl Harbor and advocating a similar (this time nuclear) assault on the USSR imparts with clarity that
the “era of reversals” in U.S. culture was underway before the Vietnam conflict escalated as a popular concern.46

As filmmakers like Foreman issued more complex interpretations of where responsibility lay for the descent into U.S.-Soviet rivalry, Hollywood cinema of World War II also responded to the stresses and strains placed on the Western Cold War alliance. Postwar U.S. relations with France had, as we have seen, often been fractious, the European nation regularly represented as helpless and feminized recipient of liberation, or as potentially treacherous and insufficiently grateful Ally. Such double-inflection persisted into the 1960s, and was encapsulated in the popular ABC television show *Combat!* (1962-1967). In the 1962 D-Day episode, “A Day in June,” for example, French women greet U.S. troops with unrestrained gratitude and admiration: “We are so ‘appy that you ‘ave come to liberate our country,” says one. On other occasions, memory of Vichy collaborationism also surfaces, as is the case in a 1963 episode, “The Quiet Warrior,” in which a French woman posing as a Resistance member betrays U.S. and British attempts to smuggle to safety a French physician and his daughter.

On occasion, the 1960s decline of U.S. triumphalism facilitated images of the French in more active, belligerent wartime posture, images that, in their emphasis on French martial agency, diminished the extent to which U.S. forces could claim the credit for Europe’s freedom. This was the case in *The Victors*, which, in a similar move to *The Longest Day*, included scenes of French commandoes engaging in battle with German forces. A few years later, leftist author Gore Vidal and a young Francis Ford Coppolla worked on the screenplay for the collaborative U.S.-French production of director Rene

But U.S. media honoring French military prowess remained a rare occurrence, and Franco-American relations were not improved by the French military failure in Indochina, which led to the U.S. taking up the fight against Vietnamese communism. In addition, diplomatic disagreements on important issues, such as the Middle East and China, complicated relations between the longtime allies still further. Charles de Gaulle led the French withdrawal from NATO in 1966, and “anti-French sentiment in the United States,” historian Richard J. Golsan writes, “ran high as a result.” Some Americans called for the remains of World War II G.I.s to be exhumed from their French resting places and returned to the U.S. Sometimes the French were, as they had been in 1950s cinema, imaged as wartime traitors. In the ABC-TV movie *Fireball Forward* (1972), for instance, Jean Duval, a Maquis Commando attached to a U.S. infantry division, betrays many dozens of U.S. soldiers to their deaths in post-D-Day France.

If shows such as *Combat!* exposed continuing ambivalence in U.S.-French relations, the series’ unflinchingly positive portrayal of the British war effort expressed continuing proximity between the transatlantic “cousins.” Similarly, *The Victors,* though it eclipsed Baron’s British soldiers, found room for a sympathetic depiction of British citizenry when a working class family takes in the rain-sodden Trower after he is marooned in an English downpour. Because of the general affinity of Hollywood for Britain’s war effort, remembered relations with the World War II British offer perhaps the prime indicator of how the cultural climate ushered in by détente and Vietnam reshaped U.S. filmmakers’ take on international relations. For the most part, Britain
remained the most favorably portrayed of the Allies, cooperative relations between the
two nations continuing to proffer assurance that one of the nations “rescued” by U.S.
forces’ in wartime remained a stable ally. A 1965 Gallup Poll, for instance, found that
U.S. respondents considered Britain America’s “most reliable” friend, and, behind the
U.S., USSR, and China, the fourth most important nation in global politics.\(^{48}\)

While certain British-directed films, such as Guy Hamilton’s *Man in the Middle*
(1963), dramatized Anglo-American tensions in order to criticize U.S. racial attitudes,
Hollywood productions preferred to represent the kind of cooperative endeavors depicted
in *The Longest Day* over moments of inter-Allied rancor. So closely were the U.S. and
Britain tied together in many war films of the 1960s that some scholars speak (a little
reductively) of a coherent “Anglo-American memory” of the war.\(^{49}\) This was, in part, a
reflection of the “Special relationship” between the two nations, which, while
occasionally fractious, cohered around issues such as nuclear policy, but also a product of
the prevalence of U.S. money and influence in the British film industry. Many “British”
war films of 1960s, Robert Murphy records, were “largely financed by American
companies,” and almost invariably included, in the interest of commercial appeal, a U.S.
star in a leading role.\(^{50}\) This was the case with the “British” productions *633 Squadron*
(1964) and *Operation Crossbow* (1965), which starred as their respective leads Cliff
Robertson and George Peppard as U.S. officers appended to otherwise British
operations.\(^{51}\) A similar dynamic characterizes U.S. productions such as *Von Ryan’s
Express* (1965), *Battle of the Bulge* (1965), *Where Eagles Dare* (1968), and *Patton*
(1970), in all of which U.S. characters in leadership roles are supported by their British
Allies. Moreover, the 1967 film *Tobruk* gives somewhat honorific treatment to British fighting prowess in North Africa.\(^{52}\)

Although many of these films replicated elements of conventional wartime heroics, Hollywood’s liberal shift of 1960s saw the U.S.-British alliance used as a means to disrupt triumphalist representations of the war and suggest that American World War II remembrance had been used to foster militaristic attitudes and create further climate for conflict (as was the implication of *The Victors*). Indeed, the consistency of Britain as the most favorably depicted of America’s Allies lent the occasional critical image crafted around wartime U.S.-British relations a more powerful impetus. This was notably the case with another unconventional war film of the period, MGM’s 1964 release *The Americanization of Emily*, which was based on a 1959 novel by noted journalist William Bradford Huie.

*Emily* was produced by Martin Ransohoff (later to produce *Catch-22*) and directed by Canadian filmmaker Arthur Hiller (later to direct *Tobruk*), but the primary creative force in shaping the screen version was Jewish American screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky, whose adaptation of the novel proceeds from the notion that war is perpetuated by melancholy sentimentality over wartime losses (the “British” model) and by the glorifications created in film and official commemorations (the “American” purview). A veteran, like Hiller and Huie, of World War II service, Chayefsky was hired by Ransohoff to adapt the novel after Huie’s efforts proved uninspired.\(^{53}\) Set in wartime London, the book focuses on the romantic entanglement and eventual marriage of Lt. Commander James Madison Monroe, a U.S. “dog-robber” (an officer who procures fine
foods and attractive women for the pleasure and comfort of the top brass), and Emily Barham, a widowed British driver serving with the Women’s Army Corps (WAC).

In Huie’s work, Emily’s “Americanization” pertains solely to her willingness to accept the sexual attentions of an American. As the story opens, a few months before Operation Overlord, Emily, whose father and brother are both recipients of the Victoria Cross, and who has already suffered the loss of her brother and husband to the war, refuses to partake in the widespread practice of British women exchanging sex with U.S. officers for food, booze, and other luxuries. “It’s such obvious whoring,” she tells Madison, “You Americans have so much; we have so little. And the poor British soldier must stay away so long.” Emily’s patriotic inhibitions do not long endure, however, and she and Madison begin an affair only for it to be interrupted by orders from Madison’s superior, an unnamed Admiral who insists that, in the interest of Navy public perceptions, Madison join the invasion fleet to make a documentary on the seafaring portions of the D-Day landings. Resenting risking his life in the name of image-making, Madison confronts this duty with some reluctance, but completes the task earnestly and successfully nonetheless.

A degree of satire concerning the triumphalist representation of war in U.S. culture is present in Huie’s novel, most obviously through various naval officers’ repeated demands that “a schoolboy is supposed to see this film and want to join the Navy,” in the Navy’s determined efforts to excise from Madison’s documentary images of American D-Day casualties, and in the desire of one officer to append a “Chaplain scene” to the film (the public, raised on Hollywood cinema, expects such a scene, Madison’s superiors insist). Yet the novel ends in acquiescence to Cold War ideology,
endorsing the Admiral’s and Madison’s regret at Allied accommodation of the Soviets (including a jab at Yalta delegate Alger Hiss). The novel is also an affirmation of the U.S.’s Cold War alliance with Britain. Having begun their affair determined not to develop any permanent attachment to Emily, Madison ends the tale on the cusp of marrying her, with Emily declaring her avowed intention to raise any offspring the two might produce with traditional values of patriotism and sacrifice.

Chayefsky, who had worked on the contentious U.S.-British wartime documentary film *The True Glory* (1945), was intent on shaping from Huie’s work a more trenchant satire of World War II remembrance. To this end, he seized upon the book’s commentary on military filmmaking and public relations, making the image-conscious Army-Navy conflict more central. Huie’s rather statesmanlike and thoughtful Admiral became instead a man in the throes of nervous collapse, desperate to elevate the Navy’s public stature above that of the other services. The novel’s protagonist, James Monroe Madison, who fulfills his duties capably whatever his orders, became Charlie Madison (James Garner), a self-declared “practicing coward” unrepentantly happy in the opulent lifestyle attendant to his “dog-robbing” duties. Having experienced combat on Guadalcanal, Charlie Madison sees the gallantry and unselfishness society attributes to war as the essential problem, and embraces cowardice with religious fervor after watching gallant and unselfish men die in agony on Pacific beaches. One of his brothers, he also reveals, died at Anzio, and his mother’s insistence that this death was heroic and meaningful rather than tragically wasteful is responsible for his remaining sibling’s desire to enlist. Madison is willing to go to any length to avoid the combat zone, and has used
his prewar experience as a hotel manager to gain a transfer to the dog-robbing duty at which he excels.

Reshaping Madison in this way, Chayefsky added strings to the concept of “Americanization” and its potential clash with “Britishness.” In the film, Emily retains somber respect for the wartime sacrifices of her family and nation, leaving her initially appalled at Madison’s unashamed embrace of cowardice. Her “Americanization” thus becomes more than a simple matter of taking an American lover (and with him fine food and clothes), and relates instead to her eventual embrace of Madison’s flat rejection of military heroism. It was, for the screenwriter, Chayefsky biographer Sean Considine reports, “the desentimentalization of her feelings about the nobility of war that was the true Americanization of Emily.”

The potentially controversial nature of these adaptations, particularly in depicting an Admiral motivated by competition with the Army rather than by desire to defeat Nazi Germany, created problems in assembling the production crew. MGM production head Bob O’Brien was entirely supportive of Chayefsky, but William Wyler, who had initially agreed to direct, later balked at such sharp-edged satire of military image-making, and insisted on toning down the screenplay as a prerequisite to taking the job. Ransohoff stuck by his screenwriter, and the relative newcomer Hiller was installed in Wyler’s stead.

The film also provoked public controversy before its general release, as revealed in an exchange between Hiller and James J. Altieri, a World War II veteran and author of the book from which Darby’s Rangers was derived. Hiller wrote an article for the LA Times to confront criticisms raised against the picture after preview showings, defending
his darkly comedic approach to the D-Day landings as a legitimate and necessary means by which to undermine destructive national memorial practices. In the filmmaker’s view, as was the case in Madison’s story about his mother, honorific commemoration of martyred heroes perpetuated romantic ideas about war and thus the pursuit of war as a solution to dilemmas of international leadership.

Hiller argued that heroism was a deadly concept, while “heroes” were “victims of societies that glamorize war.” The film, he added, expressed the view that “one thing we can do toward eliminating war from our world is to get rid of the goodness and virtue we attribute to war. Be grieved by death, but not proud of it.” “If you glorify war,” he continued, “you create a climate for more wars.”\(^6^{0}\) Like The Victor’s a year earlier, then, Emily offers self-conscious commentary on the production of public images of war, on the practice of memory-making through the medium of film. As scholar Sharon Willis contends, the narrative, in focusing greater attention on the dubiously-motivated Navy film project, “remembers both the Second World War and the movies it generated,” reflecting upon “cinema’s place in the production of cultural identity, collective memory, and the rhetorics of political persuasion.” Important, too, is that the film takes aim at D-Day, the most heroized operation of a venerated war.\(^6^{1}\)

Ransohoff made no move to gain DoD cooperation, but that did not prevent military minds from expressing their dissatisfaction with his film’s political stance.\(^6^{2}\) Responding to Hiller’s LA Times article, James Altieri was incensed at the assault on U.S. commemorative practices, objecting in particular to the “specious and naïve reasoning that the deglorification of virtue and nobility in war and the glorification of cowardice will contribute to lessening the climate for future wars.” The will to fight, was, he
contended, essential to the preservation of freedom. Indeed, Altieri saw in the nation’s commemoration of military martyrs evidence of virtue rather than madness or warmongering. “It is a reflection of this nation’s respect for the dead that it does commemorate important battles and does maintain national holidays to pay tribute to the dead,” he wrote, rebutting what he perceived as a torrent of recent criticism directed at the military. “This nation,” he complained, “is deluged with books and pictures that ridicule and demean the military, that portray American fighting men as cowards, idiots, perverts, and rapists and their leaders as arrogant, stupid blunderers.” Accordingly, after its October 1964 release, the Navy hierarchy discouraged distribution of Emily to Naval and Marine Corps bases. “Requests from theaters, theatrical agencies, exhibitors or others for Navy assistance in promoting public showings of ‘The Americanization of Emily,’ should be refused,” a Navy memo declared, “Navy cooperation of any sort is not desired or authorized.”

The film’s intensification of Anglo-American tensions from Huie’s book also issued a challenge to wartime and postwar triumphalism, suggesting among its other points a critique of the Marshall Plan’s economic approach to international relations. In the novel, Madison is indeed adept at procuring scarce luxuries, but the film gives this talent added prominence. Madison is often surrounded and framed by the American consumer goods by which he attempts to purchase British affections, an element suggesting the postwar U.S. dominance of British economic affairs (including, of course, its film industry). Inter-Allied squabbling is scarce in Huie’s novel, with Emily quickly acceding to her sexual “Americanization” and accepting with few qualms the material advantages forthwith accruing. Chayefsky again added needle to his source material,
reconstructing the wartime alliance as a contentious affair.\footnote{\textsuperscript{66}} For the cinematic Emily (played by Julie Andrews) to become “Americanized” – to become, that is, the feminine counterpart to U.S. masculinity – she must surrender her distaste for Madison’s unequivocal cowardice and her repulsion toward the excess in which he revels during a time of British austerity. In the transition from page to screen, exchanges around this subject became more heated. For instance, Emily’s line from the novel, objecting to the plethora of foodstuffs available to Madison, “Do you know what one orange or one egg means to an English family?” becomes, in the screenplay, “You Americans are really enjoying this war, aren’t you? Most English families haven’t seen that many oranges or eggs in years.”\footnote{\textsuperscript{67}} In the novel, Madison appears to experience occasional guilt about the situation, but in the film he embraces it wholeheartedly, dismissing Emily’s accusations by claiming that Europe was “a going brothel” long before the Americans arrived.

Also appended by Chayefsky as a way to satirize exceptionalist U.S. war remembrances are Emily’s comments on America’s distance from the war. “There is a war on,” she reminds Madison, “You Americans must have heard something about it I’m sure.” These sentiments Madison rebuts by speaking with disdain for Britain’s wartime struggles and for British imperial history. When Emily declares that she believes in “honor and service and courage and fair play and cricket and all the other symbols of the British character which have only civilized half the world,” Madison retorts, “You British plundered half the world for your own profit and let’s not pass it off as the age of enlightenment.” If such is indeed the case, then Emily suggests that British economic piracy is about to be replaced by an equivalently self-serving economic imperialism conducted under U.S. auspices.
Elsewhere, Madison exhibits sharp impatience for Emily’s anti-American sentiments: “You American haters bore me to tears, Miss Barham.” “We overtip, we talk too loud, we think we can buy anything with a Hershey bar.” “Lay off, Mrs. Miniver,” he says in one rejection of her moralistic talk (this is surely a dig at Wyler, who directed the wartime paean to British suffering and perseverance). As an example of diplomatic citizenship, Madison is, then, a total failure, but he nonetheless wins out. Emily had been giving her sexual attentions to war-damaged British soldiers, but when she decides to accept Charlie’s advances, she is also, to some degree, rejecting her previously held notion of heroism (and patriotism). “I’ve had it with heroes,” she says upon her first visit to Madison’s hotel room. Nonetheless, she still finds repellent Madison’s Hershey Bar romantics, responding to his proffered gift of chocolate – the film’s principal symbol of U.S. arrogance and affluence – by saying, “Don’t show me how profitable it would be to fall in love with you, Charlie. Don’t Americanize me.”

In Chayefsky’s screenplay, “Americanization” – as it relates to Charlie and Emily – also pertains to disinterest in the war and the embrace of cowardice. Madison is, on screen, a proud coward with a total lack of ideological investment in D-Day. At various junctures, military men refer to the impending operation as “when the balloon goes up,” a phrase that on each occasion Madison fails to understand. “What balloon?” he asks. The philosophy of cowardice that powers Madison’s detachment extends to philosophical diatribes against the stoic British response to wartime loss. “We wear our widow’s weaves like nuns, Mrs. Barham,” he tells Emily’s grieving mother, “and perpetuate war by exalting its sacrifice.” Mrs. Barham appears moved by this argument, confirming, “After every war, you know, we always find out how unnecessary it was.” Not just the
martyrdom of bereavement is responsible for the perpetuation of war, Madison alleges, also denouncing national memorial practices. We must stop blaming generals and ministers, he insists, for culpability lies with “the rest of us who build statues to those generals and name boulevards after those ministers; the rest of us who make heroes of our dead and shrines of our battlefields.” Madison’s speeches, each of them additions to Huie’s novel, add an explicit engagement with the process of commemoration to the film, and also seem to win Emily over (along with her mother). Emily abandons her somber, self-appointed duty as sexual comforter of the “doomed men” of the British Army, and adopts to an extent Madison’s rejection of war. This, according to Willis, constitutes a facet of Emily’s ultimate “Americanization.”

Yet, to the observer of postwar U.S. culture, the notion that abandoning a heroic conceptualization of war constitutes “Americanization” is difficult to accept. It hardly seems applicable to the film, either, for Madison is unique among the many U.S. characters in adopting a critical posture towards conflict and commemoration. Isolated from his compatriots in his near-fanatical spinelessness, Madison himself might reasonably be described as “un-American” (or un-Americanized). Thus, when Madison is conscripted by Admiral Jessup (Melvyn Douglas) into producing a D-Day documentary designed to perpetuate the very “virtues” of war he so derides, he is extremely reluctant to do so, finding himself again out of step with the officers around him, including his immediate superior, Bus Cummings (James Coburn). Admiral Jessup, midway through a nervous breakdown, wants a film made about the Navy contribution to D-Day, so that the Army cannot steal the “show” and gain access to larger postwar appropriations.
Illustrating the importance of image to the armed services, “show” is the most common term applied to the D-Day landings, and the Admiral is troubled that “Europe’s an Army show,” so that the Navy will not receive its rightful portion of credit. Bursting in on Madison in the middle of the night, the Admiral declares, “The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor.” In an effort to preemptively direct historical memory of D-Day operations, the Admiral has determined (in between games of bridge and steak dinners) that there must be Marines on Omaha Beach, that a Marine must be the first D-Day casualty, and that Madison must lead a film crew to capture this event for posterity. Rather like the DoD and its various services’ engagement with postwar Hollywood, Jessup is driven by a concern for popular image, and while his might ostensibly be a “documentary” film, its elements are as much staged as those of any feature production. “A lot of brave men are going to die on D-Day, gentlemen,” he tells his underlings, “and I want a movie that shows the first brave man to die on those beaches was a sailor.” Moreover, Jessup aims to manipulate official commemorations as well, proposing that the sailor in question (once immortalized on film in the act of becoming the first dead man on Omaha Beach) should subsequently be interred in a “Tomb of the Unknown Sailor.”

Bus Cummings, Annapolis-educated and starved of combat action, wishes to accompany the documentary crew. Madison, of course, is horrified that he is selected for this dubious duty, his cowardice here appearing the only reasonable reaction to a plainly ludicrous scheme. Madison attempts to avoid duty by getting “lost” en route to his filmmaking assignment, but Emily, still somewhat beholden to her “British” fealty to honor and valor, objects. “I despise cowardice, I detest selfish people, and I loathe
ruthlessness,” she chastens. D-Day is delayed, and Madison, much to his chagrin, is able to go with the fleet after all, accompanied by a ramshackle film crew and the enthusiastic Cummings. Charged with capturing the first death on Omaha beach, Madison instead becomes it. Overcome by cowardice, he tries to flee back into the sea, whereupon Cummings shoots him, sending Madison hobbling back up the beach in less than glorious fashion. At this point, he steps on a land mine and is apparently killed, Bus returning to England with news (and footage) of Madison’s “heroic” demise.

These events, and the subsequent conclusion of the film, have nothing to do with the novel, in which Madison completes his assignment, fights some minor battles over the ideological slant imposed on his film, and then transfers to Hawaii, where he is eventually rejoined by Emily. In Chayefsky’s adaptation, Madison, in “death” (even though it is but a temporary death, for he has, unbeknownst to Cummings, actually survived), instead becomes the subject of a heroicized tale of the very kind that he blames for the perpetuation of warfare. Captured on film, Madison’s “charge” up the beach (motivated by Bus’s gun, though the documentary does not show this) has become, like the Iwo Jima flag-raising, a staged icon of U.S. bravery, making the cover of Life, Newsweek, and 200 other publications. Bus is delighted at this serendipitous manufacture of a national hero, and begins to lay plans to impress postwar politicians with Madison’s story. There is even enthusiastic talk of constructing an “American Monument” and a “French National Shrine” to mark Madison’s passing.

Bus is therefore crestfallen to receive news that “the first dead man on Omaha Beach is alive” and has made it back to Southampton. “We had a nice dead hero,” he gripes, “now we’ve got a lousy coward.” But Admiral Jessup, lately recovered from his
breakdown and wracked with guilt at Madison’s apparent demise, sees opportunity
nonetheless in the resurrection. Retaining the narrative of Madison as noble warrior, he
will take Charlie with him to Washington, parade him down Pennsylvania Avenue, and
exhibit him before the Senate as the hero of Omaha Beach. What better path to the hearts
(and pockets) of the appropriations committee?

But the wounded Charlie, upon his return, has gleaned from the filmmaking farce
in which he was compelled to enjoin a certain degree of moral courage. He will not, he
declares, support the Admiral’s “wretched little hoax” and go along with the tale of D-
Day gallantry. Rather than “preserve the wonder of war,” he will instead turn the media
against the Navy hierarchy, risking imprisonment in the stockade by exposing the whole
sorry tale of the film mission and his personal cowardice in the face of enemy fire.
Madison is at last brave, planning to stand up for his belief in the warmongering
consequences of hero worship.

Sharon Willis writes that another aspect of Emily’s “Americanization” in the film
is that she “comes to embrace his [Madison’s] commitment to cowardice over ‘heroicized
death.’”69 Again, this explanation is not satisfactory, as Emily’s “Americanization” takes
another twist, the British woman conceding not to Madison’s “American” rejection of
heroism, but to the U.S. military establishment’s production, through Madison, of more
of that very thing. Indeed, her Americanization in fact depends upon her acquiescence to
(even advocacy of) the production of “heroicized death.” For Charlie to now tell the truth,
she says, would actually be to betray his philosophy of self-preservationist cowardice,
constituting nothing but a “futile gesture of virtue.” “All this time,” she says, elated at
news of his safety and unconcerned by reports of his D-Day flight from duty (“that’s my
Charlie, craven till the end’): “I’ve been terrified of being Americanized and here you are: you’ve turned into a bloody Englishman.” Thus, she persuades Charlie to go along with the Admiral’s scheme, a development conveyed by the closing credits, which run over the image of a bronze effigy of the “hero” of Omaha Beach.

In this regard, then, both Charlie and Emily are “Americanized” in the narrative’s conclusion, as both accede to the romanticization and heroization of war. “Americanization” is thus better understood not as the embrace of cowardice, but rather the acceptance of phony heroic tales, a development that assimilates both Madison and Barham into the dominant paradigm of war remembrance that the picture has endeavored to destabilize. The situation at the end of the film is not less conducive to war, but seems likely to perpetuate further tales of military fortitude (and thus, in the preceding logic of the movie, future wars), surely accentuating the desire of young men, such as Charlie’s underage brother, to enlist at the first opportunity. Resolution of British-U.S. relations, rendered as in earlier pictures like *D-Day, the Sixth of June*, through the U.S./Male-British/Female dynamic, occurs with representatives of both sides co-opted into perpetuating the heroic construction of the male warrior. Alliance is forged in this manner, Emily giving in to the call of the Hershey bar and Madison becoming the subject of honorific commemoration.

The film might be understood, as it was by contemporary critic William Johnson, as an exercise in Hollywood “fudging” its ideology, Chayefsky dispensing with his anti-war stance through Madison’s eventual absorption into narratives spun by the military establishment. There is certainly a degree of backpedalling evident in the decision to have Admiral Jessup recover from his temporary madness and repent his orders concerning
“the first dead man on Omaha Beach.” “You can’t have sane admirals sending men to their deaths for a naval publicity stunt,” Chayefsky reportedly explained. For Johnson, in the Admiral’s shame at having given such reprehensible orders lay “the comfortable implication that, with military commanders in their right minds, nobody at all need die in action.” That said, perhaps the outbreak of “fudging” is less sweeping than Johnson suggested, for even though the recovered Admiral refuses to push for a Navy Omaha Beach Monument, he does, despite his regret over Charlie’s near-death, still seek to turn events toward the furtherance of U.S. naval power.

Johnson was also upset with Emily’s concluding transformation, describing her argument that telling the truth would make of Charlie a “real hero and thus betray his beliefs” as an exercise in “breathtaking sophistry” But it is just as plausible to argue that the conclusion is intended to carry downbeat connotations about the future of war and the memory of war. In the end, Madison and Emily are “Americanized” into the dominant logic of militaristic hubris, both giving in to the trap of making heroic (and thus perpetuating) war and combat service. We might locate in this black comedy, then, an ending as tragic, if not as immediately apocalyptic, as that of Dr. Strangelove, another 1964 release with which Emily was often paired as evidence of Hollywood’s antiestablishment turn. In both films, war appears likely to go on forever.

So, despite the eventual success of its international romance, Emily perhaps lacks the “happy ending” to which Bosley Crowther pointed. Instead, it represents the triumph of self interest and the perpetuation of a grammar of remembrance conducive to further wars – anything but a happy ending unless we are to believe that Chayefsky wishes to entirely capsize the message of his film in the closing scenes. After all, if such
memorial practices as Madison eventually embraces persist unchallenged, it can be little
time before any potential offspring of the marriage is summoned to reenact in foreign
climes the kind of narrative spun around their father. Indeed, the period 1945-1964,
peppered with international conflicts and near misses, points to exactly that development
in the aftermath of World War II. The bronze statue of Madison that occupies the film’s
final frames should be understood as a commentary on the perpetual nature of
memorialization as fuel for war. The British-U.S. alliance continuing into the Cold War
years is built on the same heroic reconstructions of the war that Madison sought to
debunk. There will be no “Tomb of the Unknown Sailor,” but neither will there be a
public confrontation of the myths on which wars are built and financed.

Filmed entirely at MGM after an abortive attempt at location shooting in England,
*The Americanization of Emily* premiered at New York City’s Loews State Theatre in
October 1964. Critical reaction was mixed. Some embraced the anti-war (and anti-war
film) sentiments, while others were affronted that satirical treatment had been dispensed
to World War II, feeling that the value of the conflict was being questioned. Bosley
Crowther was much happier than he had been with *The Victors*, claiming that *Emily* “says
more for basic pacifism than a fistful of intellectual tracts,” and regaling “a skilful and
deadly satiric thrust at the whole myth of war being noble and that ‘to die a hero is a
glorious thing.’” Richard Coe of the *Washington Post* credited MGM with making “…a
war film far truer and more honorable than many churned out on the armed forces during
the past 25 years.” Claiming that the Navy had banned the film altogether, Coe wrote,
“Despite the uproar from a few of the Blue-and-Gold, ‘The Americanization of Emily’
will impress most hands for its plain-speaking, comic, robust gallantry.”
The Navy had not banned the film, merely decided to discourage its distribution wherever possible. It was evident, though, that others might find *Emily* excessively disparaging of the armed services, even if mental illness did eventually offer mitigating circumstance for the Admiral’s greatest perversities. Huie’s novel was, as earlier mentioned, less trenchant in its critique, and, as the film was released nationwide, the journalist and author moved to preemptively undercut derogatory opinions. “There will be people, I am sure, who will resent our having used, in ‘Emily,’ the landing at Omaha Beach for our irreverent play,” he wrote in the *Washington Post*, taking care to place the filmmakers firmly behind the reasons for which World War II was fought. “It was a battle fought for great purpose: a solemn and terrible day on which many men died.” Having been among the troops that day, though, Huie claimed that grim humor was characteristic of the men who fought on D-Day and thus it did their remembrance no disservice to treat the battle with dark comedy. “I don’t feel that I, or Chayefsky, or producer Martin Ransohoff, or members of the cast,” Huie insisted, “have slighted the memories of those Americans who today lie under white crosses on the hill overlooking Omaha Beach. The men I knew would have preferred laughter to tears and shenanigans to phony heroics.”

Some, though, felt that the film remembered D-Day with inappropriate flippancy and implied that war – even World War II – was never justified because of the sacrifices it demands (recall Mrs. Barham’s line: “After every war, you know, we always find out how unnecessary it was”). For some critics, such an implication pushed *Emily* outside the bounds of acceptability. Writing for the *New York Herald Tribune*, Judith Crist asked, “Is World War Two itself fair game for laughter?” While it was considered so during the conflict, she said (in Preston Sturges’ 1944 satire of hero-worship, *Hail the Conquering*
Hero, for example), “this was before black comedy became the fashion…. ” Unimpressed with what she considered Emily’s “complete lack of moral viewpoint,” Crist argued that World War II should be exempt from such treatment, largely because of the horrors perpetrated by the Axis enemy. “Was it our reverence for things military, our adulation of tombs of soldiers known and unknown that led to participation in World War II? There is a sickness to such comic notions when crematoria rather than tombs enclosed the victims of the time.”

Writing his regular film column for Show magazine, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., shared Crist’s sense that Emily risked denigrating the memory of World War II. Despite his admiration for the “vivid and convincing” film, and his belief, having spent time in England in the build up to the invasion, that its depiction of a contest between Army and Navy had, “alas, its satirical justification,” Schlesinger was perturbed at any implication that this war in particular had been unjustified. “It was so much easier,” he opined, “to write those savage, all-out anti-war novels and films about the First World War.” Applying the same viscera to the Second, however, was a bridge too far. “To write this way about the Second World War,” he cautioned, “invites the conclusion that the war itself was not worth fighting – a conclusion that is not only unpalatable to most audiences (outside Germany) but, more important, is wrong.”

Along with such critical misgivings, the escalation of U.S. involvement in Vietnam may, as actor James Coburn suggested, have increased audiences’ discomfort with Emily’s take on the production of war memories. The film did not do well at the box office.

If the oppositional images of World War II and hegemonic praxes of national memory-making advanced by both The Victors and The Americanization of Emily sat uncomfortably with some critics early in the 1960s, by the end of the decade such
narratives were becoming more and more commonplace. Critic Christina Jarvis describes the early-1970s “Vietnamization” of World War II in the novels of Kurt Vonnegut (*Slaughterhouse Five*) and Thomas Pynchon (*Gravity’s Rainbow*), the emergence of “discontinuities, fragmented bodies, and multiple shades of gray” complicating and undermining remembrance of an often idealized conflict. By the end of the 1960s, similar maneuvers were emerging in the cinema also.

In the late-1960s, as the U.S. film industry, with the notable exception of John Wayne’s *Green Berets* (1968), ignored (for grounds political and economic) the War in Vietnam, a series of World War II-set pictures challenged staple shibboleths through which the cinema had reconstructed the conflict. Filmmakers such as Robert Aldrich, who achieved commercial success with *The Dirty Dozen* in 1967, helped open the floodgates to a string of films in which World War II, serving as a surrogate for Vietnam, facilitated images of internal conflict and chaos, Americans appearing bereft of military and manly superiority and possessed of traits traditionally restricted to the enemy. Paramount released Ransohoff’s production of *Catch-22* in 1970; *Slaughterhouse Five* was adapted for the screen in 1972; Universal-TV’s *The Execution of Private Slovik* (based on more work by Huie) debuted on NBC in 1974.

In the late-1960s and early-1970s, as the Vietnam War attracted increasing dissent, filmmakers turned to World War II cinema and the nation’s wartime alliances to further convey the decline of U.S. global standing in light of the Vietnam War. As we have seen, even those films receiving DoD cooperation were, in this period, characterized by somewhat tense relations between the U.S. and the western Allies. In those films operating independently of DoD influence, this was the case to a greater extent. It is
again, I argue here, with regard to images of British-U.S. relations that the representational decline of U.S. Cold War leadership is best understood. Since the end of World War II, Britain, dependent on American money and arms for its economic and military security, had remained the United States’ closest foreign ally, providing troops for the Korean conflict and proving a stalwart supporter of U.S. nuclear policy. But, by 1965, despite the persistent discourse of an ongoing “special relationship,” the American intervention in Vietnam created in the alliance something of a stress fracture, as Britain, despite the urgings of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, refused to commit even a token number of combat troops. Instead, while U.S. fears that “the British might join forces with the French in mischief making” proved largely unfounded, the British government remained, historian Sylvia Ellis contends, “a reluctant and unconvinced ally on Vietnam.”

The putative closeness of Anglo-American relations thus gave British reticence in the matter of Vietnam and images of U.S.-British conflict in World War II a particular power by which to highlight the decline of U.S. standing in the face of the Indochinese conflict. It also established a degree of proximity between the two nations that allowed for British-themed war pictures to speak by proxy for American woes in Vietnam. Too Late the Hero (1970), another film by Dirty Dozen director Robert Aldrich, best captures this multi-inflected sensibility.

Midway through his independent filmmaking phase (1968-1973), Aldrich was approached by ABC films, the production company looking for another picture capable of recapturing the popular antiestablishment appeal of The Dirty Dozen. The result was Too Late the Hero, made in the Philippines with “extraordinary cooperation” from the
Filipino Army, Navy, and Air Force. Aldrich had, then, no need to request assistance from the U.S. DoD, which, given his contentious history with that institution (notably the rejection for cooperation of 1956’s *Attack!*), would doubtless not have been forthcoming.

Released in 1970, *Too Late*, written by the filmmaker along with *Dirty Dozen* screenwriter Lukas Heller, places British forces, joined by a single U.S. officer, in Pacific island combat in the Spring of 1942. Although the project was drawn from a script originally written in the late 1950s, it nonetheless offers a Vietnam allegory on several levels, especially after a retouching to befit contemporary issues (including a British officer’s suspicion that the American lead is a “long haired conscientious objector”).

On one hand, the distaste and distrust exhibited by the American for his British allies, and the British soldiers’ reciprocation of similar sentiments, expresses the splintering of the western alliance over the issue of Vietnam (represented here by the proxy of an earlier jungle setting). On the other, the internal divisions of the British platoon, which emerge through incompetent command, disaffection with duty, and a total lack of ideological investment in the war, stand in for the experiences of the U.S. military in Indochina, as does the humanization of an Asian “enemy” (in this case the Japanese). Ultimately, as the title suggests, the film is a statement on the futility of heroism, and one that the filmmaker identified as expressive of his growing cynicism towards militarized notions of patriotism.\(^3\)

*Too Late* begins with the deterioration of patriotic icons. Behind the opening credits fly the flags of the U.S., Britain, and their Japanese enemy, each banner gradually fading and becoming increasingly torn and bullet-riddled as the credits progress, undercutting the upbeat military march playing alongside. As does *The Victors* (and
indeed *The Dirty Dozen*), Aldrich’s film thus suggests national wartime decay, and by the
time the credits are finished, the three tattered flags blend together in an indistinct mess
of washed-out red, white, and blue. The narrative, which opens in the spring of 1942,
begins by framing the Anglo-American military alliance as a reluctant marriage of
convenience. Navy Lt. Sam Lawson (Cliff Robertson), intent, like Charlie Madison of
*Emily*, on avoiding combat, is set to enjoy a month’s leave before he is located (relaxing
on a beach) by his superiors and assigned to a British outfit in need of his Japanese
language skills. “I guess that means a bunch of Limeys running around playing soldier,
getting shot at, right?” the disgusted Lawson asks. Despite his protests, Lawson is
instructed by his commander, Captain Nolan (Henry Fonda), to join with a British
combat unit, who are undertaking at the Americans’ request an operation in the New
Hebrides to disrupt Japanese radio communications. Lawson is needed to make a
Japanese-language transmission after the unit has infiltrated and destroyed a Japanese
radio outpost, and thus protect a U.S. naval convoy in nearby waters (preventing the
Japanese from passing news of the American naval presence to Japanese HQ). Told by
Nolan not to insult the British (such as by calling them “Limeys”), Lawson retorts, “I
don’t care if get along with them or not.” International alliance is immediately framed in
terms as indicative of the Vietnam era as that of World War II.

If Allied military operations depend upon U.S.-British collaboration, Lawson’s
indifference to international relations hardly constitutes an auspicious start. Furthermore,
inter-Allied hostility is reciprocated by members of the British regiment when Lawson
joins them at their Pacific island base. “What’s that, then?” asks Pvt. Connolly (Don
Knight) as Lawson approaches, sparkingly clean of uniform in comparison to the
grubby, combat-hardened Brits, “it’s a bleeding Yank, isn’t it?” “That’s not a Yank,” answers Pvt. Tosh Hearne (Michael Caine), a medical orderly, in mocking reference to the pristinely-clad American latecomer, “that’s Snow White, and very pretty she is, too.” When the men are briefed as to the nature of their assignment, Tosh inquires, somewhat menacingly, “Would the mission have to be abandoned if Lt. Lawson met with an, er, unfortunate mishap?” Sharing the general reluctance towards soldiering of all Aldrich’s soldiers, Private Campbell, a disaffected Scotsman, complains that they are being sent out on “a bloody suicide mission.”

Aldrich preempts the mission’s departure with the arrival at base of a British patrol. British HQ is located at the southernmost tip of the island, so that the only way to get back is to traverse open land exposed to the guns of watching Japanese soldiers. As the patrol scrambles frantically for safety, the men at the base, joined by Lawson, watch on in safety, cheering their comrades’ run as they might events at a football match. The Japanese rain down heavy fire and most of the returning patrol falls dead. Against the odds, one makes it, but all he has to report before dying is that things are a “bloody mess.” This scene foreshadows the film’s conclusion, in which Lawson and Hearne will make a similar dash, but also establishes the purposelessness with which bodies are used up by war in Aldrich’s vision.

Once the mission is underway, there is little evidence of the unifying power often so imputed to combat service, as the British troops and the U.S. Lieutenant continue to clash. Moving towards the Japanese radio installation, when a British soldier, resentful of being sent out at the need of the U.S. military, sees an American plane flying overhead, he wills it to “bloody crash.” “How d’you know it’s a Yank, kid?” asks Lawson. “You
can smell ‘em,” Tosh interjects. “I thought all you Limeys could smell is our money,” Lawson snaps back. Later, the men stumble upon an enormous Japanese air base that U.S. planes failed to observe when earlier scouting the island (and the existence of which renders their initial mission pointless). “Three rousing great cheers for American air reconnaissance, eh?” moans Tosh. The tenuous nature of Anglo-American alliance is confirmed in the British forces’ persistent inclination to abandon their mission without concern for the U.S. convoy they are supposed to be protecting.

While British-American hostilities such as these run throughout the film, the conflicted internal dynamic of Too Late’s primarily British squad stands in for the U.S. experience in Vietnam. Echoing the fractious climate between ground troops and officers so prevalent in Vietnam, Aldrich creates an upper echelon incapable of either attaining the respect of the rank and file or of efficient command. The ranking officer, Captain Hornsby (Denholm Elliot), is drawn from the English upper class, and incites in his proletarian foot soldiers a (sometimes justifiable) lack of faith. Early in the operation, Hornsby’s choice of a split formation deployed on either side of a jungle path causes his soldiers to shoot at one another when a Japanese patrol passes. “Fairy feet Hornsby deployed his forces with such a masterly grasp of tactics, half of us got ourselves shot by the other bloody half,” Tosh complains. After this disaster, Tosh later challenges his Captain’s authority, prompting Hornsby to promise a court martial and place Tosh under open arrest. Such is the flimsy nature of Hornsby’s leadership, however, that neither Tosh nor anyone else appears to take him seriously.

Further upheavals to the generic World War II combat story bespeak “the era of reversals” imposed by the Vietnam War. In 1965, journalist Morley Safer, after watching
a U.S. platoon torch the Vietnamese village of Cam Ne, commented on his dismay at witnessing history upturned, at seeing “American boys, young and clean, our boys, carrying on like the other side’s soldiers always did, and doing it so casually.” Aldrich scatters a similar reversal of wartime roles throughout his film, as British troops display a savagery usually attributed to the enemy. Private Campbell, a disgruntled Glaswegian, has no qualms about mutilating enemy casualties, slicing the finger from a dead Japanese officer in order to obtain a gold ring. Hornsby, too, displays a coldly murderous attitude, committing perhaps the film’s most barbaric act in executing a number of injured and defenseless Japanese POWs.

Elsewhere, complete indifference to the mission and its potential importance strips proceedings of any sense of purpose, and the war remains little more than the “bloody mess” reported by the original patrol. Soldiers reference their task only to disparage its worth, and Tosh, most prominently, proposes collective desertion. In six months time, he urges his comrades, “none of this will have made a blind bit of difference.” Crossing a jungle stream, Tosh deliberately allows the platoon’s radio unit to smash against jagged rocks, a move that, Tosh hopes, in preventing Lawson from delivering his Japanese message, will see the mission abandoned (to no avail, as Hornsby decides to use the Japanese transmitter instead). Later, after Hornsby’s death, Campbell argues for surrendering to the Japanese, telling the others that “the Yank” will get them all killed. Overruled by Tosh and Lawson (for differing reasons, both refuse to give themselves up), Campbell, desperate to surrender to Major Yamaguchi (Ken Takamura), the Japanese commander on the island, kills fellow Scot Pvt. Thornton after Thornton refuses to support his plan to flee. With Thornton out of the way and Lawson and Hearne
otherwise occupied, Campbell and several others desert before informing the Japanese of Lawson and Tosh’s position. Desperate to survive, and considering enemy custody safer than combat, these British soldiers bear little in common with their predecessors in World War II cinema.

All these betrayals follow the abandonment and resultant death of Capt. Hornsby at the Japanese radio compound. His men, most notably Lawson, are to blame. After the loss of the platoon’s radio (due to Tosh’s negligence), Hornsby decrees that Lawson must make his broadcast using the Japanese equipment they are charged with destroying. Discovering a surprising degree of personal heroism, Hornsby commandeers the Japanese radio post, and summons Lawson to follow and make the Japanese language broadcast to call off the attack on the approaching U.S. naval convoy. But Lawson, despite Tosh’s urgings, fails to obey Hornsby’s order, refusing to move to the radio hut and leaving Hornsby at the mercy of Japanese guns. The radio hut is destroyed, but no warning is issued to the U.S. Navy, a failure made worse by the subsequent discovery of a large Japanese air force base.

As discord, betrayal, and incompetence besmirch the Allied mission, also indicative of reversals at work in World War II films of the Vietnam era is the sympathetic depiction of the Japanese enemy. Major Yamaguchi is not the “malignant yellow dwarf” or brutal torturer that the British expect. He does not kill his three captives following their surrender, failing to live up to the wartime image of the Japanese as perpetrators of atrocities. Gentle treatment of Japan was by now a fairly established practice in U.S. film (as the humanizing treatment of a Japanese soldier in 1968’s *Hell in the Pacific* attests), but the Vietnam War context of *Too Late*’s release sharpens the
implications of this rendering of wartime Japan. Yamaguchi’s apparently earnest desire for a peaceable solution means that when Tosh and Lawson eventually (and sneakily) kill the Japanese officer, any sense of victory is rendered quite hollow. When Yamaguchi tries to persuade the British to surrender (he has a public address system that can be heard across the island), one panicked private believes his promise of humane treatment. “What makes you think they’re all that different from us?” he asks Tosh. Lawson replies, “That’s right, kid, they’re not. That’s why that Jap Major could be lying just like I would.” This is significant not only because Lawson ascribes equal measures of dishonesty to both sides, but also because it is eventually revealed that Yamaguchi is telling the truth. His soldiers do kill Campbell, I should note, but only after they find the ring (and ring finger) of one of their officers among Campbell’s effects.

After the desertion of Campbell and two others, Tosh and Lawson are the last Allies with a chance to save the U.S. convoy (this they can do by returning to HQ and radioing a warning about the Japanese air force). Acquiring a sense of duty in his shame at abandoning Hornsby, Lawson insists that they run for base. Tosh, however, argues for withdrawal, seeing only danger and pointless death in any such attempt. “What are they gonna do for you, Lieutenant,” he asks, “make you the bloody President?” “Getting ourselves killed,” Tosh continues, “isn’t going to make any difference to anyone except us.” “Ok, so a couple of hundred Yanks’ll get the chop. They shouldn’t have joined, should they?” Tosh adds, advocating for doubling back and laying low. Once the U.S. convoy is destroyed, he reasons, he will no longer be a target for Japanese forces on the island, and survival will be assured.
Yet, despite being surrounded by Yamaguchi’s troops, Lawson insists that he and Tosh attempt to reach base and send word to U.S. naval command. Tosh declines: “If you wanna start playing bloody heroes…,” he tells Lawson, “I’m not bloody well coming with you.” But Lawson, motivated by the threat to his compatriots and guilt-ridden over Hornsby, cajoles and eventually beats Tosh into submission, the Englishman forced at gunpoint to join the run to camp. Creating further echoes of Vietnam, the U.S. dedication to war here manifests in more self-destructive jungle combat. Tosh’s and Lawson’s final run replicates that of the earlier British patrol: there is one survivor, and his “report” is meaningless. Again, we watch with the troops at HQ, who once more cheer in the manner of a sports crowd. Indeed, Aldrich, placing his audience alongside the boisterous soldiers, implicates the watching public in the voyeuristic act of making sport (and entertainment) of war. Fittingly, Tosh, who despises heroism, makes it, while Lawson, who has belatedly embraced the concept, falls dead.

Lawson is a hero in death, but, as the film’s title suggests, his heroism comes “too late.” His chance, it seems, was lost at the Japanese radio compound. At first glance, such a statement appears curious. After all, because of Lawson, Tosh is surely in position to report the presence of Japanese air forces and save hundreds of U.S. sailors. Yet Tosh, utterly disinterested in the convoy throughout the mission, makes no move to impart the news that Lawson has died to transmit. The British soldier does not even tell his commanders who is lying dead in the field. All Tosh says is, “Out there, he was a bloody hero, killed fifteen bleeding Japs single-handed… thirty if you like.” Lawson’s conversion is thus reduced to the cheap and fictional peddling of statistics (another Vietnam echo), and the purpose of the mission (and Lawson’s death) is, as the closing
credits run, apparently lost. In distinction to so many World War II films before it, Too Late offers no explanation of how the platoon secured for the Allies a vital objective or created a moment pivotal in turning the tide of war. There is just Tosh’s comment that Lawson killed fifteen or thirty “Japs,” the emptiness of the claim intensified by the fact that “Japs,” in the conventional sense that the word conjures, do not even exist in the film. Instead, we are left with the impression that Yamaguchi was correct in warning Lawson that “the medals of dead soldiers are made of blood,” that “all they do is add weight to your coffin.”

Too Late the Hero, released in May 1970, did not gain much favor among contemporary reviewers. As the latest in a line of World War II films subverting generic staples in light of Vietnam, many considered this rejection of combat film pieties hackneyed. In the New York Times, Roger Greenspun described it as little more than a “knowledgeable late-1960s cliché,” considering the final run to base “a reversion to annihilation fantasies that it has been the whole impulse of the movie to deplore.” In the LA Times, Kevin Thomas felt similarly. Aldrich had created, he opined, “a story so familiar it’s not worth telling still another time.”

These 1960s and early-1970s films of U.S.-Allied relations, along with a number of other genre-subverting World War II films, shape a disintegration of World War II imagery in the context of Cold War détente and the Vietnam War. The degree of critical fatigue confronting Too Late the Hero reveals the commonplace nature of such images in war films of the period, but also signals the apparent decline of their resonance. Early in 1971, for instance, the LA Times listed Too Late among the most forgettable pictures of the previous year. While cinema questioning the heroic construction of U.S. wars
persisted, especially in the outpouring of Vietnam War films during the late-1970s (including Go Tell the Spartans), and in World War II films such as A Bridge too Far, the latter part of the decade also witnessed the resuscitation of World War II triumphalism. As my conclusion will endeavor to illustrate, late-twentieth century and early-twenty first century World War II films are characterized by images that, in championing the war as a time of U.S. racial healing and benevolent global might, attempted to reinstate World War II’s standing as the nation’s finest moment. If Too Late the Hero offered up what contemporary reviewers considered tired antiestablishment clichés, that is, patriotic clichés were not long in coming.


2 Lundestad, East, West, 72; Tony Shaw, Hollywood’s Cold War (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2007), 238.


4 Tom Engelhardt, The End of Victory Culture: Cold War America and the Disillusioning of a Generation (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1998)


Russian characters feature rarely, such as in *Jet Pilot* (1957) and *Never Let Me Go* (1953), wherein entrapped communist womanhood’s preference for American manliness (John Wayne and Clark Gable respectively) and American life prompt romantic/political defections affirming U.S. superiority in unequivocal terms.

Zeck intended an anti-war message to emerge from the three hours of bloodshed he worked so hard to reconstruct, but the film instead evokes a sense of weary triumphalism. See the 1968 documentary, *D-Day Revisited*.


Straus to DoD, May 9, 1961. DoD Film Collection, Georgetown University Libraries Special Collections, Box 22, Folder 19


Suid reports that *Anzio* received full cooperation from the U.S. Army. *Stars and Stripes on Screen*, 10.

Ibid., 34.

29 Ibid., 294-295.


37 Trower’s diplomacy mirrors that of a G.I. who woos a bereaved Italian mother and serves as an ambassador of interracial understanding, convincing bigoted Italians that Sikh soldiers are not devils.


43 In earlier films, including *The Story of G.I. Joe* and *Breakthrough*, U.S. G.I.s’ concern for the welfare of a dog stands as evidence of their prevailing kindness of spirit.

44 In the *Chicago Tribune*, it was claimed that Foreman had “stubbed his toe.” Mae Tinee, “Earnestness and Power in Film, ‘The Victors,’” *Chicago Tribune*, February 6, 1964, C1.
Sidney Lumet’s nuclear drama, *Fail Safe* (1964), is an example. Communicating with the Russians as the inadvertent destruction of Moscow draws nearer, a U.S. officer realizes that he shares much in common with his Soviet counterpart. The Russian does not appear, but he is a reasonable and humanized figure in the plot.

Engelhardt, *End of Victory Culture*, 186-187. Indeed, to find an American-produced (or co-produced) feature film focused on the Eastern Front, one has to look as far as 2001’s *Enemy at the Gates*.


For example, Chapman, *War and Film*, 137.

Murphy, *British Cinema*, 249-255.

Ibid., 249.


Ibid., 74.

Ibid., 172-173, 181-182, 185-186.

Ibid., 181.


Ibid., 219-220.


Sharon Willis, “*The Americanization of Emily* (1964),” in Mandy Merck, ed., *America First: Naming the Nation in U.S. Film* (New York: Routledge, 2007), 136-156, quotes from 136, 139. D-Day was
also “the most lavishly equipped and planned photographic operation in history.” Chapman, War and Film, 51-52.

62 Suid, Stars and Stripes, 8.


65 Willis, “Americanization,” 143-145.


67 Huie, Americanization, 33.

68 Willis, “Americanization,” 144.

69 Ibid., 136.

70 Considine, Mad as Hell, 221.


75 Richard L. Coe, “‘Emily’ Is One of Good Ones,” WP, December 26, 1964, D5.


79 Considine, Mad as Hell, 236-237.


81 Ellis, Britain, America, and the Vietnam War, xvii. Furthermore, between 1965 and 1968, repeated British attempts to broker peace deals, Ellis reports, “irritated the White House,” 273.

Harry Ringel, “Up to Date with Robert Aldrich” [1974], in Miller and Arnold, Aldrich Interviews, 77.

Quoted in Engelhardt, End of Victory Culture, 188.

Roger Greenspun, “‘Too Late the Hero,’ Film of War in Pacific, Opens,” NYT, May 21, 1970, 46; Kevin Thomas, “‘Too Late the Hero’ Features War Theme,” LAT, May 20, 1970, F10.

See, for example, The Devil’s Brigade (1968), and Play Dirty (1969)

Chapter 9: Conclusion: The Death and Rebirth of World War II

Between mid-1945, when the battle-weary soldiers of *Story of G.I. Joe* departed the screen bound for postwar uncertainty, and 1978, when World War II veteran Major Asa Barker met his grisly end in the final scenes of *Go Tell the Spartans*, the connotations attached to World War II and the World War II veteran in Hollywood cinema were never indelibly fixed. If the conflict was, in the first thirty years after its conclusion, often recalled as a war characterized by U.S. unity, moral righteousness, and international beneficence, such a paradigm never passed unquestioned. The remembered war instead comprised a complex of historical meanings – some unflinchingly patriotic, others more critical or ambiguous in tone – shifting and cohering with the expediencies of the contemporary contexts in which they were produced and the ideological sensibilities of those who produced them. Both U.S. racial formations and U.S.-Allied interactions formed zones of contested remembrance wherein the war’s connotations sedimented without ever permanently solidifying.

As the preceding chapters have shown, Hollywood progressives played a major role in shaping critical images of World War II and the wartime United States. In the early postwar period, film industry leftists enjoyed domain over representations of the war’s racial legacy, only to have it wrested away by the conservative backlash of the blacklist years. In the mid-1950s, after the early-postwar demise of anti-fascist internationalism into unilateralist, anticommunist Cold War muscularity, images of the nation’s soldiery engaged in postwar global affairs reveal progressive attempts to discipline and redirect U.S. cultural diplomacy.¹ As we have also seen, patriotic
orthodoxy (of the kind displayed in films like 1955’s *To Hell and Back*) faced sustained challenges in the 1960s and early-1970s, as liberal filmmakers uncoupled World War II from the certainties and affirmations ascribed to it in much wartime and postwar cinema.

Thirty postwar years also expose an undulating relationship between Hollywood and the DoD, the sixties and seventies in particular giving rise to the partial estrangement of the film industry from its once intimate association with the NME. Indeed, such was the diminished status of the U.S. military by 1977 that the release of Universal’s *MacArthur* saw questions raised as to whether cooperation from the armed services was in itself detrimental to box office appeal. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, such an association did not yet spell certain commercial failure, though. In fact, the U.S. military was embarking on something of a comeback, and the 1980s saw ties between Hollywood and the DoD remade and a re-emergent triumphalism gain sway.

Remembrance of World War II remains in perpetual process, constantly reshaped in popular culture, political rhetoric, and official commemorations (such as the opening of the World War II memorial on the D.C. mall in 2004). More than sixty years after war’s end, rarely a year passes without the release of multiple World War II films. In light of this, I look in this conclusion not to impose arbitrary endings, but instead to outline further trajectories of transition and continuity in World War II cinema beyond the “coming apart” of the Vietnam era. Without question, the War in Vietnam capsized for a time heroizing reconstructions of the U.S. military past, so that dramatizations of the death (or corruption) of “World War II” and World War II remembrance (as in *The Dirty Dozen*) seemed entirely fitting. McAvoy Layne’s 1973 poem, *How Audie Murphy Died in Vietnam*, encapsulates this declination, charting the unspectacular war and inglorious
demise of an unfortunate Private named for the World War II hero (and star of *To Hell and Back*).³

The dislocations of Cold War détente and War in Vietnam infiltrated and debilitated the (already uneven) pedestal upon which World War II had been set, and films critical of the idealized remembrance embodied by Murphy emerged in unprecedented numbers during the 1960s and 1970s. Major Barker’s death at the climax of *Go Tell the Spartans* might thus be viewed as the crystallization of a fifteen-year process by which the image of the Second World War was remade.⁴ Yet, as Barker’s longing for a “better war” (in contrast to the “sucker’s tour” of Vietnam) suggests, the earlier conflict also presented Hollywood producers with the chance to hearken back in compensatory fashion to a pre-Vietnam timeframe offering more easily digested renditions of history. Indeed, in 1978, as *Spartans* dramatized the debasement and death of “World War II,” elsewhere in Hollywood the corpse was already beginning to stir. By 1984, scholar Claude J. Smith Jr. was describing cinema’s “rehabilitation” of the military and the shaking off of the “Vietnam hangover. “Certainly,” Smith wrote in response to a clutch of late-1970s and early-1980s military films, “despair, negativism, and anarchy seem on the way out.”⁵

**Race and World War II after Vietnam**

In the late-1970s, World War II often provided a framework by which what Gary Gerstle calls the “cultural revolt” of anti-assimilationism could be offset.⁶ A renewed effort to patch together a history of interracial unity was, perhaps predictably, first advanced through the image of Japanese Americans, and in March 1976 NBC aired the second TV film of the decade to focus on Pearl Harbor and wartime incarceration.
Farewell to Manzanar, adapted from the book by Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston, acknowledges the racist logic that propelled internment, but at the same time cushions white prejudice and privileges Japanese American accommodationism, drifting back towards 1950s iconography in imagining the war as a temporary moment of breakage. Indeed, the film’s opening scene, depicting Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston (Nobu McCarthy), her white husband, and her mixed-race children visiting the Manzanar site thirty years after war’s end, offers early assurance that wartime divides are long healed, the mixed-race family standing in for postwar reconciliation.

In the flashback that follows, we witness nothing of the kind of white rage expressed five years earlier in If Tomorrow Comes. Sanitizing whiteness, Korty is also at pains to privilege Japanese American patriotism. Jeanne’s older brothers, Richie and Teddy, depart Manzanar to enlist in the 442, where they participate in what Jeanne’s narration recalls as “the most honored military unit of the war.” Here, Japanese American death signals not isolation and exclusion, instead signposting assimilation and acceptance. “We’ve got to show them that we’re as American as anybody else,” says Teddy, in a line that might have come straight from 1951’s Go for Broke!, “we go spill our blood for America.”

By the late-1970s, African Americans, too, were being recouped into an assimilationist World War II paradigm. The 1978 film Force Ten from Navarone dramatizes a ragged collection of U.S. and British soldiers charged with locating in Yugoslavia a man named Lescovar (the betrayer in 1961’s The Guns of Navarone). Written for the screen by Carl Foreman, Force Ten lacks the subversive imagery of Foreman’s earlier work (recall the racist G.I.s in The Victors), preferring to recover the
unifying power of multiracial combat service. The single black character, Sgt. Weaver (Carl Weathers), appears initially in adversarial relationship with U.S. whites. Trapped and segregated by white authority, Weaver is held by two MPs for reasons that remain unspecified. He thus begins as a symbol of conflict, expressing his rejection of assimilationism when an MP asks his name. “Well, it sure in the hell ain’t Rastus,” Weaver says, before beating up his guards and, in the ensuing chaos, joining “Force Ten” as they head for Yugoslav territory.

As the mission develops, Weaver graduates to an integrated, combative role. White-black antipathy continues for a while, as the mission’s leader, aloof U.S. commando Lt. Col. Barnsby (Harrison Ford), angers Weaver by declining to tell him what Force Ten’s task entails. Before he will function as “some dumb chauffeur” (Barnsby assigns him to drive), Weaver demands from his commanding officer “equal consideration.” Equality of participation is, then, all that this initially belligerent military outcast requires, and, once details of the operation are outlined, he becomes a loyal and valuable fighter. The prejudice that begins in the domain of U.S. whites is, through the course of Weaver’s involvement, transplanted to Nazi-sympathizing Yugoslav partisans. Force Ten’s war becomes an anti-racist enterprise, a development articulated when Weaver battles Drazak, the bigoted Yugoslav leader. Killing the white giant in a knife fight (with skills learned on the streets of Harlem) completes the black soldier’s assimilation to the U.S. and its cause. Weaver faces no pointless demise of the kind suffered by Jefferson (Jim Brown) in The Dirty Dozen, instead assisting a successful and vital mission.
Filmed in Britain and Eastern Europe, *Force Ten* did not seek cooperation from the U.S. DoD, but aspects of the film would likely have met approval. Pleasing to the DoD, at least considering its prior history, would be the trope of U.S.-British cooperation. Both the combative capabilities of the Americans, Barnsby and Weaver, and the experience of British soldiers Mallory (Robert Shaw) and demolitions expert Miller (Edward Fox) prove invaluable. Tensions arise when Barnsby, doubtful that the older British soldiers will be able to keep up with the Americans, tells Mallory to “keep quiet and stay out of the way,” but all is resolved by the conclusion, as Mallory and Barnsby cooperate to acquire the explosives with which Miller wires and destroys an enemy bridge. *Force Ten* thus recaptures the collaborative U.S.-British wartime dynamic lost in *Too Late the Hero*, recalling a time at which the U.S. formed the vanguard of a willing international coalition. In this way, the debilitations of U.S. masculinity and martial prowess arising through the emasculations of Vietnam are offset.

The late-1970s witnessed the return of a more confident U.S. masculinity, Americans reappearing in familiar guise as the saviors of a feminized World War II Europe. Two British-set films, *Yanks* (1979) and *Hanover Street* (1979), represent, via wartime romances between G.I.s and English women, the U.S. once more as virile champion of “brawny-armed democracy.” Shot in Britain with assistance from the U.S. DoD, John Schlesinger’s *Yanks* begins in cross-cultural antipathy between G.I.s and their British hosts. Tensions circulate around sexual relationships between English women and G.I.s, but these are overturned as Americans (notably Richard Gere in the lead role) come to the aid of a forlorn Britain populated by old men and lonely women. There is a
nod to British military participation, as the film’s central romance, between Jean Moreton (Lisa Eichhorn) and Matt Dyson (Gere) takes place while her longtime fiancé, Ken (Derek Thompson) is away at war. But Ken is reported dead as Jean’s and Matt’s affair gains intensity and intimacy, as if the arrival of U.S. manhood signals the dying light of British power. This implication is confirmed in the closing scenes, Matt vowing as he departs for the front that he will return, presumably to marry Jean. Wartime and postwar custody over the feminized island nation pass at the film’s conclusion to the strength of U.S. manhood.

A similar dynamic governs Hanover Street, written and directed by New Yorker Peter Hyams. In wartime London, U.S. flyer David Halloran (Harrison Ford) begins an affair with British servicewoman Margaret Sellinger (Lesley-Anne Down) after he rescues her from the midst of the Blitz. “I’ll win the war for you,” he promises. Margaret is already married, but her loveless relationship with her insipid, upper-class British husband, Paul (Christopher Plummer), restates the necessity for the U.S. presence to rejuvenate wartime Britain. In a fashion echoing 1956’s D-Day, the Sixth of June, Paul (an intelligence officer) and Halloran are thrown together on a mission to infiltrate Gestapo HQ. Paul, thrust into active duty as a late replacement, is soon exposed as a highly incompetent warrior. Having parachuted into German territory, the Englishman stumbles about in the woods, and Halloran, realizing that his ally “can’t take ten steps without falling on [his] ass,” assumes the role of combative muscle for the mission. When Halloran discovers that it is Paul’s wife with whom he is in love, he diplomatically withdraws from the relationship (after he has shepherded the injured Paul home to safety). The reassertion of U.S. dominance does not extend to the unilateralist arrogance
of some late-1940s combat dramas, but the narrative makes plain that if British pride is left intact, it is due only to the benevolence and generosity of the more dynamic U.S. power on which it must depend.

These late-’70s films prefigure the 1980s revival of exceptionalism under Reagan and mark the reconnection of the “state-cinematic network.” The 1980s and 1990s, Geoff Eley writes, produced an “endless procession of anniversaries,” generating “an extraordinary amount of commemorative excess” with respect to World War II. The Reagan years, accompanied by the “memory boom” to which these anniversaries gave momentum, witnessed a return to World War II through the lens of “good war” nostalgia. Take for example, the anti-Nazi adventuring of Indiana Jones, engaging in war-era battles of good and evil drawn with the broadest strokes by Steven Spielberg and George Lucas. Military cinema of the early-1980s, argued Claude Smith Jr., in fact constituted “a full-fledged return to films of the 1940s….” The relationship between Hollywood and the DoD was by now rekindling, with the film industry, Premiere reported in 1989, once again “courting” military assistance.

Thus, the military image ascended from the traps dug by Vietnam, and World War II reclaimed its status as a point of reassuring historical certainty. With that said, the 1980s did not see a great many World War II films released. It was in the 1990s, with fiftieth anniversary dates proliferating and the demise of the USSR fuelling triumphalist fires, that Hollywood cinema lent most heavily upon World War II, producing a plethora of combat films, many with DoD countenance. In this movement, two facets stand out. Firstly, the repeated suggestion that the war produced a zenith of U.S. national identity and racial healing, a trope that, beyond the rise of “hard multiculturalism” in identity
politics, appeals in particular to colorblind conservatives. Second, the eclipse of the Allies, which occurred with greater frequency as the U.S. assumed its post-Cold War role as lone military superpower. The Allies became in Hollywood film more often altogether absent or entirely dependent on U.S. power.

Retroactive Multiculturalism: Race and World War II in the 1990s and 2000s

The Gulf War of 1991 indicated to many the reclamation of U.S. martial confidence (what George H. W. Bush called kicking the “Vietnam syndrome”). For most Americans, historian Michael Adams writes, victory in Iraq (however incomplete) meant that the “nightmare” of Vietnam was over and “the magic was back.” Once more at the forefront of an international coalition responding to a tyrant’s aggression, the U.S. appeared to be recovering its World War II status as a benevolent, liberating global power. The Gulf War also furnished images of a U.S. military at peace with its (supposedly harmonious) multiracial composition, these developments coalescing when the National Review celebrated General Colin Powell as “America’s black Eisenhower.” Furthermore, during the 1990s, the U.S. military, depending heavily on recruitment from non-white communities, engaged in remaking its racially-segregated past. In 1997, Bill Clinton awarded Medals of Honor to seven black World War II veterans after a DoD investigation attributed the absence of black medal recipients to wartime prejudice. While this belated recognition necessarily involved acknowledging an unequal past, the awards were primarily couched as indications of how far the postwar nation had traveled. “History has been made whole today,” Clinton said during the White House ceremonies, concluding that while black Americans faced inequality in the past, “Today, these injustices are behind us.”
Alongside multiple Hollywood films, such political re-scripting of military history contributed to a structure of memory that I call *retroactive multiculturalism*. Hearkening back to the dynamic of the 1950s, this contemporary representational mode portrays the Second World War as an (if not *the*) equalizing moment at which racial and national identity were reconciled. Trading on two pungent symbols of U.S. nationhood – the Second World War and the citizen-soldier – retroactive multiculturalism represents the nonwhite serviceman, loyal despite all obstacles, as the ideal democratic citizen and the source of social reform. Critically, where inequity is referenced in cinema of the 1990s and after, its demise is signaled through the public performance of remembrance as redress. Rather than using the war to tentatively imagine an integrated future, then, as did postwar Hollywood progressives, retroactive multiculturalism, through its claim that World War II created an integrated culture, scripts the contemporary U.S. as a diverse yet colorblind nation forged in the crucible of war.

Many World War II films of this era were the creations of cable television companies. In a number of TV originals, remembering the war became the occasion for historical racism to be recognized (while downplayed) and reconciliation enacted. In 1995, for example, the U.S. military lent assistance to HBO’s *The Tuskegee Airmen*, a film celebrating the first black pilots in the Army Air Force. The Army facilitated location shooting, but only after the filmmakers softened their depiction of racial tension, removing a fight scene between white and black airmen and rewriting the Tuskegee Commander, Gen. Stevenson, as a supportive, colorblind figure.

Major Thomas D. McCollum of Army Public Affairs was appointed DoD Project Officer after HBO submitted request for assistance in late 1994, and he secured script
revisions in exchange for access to military locations in Arkansas.\textsuperscript{22} A scene in which a fight breaks out during a black versus white baseball game in the North African theatre was particularly contentious. If black airmen faced prejudice in wartime, McCollum insisted in response to a draft script of January 1995, it dissipated quickly, and, in failing to convey this, the film made unacceptable assertions. “The initial reaction to the airmen when they arrived in Africa,” McCollum wrote to the Pictorial Division, “was of surprise and probably of some resentment, but soon color did not become a factor, therefore the baseball game breaking out into a fight is out of place. It appears that race was and remained a major factor to the troops, which it did not.” “As for the tone of the movie,” McCollum added, “never does it show black and white soldiers working or socializing together in the same location….Virtually every white soldier is a racist, none support the Airmen, including the soldiers they work and fight with in Africa and Italy.”\textsuperscript{23}

After several rewrites, the DoD was satisfied that \textit{Tuskegee Airmen} merited approval, and photography was permitted at military installations during February and March, 1995.\textsuperscript{24} In the final cut, the black Airmen prove their worth to the white establishment by ably defending bomber crews on missions over Germany, their assimilation into interracial military brotherhood conveyed by a Texan squadron’s request for their support. \textit{Tuskegee Airmen} closes with another gesture of national inclusivity, as citizen soldier Hannibal Lee (Lawrence Fishburne), an Iowa farmer, is promoted to Captain by black General Benjamin O. Davis (Andre Braugher).

The desire to craft an inclusive history around African American wartime service extended to the first of World War II’s major sixtieth anniversary dates. Michael Bay’s \textit{Pearl Harbor} (2001), produced by Disney with assistance from the U.S. Navy, is the first
film to feature black messman hero Doris “Dorie” Miller as a developed character (he appears briefly and unidentified in 1970’s Tora! Tora! Tora!). In Bay’s film, the messman’s actions on December 7, 1941 acquire almost mystical power, and he machine-guns institutional racism into the past in a few spectacular moments of skill and courage. Even while Miller suffers under the Navy’s Jim Crow policy, there are no racists in the film’s rendering of 1941, and almost every white American perceives Miller as an equal. After a scene in which Miller wins his ship’s boxing crown, his Captain commends him, saying, “ship’s proud of you, son.”

Discrimination is not entirely overlooked, as, during an earlier visit to the hospital to have his boxing scrapes repaired, Miller tells a white nurse, Evelyn, that he fights to gain respect. “I left my momma in Texas and joined the Navy to see the world… become a man,” he says, “They made me a cook…not even that, I clean up after other sailors eat. Two years, they’ve never even let me fire a weapon.” Like the Captain, Evelyn is sympathetic (both, after all, are of the “greatest generation”), and Miller quickly overcomes these limitations and frustrations. After comforting his dying Captain when the attack begins, he is soon firing an anti-aircraft gun to great effect, screaming out in rage and exhilaration as he does so.

From here, the film departs Miller, pursuing instead its white heroes on the retaliatory Doolittle Raid against Tokyo. In his final appearance, the messman receives a Navy Cross from Admiral Chester Nimitz, the audience leaving him above decks, resplendent in a moment of (integrated) triumph, as Evelyn’s voice-over relates how the post-Pearl Harbor nation “surged forward.” “It was a war that changed America,” Evelyn narrates, “Dorie Miller was the first black American to be awarded the Navy Cross, but
he would not be the last. He joined a brotherhood of heroes.” Disappearing from view adorned with his Navy Cross, Miller need not return to the galley, or die, a Cook 3rd class, less than two years later. In Hollywood’s Pearl Harbor, his moment in the sun lasts forever, and multiracial military “brotherhood” flourishes on terms cleansing of historical whiteness. 26

Invisible Allies in the 1980s and After.

Following the “malaise” of the Carter years, Ronald Reagan’s rejuvenation of Cold War hostilities and the subsequent collapse of the USSR helped rejuvenate U.S. triumphalism. For the President, a veteran of several war films, World War II memory and the cinema of war intersected in nostalgic fashion. In 1984, speaking at fortieth anniversary D-Day commemorations, Reagan drew on the 1954 Korean War film The Bridges at Toko-Ri, quoting a line spoken after the death of World War II veteran Lt. Harry Brubaker: “Where do we find such men?” 27 Amid renewed Cold War hostilities, prewar European appeasement again became historical pariah. In the pages of conservative journals such as Commentary, Norman Podhoretz and neo-conservative colleagues “evoked the memory of French and British behavior in the 1930s, with the refusal to face up to the growing totalitarian threat, the reluctance to shore up the democracies’ defenses, failed attempts at appeasement and, worst of all, the slide into a disastrous war,” in order to justify an aggressive foreign policy stance. 28

Again, the trope of masculine U.S. power and feminine European weakness was prevalent. In 1980, Podhoretz implied that a perversion of gender roles had encouraged Allied weakness. The “culture of appeasement,” he alleged, was a product of the “kind of women who do not want to be women and the kind of men who do not want to be
men.” Into the 1990s, Andrew Bacevich notes, while defense spending remained at Cold War levels, neoconservatives continued to draw on memory of appeasement to suggest that the U.S. was repeating Great Britain’s folly of disarmament between the two World Wars.

The Allies’ disappearance accelerated in the post-Cold War years, Hollywood World War II cinema increasingly slipping into a unilateralist, exceptionalist posture in which the U.S. alone was responsible for Nazism’s demise. In sharp contrast to the internationalism of The Longest Day, Spielberg’s Saving Private Ryan (1998) is fixated on U.S. troops on D-Day and in wartime France, neglecting to include a single Allied soldier (and featuring a single helpless family of French civilians). Made with courtesy cooperation from the U.S. Army, the film created ill sentiment overseas, one French newspaper accusing it of “delirious imperialism” in eclipsing the Allies. Ryan also neglected British and Canadian forces, prompting a satirical response from the Adam and Joe Show, a British TV comedy performed by puppeteers. In “Saving Private Lion,” a platoon of cuddly toys embarks on a mission to save “Private Lion.” After the D-Day landings, one of the U.S. troops asks: “Hey Captain, how come we haven’t seen any British soldiers yet?” The Captain replies, “Ah, don’t be ignorant. Everyone knows the Second World War was fought entirely by American actors.”

The cuddly Captain’s assertion is not without merit. In 2000, British observers took exception when the submarine movie U-571 had U.S. rather than British mariners capturing the Enigma code cipher machine. In British tabloids, U-571 was labeled “an insult to those who fought and died in the greatest conflict of modern times.” “Our cousins across the pond,” the Daily Mirror commented, “have been committing these
crimes against history for as long as they’ve been playing with celluloid.” Among offending examples were *Private Ryan*, *The Great Escape* (based on the escape of seventy-six British POWs), and 1945’s *Objective, Burma!* The *U-571* controversy reached the floor of the House of Commons, with MP Brian Jenkins calling the film “an affront to the memory of the British sailors who lost their lives in this action….”

In recent years, U.S. visual media have with more frequency not only omitted Allied contributions to the war, but also suggested that the war was won *despite* the Allies. In HBO’s miniseries *Band of Brothers* (2000), for instance, an upper class British officer bungles Easy Company’s attempt to capture a German stronghold, shunning American advice and blustering into an engagement that destroys the element of surprise and costs many British and U.S. casualties. In a later episode, Easy Company must rescue 150 British paratroopers from behind German lines. The implication is clear: the U.S. had to win the war as well as rescue its allies. I am reminded here of American comedian Angelo Tsarouchas’ 2009 performance in *Bigger is Better*. Recalling being heckled on a trip to London, Tsarouchas tells his U.S. audience:

This drunk Englishman stands up in the front row, turns to me and he goes ‘Go home you fat bastard. Go back to America with your cheeseburgers and your guns.’ And I said, ‘Dude, what do you have against Americans?’ And he goes ‘Fuck America. What did America ever do for England?’ Well, if memory serves me correctly, if it wasn’t for America, you’d probably be heckling me in German. Right?
The Second World War continues to filter (and be filtered by) contemporary U.S. conflicts. The advent of the Bush administration’s “War on Terror” after September 11, 2001, for example, galvanized images of U.S. primacy in World War II. In his 2006 State of the Union Address, George W. Bush, rallying the nation behind wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, said, “We are the nation that saved liberty in Europe, and liberated death camps, and helped raise up democracies, and faced down an evil empire. Once again, we accept the call of history to deliver the oppressed and move this world towards peace.”

Moreover, international criticism of U.S. foreign policy was deflected by reference to World War II, and Bush’s supporters assailed France for opposing the Iraq War. “Fifty-six thousand six hundred and eighty-one American troops lie buried in military cemeteries in France, many of them at the Normandy beaches,” Fox News analyst Dick Morris writes, “Yet France is suffering from a national case of amnesia, forgetting the obligations that come with the lives we have lost fighting for French freedom.”

In recent years, the invisibility of the Allies and the presence of a multiracial U.S. fighting force have occasionally coalesced, overlapping into a multiculturalist unilateralism in which U.S. diversity accounts for its superior war-making power. Mary Pat Kelly’s *Proud* (2004), a film derived from the efforts of black veterans to be awarded military honors by the Navy, carries such an implication. The men of the *U.S.S. Mason*, one of few black crews to see combat duty, are called upon to escort a fleet of carriers through a treacherous Atlantic storm. The British Navy, close to its own shores, quails in the face of tumultuous waters, and turns back, leaving the *Mason*, determined to prove the worth of black servicemen, to see the vital mission completed.
Furthermore, *Proud* aligns African American World War II service with participation in the “War on Terror.” The film begins with elderly veteran Larry DuFau (Ossie Davis) walking in a post-9/11 New York neighborhood. The Stars and Stripes appears continually: alongside a POW/MIA flag, on a flower-bedecked fire station, and on a 9/11/01 memorial badge stuck to a sign: “This is the kind of spirit we felt during World War II,” Larry remarks in voiceover, a continuity the film replicates visually by casting the same actors as the young black Americans of 1944 and 2003.

DuFau passes his patriotic sentiments to his grandson, also called Larry, through their mutual efforts to resurrect a citation for the *Mason* that was quashed by wartime officials. “I am a part of American history,” Larry insists, “This is my land. I defended it. And 160 black men on the *USS Mason* defended it too. Proudly we served. And I want that acknowledged.” This acknowledgement is depicted through events from recent history. Firstly, *Proud* dramatizes a 2003 ceremony where surviving crew members receive a citation for bravery and hear that a new ship named *Mason* has been commissioned. This prompts young Larry, now possessed of a new understanding of African American military history, to enlist in the navy, where he will serve in contemporary wars aboard the newly commissioned *Mason*. *Proud* concludes with footage of a 1994 ceremony held in honor of black veterans, with Bill Clinton in attendance. “For decades,” Clinton says, “African-American veterans were missing in our nation’s memories of World War II. For too long, you were soldiers in the shadows – forgotten heroes. Today it should be clear to all of you, you are forgotten no more.” Once more, the Allies have been outshone and racial peace derived from World War II remembrance.
Yet, if triumphalism was restored in the post-Vietnam years, it was not to the complete exclusion of critical perspectives. Both Norman Jewison’s adaptation of black playwright Charles Fuller’s *A Soldier’s Story* (1984) and independent black filmmaker Julie Dash’s short film *Illusions* (1982) challenge the image of World War II as a moment of racial reconciliation, the latter aiming its barbs directly at Hollywood. In HBO’s 1995 film *The Affair*, U.S. racial codes produce undiplomatic tragedy in Allied terrain when a black G.I.’s affair with a white Englishwoman ends with the African American soldier hanged on false accusations of rape (U.S. authorities cannot accept that the affair was consensual). Most recently, Spike Lee’s *Miracle at St. Anna* (2008) spoke back to Hollywood cinema’s historical exclusion of black troops. In 1980s New York, Hector, a black Puerto Rican veteran, watches a TV rerun of *The Longest Day*. Responding to the image of John Wayne directing D-Day forces on screen, Hector says, “Pilgrim, we fought for this country, too.”

From war’s end through to the present day, the meanings ascribed to the Second World War and its veterans in U.S. cinema have remained in a state of fluctuation (its “identity unknown,” just as it was in the 1945 film of that title). Despite ever-increasing temporal distance, World War II remembrance comprises a fluid entity, a container for multiply-inflected depictions of U.S. history and identity set in both domestic and international spheres. In the continuing absence of subsequent wars carrying the same level of moral clarity, World War II retains privileged status as a much-treasured memory, the triumphalist balustrade from which politicians and filmmakers alike display the elaborate draperies of national exceptionalism, benevolence, and might. Yet the remembered war also provides space for other banners to hang (if less prominently) in
varying degrees of defiance and deviation. These, like the dangling, bloodied shirt that so perturbs U.S. troops in James Jones’ Pacific War novel *The Thin Red Line*, suggest a less glorious history, standing in for what Jones called “the darker, nether side of patriotism.” As well as tracking the contours of patriotic Cold War orthodoxy, my hope is that this dissertation, in documenting the prevalence of critique in postwar film, helps recuperate that “nether side” of patriotic remembrance, outlining a dissenting progressive tradition too often obscured by contemporary militarism and “greatest generation” nostalgia.

---


In this respect, the film follows the book. “The most effective way Japanese Americans could combat the attitudes that put them in places like Manzanar was to shed their blood on the battlefield.” Jeanne Wakatsuki-Houston and James D. Houston, *Farewell to Manzanar* (New York: Random House, 1973), 85.

Lawrence Suid lists the film as one for which DoD help was not requested. Suid, with Dolores Haverstick, *Stars and Stripes on Screen: A Comprehensive Guide to Portrayals of American Military on Film* (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 2005), 84.


Suid claims that the film did not request DoD cooperation, but the closing frames suggest otherwise, thanking the “Department of the Army, USA.” Suid, *Stars and Stripes*, 277.


Rod Lurie, “Hollywood Courts Uncle Sam,” *Premiere*, Vol. 3, No. 1 (September 1989): 37-40. Lawrence Suid reports that after *An Officer and a Gentleman* struck box office gold in spite of the Navy’s refusal to back it, “the service became receptive to again appearing on the screen.” Suid, *Stars and Stripes on Screen*, 250. This is not to say that images suggesting the corruption of World War II disappeared altogether. For example, early in Oliver Stone’s Vietnam War film *Platoon* (like *Top Gun*, 1986), a new
recruit, Gardner, talks to Taylor, Stone’s protagonist, about his girl back home. Lucy-Jean, he tells Taylor, is “the one for me, and she’s waiting for me, too.” Appearing as a black and white image in Garner’s wallet, Lucy-Jean evokes a time lost to a mythologized past, as, in his loyal romanticism, does Garner. Lucy-Jean is the only woman (other than Taylor’s Grandmother) who is mentioned by name (rather than described via reference to female genitalia), and when Garner becomes the film’s first fatality, just moments later, Stone is quite consciously killing off the tropes of World War II film that so many Americans, including Stone’s deranged character Bunny, carried with them to Indochina.


18 By 1991, as the nation went to war in Iraq, 30% of the U.S. military was African American. McAlister, *Epic Encounters*, 250. See also the chapter “Military Multiculturalism in the Gulf War and After” on the military’s attempts to appear inclusive and harmonious. On race and the All-Volunteer Force, see also Beth Bailey, *America’s Army: Making the All-Volunteer Force* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2009), 88-129.


21 DoD Film Collection, Part II, Georgetown University Libraries Special Collections, Box 10, Folder 8.

22 After Action Report. DoD Part II, Box 10, Folder 8.

23 McCollum to Phil Strub, January 4, 1995. DoD Part II, Box 10, Folder 8


These examples pertain to African Americans, but the assimilationist, militaristic grammar of retroactive multiculturalism also orders recent Second World War films about Japanese Americans, such as *American Pastime* (2007), and Native Americans, such as *Windtalkers* (2003). These narratives exalt assimilation through military service as the purest form of Americanism.


In some respects, little changes. The recent World War II film, *Brother’s War* (2009), for example, while unusual in its Eastern Front setting, depicts the wartime Soviet Union engaged in brutal murders in the attempt to secure postwar control of Europe.


Prime Minister’s Question Time, June 7, 2000.

To my mind, the recently unveiled World War II memorial on the Mall in Washington stakes a similar claim. Each state of the American states, as well as territories such as Guam, receives a Pillar in honor of their contribution to winning the war. The Allies, however, whom, we are told, “shared the burdens” of America during the conflict, receive just one pillar between them. Visually, then, the monument suggests that Wyoming contributed as much as did the Soviet Union, Britain, France, Canada and all the other Allied nations combined.


Here, the unified diversity of U.S. forces enables its superior contribution to the war effort. In Windtalkers, for example, the ability of Navajo Codetalkers to confound Japanese code-breakers facilitates military success in Pacific island combat.

It is revealing to note that this is the first feature film about World War II directed by a woman to which this dissertation has referred. There are very few.

According to Melani McAlister, multicultural imagery of the U.S. military during the Gulf War of 1991 “provided the mandate for…[interventionist] power: the diversity of its armed forces made the United States a world citizen, with all the races and nations of the globe represented in its population. As the military would represent the diversity of the United States, the United States, as represented in its military, would contain the world.” Epic Encounters, 250.


Film List
(Alphabetically by year)


They Were Expendable. 1945. MGM. Dir. & Prod. John Ford.


*The Desert Fox.* 1951. 20\textsuperscript{th} Century Fox. Dir Henry Hathaway. Prod Nunnally Johnson.


*The Frogmen.* 1951. 20\textsuperscript{th} Century Fox. Dir. Lloyd Bacon. Prod. Samuel G. Engel


Spiegel.


Bibliography

Archival Collections

Assistant Secretary of Defense, Legislative and Public Affairs, Office of Public Information, News Division, Pictorial Branch, Motion Picture Section, Topical file 1943-1952. RG 330, Archives II, College Park, Maryland.

Department of Defense Film Collection, Georgetown University Libraries Special Collections.

Department of Defense Film Collection, Part II, Georgetown University Libraries Special Collections.

Department of Defense Motion Picture Project Files, RG 330, Archives II, College Park, Maryland.

Husband Kimmel Collection, American Heritage Center, Laramie, University of Wyoming.


Records of the Office of War Information, Motion Picture Reviews and Analysis, 1943-1945. RG 208, National Archives and Records Administration, Archives II, College Park, Maryland.

Records of the Office of the Secretary of War, Public Relations Division, News Branch, Correspondence Relating to Motion Pictures with Military Themes. RG 107, National Archives and Records Administration, Archives II, College Park, Maryland.

Robert Pirosh Papers, American Heritage Center, Univ. of Wyoming.

Magazines and Newspapers

*Baltimore Afro-American*
Baltimore Sun
The Billboard
Cleveland Call and Post
Chicago Defender
Chicago Tribune
Commentary
Dallas Morning News
Department of State Bulletin
Ebony
Harper’s
Hawaii Times
Holiday
Hollywood Reporter
Honolulu Advertiser
Jet
Life
Look
Los Angeles Daily Mirror
Los Angeles Times (LAT)
The Nation
New Republic
The New Yorker
New York Post
New York Times (NYT)

Northwestern Times

Opportunity

Pacific Citizen

Pittsburgh Courier

Saturday Evening Post

Show

Sight and Sound

Time

Variety

Washington Daily News

Washington Post (WP)

Books


Asahina, Robert. Just Americans: How Japanese Americans Won a War at Home and


Dick, Bernard F. *The Star-Spangled Screen: The American World War II Film*. 

663


Eberwein, Robert. *Armed Forces: Masculinity and Sexuality in the American War Film*. 


Klein, Christina. *Cold War Orientalism: Asia in the Middlebrow Imagination, 1945-


Scholarly Articles


Breslin, Howard. “Bad Time at Honda.” In David Wheeler, ed., *No, But I Saw the

Cabiniss, Dan. ”This is the Army (1943): the Show Musical Goes to War.” Film and History Vol. 27, Nos. 1-4 (1997): 54-60.


Fujitani, T. “Go For Broke, the Movie: Japanese American Soldiers in U.S. National,
Military, and Racial Discourses,” In Fujitani, Yoneyam, and White, Perilous Memories, 239-266.


Hartmann, Susan M. “Prescriptions for Penelope: Literature on Women’s Obligations to Returning World War II Veterans.” Women’s Studies Vol. 5 (1978): 223-239


http://racerelations.about.com/od/historyofracerelations/a/RevisitingtheYellowPowerMovement.htm


Koppes, Clayton R., and Gregory D. Black, “Blacks, Loyalty, and Motion Picture


Michel, Sonya. “Danger on the Home Front: Motherhood, Sexuality, and Disabled


http://www.ejumpcut.org/archive/onlinessays/JC09folder/ColdWarFilms.html


______________.


Smyth, J.E. “James Jones, Columbia Pictures, and the Historical Confrontations of *From Here to Eternity*.” In Rollins and O’Connor, eds., *Why We Fought*, 283-302.


Tate, Merze. “The War Aims of World War I and World War II and Their Relation to the Darker Peoples of the World,” *Journal of Negro Education* Vol. 12, No. 3 (Summer 1943).


