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Representing pain in literature and film:
reflections on *Die Brücke* (*The Bridge*) by Manfred Gregor and Bernhard Wicki

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In her book on *The Body in Pain*, Elaine Scarry focuses on the difficulties, or even impossibilities regarding the representation of physical pain.[1] The certainty one experiences when being in pain is strangely and yet surely divorced from the ability to communicate precisely this pain. When we read about someone else's hurt, when we witness gaping wounds and screaming victims on cinema screens, our remoteness and distance to the words on the page, the sounds in our ears or the images in front of our eyes is undeniable. We may feel empathy, shock or even horror while regarding representations of the suffering of others and, therefore, at least to some extent, we partake in the narratives of the victims. But do we – can we possibly? – feel *their pain*? Pain resists language, or, as Elaine Scarry puts it: "Whatever pain achieves, it achieves in part through its unsharability, and it ensures this unsharability through its resistance to language."[2] However, it is exactly the representation of pain that draws us near, reminds us of our human nature, and engages us in a form of abstract and yet absolute altruism. This ability for compassion potentially bridges the limitless void between us – as readers and viewers – and the moment of suffering portrayed. And yet, the representation of pain will be divided and always already unfinished. The author's and/or filmmaker's under-

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standing of another person's suffering remains – at least potentially – fragmentary; as readers and viewers of its *representation*, we are twice removed from the actual moment of pain and, therefore, forever separated from its experience. As Walter Benjamin pointed out in his essay "Critique of Violence"[3], any act of violence is a transgression, a setting apart or cutting off. Violence is a separation from itself in its appearance, and its representation can never be complete. The text inevitably deconstructs itself. In this regard, violence and pain are deeply intertwined, and yet, the representation of acts of violence – and the pain they cause – must capture an essence of its experience in order to be effective and to communicate precisely that which is unsharable.

In this essay, I shall focus on the representations of violence, pain and death in Manfred Gregor's novel *Die Brücke* (The Bridge, 1954/58[4]) and its adaptation for the cinema screen by Bernhard Wicki (1959). It is in this context, that I wish to explore the proclaimed unsharability of pain and the possibility of dialogues unfolding. Bernhard Wicki's film portrays pain so effectively, that it was regarded as "one of the most hard-hitting, relentless, bitterest antiwar films that ever was projected on the screen"[5]. At the time, *The Bridge* was considered one the most powerful antiwar films ever made, and many believe it still is. While the novel also portrays skillfully the horrors, the pain and insanity of war, this effect (and, therefore, the novel itself) is "multiplied by the cinema"[6] as André Bazin would have put it.

Gregor's text is a book of memory, a third-person autobiographical novel and a confessional narrative. It is the story of seven boys in a small German town ordered to defend a strategically insignificant bridge against the approaching American troops at the very end of World War Two. Only one of the boys survives. In his afterword, the author Manfred Gregor (i.e. the journalist Gregor Dorfmeister) reveals his identity as the only surviving teenager who witnessed his friends' suffering and deaths in early May 1945, who became a murderer that day and remains deeply traumatized by the events he unwittingly and yet actively participated in. He was barely sixteen years old. His sense of guilt and his best friend's last words initiate the narrative's dynamic: "Nicht vergessen – nicht vergessen – nicht..." (Don't forget – don't forget – don't...; p. 204[7]). Unable to make sense of his experiences that day, then, as the surviving boy (the novel's Albert Mutz), and still, a decade later as the author of this text, he remembers his dead friends; and in creating their epitaph he evokes their upbringing, naïveté, and the horrors of war. Fed on a diet of Nazi ideology and tales of heroic adventure, the late chance of participating in this war seemed to open the door toward heroic manhood, yet all too quickly their childish illusions are shattered. In the end only pain and death remain, as well as the trauma

of the survivor, who would never be the same, forever struggling with the excessive consequences of his obedient, collaborative efforts.

Manfred Gregor represents his friends' suffering in order to understand, to clarify the meaning of events during the murderous Nazi regime's final days, but also in order to pass judgment, and to take responsibility for his own actions. At the same time, the text is a religious young man's confession hoping for deliverance. The depiction of the pain these boys endure not only serves as an essential component of their rite of passage and, implicitly, the possibility of release and forgiveness, but as a signifier of the ruthless shaping of boys into men during the Nazi era. From the ever present "a German boy knows no pain" to an idealized heroic (soundless) death on the battlefield, being a male hero in the Nazi era meant turning a blind eye to pain. In the making of Nazi role models, as in heroic narratives generally, the hero's pain must remain unspoken. Only if silence prevails in this respect, would others speak his name and remember him long after his death. The true hero surely *knows* of pain, but is expected to mask it expertly. Unveiling and revealing it was considered a flaw and weakness that could only lead to cowardice.

The Nazi regime demanded its people's sacrifice, especially during the last months of the war when Hitler ordered a *Volkssturm* conscripting everyone between the ages of sixteen and sixty. While the parents agonize over the possibility of losing their children when the war was clearly and irrevocably lost already, Manfred Gregor presents boys who follow their draft notices giddily as if embarking on a camping trip with their mates. They have no intention of dying for their *Führer* but their naïveté has fatal consequences. When 15-year old Siegi Bernhard, the bookworm, is tired of waiting on that bridge after a long cold night, he begins to cry. He is wet from the rain, anxious and frustrated, and finally breaks down and sobs. His equally weary friends meet his tears with criticism and mockery. When the bridge is attacked by P-38 Lightnings shortly after, Siegi does not run for cover but rather remains standing in the centre of the bridge and in clear view of the warplanes, while reminding himself of his beloved fictional heroes. His childish notion of courage gets him killed that early morning and within seconds turns 'war' from a game of 'cowboys & indians' into a personal matter.[8] For the remaining boys, there is now no turning back.

By repeatedly emphasizing the boys' age in novel and film, Gregor and Wicki pass judgment on the Nazi regime. For both of them, born in 1929 and 1919 respectively, the deaths of these children manifest the regime's inhumanity and utter failure, even on a small and very personal scale.

The seven boys on the bridge that day are Siegi Bernhard, Jürgen Borchart, Karl Horber, Klaus Hager, Walter Forst, Ernst Scholten, and Albert Mutz. When

they put on the oversized Wehrmacht uniforms, a *rite de passage* is set in motion. Rites of passage, as formulated already in 1908 by the ethnographer Arnold van Gennep, include the journey through the liminal space from boyhood to manhood – and this is the place in which both novel and film rest. The journey here remains unfinished, paralyzed by pain and death. And even if it is to be completed, the memory of it remains an eternal hell from which there is no escaping[9] as the author Manfred Gregor insists in his afterword. As the sole survivor he returns to the place of death, void of meaning. Still searching, he shares his memories, tormented by his friends' screams, their fears and gaping wounds, their lifeless and torn bodies. The bridge has become the place of this "phase of 'transition', called by van Gennep 'margin' or 'limen' (meaning 'threshold' in Latin)"[10]. Not a symbol of the human ability to unite that which is separate, but of a separation of that which is united (Georg Simmel[11]), it functions as precisely this marginal space, the milieu of the boys' *rites de passage*. At the same time serves as a signifier of this *other* threshold, this hell and void, during those final days[12] of World War Two. It is their playground that turns into a place of death, this liminal space between the two shores of the river, symbolic of the space between boyhood and manhood these boys inhabit. Both in the novel and the film, the bridge's location remains unspecified.[13] This story could have taken place anywhere in Germany.

Moreover, both the book and the film can be interpreted as engaging with the liminal nature of war. War is, for most of us, extraordinary and outside everyday life. In film, especially action film, the spectacular nature of war and the struggle of the individual to survive become the focus of the cinematic narrative. However, *The Bridge* is not about survival. Rather, we – as readers and viewers – are invited to participate in this rite of passage those boys have to endure, and, in my opinion, we are asked to complete the ritual.

Arnold van Gennep distinguishes three phases in a rite of passage: separation, transition, and incorporation. The symbolic behaviour these boys engage in imitates not only the first phase of the ritual, but the empty heroic struggle of the Nazi icon. Being drafted into the Wehrmacht signifies their separation – spatially from their families and their home, but also from their childhood. Siegi Bernhard, the first (and youngest) to die in Gregor's narrative and Wicki's film, insists on obeying the draft notice (just like his friends), despite his mother's offer to hide him (or, as in the film, send him away to stay with his aunt). But already the naïve notion of becoming a soldier – and therefore a man (perhaps even a hero) – seemingly changes him before his mother's eyes. "The one who stands before you has become another!"[14], he proudly states. When Siegi dies in the novel, his friends sob uncontrollably, they think of the loneliness of his poor mother, and they turn to prayer.[15]

The descriptions of their pain and a clear emphasis on the youth and innocence of this first victim – "der Kleine", the little one (p. 68) – manifest the author's criticism of the insanity and injustice of this war. During the seconds prior to Siegi's death in the film, the camera[16] observes the approaching airplane, ironically quoting Leni Riefenstahl's infamous propaganda film *Triumph des Willens* (*Triumph of the Will*, 1934/35) which opens with Hitler's arrival in Nuremberg – descending from the heavens like a divine being. But while he, in 1934, at the Nazi Party rally promised life to the German people, what he delivered instead was large-scale suffering and death, as Wicki's shot sequence insist. The two towers of the church in the centre of the shot point to the warplane above them. While the other children duck, Siegi (played by Günther Hoffmann), the smallest and youngest-looking of them, remains standing. Wicki cuts from the approaching plane to a close-up of Siegi's face. His eyes are transfixed on the plane approaching him, a tear wells up, his lower teeth bite the upper lip and there is extreme tension in this youngster's face. We can see him breathing heavily but hear only the shots sounding from the Lightning's machine gun. The camera then follows the warplane up into the sky until it disappears above the clouds. For a few moments, Wicki lets the camera rest on the white sky, depicting nothing. When the remaining six boys look downward at their dead friend, it is clear that they have now entered that liminal space which is ambiguous and outside their control and understanding. Their demise is their transition – the second phase – not from boyhood to manhood, however, but rather from animate to inanimate, from life to death. Pain is to be endured, and often traditional scarification rituals accompany this second phase of the *rite de passage*. This is true not only for distant places such as West Africa or New Guinea, but for Germany, where – at the time of Gregor's narrative – fraternity students still wore their dueling scars ("Schmisse") with pride as distinctive marks of their manhood and integration. The at times agonizing 'ritual death' of the old self which is shed, in Wicki's film and Gregor's novel becomes the *actual*, senseless death of six young boys. The pain they endure therefore leads nowhere and means nothing; the rite of passage, however, need not remain incomplete, but can be achieved on another plane, i.e. in the raised consciousness of the reader or viewer.

The final stage of the rite – the incorporation – implies "actions which represent the return of the subjects to their new, relatively stable, well-defined position in the total society", as Victor Turner tells us, "for those undergoing life-cycle ritual this usually represents an enhanced status, a stage further along life's culturally prefabricated road"[17].

While the author of the confessional narrative conveys little hope of ever finding release, the filmmaker Bernhard Wicki turns this personal tragedy into a po-

litical statement. This is not to say that Gregor's text is not political. Even 60 years later, in his afterword to the 2005 edition of the book, the author still hopes for a world without wars and child soldiers – if only the memory of those dead boys is preserved, if only we understand how easily beliefs are shaped and ideals are abused. But the journalist Gregor Dorfmeister is "painfully"[18] aware of the fact that this hope has so far remained an illusion.

The filmmaker Wicki presents not a personal history but rather a chapter of the past we are to witness. Well aware of the impact of trauma on German culture due to war and Holocaust, Wicki in 1959 invited audiences to undertake a parallel passage, a temporal journey to the Nazi era and the fatal effects of its ideology. Only then, when the threshold that separates their past from their present has been crossed once again and the work of mourning and grieving be done, would Germans be able to leave the liminal space and overcome the ambiguity of their post-war existence.[19] In Wicki's opinion, post-war Germany's voluntary blindness was the nation's final fall from grace. Wicki's film tried to present the past in its most direct, inescapable manner. Only when facing it, only when *incorporating*[20] the past into their present and acknowledging their scars and marks, will Germans complete the rite of passage, perhaps even find release – and the courage to choose differently.

Both the book and the film are driven by the need for immediacy. Both author and filmmaker want the readers/viewers to *feel* the pain of these dying boys and their grieving relatives and friends to the greatest possible degree. The representation of their pain is significant as it serves to exemplify the savagery of Nazi Germany. Those teenagers' deaths are not the deaths of victims, however, for it is the uniform of the aggressive perpetrator, which they soil with their blood. And yet, their deaths are void of meaning and already the author of the autobiographical text repeatedly emphasizes the senselessness of their suffering. Filmmaker Bernhard Wicki stresses this point further by removing the framing narrative and by changing the structure of the storyline. In the film, this narrative is not a distant memory by someone who returns to a specific place a decade later, but rather a story that unfolds right in front of our eyes. In the book, the bridge still has strategic purpose and the boys are even commended on their success by a German General. During the transposition of this novel to the screen all references to the General who praises the boys for their actions were cut. Sick of "Heldenstories"[21] – heroic narratives of the past that dominated restrained memory discourses in 1950s Germany, in which the criticism of the Hitler regime and the tragedy of the war were customarily paired with glimpses of hope and humanity – Wicki had no intention of including scenes that implied praise for or even hinted at the po-

tential meaningfulness of certain war actions. He was critical of films such as *Der Stern von Afrika* (Alfred Weidenmann, 1956/57), *Der Arzt von Stalingrad* (Géza von Radvanyi, 1957/58), or *U 47 – Kapitänleutnant Prien* (Harald Reinl, 1958) that focused on the moral development of individual Germans. Rather than addressing their collaboration with the murderous Nazi regime, these films offered close-ups on 'a few good men' that, in Wicki's view, sidestepped any real cinematic engagement with Germany's Nazi past.

In the 1950s, the majority of West Germans were busy experiencing and enjoying their economic miracle and considered reminders of the horrors of the Nazi past decidedly unwelcome. Germany had been retreating into idyllic landscapes of wealth and security economically, and, to a significant degree, timeless idyllic imagery culturally. 1950, the year of the hugely successful *Schwarzwaldmädel* (Black Forest Girl, directed by Hans Deppe), signifies the re-birth of the *Heimatfilm*, a genre Marc Silberman[22] has described as unique to German cinema. Idyllic landscapes and cheerful 'boy meets girl' narratives here reflect the audience's longing for completeness and harmony, a utopia never attained (nor attainable) and yet seemingly lost forever. The astonishing box office success of Deppe's film had an impact on many of the strategic decisions being made in post-1950 German mainstream popular film. In literature, however, authors such as Nelly Sachs or Paul Celan, Anna Seghers, as well as Heinrich Böll, Wolfgang Koeppen, Alfred Andersch, Günter Grass and other members of the *Gruppe 47*, did their best to write against the art of forgetting practiced by so many Germans. The shallow collective oblivion mirrored in German visual art of the 1950s was, as David Loewenthal tells us, for the most part "deliberate, purposeful and regulated". Of course, the war and the horrors of the Nazi era were not truly forgotten, and exactly there lies "the *art* of forgetting – art as opposed to ailment, choice rather than compulsion or obligation"[23].

It is within this context of retreat and forgetting that both Gregor's novel and Wicki's film gain significance. When the novel opens with the survivor returning to the bridge, it is a rifle jammed between the rocks deep down in the water that reminds the author of events he cannot forget. The place of the story is truly idyllic, its characters young, happy and fun-loving. The unfolding narrative of death is juxtaposed with the life and laughter of its victims. By focusing on their short time in the military and providing glimpses of their lives and characters only moments before they perish, Gregor generates a deep sense of loss in his readers. Until moments before the teenagers die, the war rests within the imaginary realm. Almost to the end, war seems unreal and more like a game than reality. The possibility of leaving this marginal realm and returning home is raised ten times[24] throughout the novel – the possibility of living rather than dying, of remaining naïve and inno-

cent rather than knowing and guilty. Gregor is at pains to emphasize the fact that the characters of his book are children, not men. They understand heroic tales and legends of perseverance and true grit, but the "ugly gaping hole between Horber's eyes"[25] makes no sense whatsoever, death is incomprehensible to them. Time and again, childish sentiments – such as irritability, embarrassment or the need to prove to one's friends that, indeed, one is no coward or loser[26] – become life threatening. And the desire to avenge their dead friend Siegi is soon replaced by fear that turns them into murderers.

And yet, the child's desire to run and hide cannot save them either. Having been raised to obey they cannot but interpret the possibility of retreat as desertion and abandonment of their dead friend(s). Even when German troops pass them on their flight from the approaching front line, the boys choose to stay, unable to shed their sense of duty. After all, were they not told by an officer that "each square meter we defend is a piece of the heart of our *Heimat*, and whoever defends only one square meter of German soil to his last breath, defends Germany"? Bernhard Wicki emphasizes ideological indoctrination as responsible for the fatal choices the boys are about to make. While the boys have had fourteen days of military training in the book, their preparation for war shrinks to barely one day in the film. Wicki highlights the insanity of war by juxtaposing the callous ambitions of military leaders with the naïve innocence of children. The military leaders know the situation is "beschissen" and "hoffnungslos" ("bloody awful" and "hopeless")[27] and deliberately lead boys and men to their inevitable demise. The Lieutenant Colonel addresses his "soldiers", and especially the young and inexperienced ones among them, telling them "that our Battalion knows only 'forward', never 'retreat'. Our Battalion knows only battle, victory or death". He expects reliability and steadfastness, for history will judge whether they have done their duty, no matter whether they live or die.[28]

The 'good German', a stock character in the aforementioned war films of the 1950s, also appears in Wicki's film (as in Gregor's novel). Hauptmann Fröhlich (the novel's Leutnant Fröhlich) is the well-meaning officer who in the film tries to protect the boys by giving them an assignment intended to remove them from war action, and in the novel by telling them to run off prior to their deployment. But they don't abscond and the insignificant bridge they are to guard soon turns into a combat zone. When the boys are left to their own devices as the Americans approach, their aptitude, being closely framed by Nazi ideology, is inadequate, and their ideas regarding duty and masculinity are misplaced and become life-threatening. The final sequence of this film presents the consequences of ideological blindness. With role models such as the Lieutenant Colonel, the tragedy of the boys' untimely deaths is inevitable.

When Gregor describes the events on the bridge and inserts a few pages about each dying boy only moments before his demise, he inserts glimpses of their past, their childhood, into moments of unbearable tension. The structure is uncomplicated and effective, soon warning the reader that another child is about to die. The author creates emotional nearness between the reader and the victims by inserting those humorous tales of disobedience, bad luck, clumsiness, as well as glimpses of great promise and maturity right before they die[29]. The filmmaker changes and simplifies the structure of the script. Rather than incorporating seven flashbacks that function as epitaphs to children lost one after another, Bernhard Wicki uses the first forty-two minutes[30] of the film to introduce his characters to the audience. Filmed in Cham in Bavaria, the first part of this film is almost entirely devoted to introducing those seven boys with all the typical desires, conflicts, tasks being a teenager entails. Their short trousers, their pranks in school, their laughter all emphasize their young age. Their parents and teachers also see and treat them as children, which is part of the ensuing conflict. For most of the adults in this film, these boys are too young to be drafted. And, typical for teenagers, this increases their eagerness to prove their manhood. Some of the results of Hitler's reign are visible and implicitly symbolized by these boys' homes: it is, in most cases, a fatherless generation that experiences a void all too easily filled with Nazi ideology with Hitler claiming the role of father and educator. Physically, intellectually, emotionally those boys are, indeed, children. The bridge is their playground. Abruptly, Wicki cuts from the boys' everyday games and struggles to seven young soldiers in grey uniforms, and just as sharply, their playground turns into the frontline and boys are expected to be men, only to become dead children.

Half an hour later, we see all of them together one last time, a group of seven child soldiers standing close together on a foggy bridge at dawn. When they contemplate leaving this place as Hans, probably the most mature of the group in the film, questions the meaning of their presence, Borchert, a dead Major's son reminds them of their new identity: "We're soldiers and we've been ordered to hold the bridge!" And Siegi naïvely recalls that their presence does indeed make a difference, has not the Lieutenant Colonel told them that even if they only defend one square meter, they defend all of Germany?[31] But rather than engaging in a discussion about the significance of *Deutschland*, their dispute is resolved by posing the most effective question in quarrels among children: "Bist du feige? – Are you chicken?" Of course, none of them wants to be considered a coward by his pals and therefore the narrative takes its catastrophic course.

The last twenty-five minutes of the film are devoted entirely to the boys' fear and pain, their wounds, their violence, their deaths. By clarifying the structure of

the sequentially unfolding film narrative, Wicki creates a radical shift from life to death, from animate to inanimate, from joy and laughter to sheer horror and unbearable screams of pain.

We, as the audience, witness close-up as these boys disintegrate, as they begin to weep and wail, to whimper and moan, to soil themselves. This is not what they thought war would be. No one has prepared them for this. No speech by a Lieutenant Colonel can make sense of this slaughter unfolding in front of their eyes. Only Borchert takes pride in his activities as a soldier. His father died fighting for Hitler's Germany, and the son cannot but hold on to an ideology that alone is able to make sense of his death. When Borchert is shot and killed, the others disintegrate even further.

Wicki turns away from the light and rosy future of a booming West Germany and enters the darkness of the past by telling a true story that never made it into any of the military records as he states at the end of this film. The events on the bridge that day were considered too insignificant to be recorded, and yet tell us much about a lost generation of children struggling for manhood during times of suspended and yet firmly established political and moral ideologies. Not surprisingly, this was not a topic in line with popular culture of the 1950s: it took Manfred Gregor four years to find a publisher for his manuscript and several directors rejected the idea of using it as a film script.

When the seven boys are shown in action, every single shot during the last twenty-five minutes of this film, entails tragedy, not heroism. For Bernhard Wicki, the horrific reality of war and the absurdity of the whole endeavour that cost the lives of six teenagers and many others recruited in Hitler's pathetic efforts to win his lost war via the *Volkssturm* is emphasized over and over again. There are no heroes among any of those boys or men in German uniforms. Images of both weapons and wounds are metaphors of pain. The weapon is marked as a lifeless object that causes ruptures and kills, making animate bodies inanimate. Wounds are the visual sign of the penetrability and vulnerability of the body and of the violation of those children.

Both Manfred Gregor and Bernhard Wicki partake in the creation of a "culture of memory"[32] as Andreas Huyssen calls it. It is highly problematic, of course, to discuss the Holocaust and this kind of German cultural production in one essay while potentially using the same type of looking glass. It is essential to differentiate between the suffering of a mere seven German teenagers in Wehrmacht uniforms and the suffering of millions of Jews in the Holocaust. Nevertheless, there is a form of concurrence regarding this writer's or, indeed, filmmaker's desire to overcome the impossibility of representing pain as material reality in order to remember.

The oath Manfred Gregor takes while holding his dying friend is perhaps more specific and definitely on a much smaller scale, than that of Elie Wiesel and other Holocaust survivors to gather the names, the faces, the tears, to reveal everything, to omit nothing, and to forget nothing.[33] And although the author's trauma cannot compare to the indescribable violence suffered by the Jewish people, Manfred Gregor's oath to remember also demands mimesis and aims at catharsis. But can purification ever take place? As Elie Wiesel, Primo Levi, Maurice Blanchot, Andreas Huyssen and many others have stated: the mimetic desire of the witness must remain incomplete. Time and again, the only hope is that the fragmented representation will be met with the recipient's willingness to fill the void with his or her own imagination, and a dialogue will begin to unfold. Elie Wiesel writes in an effort to keep the memory of those alive that were murdered during the Holocaust. "I owe the dead my memory", he says, and writes "to understand as much as to be understood."[34] Even for the survivor, Auschwitz is separate from the moment of liberation.[35] And yet, there is no alternative than to try and overcome this separation. That which is unspeakable must be spoken, that which is hostile or opposed to "naming"[36] must still be named. According to Blanchot[37], memory of the Holocaust can only be preserved in the hopeless dichotomy of the silence of countless cries, in conflict never to be resolved, in a fragment, always already separated from the whole.

Both Gregor and Wicki are aware of the unbridgeable distance between pain and its representation, and yet pain (as an effect of misguided violence) is recreated here on screen and on paper. The author and the filmmaker seek to aid their audience in visualising this particular narrative. Already Joseph Conrad stated his mission as a writer as follows: "My task [...] is by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel – it is before all, to make you see." The visualisation of a narrative is part of the reading process, Conrad knew, and understanding of a literary text only occurs once the narrative begins to unfold 'visually' in our minds. We inevitably form visual images of characters, places and plots while reading a novel, short story or perhaps even a poem. And it is via this visualisation of the narrative in the mind that the emotional engagement of the reader occurs. However, making films is not just creating images on screen that might coincide with or challenge our imagination. In 1913, only a few years after Joseph Conrad's statement, the filmmaker D. W. Griffith said: "The task I'm trying to achieve above all is to make you see."[38] Seeing here implies an increased awareness and appreciation both with regard to the narrative in question and to the world around us, imagined or real. The author's aim here differs little from the filmmaker's aspirations and underlines the proximity between the two media or narrative forms.[39]

Bernhard Wicki's depiction of pain and suffering during those long minutes of war action tries to be as 'mimetic' as possible. The children soil their pants, they cry and scream, they are entirely unable to deal with the chaos of injury and death, fear and confusion. Wicki uses the filmmaker's distinct advantage over any witness: rather than representing one occurrence, he can produce a mosaic of experiences which confronts the viewer with a powerful staccato of human suffering and destruction and thereby possible capture the essence of any war experience. By introducing us at length to these likeable, happy and at times troubled young boys, Wicki involves the audience emotionally in the unfolding narrative. The frequent use of close-ups of the distorted faces of those children we have come to care about proves highly effective. Shed of their pretenses and innocence, we witness their naked fear, excruciating pain, and meaningless deaths. The camera uncovers the boys' painful last moments without imbuing them with meaning. The camera draws near, and yet maintains its distance.

As mentioned before, the desire and necessity to represent and to understand death and pain as ultimate symbols of human savagery is obstructed but not fundamentally prevented by the realization of the impossibility to circumscribe and pin down what is and always will be incomprehensible for those who are safe and unimpaired. A successful representation of violence and the pain it causes might lie in the incorporation of absence, of the void created by the violence itself, which in turn, to achieve this aim, requires the exertion of the reader or viewer to fill its void. Only then can the fragment, the representation that is always already incomplete, mimetically entail some of the names, perhaps the faces, and, if possible, our tears. Even if it is merely an empty sky we are looking at.

Without wanting to engage in fidelity criticism focusing on the absence and/or presence of similarities between the narrative of the novel and the film, it is not surprising that the representation of pain differs greatly in the two media. However, both the novel and the film engage in a discourse of loss, and create a spectre of that which is absent, producing a reality that draws the past into the present. The novel is presented as fiction and what is projected onto the cinema screen is an illusion. Both text and moving image, however, are experienced as a presence once the reader or viewer is emotionally engaged in the narrative.[40] The novel and, more directly, the film aim at proximity and authenticity, seeking to take root and create a space in which we measure ourselves, to borrow Roland Barthes' thought, determining our humanity.[41]

This film's focus is on suffering and nothingness. The pain of these dying boys is meaningless. That is the film's drive, its essence. It does not strive to be a faithful adaptation of Manfred Gregor's book, nor does it reveal any ambition to be art.

However, the film is, for the most part, a faithful transposition[42] of Gregor's text. The changes made regarding the structure and some of the characters serve to highlight its purpose. This film is a statement. Its first image is not the bridge, but the river flowing beneath it. This could be interpreted as a reference to Walther Ruttmann's ground-breaking documentary film *Berlin – Die Sinfonie der Großstadt* (1929), linking Wicki's work to its chosen heritage, i.e. Weimar film rather than Nazi cinema, and thereby implicitly emphasizing the rupture the period from 1933-45 signifies for both German history and culture. But it is also a film of memory dedicated to addressing precisely this recent past, which is anything but "water under the bridge". The opening sequence of Wicki's film draws attention to this rupture. It is emphasized by a bomb falling into the river and exploding only seconds after the first, peaceful image of gently moving water. The camera then moves up to reveal the bridge and the title of the film placed over it. For a few moments we see the town, a peaceful, rural Bavarian idyll, and again the image is ruptured, this time aurally by the sound of sirens. This community is not what it seems at first sight, it is fragile and in a state of transformation, a liminal space full of ambiguity.

Wicki was determined to represent death in a non-heroic way. He explicitly distances himself from the idea of the essentially persevering male hero and his impenetrable body. By remembering the warrior as hero we give meaning to his death and make his life everlasting. Dying in *The Bridge* is messy, crude and shocking. In an interview in *Der Spiegel* in 1959 Wicki said: "In most westerns and war films, men die quietly and without pain. They are hit, fall over and are dead. [...] I wanted to show how one really died – not quickly and heroically, but suffering and screaming."[43] To emphasize this point further, Wicki removed the bridge's strategic purpose that Gregor alludes to in his text. In the film, Wicki focuses the narrative's final conflict and tragic resolve when the two remaining boys are confronted with the bridge's planned destruction. When three soldiers arrive with explosives, Hans and Albert cannot bear the thought of the bridge, the purpose of their suffering being declared useless and futile. One of the soldiers begins to set up explosive devices close to Siegi, whose body still lies where he first fell. Hans and Albert are exhausted, filthy and traumatized. Hans confronts the soldier and is told by the older man how insane and stupid their behavior of the past few hours has been. He calls them "Armleuchter" (idiots) and "Scheißhelden" (f***ing heroes) and tells them to go home. Albert shoots the man in a desperate act to defend his last remaining friend. But Hans dies, too, hit by the other German soldiers' bullets.

Wicki's primary objective was to represent war as "absurd and inhuman"[44] and the last twenty-five minutes of his film are a testament to his intention. Trained as a photographer and cameraman, Bernhard Wicki thinks in images. He eliminates

visual beauty that could distract from the young faces disintegrating before our eyes. The film is shot in black and white, trees are stripped of their leaves[45], there is no musical score. His film is directed through the eye of the camera as he uses Dziga Vertov's *Kino eye* technique for documentary effect. Wicki's ability to connect a narrative to documentary montage for an almost mimetic representation was inspired by Vertov's work, but was also a step towards the Italian neo-realism of Roberto Rossellini and Vittorio De Sica. Wicki shares Rossellini's fascination with the animate versus the inanimate, the living and the dead. For cinema, this process becomes a metaphor, one that already Vertov toyed with in his Kino-Pravda series in the 1920s. In his celebrated silent documentary *Man with a Movie Camera* (1929) he interrupts the movement of the film to pause for a thought.

Wicki's representation of Nazi ideology is one that cannot allow retreat or admit failure. In a desperate attempt to veil the reality of their own insanity and inhumanity, the Nazi regime's directive was always to move forward, never back! In his film Bernhard Wicki counteracts this deadly ideology with its insistence of moving forward (to the very last man!) with the slowest possible imagery of human suffering. The Nazi's fatal addiction to their drive pauses on this bridge, thereby also emphasizing modernity's interrupted, dislocated development. Wicki's location becomes the space of a forced pause, and we must look and witness the desolate state of the human condition, as if the narrative were not to progress until we have witnessed those children die – in a close-up using what Gilles Deleuze calls an affection image.[46] It is in those moments that the viewer begins to understand the pain and fear these boys endure prior to their untimely deaths, when our horizons of understanding (Gadamer) overlap and understanding occurs. In his book on *L'Image-mouvement*, Gilles Deleuze analyses the movement of narrative force. Only when the movement is hindered, a new narrative is established. This is true, I believe, in Wicki's film *The Bridge*. By holding the camera to rest on representations of disintegration and death, by avoiding the continuation of the plot by way of heroic action, those frozen moments, close-ups and affection images, or images void of objects altogether, demand another narrative.

Those frozen moments or pauses in movement are often connected with the loss of sound. In Wicki's film, the silence following the deaths of six boys is deafening. In the closing sequence Albert's soiled face is wet with tears when he holds the beautiful face of his dying friend Hans gently in both hands, pleading with him over and over again: "Hans, please, come on, let's go home, let's go home Hans, please, Hans, come on, Hans, come on, come on."[47] Albert tries to carry and then drags his dying friend half-way across the bridge and, finally, lets go of his hand to stumble home alone. When the camera pulls up to reveal the bridge scattered with

the inanimate bodies of children in uniform decidedly bereft of heroism, we cannot but acknowledge their loss and sense their pain and ours. This is a primitive but highly effective semiotic. Wicki emphasizes the narrative structure by signifying privileged moments – of suffering and death – by way of a pause or suspension of movement which stands in sharp contrast to both the frantic movement of battle and the hurried retreat from the front line. His work can be seen as *Trauerarbeit* – work of mourning or grieving – a term introduced by Sigmund Freud in his text *Trauer und Melancholie* (1916) and taken up in 1967 by Margarete and Alexander Mitscherlich in their bestselling study on the German people's inability to mourn the heinous crimes committed in the name of National Socialism: *Die Unfähigkeit zu trauern. Grundlagen kollektiven Verhaltens* (*The Inability to Mourn: Principles of Collective Behavior*). It is the inevitable post-traumatic work that makes individuals face traumatizing events in order to regain psychological stability.

Germany's retreat into idyllic *Heimat* settings is typical for post-traumatic behaviour as defined by Freud. Grieving is first of all introspective, absorbing the individual's ability to engage with the outside (object) world. However excessive the traumatic experiences of the Nazi era might have been, almost one and a half decades later, Wicki demands his audience to look. The final statement claims authenticity: "This happened on the 27th of April, 1945. It was of so little importance that it was not even mentioned in any of the military reports."[48] Rather than communicating the peripheral nature of the events we just witnessed, this statement underlines once more the Nazi regime's inhumanity and the absurdity of war. As Elie Wiesel wrote in his memoirs *And the Sea is Never Full*: "Human silence is at the core of inhumanity." Bernhard Wicki's images speak, they involve us emotionally and force us to look to the end. This is what happens when anti-Semitic, racist brutes are voted into office. This is what war does.

During the Spanish Civil War, the beleaguered Spanish Government regularly sent out photographs to illustrate the consequences of the fascist insurrection and to appeal to the international community for support. Those images led to Virginia Woolf's publication of *Three Guineas* (1938) in which she concludes: "War is an abomination; a barbarity; war must be stopped."[49] In her book *Regarding the Pain of Others*, Susan Sontag reflects upon Woolf's thoughts on the roots of war and the unifying effects of looking at images of war as proposed by her. "Look, the photographs say, *this* is what it's like. This is what war *does*. And *that*, that is what it does, too. War tears, rends. War rips open, eviscerates. War scorches. War dismembers. War ruins. Not to be pained by these pictures, not to recoil from them, not to strive to abolish what causes this havoc, this carnage – these, for Woolf, would be the reactions of a moral monster."[50] If we have failed so far to react, to do our best to avoid war and

destruction, our failure "is one of imagination, of empathy: we have failed to hold this reality in mind"[51]. But Susan Sontag, too, recognizes the unbridgeable distance between us as readers and viewers and those depicted as victims of war and terror in text and image, and explores this "difficulty of communication"[52] in her text.

Bernhard Wicki's film *The Bridge* offers a much greater degree of "realism" than the photographs Virginia Woolf looked at over and over again. Photographs are silent, the actors in Wicki's film, however, cry and shout and scream and whimper. And when they stop crying and screaming, their silence is truly heart-breaking. The cinematic representation of pain is multi-facetted and we cannot but be affected. The images and their montage, the camera work (especially the use of close-ups), the dialogues, the sounds and the lack of music and, eventually, the lack of all sound engage us emotionally – especially when the film pauses for a moment. We do feel empathy for these boys, but during those seconds of silent pause, we begin to understand: Death is silent. Dying is painful and earsplittingly loud. Pain here, on the cinema screen, is deafening. And yet, we – all those who have not shared the experiences of Manfred Gregor and, to a less dramatic degree, Bernhard Wicki – don't *really* understand. We don't know what it is like to experience the pain of a bullet piercing our skin, bones, inner organs. We can watch fiction films, documentaries, read novels, articles, poems, look at photographs and yet we, as Susan Sontag puts it, "[...] don't get it. We truly can't imagine what it was like. We can't imagine how dreadful, how terrifying war is; and how normal it becomes. Can't understand, can't imagine" (p. 113).

And yet, do we really need to understand those boys' pain *completely* in order to comprehend the insanity of war? No writer, no filmmaker can make us slip into someone else's skin, but when we read or watch closely, we begin to participate in the suffering someone else endured. Once we partake, a dialogue begins to unfold and we feel pain, too. Not theirs, but ours. And when we begin to understand the meaning of loss, we, too, change. The contexts provided by Manfred Gregor and, more directly and effectively, Bernhard Wicki, tie us to the events on the page or on the screen. When we remember little Siegi biting his lip or Albert dragging his dead friend while pleading with him to come home, horizons of meaning overlap, or what Hans-Georg Gadamer called a *Horizontüberschneidung* occurs. We partake in the rite of passage left incomplete, even though this involvement is always already part of a different whole. Its difference may even be the key to determining *our* humanity (Roland Barthes) empowered by the element of choice intrinsic to the human condition (Michel Leiris). When we sense those boys' pain and mourn their deaths, when we find the courage to choose *differently*, perhaps we complete at long last the rite of passage set in motion in this picture and text.

NOTES

I wish to thank Eoin Bourke for his insightful comments and encouragement.

1 Elaine Scarry, *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World*, Oxford/New York: Oxford UP, 1985.

2 Scarry, *The Body in Pain*, p. 4.

3 Walter Benjamin, *Zur Kritik der Gewalt*, Frankfurt/M.: Suhrkamp, 1965.

4 Manfred Gregor (i.e. Manfred Dorfmeister) wrote this account in 1954, but only found a publisher four years later. According to the author, most publishers considered the novel too much of a risk or "Wagnis". The book was finally published by Kurt Desch in 1958. See Manfred Gregor in his afterword to his novel *Die Brücke*, Munich: DVA, 2005, p. 213.

5 See Robert C. and Carol J. Reimer, *Nazi Retro Film*, New York: Twayne, 1992, p. 64.

6 Bazin quoted by Robert Giddings, Keith Selby and Chris Wensley, "Introduction", in: *Screening the Novel: The Theory and Practice of Literary Dramatization*, Houndmills: Macmillan, 1990, p. 13.

7 Page numbers in parenthesis refer to Manfred Gregor's *Die Brücke*. Translations are mine.

8 "Der Krieg war in Minutenschnelle vom Indianerspiel zur ganz persönlichen Angelegenheit von Ernst Scholten geworden." Gregor, *Die Brücke*, p. 58.

9 "Von Jean Paul stammt der Satz: 'Die Erinnerung ist das einzige Paradies, aus welchem wir nicht vertrieben werden können!' Aber die Erinnerung kann auch ein fortwährendes Fegefeuer sein, aus dem es kein Entkommen gibt!" Manfred Gregor in his "Nachwort". See Manfred Gregor, *Die Brücke*, p. 211.

10 Victor Turner, *From Ritual to Theatre: The Human Seriousness of Play*, New York: PAJ, 1982, p. 24.

11 Georg Simmel, "Brücke und Tür", in: *Der Tag. Moderne illustrierte Zeitung*, no. 683, Morgenblatt vom 15. September 1909, Illustrierter Teil Nr. 216, S. 1-3.

12 The date of the tragic events on that bridge differs slightly in book and film: it is the 1st of May 1945 in Manfred Gregor's book, but the 27th of April 1945 in Bernhard Wicki's film.

13 The author, however, explains in his afterword that this narrative is based on true events, when he and six of his best friends were ordered to defend a bridge in his Austrian hometown Bad Tölz only a week prior to the official end of World War Two. The filmmaker Bernhard Wicki chose the Bavarian town of Cham as the location for his film.

14 Gregor, *Die Brücke*, p. 53: "Der, der da vor dir steht, ist ein anderer geworden!"

15 Gregor, *Die Brücke*, p. 57.

16 Camera: Gerd von Bonin.

17 Turner, p. 24f.

18 "[...] dies alles beweist mir täglich schmerzhaft, daß meine Hoffnung eine Illusion geblieben ist." Gregor, *Die Brücke*, p. 214.

19 This is a point taken up a few years later by Alexander and Margarete Mitscherlich in their hugely successful book *Die Unfähigkeit zu trauern. Grundlagen kollektiven Verhaltens* (1967), which appeared in English translation in 1975 as *The Inability to Mourn. Principles of Collective Behavior*, translated by Beverly Placzek.

20 Incorporation: While Victor Turner meant being received into the community, it is also true that the incorporation of the past into the present needs to occur for Germans to complete that last phase of this particular rite of passage.

[21] Richard Blank, *Jenseits der Brücke: Berhard Wicki. Ein Leben für den Film*, Munich: Econ, 1999, p. 102.

[22] Marc Silberman, *German Cinema. Texts in Contexts.* Detroit, Wayne State UP, 1995, p. 115: "*Heimat* describes an unfulfilled yearning with echoes of an unattainable utopia and of a lost past. It is associated with the nostalgia and drama of childhood security and family identity, of benevolent nature and mythical fate. The word *Heimat* gathered momentum as a concept in post-Romantic Germany and at the end of the nineteenth century as a militant rallying cry in the context of rising modernism, when the *Heimat* art movement began to articulate an ideology aimed against naturalism, social democracy, intellectualism, modern technology, and urban decadence."

[23] See David Loewenthal's intro to *The Art of Forgetting*, in: Adrian Forty and Susanne Küchler (eds.), Oxford: Berg, 1999, p. xi. My emphasis.

[24] See Gregor, *Die Brücke*, pp. 16, 24, 28, 58, 67, 91, 122, 142, 144 and 167.

[25] "Er [Hager] hatte die Verletzung an der Stirn Horbers gesehen, aber irgendwie war nicht in sein Bewußtsein gedrungen, was das häßliche, klaffende Loch zwischen Horbers Augen bedeutete." Gregor, *Die Brücke*, p. 118.

[26] "Und in seiner Scham schwor er sich aufs neue, nun endlich etwas zu tun, das den anderen zeigen würde: Ich bin kein Waschlappen, ich bin kein Schlappschwanz – schaut her, was ich mache!" Gregor, *Die Brücke*, p. 139.

[27] Bernhard Wicki, *Die Brücke*, 1959, [00:48:00].

[28] "Soldaten! Die Amerikaner sind gestern nachmittag auf breiter Front zum Angriff angetreten. Unser Bataillon ist ab sofort der 336. Volksgrenadierdivision unterstellt. Wir rücken heute nacht ab.
Ich erwarte von den alten Soldaten meines Bataillons, dass sie in dieser Stunde der Bewährung wie immer ihre Pflicht tun.Es ist damit zu rechnen, dass wir spätestens morgen früh Feindberührung haben. Jeder Quadratmeter, den wir jetzt verteidigen, ist ein Stück vom Herzen unserer Heimat. Und wer auch nur einen Quadratmeter deutschen Boden bis zum Letzten verteidigt, der verteidigt Deutschland.
Wir sind uns darüber klar, dass die Lage verdammt ernst ist. Aber - wir sind Soldaten!
Ob wir leben oder sterben, wir müssen vor der Geschichte verantworten, ob wir unsere Pflicht erfüllt haben. Die jungen Soldaten, die ihrem ersten Einsatz entgegensehen, sollen wissen, dass unser Bataillon nur ein Vorwärts kennt, niemals ein Zurück. Unser Bataillon kennt nur Kampf, Sieg oder Tod.
Ich erwarte, dass sich das Vaterland in dieser ernsten Stunde auf euch verlassen kann!
Auch für den kommenden Einsatz gilt die Parole: Vorwärts für Führer, Volk und Vaterland!" Bernhard Wicki, *Die Brücke*, 1959, [00:51:18 – 00:52:40].

[29] The novel's structure remains the same throughout (with one exception): shortly before a child perishes, during the moments of greatest tension, Gregor inserts his epitaph, an introduction to the dying boy: Siegi Bernhard is introduced pp. 47-54, his death occurs on p. 55; Jürgen Borchart, pp. 94-98, death p. 99; Karl Horber pp. 102-117, death p. 117; Klaus Hager pp. 127-139, death p. 140; Walter Forst pp. 146-164, death 164f.; Ernst Scholten is already introduced on pp. 79-85, he is the strongest, perhaps most mature of the boys, and "Scholten liebte das Leben" – Scholten loved life (p. 85). His death occurs on p. 204. Albert Mutz, the surviving boy, also has an epitaph: –Albert Mutz und das 5. Gebot" – Albert Mutz and the Fifth Commandment, pp. 171-198.

[30] Without wanting to engage in a discussion of the supposed mysticism of the number '42', it is interesting that after exactly 42 minutes, the children enter what Dante called "una selva oscura", a shadowed forest, a dark place.

[31] "Borchert: 'Wir sind Soldaten! Wir haben den Befehl, die Brücke zu halten!'
Hans: 'Aber das kann doch den Krieg nicht entscheiden, dass wir hier diese kleine Brücke halten!'
Siegi: 'Aber 'wer nur einen Quadratmeter deutschen Boden verteidigt, der verteidigt Deutschland!'"
[01:13:00-01:13:55]

[32] Andreas Huyssen, "Denkmal und Erinnerung im Zeitalter der Postmoderne," in: *Mahnmale des Holocaust: Motive, Rituale und Stätten des Gedenkens*, edited by James E. Young, Munich, Prestel, 1994, p.16.

[33] See Elie Wiesel, *From the Kingdom of Memory*. New York: Schocken, 1990.

[34] Elie Wiesel, *From the Kingdom of Memory*, p. 16. See also Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of Disaster*. Trans. By Ann Smock, Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1986; orig. French 1980.

[35] "The disaster is separate; that which is most separate." Blanchot 1. Again, he points to the distance between past and present, between the victim and the witness, between the reader and the text. The text as such, in his view, entails violence: "Writing is per se already (it is still) violence: the rupture there is in each fragment, the break, the splitting, the tearing of the shred-acute singularity [...]" (p. 46).

[36] Blanchot, *The Writing of Disaster*, p. 47.

[37] See especially Maurice Blanchot's *The Writing of Disaster* ([1980] 1986).

[38] Griffith and Conrad are quoted repeatedly in books on screen adaptations of literary text, as, for example in Robert Giddings, et al., *Screening the Novel: The Theory and Practice of Literary Dramatization*, p. 1. For Joseph Conrad, see his preface to *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*, London: Dent, 1897. For D. W. Griffith see Lewis Jacobs, *The Rise of American Film*. New York: Harcourt, 1939, p. 119.

[39] However, their proximity can just as well be matched by their difference, beginning with the fact that compared to the rather lonely creative process that leads to the production of a novel, films are usually collaborative projects that rely not only on the vision of director but the technical and artistic expertise of an entire crew. See Robert Stam's "Introduction", in: *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, London: Blackwell, 2005, p. 20.

[40] See, for example, Robert Scholes' essay on "Narration and Narrativity in Film and Fiction." Robert Scholes, *Semiotics and Interpretation*, New Haven and London: Yale UP, 1982, pp. 57-72. The quote continues: "Given this situation, it is possible to distinguish different kinds and qualities of narration by the varying extents to which they emphasize either that immediate process of narration (as an actor may draw attention to himself as performer or a writer to himself as stylist) or those mediated events themselves. Using our common critical terminology, it is possible to say that a narration is more fictional as it emphasizes the events narrated, more lyrical as it emphasizes its own language, and more rhetorical as it uses either language or events for some persuasive end."

[41] Roland Barthes, "The World as Object", *Calligram*, ed. by Norman Bryson, Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1988, p. 107.

[42] See Michael Klein and Gillian Parker, *The English Novel and the Movies*, New York: Ungar 1981, pp. 9-10. Geoffrey Wagner, *The Novel and the Cinema*, Rutherford, N.J.: Dickinson UP 1975, pp. 222-231. Dudley Andrew, *Concepts in Film Theory*, pp. 98-104. A summary of these categorisations can be found in Robert Giddings, Keith Selby and Chris Wensley, *Screening the Novel: The Theory and Practice of Literary Dramatization*, Houndmills: Macmillan 1990, pp. 11-12. Since the mid-1970s, scholars such as Michael Klein, Gillian Parker, Geoffrey Wagner and Dudley Andrew have tried to classify certain types of adaptations and create categories according to how 'faithful' the adaptation is in relation to the original text. *Die Brücke* should fall into the first of three different groupings these scholars identify: "transpositions" (Wagner) or films that resemble the original

narrative or "give the impression of being faithful, that is, literal translations" (Klein/Parker) of the literary text. Dudley Andrew identifies this rather "tiresome" group of adaptations with "fidelity and transformation" (Dudley Andrew, *Concepts in Film Theory*, p. 100).

43 Quoted in Reimer, *Nazi Retro Film*, p. 65f.

44 Wicki/Blank, p. 103.

45 Wicki/Blank, p. 109. The story takes place in April, but they filmed in June. For the sake of authenticity, they stripped the leaves of the trees in view of the camera. Regarding the importance of authenticity for Bernhard Wicki, see Hermann Barth, "Wenn das Handwerk zur Kunst wird: Notizen zu den Filmen des Regisseurs Bernhard Wicki", *Sanftmut und Gewalt: Der Schauspieler und Regisseur Bernhard Wicki*, ed. by Robert Fischer, Cologne: Filmfestival Nordrhein-Westfalen, 1991, p. 82f.

46 See Gilles Deleuze, *Cinema 1: the Movement-Image*, trans. Hugh Tomlinson, London: continuum, 1986.

47 Wicki, *Die Brücke*, [01:36:10 – 01:36:55].

48 "Dies geschah am 27. April 1945. Es war so unbedeutend, dass es in keinem Heeresbericht erwähnt wurde." [01:37:18]

49 Virginia Woolf, *Three Guineas* (1938), quoted in Susan Sontag, *Regarding the Pain of Others*, London: Penguin, 2004, p. 4.

50 Sontag, *Regarding the Pain of Others*, p. 7.

51 Sontag, *Regarding the Pain of Others*, p. 7.

52 Sontag, *Regarding the Pain of Others*, p. 3.

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