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*Vestiges of
New Battles:
Linda Stein's
Sculpture after 9/11*

Jann Matlock

WHEN NEW FIREFIGHTERS WERE HIRED in New York in the months following September 11, out of six hundred recruits, only one was a woman.¹ The sculpture of Linda Stein imagines a corrective to the peculiar masculinization of protection that resulted from the attacks on the World Trade Center. Her larger-than-life forms resemble armor but they are made of materials that tell other stories than those of war. She calls them *Knights* (see cover; figs. 1-3), hailing back to an era of ritualized relations between protectors and those they championed. In Stein's work, however, the bodies under the shields are decidedly female. Of course, a good many medieval and Renaissance literary works relayed the surprising news that female bodies could be hidden beneath steel armor and chainmail. Sometimes those bodies belonged to women who were fighting to protect their male lovers, and sometimes they belonged to androgynous warriors who could not be held back by social conventions. Armor does not, in these texts, necessarily masculinize its wearer. Rather, it frequently places her, like Joan of Arc, "beyond sexuality" and out of reach of gender constructions.² It responds to trauma by imagining safety—even from the constraints of being male or female. Stein's most recent series of "bodyguards" insist on their femaleness, however, not just

through their curves, but through the connections forged in the materials out of which they are made: salvaged objects and calligraphic plates, fragments of wood splintered into the soft copper on which one can still read, backwards, the traces of invitations to weddings, christenings, anniversary festivities (fig. 2 and fig. 2 detail).

There is an irony to the way Stein folds these fragments of people's lives into her fantasies of protection for a world after 9/11: the intaglio plates of a business she once ran full-time work here like found objects, even ruins of a world whose celebratory messages hold no more meaning. The people who commissioned these hand-printed announcements long ago agreed that their stories would become part of Stein's sculpture, but one can't help imagining the fragility of the lives in which such important moments were marked with ceremonial writing. Where today are the parents of the child whose birth is heralded on one piece of metal? What has become of the fiancé of the woman whose parents announced her upcoming marriage? Where were they on September 11? Did they run uptown too, like Stein, away from her studio in Tribeca? Were they covered with white ash like the figures in the photographic images from that morning taken by Susan Meiselas and Gilles Peress?³ Did they know any of the people whose faces lined storefronts in lower Manhattan for days after the towers fell, their names slowly fading with the rain? Or were they, like nearly 2,300 men and 700 women, among those who perished in the tragedies of those days?

Rescue became a male occupation in the days and weeks after 9/11, or so the news media seemed to think. Erasing the presence of hundreds of female first-responders—doctors, nurses, paramedics, ambulance drivers, search-and-rescue workers, emergency-operators, firefighters, police-women, and security officers—the press focused on male heroes and insisted, if poignantly, on the tragedy of nearly four hundred male New York Fire Department (FDNY) workers who lost their lives in the collapse of the towers. Three women responders died, one of them a policewoman who had just helped hundreds to safety.⁴ The reluctance of the news media to celebrate the women on the scene in the days after the tragedy had parallels, scholars and journalists have pointed out, in the run-up to war by an administration obsessed with cowboy rhetoric and militaristic jingoism. Americans were being told they needed fathers, brothers, men

with guns, guys with a mission, shock and awe. Women shied away from the impending war, supporting the project 20 percent less than their male counterparts.⁵ But the news media didn't stop telling them they needed a hero with testosterone and bulging muscles, at the very least keeping watch in their local firehouse or excavating the ruins of Ground Zero.⁶

Stein's sculpture gives the lie to these narratives from a stunned news media in the thrall of a presidency bent on more wars. Stein speaks openly of her own antiwar stance and explores, through her art, alternatives to the values of an administration that has substituted war-mongering for protection. Her writings and interviews repeatedly evoke a female figure—Wonder Woman—who argued in another era of war to give courage to women as well as to men, to girls as well as to boys.⁷ Wonder Woman was sent to save the world from the Nazis in 1941 by a Harvard-trained psychologist, William Moulton Marston, with some quirky ideas about matrilineal society and the view that men and women needed female role models.⁸ The Amazon from Paradise Island—aka Diana Prince in her American street disguise—achieved such success in her first years that she outlived her inventor. Cycling in and out of a position of popularity just below Superman, Batman, and Spider-Man, she attracted hundreds of thousands of fans. Her author claimed she hailed from a place where “Love and Justice make women strong beyond the dreams of men!”⁹ but what made her approach to violence so unique among superheroes was that she did not kill. Instead, Wonder Woman used her magic lasso to coerce the truth out of her opponents and sought to resolve conflict without violence. She necessarily incurred the wrath of that maven of perversion, Fredric Wertham, author of the scandal-mongering *Seduction of the Innocent*, who convinced parents and clergyman that comic books were poisoning the youth of America: Diana was—cough!—subject to what McCarthy's America saw as questionable urges: feminism, of course, but also bondage and lesbianism.¹⁰ By the 1960s, Wonder Woman had gone sex symbol, big breasted and gutless; by the time Nixon was bombing Cambodia, she had modded-up to resemble Diana Rigg of *The Avengers*, but she had lost all her powers. Legend has it that Gloria Steinem convinced the DC Comics folks to give the superheroine back her special gifts. In the thirty-five years since feminism came enough of age to have its own magazine, *Ms.*, whose first issue of July 1972 put the

Amazon with special powers on its cover, that comic book character has continued to find new audiences—and inspired debate about whether its happiest readers were female or male.¹¹ “Beautiful as Aphrodite, Wise as Athena, Stronger than Hercules, and Swifter than Mercury,”¹² Wonder Woman takes on a talismanic value for a world where real wars have gone so profoundly awry.

Cultural theorists have remarked on the obsession with superheroes in the television and film production of the last few years, ranging from the 2006–2007 season’s *Heroes* to a new version of *Bionic Woman* headlining NBC’s fall 2007 schedule. *Spider-Man*, *The Fantastic Four*, and *The XMen* have promised fantasies of magical heroism, particularly around the tall buildings of Manhattan in the case of the massively successful Toby Maguire franchise. Meanwhile female heroism in popular culture has done little to keep pace: Buffy slayed her last vampire in 2003 after a brief reprieve from her suicidal self-sacrifice in her penultimate season. In the weeks after 9/11, Sydney Bristow seemed to step into place at the governmental agencies that needed new recruits, but each following season of *Alias* sapped her strengths and her ability to keep track of who the real bad guys were. Jessica Alba graduated from playing a powerhouse military experiment run amok in *Dark Angel* (cancelled after two seasons in 2002) to the superheroic Invisible Girl (yes, Girl), a feeble sidekick to the big-screen *Fantastic Four*, whose superpower consisted mostly of fading in and out when fraught with heady emotions. And Lara Croft slithered through tombs and military installations with wasp-waisted deathliness, soft-porn for computer nerds rather than any kind of role model for female adolescents.¹³

With popular culture offering little more than “Save the Cheerleader, Save the World,” as enticement to heroism,¹⁴ it is not difficult to imagine why the post-9/11 world has done so little to create a more egalitarian fire-fighting force in New York. In fact, the woman who sued in 1982 to change the FDNY rules so that women could, indeed, have their own shot at protecting Manhattanites, has been continually criticized for her outspoken attempt, after 9/11, to improve conditions for female first-responders.¹⁵ Never have Americans needed more to rethink the values of gender, race, class, sexuality, and ethnicity than today when the narratives that we have been tracing seem to have broken down. Stein’s fantasy figures, both the larger-than-life *Knights* and the miniature ones, suggest

frameworks for reworking those values. Salvaging debris, as if from wrecked buildings, Stein creates female shapes that protect other dreams than the ones the mass media have been relaying.

Pieces of domestic life—keys, buttons, belt buckles, broom bristles—have been fused with metal and wood in Stein’s *Knights*. Burnished copper and nickel conspire with pebbles and beachwood, but when you look closer, you’ll find that some of that metal is someone’s lost license plate, a relic from a car that may have long ago rusted out in the Northeastern winter. Her *Calligraphic Knights* (fig. 4) seem to reverse the writing of the plates in the metal-based sculptures, although in fact they’re fabricated from original hand lettering. Made of paper, they exploit envelopes for announcements of marriages and baby showers that took place years ago. You can read fragments of the addresses (“415 Madison”; “142 East 35th Street”). You could go there still, ring the bell, see if anyone’s home.

Similarly, recent works on paper make *Knights* out of Wonder Woman comics that are pasted into a collage that positions Princess Mononoke (the Japanese *anime* figure from Hayao Miyazaki’s film) side by side with her 1940s cousin in bustier and star-spangled bloomers (fig. 5). Torn into shapes like those in the metal *Knights*, but now given imagined bodies to protect, the paper *Knights* seem to oscillate between exposing the shadowy individuals beside them and preparing to slide into place to offer those figures protection. In the larger-than-life-sized installation, *Trio 595* (fig. 6), both Wonder Woman and Marilyn Monroe are given their own shields. There’s a certain logic in making sure that, in today’s world, Wonder Woman has armor in addition to her magic lasso and bullet-deflecting bracelets. But giving Marilyn something to cover her when her skirts blow high might seem counter-intuitive even to those of us who are sure she was no role model. Is Stein thinking of protecting the actress from tragedy or keeping her safe so that she might be appreciated for other qualities than her beauty?

Even more intriguing is the fact that in both *Trio 595* and in a smaller *Anti-Hero/Hero 587*, Stein puts shields in play to make us look harder at Sacha Baron Cohen, depicted here as Borat, the Kazakh tourist he invented as the central character of his 2006 film. Cohen came in 2005 from his native United Kingdom to the United States looking for Americans to dupe. Actually, he started in a village in Romania called Glod, where he

paid the thousand residents, most of them Roma who spoke little or no English, about six dollars each to be made into fodder for rather cruel humor about their ignorance and poverty. He told them, they claimed, that he was making a film about their hardship, when in fact he was using their locale to masquerade for a town in Kazakhstan from which his fictional character, Borat, supposedly hailed. They even thought he was American.¹⁶ Cohen's game plan in the United States entailed an advance team whose members pretended they were making a documentary to help Third World women—and then, suddenly, this misogyny-spouting bigot turned up, provoking at every turn. Interviewed along with two colleagues who, like her, are activists on the board of the respected organization Veteran Feminists of America, Stein understandably found offensive “Borat’s” remarks about women’s small brains—and (after an hour of similar remarks, only a few minutes of which turned up in the film’s final cut) threw him out of her studio. Being catapulted into a film that made over fifty million dollars in its first week has had complicated repercussions for Stein. People stop her on the street and congratulate her for being the only person to stand up to “Borat.” Indeed, she’s done a good job in subsequent interviews of standing up to Cohen as well, exposing his misogyny as running deeper than his proponents admit: she insists that even if he manages to satirize Americans’ xenophobia, problematize anti-Semitism, and mock homophobia, his film never manages to make a satirical point about sexism.¹⁷ So then why let him onto the same stage with one of her *Knights?* The *Eccentric Bodies* show, where she exhibited her work in summer 2007, offers one fantasmatic explanation: because if size matters, this guy is hardly well-enough endowed to be crowing.¹⁸ Of course, that’s Stein’s projection, but who wouldn’t assume, given Cohen’s popularity among the beer-swilling eighteen-to-twenty-five-year-old demographic to which much of mainstream Hollywood cinema (from Spider-Man to Lara Croft films) appeals, that the character’s obsessive woman-bashing is just a little bit compensatory? Ticket sales make palpable what the press in the United Kingdom has suggested: that the young men of Britain, regardless of educational aspirations or class, simply adore watching Americans being duped by their countryman; Cohen invites them to enjoy politically incorrect humor at the expense of women, gays, blacks, and Jews, all the while

offering the safe pretense of mocking Americans with a limited sense of the world beyond their borders who fail to realize that Cohen is not the Kazakh television presenter of his pose.¹⁹ Are Americans in the same demographic watching for the same reasons—or are they just enjoying the sexism, anti-Semitism, racism, and homophobia?

The fictional Third World bumpkin “Borat” is perhaps the flip side of the heroic masculinity that surged in the wake of the creation by 9/11 of what cultural theorist Diana Taylor has called “a giant hole . . . in the U.S. imaginary”: in the aftermath of the attacks, the “language of lack” resulted in a “feminization of loss” and a “masculinist rush to save the day.” Years later, the story of “evil barbarians” has been recycled in a way that still requires “threatened damsels” and “heroic males.”²⁰ But Cohen played simultaneously the barbarian and the ostensibly heroic male. The problem is that his film embraces an attitude that ultimately threatens women—by inviting men to feel okay about their hostility to women and especially to feminists. Lending him armor is probably more than he deserves. But at least Stein’s *Anti-Hero/Hero* imagines putting his figure under wraps even as it exposes “Borat” to our critical gaze.

Only 25 of the 11,500 firefighters in the city of New York were women in September 2001.²¹ That none were among the 343 FDNY casualties emerged both as a statistical logic and also a lucky break for the few Wonder Women who had made it into the ranks of one of the most exclusionary professions in the United States. The U.S. military was, until quite recently, nearly as exclusionary. Not any longer. Eighty-six women in the U.S. military have died in Iraq (as this essay goes to press), over 2 percent of the 3,811 soldiers to fall since the war began in spring 2003.²² It is perhaps too early to imagine how the media will remember these women’s acts of bravery, but for the short term, their roles in the narratives told about the war have recurrently served to showcase tales of masculinist heroism, as in the case of the Jessica Lynch “rescue mission.” When female soldiers are not damsels in distress, they turn up too often in the press as negative models—as evil incarnate in the guise of Abu Ghraib torturer Lynndie England and as incompetent for service, such as Brigadier General Janice Karpinski.²³ One of the most recent scandals coming out of Iraq casts women soldiers as endangered yet again—by the U.S. military men them-

selves who have been turning in record numbers on their fellow soldiers as well as against Iraqi women.²⁴ Although female Army Reservist blogger Ginmar wrote charmingly about the excitement of her male colleagues in Iraq over *Buffy* DVDs, she also repeatedly noted “I want an all-female army” and not just because the men around her snored.²⁵

Linda Stein’s duping by “Borat” dovetails with a disturbing message about sexual difference that has been recurring in certain arenas of mainstream popular and political culture: if you’re female, you’re not supposed to act like you have a brain. Last fall, for example, *Forbes* magazine gave several column inches to an article entitled “Don’t Marry Career Women,” which complained that women who work won’t support their husband’s careers or keep the bathroom clean enough.²⁶ Given that its author worried about what might happen to a man’s income if a woman sought to earn a paltry professional salary of thirty thousand dollars annually, it is perhaps hardly surprising that American and British audiences laughed uproariously to the tune of nearly two hundred million dollars at Borat’s insistence that women should not be educated because scientists have shown they have brains the size of squirrels. Or that the trailer that appeared on network and cable television to advertise the film and DVD turned heavily on the sequence where Cohen/Borat cooed at Stein, “Listen, Pussycat, smile!” when she told him what he had said about women’s brains was “demeaning.” Behind them on the walls of her studio in that sequence hang the *Knights*, five warrior women who were conceived to protect women and men of the twenty-first century against ignorance, intolerance, and war-mongering. No one says a word in *Borat* about the *Knights*. It is as if these elephants in the room, so profoundly connected to the anxieties that spawned *Borat* the film, cannot be evoked without talking about the hole in the imaginary that is September 11. Could the film have protected its potential audience’s fears as well if it talked about either Ground Zero or the tragic intolerance resulting from

figure 1
 KNIGHT OF TOMORROW 582
 bronze
 132 x 40 x 28 inches
 Siemens Collection, 2007



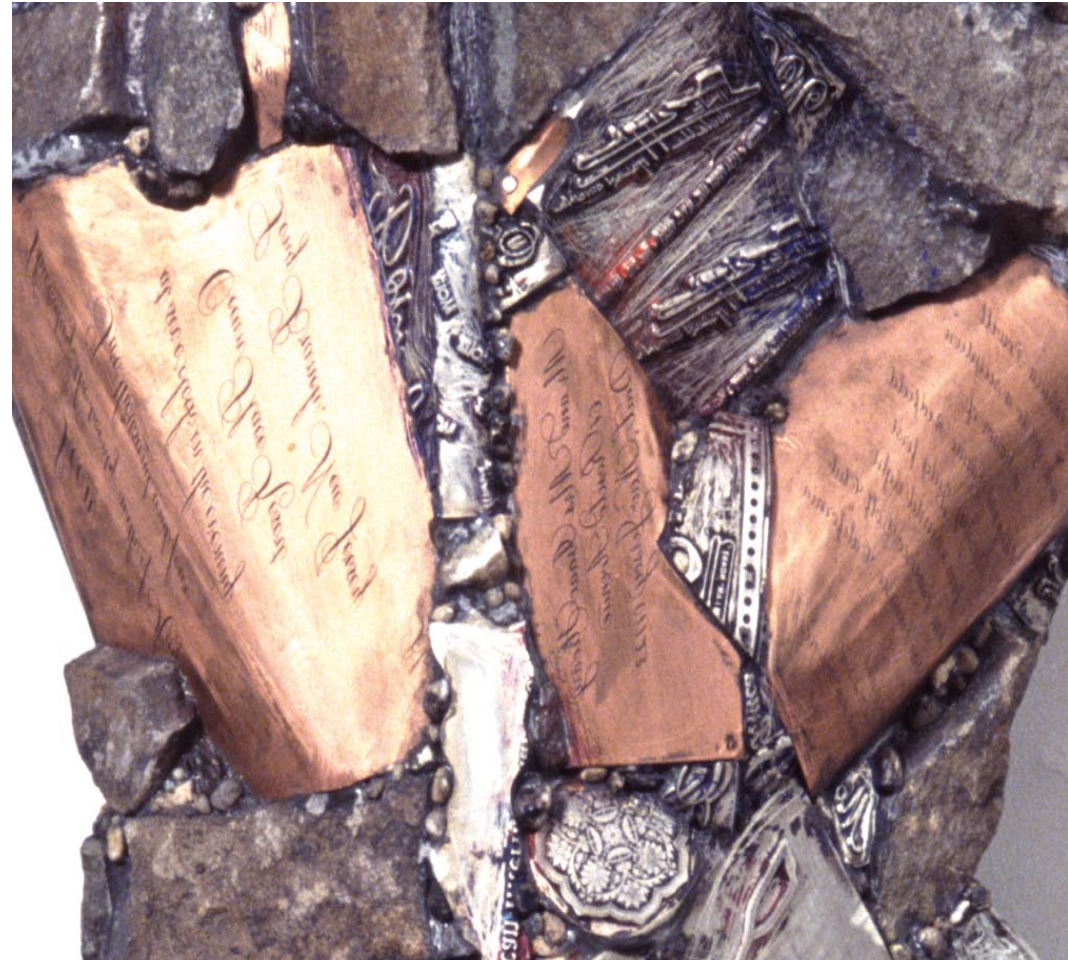


figure 2
KNIGHT OF PLENTY 553
(opposite page, with detail
this page)
wood, metal, stone
47 x 16 x 6.5 inches
2006

figure 5
HEROIC INSPIRATION
MONTAGE 569
(below)
6 x 7.5 inches
2006

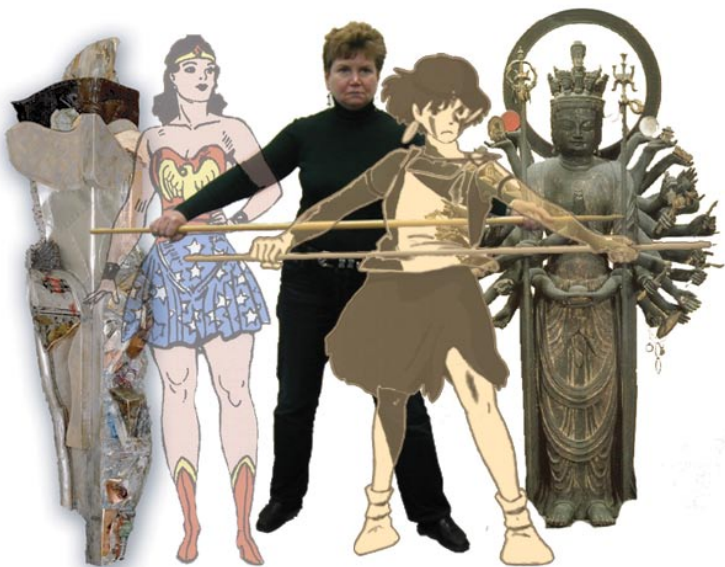


figure 6
TRIO 595
wood, metal, stone, collage,
archival inks
on paper and wood,
printing on vinyl
78 x 125 x 10 inches
2007



clockwise from top left:

figure 8

CORKSCREW SWEEP 285

wood, metal, stone, fiber
13 x 30 x 6 inches
Wiesen-Cook/Coss
Collection, 1997

figure 7

TRIUMPH 174

wood, metal, stone, bone
74 x 26 x 23 inches
1988

figure 9

SLOW MOTION 192

wood, metal
39 x 55 x 37 inches
1990

the “war on terror”? Or did it, obliquely, summon both when Borat claims, while standing in front of Stein’s studio, that in his country it is “illegal for women to be more than five except in brothels or graves”?

Stein was well positioned as a sculptor to think about the vestiges unearthed from the rubble. Although she claims never to have visited the site of Ground Zero because of her own traumatic relation to that day, her post-2001 work seems to imagine what might have been found there. *Excavations* (fig. 7) and *BladeGlyphs* (fig. 8), Stein’s series from the 1980s and 1990s, already played with traces of writing and embedded fragments torn out of the context in which they were useful and given a new role. Begun before 9/11 and continuing into the present through the *Knights* series, her sculpture draws on the surprises of what might be found under the ruins. Even more than the *Knights*, the *Glyphs* utilize her collection of calligraphic plates and other pieces of “found writing.” Given her obsession with the mysteries of writing, it is not surprising that Stein cites Cy Twombly as one of the artists she has long admired. Unlike Twombly’s graffiti paintings—works that, in Rosalind Krauss’s words, are concerned with “delivering a mark,” but a mark as “the residue of an event”²⁷—Stein’s sculptures exploit the residue itself, the nearly unrecognizable trace. If Twombly’s works operate by means of imagining the future (when the graffitist is no longer present but, as Krauss emphasizes, leaves behind his mark, as in “Kilroy was here”), Stein’s sculptures insist on the impression of the die itself, which becomes unreadable in its reversal and fragmentation. The intaglio-plate fragment left behind is thus cut off from the indexicality of language, with the meaning of the word-event now pushed almost entirely into the past. But Stein’s sculptures do not, all the same, entirely suspend our curiosity about what was printed with these plates. They thus operate in both temporalities, the before and after.

Feminism, like all other forms of battle against inequality and intolerance, is beginning again to operate in both temporalities, both before and after September 11. The two major feminist exhibitions of spring and summer 2007, two of the most important shows to display women’s art in the last twenty-five years, *Wack! Art and the Feminist Revolution* (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles) and *Global Feminisms* (Brooklyn Museum, New York), had a coy way of bookending those two temporalities. The Los

Angeles show concentrated on the 1970s, focusing on the response of 119 women artists from twenty-one countries to the promises and hopes of feminism. The New York show embraced the young artists of the present, born since the 1960s, with most of its contributors in their thirties.²⁸ By insisting on the international landscape of feminism, these two shows did indeed imagine an “after September 11,” but there was an irony in their omission of artists like Stein, neither old enough for *Wack!* nor young enough for *Global Feminisms*. One can be thankful for a show like *Eccentric Bodies* in this same period for ensuring that her work has a place in the dialogue that these other feminist exhibits will generate. This exhibit evoked the relationship of women artists to the human form, connecting them to the traditional work of the academy that long based admissions and success on young artists’ ability to draw the nude, an arena of art education from which far too many women were excluded. And although this exhibit insisted on women’s recuperation of the materiality of the body, the bodies it displayed were also monumental, achieving a scale that women artists have only gradually begun to attain in the last few decades. Indeed, one of the most radical transformations in recent years in the possibilities for women artists has come in their appropriation of “public space” and the “monumental.” Such an incursion into domains hitherto reserved for heroic male artists is, of course, apparent in the inclusion of Stein’s work on the Portland, Oregon, *Walk of the Heroines* (fig. 1). Art historian Linda Nochlin has argued that women’s recent monumental art “constitutes a critical intervention into public space,” operating differently from the abstract monumental works of male artists such as Richard Serra or Donald Judd.²⁹ Evoking as her examples Maya Lin’s Vietnam War Memorial in Washington, D.C., and the *Women’s Table* at Yale University, Nochlin exposes women artists’ preoccupations not so much with a feminization of space but with what one might call a haptic relation, or touch-based approach, to space. In evoking here the haptic, I am aligning Nochlin’s concerns with those of Giuliana Bruno, whose *Atlas of Emotion* has recently done much to revivify film theory.³⁰

I want to insist on the haptic as a way of relating to Linda Stein’s recent projects not just because her *Blades* (fig. 9) seem to invite us to touch the surface of these undulating knives to see if they are actually

sharp enough to cut, but because the most recent series of the *Knights* has a strange way of playing on another tradition that pits surfaces against interior space. Although Stein stands her heroines upright, positioning them as bodily fragments that might simply regain their legs and walk away, their very fragmentation—not just armless like the *Venus de Milo*,³¹ but headless, footless, cut off above the knees—recalls another kind of body art with a long tradition. Like Stein’s fused metal forms, the armed knights that lay, “*gisant*,” on medieval and early Renaissance tombs recalled the physicality of an individual whose remains were ostensibly kept there.³² Although the body would disappear, the armored effigy would retain its shape and remember its heroic ideals. The armor did more than evoke the heroism of the one buried there; it marked the space of loss, both of the corporeal and of the dreams that went with it. Stein’s sculpture gains the “power to protect” not just through her imaginary projection of the possibility of superheroines, but because it allows its viewers to experience—even to touch—loss. By raising questions about what kinds of bodies can protect, the *Knights* participate in the “after” of September 11’s many losses, problematizing the way gender, race, class, sexuality, and ethnicity might be reinvigorated as categories for critical thinking. Through their exploration of the temporality of the trace of writing, they share in questions about what languages we can use to narrate now. Don DeLillo has written that “the narrative ends in the rubble and it is left to us to create the counternarrative.”³³ This is the beginning of that story. Stein’s warrior bodies arm their viewers to remember.

NOTES

I am grateful to the editors of *Feminist Studies*, Maurice Samuels, and Roland-François Lack, for wise comments on an earlier draft.

1. David Crary, “All-Male Image Burns Firefighters,” Associated Press (AP), reprinted in *Spokesman-Review*, 17 Mar. 2002, www.spokesmanreview.com/news-story.asp?date=031702&id=s1117497. See also the Web site of *Taking the Heat: The First Women Firefighters of New York City* (PBS documentary, 28 Mar. 2006), www.pbs.org/independentlens/takingtheheat; and Linda Willig, “Beyond Ground Zero” (2002), Women in the Fire Service, Inc. (WFS) Web site, www.wfsi.org/resources/archive. Updates on the hiring practices of the N.Y. Fire Department appeared in “Is the FDNY a Boys-only Club?” *New York Resident Magazine*, 3 Oct. 2006, <http://70.47.124.114/node/261/>; and David Crary,

- “Slow Progress, Dismaying Setbacks as Women Try to Expand Foothold in Fire-fighting Ranks” (AP), reprinted in *Firehouse Magazine*, 14 June 2007, <http://cms.firehouse.com/content/article/article.jsp?sectionId=46&id=42177>.
2. See especially, Marina Warner, *Joan of Arc: The Image of Female Heroism* (New York: Vintage, 1982), 145-46, as summarized by Judith Lorber, “Heroes, Warriors, and ‘Burqas’: A Feminist Sociologist’s Reflections on September 11,” *Sociological Forum* 17, no. 3 (2002): 382.
 3. See the photographs in “September 11, 2001,” *New Yorker*, 24 Sept. 2001, 54-75, reprinted in Magnum Photo, *New York September 11* (New York: Powerhouse, 2001), and Giles Peress et al., eds., *Here Is New York: A Democracy of Photographs* (New York: Scalo, 2002).
 4. About Moira Smith, Yamel Marino, and Captain Katy Mazzo, see the N.Y. State Senate “Women of Distinction” Exhibition Web site, www.senate.state.ny.us/sws/wod/pasthonorees.html; and Susan Hagen and Mary Carouba, *Women at Ground Zero* (Portland, Ore.: Alpha Books, 2002). For discussions of the erasure of women’s roles, see Lorraine Dowler, “Women on the Frontlines: Rethinking War Narratives Post 9/11,” *GeoJournal* 58 (2002): 159-65; Marita Sturken, “Masculinity, Courage, and Sacrifice,” and Diana Taylor, “Ground Zero,” both in “Round Table: Gender and September 11,” *Signs* 28, no. 1 (2002): 444-45; 448-50; Hilary Charlesworth and Christine Chinkin, “Sex, Gender, and September 11,” *American Journal of International Law* 96, no. 3 (2002): 600-5; and Zillah Eisenstein, “Feminisms in the Aftermath of September 11,” *Social Text* 20, no. 3 (2002): 79-99, esp. 86.
 5. Cheryl Mattingly, Mary Lawlor, and Lanita Jacobs-Huey, “Narrating September 11: Race, Gender, and the Play of Cultural Identities,” *American Anthropologist* 104, no. 3 (2002): 751, citing a CNN/USA Today/Gallup Poll of 5 Oct. 2001.
 6. Much-discussed examples were Maureen Dowd, “Hunks and Brutes,” *New York Times*, 28 Nov. 2001; Patricia Leigh Brown, “Heavy Lifting Required: The Return of Manly Men,” *New York Times*, 28 Oct. 2001; and Charlotte Allen, “Return of the Guy,” *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 1 Dec. 2002, reprinted in *Women’s Quarterly* (2002), consulted at http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m01UK/is_2002_Wntr/ai_82802439.
 7. See, for example, Robin Gelfand, “Sculptor Linda Stein’s Warrior Women,” *Boca Raton Observer*, March 2007, 66; and Helen Hardacre, “Power and Protection: A Conversation with Linda Stein,” in *The Power to Protect: Sculpture of Linda Stein*, Exhibition Catalogue (New York: Flomenhaft Gallery, 2006), 34. A bibliography of Stein’s interviews and writings appears in this catalogue (44-45), as well as on her Web site, www.lindastein.com.
 8. On Marston, see Ken Alder, “A Social History of Untruth: Lie Detection and Trust in Twentieth-Century America,” *Representations* 80 (Fall 2002): 1-34. Marston’s polemic about Wonder Woman’s inspiration to women and men alike appeared as “Why 100,000,000 Americans Read Comics,” *American Scholar* 13, no. 1 (1944): 35-44.
 9. *Wonder Woman*, no. 2 (February 1942), in *Wonder Woman Archives*, vol. 1 (1941-1942; repr. New York: DC Comics, 1998), 32.
 10. See Amy Nyberg, *Seal of Approval: The History of the Comics Code* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1998); Bradford Wright, *Comic Book Nation: The Transformation of Youth Culture*

- in America* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2001); Trina Robbins, “Wonder Woman: Lesbian or Dyke: Paradise Island as a Women’s Community,” consulted at <http://girl-wonder.org/papers/robbins.html>; and Wertham’s *Seduction of the Innocent* (New York: Reinhart, 1954).
11. The best sources on Wonder Woman’s history are Les Daniels, *Wonder Woman: The Complete History* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 2000); Gloria Steinem et al., *Wonder Woman: Five Decades of Great Covers* (New York: Abbeville Press, 1995); and Mitra Emad, “Reading Wonder Woman’s Body: Mythologies of Gender and Nation,” *Journal of Popular Culture* 39, no. 6 (2006): 954-84.
 12. A similar description appeared on the first page of each Wonder Woman comic during the Marston period. This particular version is from *Wonder Woman*, no. 31 (July 1944) in *Wonder Woman Archives*, vol. 1. Stein recalls a similar characterization in Hardacre, “Power and Protection,” 34.
 13. Fine analyses of these figures include Claudia Herbst, “Lara’s Lethal and Loaded Mission,” and Sara Crosby, “The Cruellest Season: Female Heroines Snapped into Sacrificial Heroines,” both in Sherrie Inness, ed., *Action Chicks: New Images of Tough Women in Popular Culture* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2004), 21-46; 153-78.
 14. This was the mantra for NBC’s *Heroes* in its first season, an invitation to see the female character with regenerative powers as a damsel in distress.
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