THE FAMILIAR MADE STRANGE

AMERICAN ICONS AND ARTIFACTS AFTER THE TRANSNATIONAL TURN

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CHAPTER 6

V-J Day, 1945, Times Square

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On August 14, 1945, quartermaster first class George Mendonsa found himself en route back to war. The son of a Portuguese fisherman who grew up sailing the Narragansett Bay, the young Rhode Island volunteer had enjoyed five weeks of shore leave with family but was now booked for a flight from New York to San Francisco to rejoin his ship, the USS *The Sullivans*. Mendonsa and his shipmates had participated in a string of fierce clashes during the Allies' Pacific island-hopping campaign, most recently providing cover for landing forces and rescuing burned and battered survivors of kamikaze attacks off Iwo Jima and Okinawa. This battle-tested sailor had survived more than a year and a half of harrowing duty at sea. But no one had any illusions about the carnage that would ensue if the invasion of Japan went forward as planned.[1]

New York buzzed that summer afternoon with talk of the bomb, Soviet operations in the East, and tentative peace negotiations. Killing time before his flight, Mendonsa took a Long Island girl he had recently met to Radio City Music Hall. When attendants interrupted the matinee to announce that the Japanese surrender was imminent, the couple joined the human stream exiting the theater and drifted toward Times Square. Like other celebrants, they stampeded the bar at Child's Restaurant, where Mendonsa put back drinks as fast as bartenders could pour them.[2]

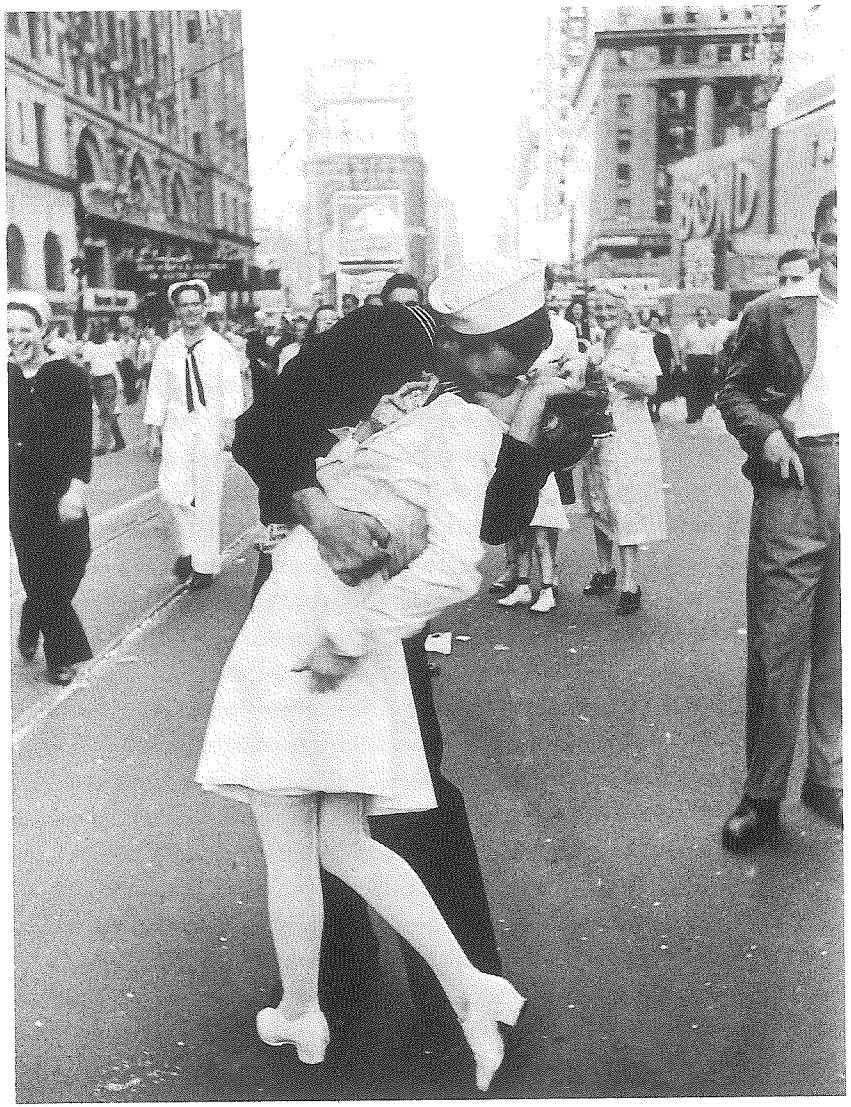

FIGURE 11. A sailor kisses a woman in white in Times Square on August 14, 1945. Photo by Alfred Eisenstaedt / Time & Life Pictures / Getty Images.

Tipsy with booze and excitement, Mendonsa then stumbled out into a street still only lightly dusted with confetti. Outpacing his date, he traipsed past growing knots of gatherers, catching the eye of the photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt, out snapping pictures with his handheld Leica. Eisenstaedt, a World War I veteran and German Jewish émigré, had perfected his visual storytelling skills as an Associated Press freelancer in Europe before bringing

his candid but well-composed social tableaux style to *Life*'s staff, which he joined at the magazine's inception in 1936. Following his instincts, the seasoned "father of photojournalism" kept ahead of the sailor, whom he remembered "running along the street grabbing any and every girl in sight." Eisenstaedt recalled: "Suddenly, in a flash, I saw something white being grabbed." Pleased with the contrast between their clothes, he took four pictures of the couple's embrace. His second exposure appeared in *Life* two weeks later in a feature commemorating the victory celebrations, titled "The Men of War Kiss from Coast to Coast."[3]

Life reprinted Eisenstaedt's stunning image a few times during the decades after 1945, but its iconic status soared in the wake of the Vietnam War, when moviemakers and others began revisiting the American World War II experience in search of reassuring, redemptive war narratives. The late twentieth-century revival of the redesignated "Good War" hinged on storytellers' ability to strip the conflict of its geopolitics and moral complexities and instead remember it through the personal battlefield triumphs of everyday enlistees—recruits, now aging veterans, like the one kissing in Times Square.[4] Eisenstaedt's textured street scene and its Greatest Generation poster couple "combined all the right elements: the returning soldier, the woman who welcomed him back and Times Square, the crossroads that symbolized home," writes the *New York Times* art critic Michael Kimmelman.[5] The sailor and his swooning lady in white have since been honored, parodied, and merchandised countless times. Girls gaze dreamily at poster reproductions on their bedroom walls, and by 2005, couples even began staging annual mass kiss-ins on the original site.[6]

Eisenstaedt's photograph appears to foreshadow an almost providential postwar golden age for the United States. It epitomized "the American victory," claim Lawrence Verria and George Galdorisi, who recently established the kissers' identities: "At last the conquering hero and his obliging maiden are together, safe and sound." Projecting forward in time to unprecedented prosperity, as so many viewers do, they anticipate "there will be marriages and a baby boom. . . . Life will be good."[7]

It is telling that commentators such as these now see only an "American" victory in the image, not the Allied victory. Celebrations like the one in Times Square broke out across the world in August 1945, but V-J Day, as a global moment, has been forgotten.[8] Instead, Eisenstaedt's photograph seems to dramatize the outsize role Americans played in winning the war as well as the special rewards they would reap with the peace. It invites a nation-centric retelling of the conflict, placing domestic dreams at the heart of the struggle and obscuring the role international politics and experiences played in

Americans' wartime calculations. Here stands the citizen-soldier as reluctant hero, an American Odysseus whose ambitions were simply to be the world's Good Samaritan and then return to the comforts of home.[9]

Precisely because Eisenstaedt's image seems to say so much about the national experience, scholars usually attribute its power to how it reassures viewers "that the demands of citizenship ultimately lead to individual happiness," as the visual rhetoric experts Robert Hariman and John Lucaites write. Set against the backdrop of Times Square—an archetypal democratic public sphere, many point out—the photograph places the white, heterosexual bond at the heart of the nation in order to artfully reconcile a tension at the core of the modern liberal state, namely the tension between collective security and public obligation on the one hand, signaled by the uniforms, and individual initiative and private desire on the other, embodied by a passionate embrace. "It is fitting to mark the end of the 'Good War' with a representative kiss," Robert Westbrook suggests, for it portrayed the "consummation of the bargain between protector and protected"; with its "mix of joy and violence," it hinted at "the ambiguities of the moral contract" that united the pair. The political philosopher Marshall Berman likewise calls the kiss a "communion of citizens," witnessed by onlookers, he suggests, who sing their approval like a classical Greek chorus, assembled in the modern-day agora of Times Square.[10]

Yet even as the photograph held out the promises of citizenship in a liberal society, for viewers at the time of its original publication it also tapped into anxieties about the capacity of the state to manage the demobilization of millions of citizen-soldiers. GIs coming home would need to "uncoil," explained one ad picturing a soldier disembarking from the gangway in the same issue as Eisenstaedt's photograph: "Is *your* town ready for him?" Toward the end of the war, decommissioned troops did not call to mind thriving college classrooms and suburban subdivisions but the turbulent aftermath of the last war, when men in uniform contributed to unrest both at home and abroad.[11] The V-J Day celebrations themselves revealed the potential for chaos. In New York alone, the revelry led to looting, vandalism, and some 275 fires, as well as six deaths and more than nine hundred hospital trips. A man forcefully grabbing a woman on the street "suggests the wider mayhem," the art historian Alexander Nemerov writes of Eisenstaedt's couple; it warns that "the advent of peace could be dangerous."[12]

In 1944 and 1945, public leaders argued that it fell primarily to women to tame all these servicemen into husbands, and *Life* manned the front lines helping Americans visualize postwar sexual and family norms capable of settling the returning troops. Perhaps a good woman would be enough to anchor a frisky seaman to his community, the Times Square kiss intimated, echoing

other popular entertainments that sought to assuage concerns about sailors on American shores. For example, Jerome Robbins's groundbreaking ballet *Fancy Free* (1944) and Broadway musical *On the Town* (1944) transformed shipmates' pushing and shoving, flirting and philandering into harmless, gracefully choreographed horseplay, and Hollywood shore leave films, such as *The Fleet's In* (1942) and *Anchors Aweigh* (1945), triangulated male affection through the hot pursuit of women, all the while diffusing lust into love. It was no easy task to overturn Times Square's then well-known but now often-forgotten reputation as a gay male cruising ground, or to remake the sailor into an unambiguously heterosexual social type—and a man on the prowl for sex into a wholesome icon no less—but Eisenstaedt's photograph might be seen as part of a popular genre attempting to do just that kind of cultural work.[13]

Thus, set in a domestic frame, Eisenstaedt's photograph presents a blueprint for postwar social citizenship and sexual readjustment. It can be seen to promote the same values as the GI Bill, privileging men in uniform as the most deserving citizens while also stressing the importance of reorienting their energies away from the same-sex environment of the military and toward the heterosexual nuclear family, where women would relinquish wartime independence and let them take charge.[14] It signaled a double domestication: a domestication of the woman, who viewers imagine will be returned to her traditional role as wife and mother after a period of disruption, but also a domestication of the man, as he, too, is redirected toward the pleasures of marriage and home.

Yet there is a third kind of domestication going on here, and that is the domestication of New York itself. This essay explores New York's international context and connections as well as Times Square's status as a liberty port destination for men in uniform in order to call attention to the ways in which "fraternization," widely recognized for placing pressure on women in overseas staging grounds and battle zones, also gave rise to a coercive sexual politics in U.S. mainland ports. Scholars have sketched how, in English towns adjacent to American encampments, loitering GIs earned the label "overpaid, oversexed, and over here" by harassing and even following women home. They have discovered, too, how women in Sydney carried hat pins and other makeshift weapons after dark to protect themselves against "brown-out Romeos."[15] Growing details, moreover, are emerging about rape and other sexual assaults perpetrated by American servicemen from Normandy and Germany to Okinawa and Japan. But historians have not connected these "foreign" war experiences to those of women in the continental United States. The "home front" continues to be imagined as a place set apart, largely absent of able-bodied men, where women surely

struggled for rights and opportunity but remained blessedly sheltered from the chaos "over there." "US military policy," Mary Louise Roberts argues, "protected American families from the spectacle of GI promiscuity while leaving French families unable to escape it."[16] Yet seeing New York as part of the war's landscape rather than safely removed from the conflict reveals how *Life*'s editors and generations of subsequent admirers have remade the Times Square of Eisenstaedt's photograph into the "home front," when it was actually a much more complicated space.

By 1940, New York operated the largest and busiest harbor in the world. Half of the nation's foreign commerce and nearly three-quarters of all overseas passenger traffic passed through there. Long before the United States officially entered the conflict, New Yorkers began practicing blackouts and air raid drills. The war felt ever present, even if the bombs never did rain down. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the metropolis blossomed into a colossal military zone, the headquarters for the so-called Eastern Sea Frontier. Defense batteries ringed the harbor, where gun crews fired bring-to shots across the bows of unidentified vessels. Huge training camps sprang up on the city's outskirts, where inductees arriving from faraway hometowns trained in lifeboat safety, wrote their wills, and took their meals from German and Italian POW kitchen staff. On the beaches, strollers stumbled upon petrol-soaked food rations, bodies, and other debris washing up from nearby shipwrecks. "In New York, the front was at the sea buoy," one merchant seaman remembered.[17]

New York served as the leading embarkation point for U.S. troops bound for combat. Approximately 3.2 million men in uniform filtered through there, almost twice the number that passed through San Francisco, the nation's second-largest departure hub. Conscripts christened it "Last Stop, USA." Like Hawaii, as written about by Beth Bailey and David Farber, they experienced it as a "first strange place," a terrain right at the edges of war that never quite qualified as "home front" or "America." The English journalist Alistair Cooke called Manhattan "Tijuana on the Hudson." Reaching New York after a cross-country tour of the wartime United States, he said, felt like "returning *from* America and entering an international settlement."[18]

More than just an embarkation point, the city also served as the world's most popular liberty port for servicemen on leave or in transit. Commentators marveled at the formidable number of uniformed men on the wartime streets of New York—and not just GIs but also British Tommies, Australian Diggers, Dutch marines, French sailors, and more. Times Square was their beacon. The district, "whose brassy charms a conscientious returned soldier could hardly shun," most readily brought to mind Port Moresby in New

Guinea, one GI half-joked. For many men in uniform, the salient categories of existence were not home and abroad but duty and leave. New York and New Guinea, in their militarized world, belonged to the same network—a string of way stations in close proximity and relationship to the battle zones, punctuating and sustaining troop movements and fighting, not least by providing periodic, morale-building access to women. The Minnesota conscript LeRoy Neiman described his representative path through war as a succession of military hassles and horrors interspersed with episodes of revitalizing sexual adventure. Time off to "compete for dames" in Hollywood's canteens offset the wretchedness of basic training in California. Coveted passes to devour Manhattan's fleshpots, "like the condemned man's last meal," made drilling at his next post, Camp Shanks, almost bearable. Thoughts of Liverpool's "willing damsels" sustained courage while crossing the U-boat-infested Atlantic, and angling for ways off base to "sally forth in search of gin and sin" in London took the edge off preparing for the cross-channel invasion. The reward for storming Omaha Beach was not only whatever "local talent" could be found along the way in Northern France but also, at the end of it all, drinking and whoring in Paris, "a party" of legendary proportions.[19] What kept men going, another enlistee explained, were thoughts of "women, women and women and more women and liquor."[20]

U.S. military officials found sex, and not just in the form of barrack pinups, a particularly effective mobilizer. Infantrymen invaded Normandy in anticipation of "liberating" grateful Frenchwomen. Recruits went to the Pacific not only to defeat the Japanese but also, as one marine admitted, to "tour the islands and screw all the hula girls." Notoriously promiscuous in all theaters of war, the American rank-in-file regarded getting laid as a consolation for maybe getting killed, while commanders on the ground imagined sex drive as critical to battlefield success. "A man who won't fuck, won't fight," General Patton liked to say.[21] For this reason, the burdens of "swaggering masculinity" extended beyond the heat of battle and into shore leave itself, explained one GI, where a "red-blooded" American had to show he was capable of "asserting his will," "using his fists," and "taking women in contemptuous, domineering stride." Many felt compelled to prove their prowess—to play the sexually aggressive "wolf."[22]

Ports of call, including New York, were not just places where men got liberty but also where they took liberties, where boys were "liable to over do it" and sometimes "play rough," as one shore patrolman explained. The uniform conferred a measure of anonymity and demanded respect and privilege from nearby civilians, all of which allowed its wearers to behave in ways they would not have in civvies. "We headed out to the fancy midtown bars and restaurants in military uniform just to show the slackers and café society toffs that we were real men on a real mission, while they were weasels," Neiman remembered about his Manhattan furlough. "A sailor in New York had to be cocky," the choreographer Jerome Robbins agreed: "Once you put on the uniform, that's the way you behaved."[23]

Looking at Eisenstaedt's elegantly composed photograph now, when black-and-white photography connotes nostalgia and class—and when Times Square has become a destination for package tour groups and schoolchildren—viewers presume that they are looking at an inclusive, democratic locale filled with fellow citizens. But like the fun zones of other liberty ports, Times Square served, quite the opposite, as a place to suspend civic virtue. The amusement quarter had earned a seedy reputation during Prohibition and the Great Depression, when upscale resorts and legitimate theaters lost ground to gangster-run gambling and burlesque houses. Perhaps as a down-at-the-heels working-class enclave, Times Square facilitated a certain kind of democratic mixing, but through a process of "masculinization," as George Chauncey describes, it had become by the late thirties and forties quite inhospitable to all but the manliest of men, whether they sought homosocial or homosexual company. The neighborhood's billboards peddled whiskey and cigarettes to the male consumer. (Eisenstaedt's photograph advertises Ruppert's beer and Bond's economical two-trouser suits.) The district's peep shows and action movie grind houses catered openly to the stag trade. Here, amid the roughhousing, drinking, and posturing, in the no-frills barbershops, late-hours cafeterias, and watering holes stinking of malt and five-cent cigars, flourished an atmosphere not so far removed from the male sporting world of the nineteenth century. Not surprisingly, Times Square's World War II–era virile bravado enthralled the Beat writers who idolized all the "cats and characters," as Jack Kerouac called them, from the sailors and hoodlums in dungarees or zoot suits to the "dishwashers who leaned in steamy kitchen doorways, all tattooed and muscular."[24] But to a woman, with business other than to attract men, Times Square's "cheerful vulgarity" could be menacing, especially during the wartime dim-out. Lingering in the vicinity of soldiers and sailors, particularly unescorted, placed her in danger of being mistaken as "loose" or worse by servicemen or the police. Times Square posed a risk to a woman's reputation and possibly even her person.[25]

Wartime mobilization intensified the area's aggressively masculine orientation as troops converged on Penn Station from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the harbor's receiving ships, and the training camps of neighboring states. At least ten thousand uniformed visitors came weekly to the aptly named Crossroads of the World, forming lines outside the neighborhood's

two hundred military clubs and canteens. "You heard every accent" among these throngs, one reporter noted, "except the New York one." Taking in the smell of popcorn and exhaust, they enjoyed free show passes and gawked at the sidewalk's tropical fruit juice stands like the tourists on hiatus from war that they were. Roving in small packs, young Brits and Aussies and Yanks packed the bars and dance halls, carousing, fighting, and getting "stewed to the gills." Drunks sang dirty renditions of sentimental songs while zigzagging down the street—like the sailor in blues on the left edge of Eisenstaedt's photograph. Sometimes soldiers passing through New York bristled at the swelling numbers of women in the city's workplaces, "looking as if they owned the joint," as one GI complained. But Times Square was different. Even as women stepped out to drive taxis, deliver milk and mail, and wear military uniforms themselves, it remained a bastion of male prerogative.[26]

Seizing the special license the area accorded them, military men engaged unapologetically in what crude army parlance called "getting ass."[27] Wistful GIs perused girlie magazines like *Eyeful* and *Titter* at local newsstands and responded to come-ons from the area's surplus of male hustlers. "Mostly, of course, they were after girls," one writer observed. Well-slathered with pomade and aftershave, out-of-town draftees hunted for those infamous "victory girls"—supposedly "man-hungry" bobby soxers with "uniform hysteria," who, though often only young teenagers, could be seduced into taking their patriotism all the way.[28]

Researchers regarded this sexually charged milieu as a gold mine; it provided material not only for Jerome Robbins's sailor ballets but also for Alfred Kinsey's sex studies. But for military police canvassing the area, it was simply trouble. Struggling to keep watch on so many sailors in such a large city, the navy's shore patrol concentrated their forces on Times Square. "Overboisterous servicemen" nonetheless taxed the patience of New Yorkers, as they propositioned female residents, cavorted with prostitutes in backyards or on front stoops, and generally took "a great deal of advantage of the uniform." Like in overseas ports, young American men sometimes went AWOL—"after women and liquor" or "a wolf on the loose," as GIs renamed the acronym. They spurned local laws and authorities, such as municipal cops and train conductors, sometimes even resisting arrest by MPs from a different branch of the military.[29] And by 1945, as troops began returning from Europe after V-E Day, the number of rowdies on "skirt patrol" reached a critical mass. Only days before Eisenstaedt took his pictures, five ships alone disgorged close to fifteen thousand fighters into the city, and, on the day itself, nearly nine thousand more arrived.[30]

All of this is to say that, like other territories subject to the "friendly" invasion of Allied forces, Times Square posed special challenges to women,

especially young, unescorted ones. Hatcheck girls and other nightclub employees endured "insulting and obscene remarks" on the job. Female office workers commuting home from nearby buildings likewise faced "a kind of GI gauntlet," one journalist explained: "American, British and French servicemen are forming nightly stag lines along the curbs and in front of shop windows, ogling girls and women surging toward Forty-second Street subway stations." The "wolf-whistle" became a ubiquitous sound in the "honky-tonk quarter around Times Square," one woman remembered, where "lean and rangy servicemen shifted their gum to the other cheek as they eyed the sidewalk broads." A simple smile emboldened men to latch onto the arms of unsuspecting "babes." Often they did not take "no" lightly. "The soldiers and sailors used the same techniques they saw the smart-guy characters play on the screen. These innocent boys," recalled one female writer: "They tried to make you feel guilty for not wanting to go to bed with them."[31] "Sailors call you the vilest names if you ask them to leave you alone," another Times Square resident complained; her friend was expecting a baby, "but even that doesn't protect her from being insulted and chased right up to our very door." Another New Yorker wrote to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox about servicemen "staggering wildly about bullying civilians and frightening women and children out of their wits" on midtown subways and streets. "None of us want our men to be panty-waists," the complainant admitted, "but isn't it humanly possible for the Ships' Police to keep this sort of thing confined"?[32] From southern Italy to the South Pacific, local women made a practice of "taking to the hills" and hiding "good" girls indoors when Allied troops drew near, and at Port Moresby WACs lived in a barbed-wire compound, escorted about by armed guards charged with shielding them from lascivious compatriots.[33] In New York, for better and for worse, women relied on luck and street smarts.

This brings us to Greta Zimmer, the woman in Eisenstaedt's photograph. Seeing Times Square not as a protected home front but as a rough-and-tumble, multinational military zone dramatically revises how we view that famous kiss.

Greta Zimmer, a young Jewish girl, lived in Austria with her family at the time of the Anschluss. In 1939, she escaped to New York with her two younger sisters. Taken in by relatives, age fifteen at the time, she never saw her parents again. To the best of her knowledge they were murdered at Auschwitz. In Manhattan, Zimmer volunteered as an air raid warden and, to make ends meet, worked as a dental assistant in an office near Times Square. She is wearing her uniform in the picture. On the day in question, rumors about the Japanese surrender had been drifting in with patients all morning.

After her bosses returned from their lunch hour, she hurried to the site with the city's most reliable information: the ticker-tape sign at Broadway and Seventh Avenue. She did not like being out in public in her uniform and was anxious to get back. "It wasn't my choice to be kissed," she told an interviewer years later. "The guy just came over and grabbed!" He did not say anything to her, and "it wasn't a romantic event," she insisted: "He was very strong. He was just holding me tight." Another reporter asked what she had been thinking at that moment. "I hope I can breathe," she responded. "I couldn't speak," she explained. "I mean somebody much bigger than you and much stronger, where you've lost control of yourself, I'm not sure that makes you happy."[34]

Viewers who find it unsettling to learn that Zimmer was grabbed against her will approach the photograph with new eyes, noticing how thoroughly she has been immobilized in that headlock, and how hard Mendonsa grips her waist. But many find ways to rationalize what they see. Alexander Nemerov understands that the "sailor's act is violent as he steals his unsolicited kiss," but, like other scholars, depersonalizes the image, lifting it out of the realm of the everyday and engaging with it instead as an allegory for the atomic age.[35] Robert Hariman takes a different common tack, brushing off suggestions that this might be assault by simply asserting that "times change"—when actually this qualified as assault then, too, depending on who was doing the kissing and who was being kissed.[36]

Viewers also reassure themselves by imagining that although the sailor caught the young woman off guard, she eventually relaxed and enjoyed the kiss. In Eisenstaedt's first photograph, Zimmer clenches her hands into fists, her right pinned to her chest clutching her purse, her left trying to push his shoulder away with the back of her palm. In the second shot, however, she lowers her left arm. "As he continued to lean forward," Verria and Galdorisi assume, she "gave over to her pursuer."[37] Yet analyzing Eisenstaedt's second and third frame side by side reveals that Zimmer actually did something that women often did, not when they enjoyed a man's attention, but when they felt vulnerable and exposed: she was pulling down her skirt. By the fourth shot, her fist returns to its defensive position.

The body language in these photographs contrasts sharply with that shown in an earlier series of public kissing shots taken by Eisenstaedt in New York's Pennsylvania Station. Seeing soldiers off after their leaves, here wives and girlfriends lean in, yearning for their partners' touch. The men are gentle, attentive, softly brushing lips and cheeks. The women's arms are not trapped against their torsos but cling lovingly to their partners' coats or shoulders. Steady on her feet, rather than in danger of falling over, one woman lifts onto her tiptoes to get closer for a last caress.

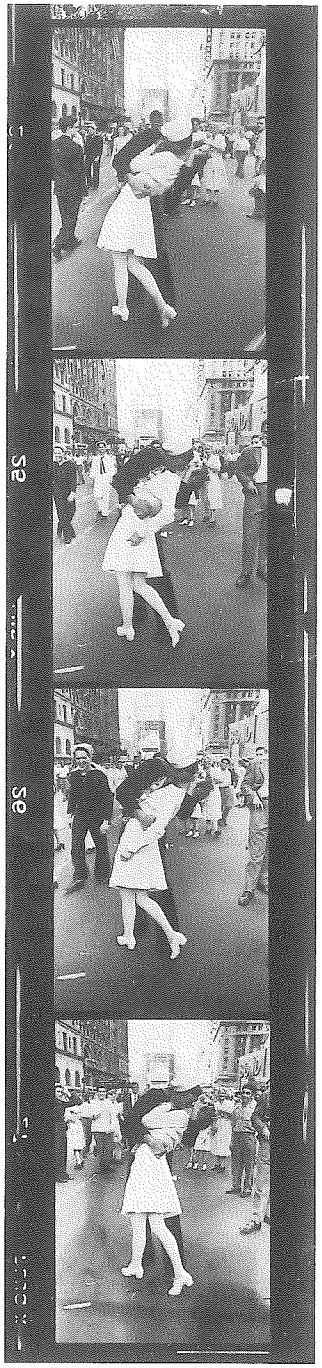

FIGURE 12. Contact sheet showing all four frames of the famous Times Square kiss. Photos by Alfred Eisenstaedt/ Time & Life Pictures / Getty Images.

FIGURE 13. A sailor tenderly kisses his girlfriend at New York's Pennsylvania Station, December 1943. Photo by Alfred Eisenstaedt / Pix Inc. / Time & Life Pictures / Getty Images.

Nor did the famous Times Square embrace share the spirit of jubilant reciprocity conveyed by the consensual kissing that took place during the victory celebrations. In the "Men of War Kiss from Coast to Coast" layout, for example, other photographs feature couples who collapse into each other with equal force. Men's hands are not curled into tight fists but rest flat-palmed on their partners' backs. The women are not stiff but at ease, angling their heads forward and kicking their heels or hiking their knees into the

air. For what these kissing portraits lack of the expert perspective and iconic setting of Eisenstaedt's work, they make up for it with genuine affection and egalitarianism.

What Eisenstaedt's photograph did resemble, however, were other cases of coerced kissing in Times Square on V-J Day. Newsreel footage and other pictures repeatedly show women leaning back defensively (and in at least one case being forcibly dipped to the ground) as well as with arms lodged between

FIGURE 14. The hands tell the story. A woman tries to free herself from the grip of a sailor celebrating victory over Japan in Times Square on August 15, 1945. © Bettmann/CORBIS.

themselves and their pursuers, turning away or pushing against men's shoulders to free themselves.[38] Indeed, it took so long to identify *Life*'s famous couple precisely because so many sailors confessed to grabbing women there during what *PM* described as "the wildest, loudest, gayest, drunkest, kissing-est hell-for-leather celebration the big town has ever seen." Some scavenged the streets for pretty girls. One seaman simply sat on the curb, waiting for them to pass and then pulled them into his lap. The celebrations, thought one bystander, boiled down to "a bunch of people gathered in Times Square, some girls getting laid." Newspapers offered only hints about how far men might take this "promiscuous kissing and mauling by total strangers," but the *Washington Post* disclosed that at least one woman's clothes "were literally torn from her body by exuberant soldiers and sailors, and a policeman who attempted to intervene was knocked down."[39]

How must it have felt to be accosted like this, in plain sight of the euphoric masses, amid the blizzard of paper strips and the din of horns? Some laughed off these wayward contacts, probably recognizing how overwhelmed servicemen felt and perhaps not yet fully processing what had just happened. Others fled. The nurse Edith Shain "wanted to be part of the celebration," but an "amorous sailor" and another kissing soldier "motivated a retreat into the next opening of the subway." Feeling morally compromised, Shain did not admit her suspicion that she might have been the woman in white in Eisenstaedt's iconic photograph until 1979, and only came to terms with her experience that day by subsequently refashioning it into a romantic, welcome event—"a good kiss," she embellished, "like a dance step, the way he laid me over in his arms." Those who did vocally protest the unwanted attention were dismissed as poor sports. A *Times* writer described one New Yorker marching down the street indignant, her face smeared with lipstick. "They don't ask a girl's permission," she complained: "They just grab." "The crowds on the whole, however, were good-natured," the writer quickly added, implying that the girl who complained was not. "I'm married! I'm married!" objected another woman ensnared by a soldier, according to *PM*'s man in Times Square. "Well tell your husband this is with the compliments of the Third Division," the GI responded and then gave her a "resounding smack."[40]

Giving girls a good smack took on ritualistic proportions during the victory celebrations and not just in Times Square. In other stateside military hubs soldiers staged kissing ambushes, and "wild-eyed sailors" cornered girls for "what-have-you," as one "terrified" woman later remembered. Accounts surfaced of women trying to dodge these traps, usually unsuccessfully, and then "admiring" crowds, like the one in Eisenstaedt's photograph, gathering and applauding noisily in charivari fashion when they were caught. Reporters

quickly normalized these incidents, weaving details of assaults in with the rest of their coverage of the merriment, making no effort to distinguish between voluntary kissers expressing their own joy and appreciation and others who had been caught against their will. This "spirited display of public kissing," *Life* described, "ran the gamut from mob-assault upon a single man or woman, to indiscriminate chain-kissing. Some servicemen just made it a practice to buss everyone in skirts that happened along, regardless of age, looks or inclination."[41] In Chicago's Loop, where the *Tribune* reported men "kissing strange girls indiscriminately," one thirteen-year-old, who had never been kissed before, saw just such a sailor coming toward her. "With alarm, I realized he was looking at me," she related. Panicking, she tried to evade him in the crowd, but he found her. "Hello, Baby," he cooed as he gave her "a big buss on the mouth and lurched on." Brazen servicemen were "'attacking' women and girls" in Boston, too. Throughout the war that city had hosted furloughed sailors who "sort of got out of hand," remembered the *Boston Herald* society editor, and as a consequence, "young ladies were more or less advised to keep away from Scollay Square." "Downtown I felt uncomfortable," she admitted. Not surprisingly, the *Globe* flippantly surmised, the "girl who resisted a V-J kiss" in that area proved a victory-day rarity.[42]

Nothing, however, rivaled the "orgy in San Francisco," as the *Chronicle* called it, where thousands of rampaging sailors overturned cable cars, "stripped girls of clothing, and necked on street corners." During three days of so-called "peace riots," which caused thirteen deaths and more than a thousand injuries, unsuspecting women were "molested" and their escorts were beaten. Published reports made a meticulous count of the broken liquor store windows but offered only oblique references to the "feminine assault" that furnished a major method by which sailors and marines "let off steam," as the *Life* caption reporting the attacks put it. "Guys were kissing, and practically raping, everybody on Market Street," remembered one hotel hostess: "They were pulling girls' pants off and sailing them down the street." Many allegations of sexual assault, including gang rape described by witnesses, came to light in subsequent weeks, and officials confirmed that at least six rapes took place. But the grand jury tasked with investigating the disorder put the whole affair to rest by concluding that "when large numbers of young men realize that they are freed from war they are prone to celebrate overzealously."[43]

The social pressure to kiss, to politely suffer unwanted advances—just like being subject to catcalls or being pinched—was a predicament girls who grew up in the mid-twentieth century learned to grin and bear. Whistles and other forms of unsolicited attention could be meant as flattery, just

as removing hats, opening doors, or pulling out chairs signaled courtesy. But the daily sexual etiquette of the city streets also served as reminders to women that they were different and less powerful, that they owed their freedom of movement to others' self-restraint, goodwill that at any time might be rescinded. War only heightened the stakes of these encounters. The distinction in servicemen's minds between fighting on behalf of women and fighting for them—as war booty—easily blurred, as Robert Westbrook points out, but despite these ambiguities, proving sexual loyalty and obliging men in uniform remained a mandatory female patriotic service.[44] Kissing had become subtly but profoundly political. "When a soldier gets a furlough, or a sailor comes ashore / The longer you make your kisses the shorter he'll make the war," the songstress Sophie Tucker advised young women. Or as Gene Kelly instructively crooned in *Anchors Aweigh*, "I begged her. . . . I pleaded. . . . I argued. . . . I threatened. . . . And I finally got that kiss." Audiences in Times Square, where the film was in its fifth week playing on V-J Day, took note.[45]

Greta Zimmer, who later became Greta Friedman, has faced pressure to remember that Times Square embrace in positive terms. *Life* reunited her with Mendonsa in 1980, and though she did not want to, coaxed her into kissing him again for the camera. It has been so hard for Americans to come to terms with the wartime experiences of Friedman and women like her, because they equate Eisenstaedt's image with scenes of homecomings occurring in towns across the United States instead of drawing more revealing parallels between mainland ports such as New York and other military staging grounds, occupied territories, and liberated zones across the world. Homefront mythologies underpin a perhaps comforting but misleading mapping of the war's landscape, dividing it too cleanly into a civilian safe haven, and a separate, overseas, militarized, and masculine war front. These spatial constructs perpetuate a set of exceptionalist and gendered narratives about the American war experience, shoring up the notion that war was the exclusive business of men, that American women in particular had been shielded from disorder, that they did not endure firsthand war's brutalities and indignities and therefore that their sacrifices did not need to be honored or compensated in quite the same way.[46]

Viewers do not want to think that the wartime experiences of women in the United States had anything to do with the plight of others overseas and find it hard to imagine that U.S. servicemen treated "their" women, especially white civilians, with anything other than respect. Sexual aggression has been extraterritorialized in U.S. histories of World War II. Maybe

women endured abuse in Manila or Berlin. Perhaps even in London and Paris, but surely not on Broadway. Yet seeing Times Square as part of a transnational, wartime urban network reveals that encounters in Manhattan belong not only to the classic home-front story but also to a global history of the dangers women faced, even if out of range of bombers, and even when occupied merely by "friendly" forces. Across the world, including in New York, women made day-to-day bargains with strange men in uniforms who had set up camp in their vicinity—relationships that were sometimes forced, sometimes consensual, but often colored by wartime pressures.

Once the landscape of war is reenvisioned as a complex geography dependent on the presence rather than absence of women, the far reach of combat-related violence becomes more readily apparent. In the same issue as Eisenstaedt's photograph, for example, *Life*'s roundup of the week's news and sports included descriptions of a stranger who attacked a Chicago nurse while she slept and a Seattle veteran who beheaded his wife with a souvenir bolo knife brought back from the Philippines. Sharply rising rates of violence against women and girls were tied directly to waging the war, and not just abroad, although officials suppressed troubling rape statistics for morale purposes and fueled instead a popular obsession with female immorality and infidelity.[47] Meanwhile, scared and resentful conscripts, passing through American communities on the way to combat, bucked up their courage and took out their frustrations on local female targets, and later they streamed back, sometimes bringing weapons, psychological trauma, or alcoholic and sexually aggressive habits with them.[48]

Conquering women has long been a deliberate tactic rather than an accidental byproduct of war, and since the 1940s civilian casualties have increasingly outpaced military combat victims, reaching a staggering 90 percent of total casualties by 1990. In modern warfare, in other words, women and girls have become more likely to be harmed or killed than men in uniform. War has decidedly been a woman's affair, despite the ways in which popular entertainments from movies to video games continue to portray it as largely a man's domain.[49] Eisenstaedt's image contains within it both of these opposing narratives about how armed conflict works. Viewing the photograph from a domestic point of view, it can be celebrated as a tribute to America's victorious fighters and "a symbol of personal liberation," as David Hackett Fischer calls it, so richly deserved in the aftermath of battle.[50] But viewed in international perspective, it becomes something else: a reminder that war is not a romance—and an icon to the travails of women, not as bystanders but active participants in modern combat, who, even in the United States, too often found themselves in the path of the world's armies and navies.

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17. De Bevoise, *Agents of Apocalypse*, 84–87; Paul A. Kramer, "The Darkness That Enters the Home: The Politics of Prostitution during the Philippine-American War," in *Haunted by Empire: Geographies of Intimacy in North American History*, ed. Ann Laura Stoler (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2006), 373; WHT to Secretary of War, January 17, 1901, Taft Papers, reel 31; WHT to Dr. David D. Thompson, April 12, 1902, Taft Papers, reel 35.

18. Heiser, *American Doctor's Odyssey*, 108–9; E. M. Collingham, *Imperial Bodies: The Physical Experience of the Raj, c. 1800–1947* (London: Polity, 2001), 86–90; Neal Diaries, entry for August 28 [24], 1901, Neal Papers, box 1, Special Collections, Syracuse University Library, Syracuse, NY; Dean Worcester to William Howard Taft, April 5, 1902, Taft Papers, reel 35; Shaun Cole, *The Story of Men's Underwear* (New York: Parkstone, 2010), 55; Alain Corbin, *Time, Desire, and Horror: Towards a History of the Senses*, trans. Jean Birrell (Cambridge: Polity, 1995), 25, 32; Richard J. Bushman and Claudia I. Bushman, "The Early History of Cleanliness in America," *Journal of American History* 74, no. 4 (March 1988): 1213–38 (1228); Emily Bronson Conger, *An Ohio Woman in the Philippines* (n.p., n.d.), 51, 70, 122; Fernando Calderon, "Tuberculosis in the Philippine Islands," *Proceedings of the First National Congress on Tuberculosis*, December 13–18, 1926 (Manila, 1927), 35–51; William H. Brown, Paul F. Russell, and Clara Palafox Cariño, *Health through Knowledge and Habits* (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1933), 37–38, 69–70, 139–44; Devins, *Observer in the Philippines*, 312; Stanley, *Nation in the Making*, 202–3. Public spitting was outlawed in Manila in 1908.

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5. Josephine Baker's Banana Skirt

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2. In Paul Gilroy, *The Black Atlantic: Modernity and Double-Consciousness* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1993).

3. Josephine Baker and Jo Bouillon, *Josephine*, trans. Marianne Fitzpatrick (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), 63.

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6. V-J Day, 1945, Times Square

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1. Service diary, George Mendonsa Collection (AFC/2001/001/42868), Veterans History Project, American Folklife Center, Library of Congress (hereafter cited as VHP); Lawrence Verria and George Galdorisi, *The Kissing Sailor: The Mystery behind the Photo That Ended World War II* (Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 2012), 20–24, 27–31, 44.

2. Mendonsa memoir and oral history, George Mendonsa Collection; Verria and Galdorisi, *Kissing Sailor*, 57, 60–61.

3. Alfred Eisenstaedt, *Eisenstaedt on Eisenstaedt* (New York: Abbeville, 1985), 5–10, 62, quotations p. 74; *Life*, August 27, 1945, 26–27. Lieutenant Victor Jorgensen captured the kiss from a different angle: photograph in General Records of the Department of the Navy (RG 80), Still Pictures Division (80-G-377094), National Archives, College Park, MD (hereafter cited as NARA).

4. Emily Rosenberg, *A Date Which Will Live: Pearl Harbor in American Memory* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003), 99, 116–16, 167–79, 173; John Bodnar, *The "Good War" in American Memory* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2011), 200–208, 213–16, 233–46.

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6. Robert Hariman and John Louis Lucaites, *No Caption Needed: Iconic Photographs, Public Culture, and Liberal Democracy* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2007), 73–87; Sewell Chan, "62 Years Later, a Kiss That Can't Be Forgotten," *New York Times*, August 14, 2007, http://cityroom.blogs.nytimes.com/2007/08/14/62-years-later-a-kiss-that-cant-be-forgotten/.

7. Verria and Galdorisi, *Kissing Sailor*, 3–4.

8. Anthony Stelmok, "World's Capitals Swept by Wave of Celebrations," *PM*, August 12, 1945, 6; "Victory Reports around the World," *Life*, August 20, 1945, 38; Christopher Westhorp, ed., *VJ Day in Photographs* (London: Salamander, 1995).

9. *Life* encouraged reading such American exceptionalism into photographs like this one by drawing increasingly sharp distinctions between "home" and "abroad." In the edition featuring Eisenstaedt's photo, reports on overseas unrest—of Essen in ruins and "dark uncertainty" in China—stood purposefully alongside idealized domestic scenes: bathing babies, blissful starlets, and ads for tooth whitener and vacuum cleaners: *Life*, August 27, 1945.

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11. New England Mutual life insurance ad, *Life*, August 27, 1945, 93; Margot Canaday, *The Straight State: Sexuality and Citizenship in Twentieth-Century America* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2009), 142–43.

12. "City Takes a Holiday," *New York Post*, August 15, 1945, 5, 22; "It's Still On," *PM*, August 16, 1945, 10; Paul Casdorph, *Let the Good Times Roll: Life at Home in America during World War II* (New York: Paragon House, 1989), 253–56; Alexander Nemerov, *Wartime Kiss: Visions of the Moment in the 1940s* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2013), 8–9.

13. Susan Hartmann, "Prescriptions for Penelope: Literature on Women's Obligations to Returning World War II Veterans," *Women's Studies* 5 (1978): 223–39; Kozol, *LIFE's America*, 57–67; Beth Genné, "'Freedom Incarnate': Jerome Robbins, Gene Kelly, and the Dancing Sailor as an Icon of American Values during World War II," *Dance Chronicle* 24, no. 1 (2001): 83–103. A particularly fraught American icon, the sailor was both famously democratic and infamously unruly, celebrated in fiction going back to James Fenimore Cooper for his freedoms, but also targeted by reformers as morally suspect for his drunkenness, transient lifestyle, and promiscuity across

borders and color lines. Eisenstaedt's image had analogues in earlier idealizations of the sailor's return: Paul Gilje, *Liberty on the Waterfront: American Maritime Culture in the Age of Revolution* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2004), xii–xiii, 4–14, 43–45, 63, 200–212; Berman, *On the Town*, 58–102.

14. Elaine Tyler May, "Rosie the Riveter Gets Married," in *The War in American Culture: Society and Consciousness during World War II*, ed. Lewis Erenberg and Susan Hirsch (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 128–43; Canaday, *Straight State*, 139–42, 165–72.

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16. Yuki Tanaka, *Japan's Comfort Women: Sexual Slavery and Prostitution during World War II and the US Occupation* (New York: Routledge, 2002), 110–32; J. Robert Lilly, *Taken by Force: Rape and American GIs in Europe during World War II* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2007); Susan Zeiger, *Entangling Alliances: Foreign War Brides and American Soldiers in the Twentieth Century* (New York: NYU Press, 2010), chap. 3; Sarah Kovner, *Occupying Power: Sex Workers and Servicemen in Postwar Japan* (Palo Alto, CA: Stanford University Press, 2012); Mary Louise Roberts, *What Soldiers Do: Sex and the American GI in World War II France* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2013), quotation p. 4.

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18. Goldstein, *Helluva Town*, 55–56; Beth Bailey and David Farber, *The First Strange Place: Race and Sex in World War II Hawaii* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992); Alistair Cooke, *The American Home Front, 1941–1942* (New York: Grove Press, 2006), 281–82.

19. Goldstein, *Helluva Town*, 105, 252–53; Meyer Berger, "The Not-So-Gay White Way," *New York Times*, May 24, 1942, SM10; E. J. Kahn, "The Army Life," *New Yorker*, May 29, 1943, 48–49; LeRoy Neiman, *All Told* (Guilford, CT: Lyons Press, 2012), 28–41.

20. Costello, *Virtue under Fire*, 76–99, 220–52, quotation p. 91; Leo Block, *Aboard the Farragut Class Destroyers in World War II* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2009), 170–85; Peter Schrijvers, *The Crash of Ruin: American Combat Soldiers in Europe during World War II* (London: Macmillan, 1998), 165–90; Paul Fussell, *Wartime: Understanding and Behavior in the Second World War* (New York: Oxford, 1989), 96–105.

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Do, 8–11, 59, 63, 134–35, 146–67, 175; marine quoted in Sean Brawley and Chris Dixon, *Hollywood's South Seas and the Pacific War: Searching for Dorothy Lamour* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012), 69; Carlo D'Este, *Patton: A Genius for War* (New York: HarperCollins, 1996), 925–26n42.

22. Henry Elkin, "Aggressive and Erotic Tendencies in Army Life," *American Journal of Sociology* 51, no. 5 (March 1946): 408–13; C. F. Bonham, "Lupus Selective Servicus," *Camp Roberts Dispatch* and cartoons reprinted in *G.I. Laughs*, ed. Harold Hersey (New York: Sheridan, 1944), 26–27, 90, 113, 129, 221–25. On stateside "militarized resorts" and urban tenderloins invaded by GIs on leave, Allan Bérubé, *Coming Out under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War Two* (New York: Free Press, 1990), 98–99, 106–26. The term "wolf," which entered mainstream slang in the 1940s, originated among gay men: Peter Boag, *Same-Sex Affairs: Constructing and Controlling Homosexuality in the Pacific Northwest* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2003), 25–26.

23. Talbert Josselyn, "Sailors Ashore," *Collier's*, December 1, 1945, 26–33; Neiman, *All Told*, 32; Robbins quoted in Genné, "'Freedom Incarnate.'" On soldier entitlement and resentment toward civilians, James Sparrow, *Warfare State: World War II Americans and the Age of Big Government* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2011), 207–28.

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25. Hegarty, *Victory Girls*, 54–55, 120–30.

26. Memos regarding "boisterous actions" on public conveyances, April 20, 1941, February 28, May 10, and August 12, 1942, W. H. Pashley memo, February 28, 1942, and shore patrol reports in P13–2 Conduct—Offenses folders, box 280, Headquarters Third Naval District, Commandant's Files, 1939–42 (RG181), NARA, New York (hereafter HQ 3ND); Tell, *Times Square Spectacular*, 121–22; Lorraine Diehl, *Over Here! New York City during World War II* (New York: HarperCollins, 2010), 169–70, 183–91; Robert Coates, "Big Night," *New Yorker*, May 27, 1944, 49–55; Gertrude Schweitzer, "Sailor on Broadway," *Saturday Evening Post*, September 18, 1943, 16, 52–57; Kahn, "Army Life."

27. Otherwise known as "a piece of ass": Elkin, "Aggressive and Erotic Tendencies"; Zeiger, *Entangling Alliances*, 75, 97.

28. Anthony Bianco, *Ghosts of 42nd Street: A History of America's Most Infamous Block* (New York: HarperCollins, 2004), 118–22; Coates, "Big Night." On aftershave as a GI signature scent, Elfrieda Shukert and Barbara Scibetta, *War Brides of World War II* (Novato, CA: Presidio, 1988), 13, 130. Servicemen consorted with teenagers at home and abroad. New York established a "Wayward Minors Court" to contend with juveniles not "properly escorted" in Times Square after curfew, and New Jersey forbade soldiers from dating those under sixteen. Nearly half of the Army's VD cases, military records claimed, traced to girls under nineteen. A large number of GI "war brides," moreover, were teenagers: Costello, *Virtue under Fire*, 206–8; Hegarty, *Victory Girls*, 130–37; Campbell, *Heroes and Lovers*, 88, 95–96; Potts and Potts, *Yanks Down Under*, 321–23.

29. Paul Blackburn memo, December 3, 1942, John Debs to Commandant, February 18, 1942, Chief of Naval Personnel memo, August 5, 1942, W. H. Pashley memo, August 3, 1942, and complaints in P13–2 Conduct—Offenses folders, box 280, and Rear Admiral Marquart to Vincent McHugh, November 30, 1942, P8–5 Protests-Petitions-Complaints, box 272, HQ 3ND; John Riordan, "Some G.I. Alphabet Soup," *American Speech* 22, no. 2 (April 1947): 108–14.

30. Hersey, *G.I. Laughs*, 171; Kenneth T. Jackson, *WWII and NYC* (New York: New York Historical Society, 2012), 65; "9,000 Service Men Arrive on 10 Ships," *New York Times*, August 15, 1945, 21. These included veterans from the Pacific: "1,798 Pacific Vets Here," *New York Post*, August 14, 1945, 6.

31. Memos and shore patrol reports in P13–2 Conduct—Offenses folders, HQ 3ND; Jan Morris, *Manhattan '45* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1987), 27–28, 37–39, 185, 241; Meyer Berger, "Times Square Diary," *New York Times*, September 3, 1944, SM16–17, 45–46; Pauline Kael in Studs Terkel, *"The Good War": An Oral History of World War II* (New York: New Press, 1984), 124. One writer advised women that it was "wise to dress in simple clothes" and be as "inconspicuous" as possible in public "if you want to avoid whistles and caustic comments." "Cast a couple of warm glances" at a group of stags, she added, "and, presto, they're ready to move in": Florence Howitt, "How to Behave in Public without an Escort," *Good Housekeeping*, September 1943, 40, 160–61.

32. Shore Patrol report, November 12, 1942, Gladys Green to Commandant, September 12, 1942, George Fortson to Frank Knox, October 12, 1942, in P13–2 Conduct—Offenses folders, HQ 3ND.

33. Brawley and Dixon, *Hollywood's South Seas*, 66, 69, 106–7; Shukert and Scibetta, *War Brides*, 124–25, 137–38, 185.

34. SS *Volendam* manifest, December 17, 1939, Passenger and Crew Lists, New York, 1897–1957, NARA Microfilm T715, roll, p. 48; Verria and Galdorisi, *Kissing Sailor*, 35–39; Friedman interview, August 23, 2005, Greta Friedman Collection (AFC/2001/001/42863), VHP; "Local Woman's Famous Kiss Still Lingers," May 28, 2012, http://frederickcounty.wusa9.com/news/news/108416-local-womans-famous-kiss-still-lingers.

35. Nemerov, *Wartime Kiss*, 8–9.

36. Chan, "62 Years Later." African Americans had been jailed or killed for less, and if Mendonsa violated a man in this way, he could have been convicted as a "sexual psychopath": Estelle Freedman, "'Uncontrolled Desires': The Response to the Sexual Psychopath, 1920–1960," *Journal of American History* 74, no. 1 (June 1987): 83–106.

37. Verria and Galdorisi, *Kissing Sailor*, 67. See also numerous justifications offered by commentators who pounced on one feminist blogger's critique: http://cratesandribbons.com/2012/09/30/the-kissing-sailor-or-the-selective-blindness-of-rape-culture-vj-day-times-square/#comments.

38. "V-J Day and the Atomic Bomb Kiss," *New York Amsterdam News*, August 25, 1945, A2; Universal Newsreel footage, 200.UN.18–425, segment no. 1, August 16, 1945, NARA.

39. "As New York Celebrated" and "N.Y.'s Celebration Is Gayest of All Time," August 15, 1945, 8, 14–15, both in *PM*; Simon Greco in Roy Hoopes, *Americans*

Remember the Homefront (1977; New York: Berkley, 2002), 329; "Festal Mode," *Washington Post*, August 16, 1945, 8; Mendonsa oral history.

40. "N.Y.'s Celebration Is Gayest"; "Festal Mode"; Alexander Feinberg, "All City 'Lets Go,'" *New York Times*, August 15, 1945, 1. On Shain see Verria and Galdorisi, *Kissing Sailor*, 87–90.

41. "Joyous Bedlam Loosed in City," *Chicago Tribune*, August 15, 1945, 1; Peter Carlson, "The Happiest Day in American History," *American History*, August 2010, 50–57; "The Men of War Kiss from Coast to Coast," *Life*, August 27, 1945, 26. Journalists sometimes instigated these performances. At one Oahu luau, a *Life* photographer orchestrated a "mass exchange of kisses," obligating USO hostesses to embrace servicemen returning from Okinawa. He demanded "several retakes" until "wolf calls and whistles warned him the guests would forget all about the food if he persisted": "Life Goes to a Luau in Hawaii," *Life*, August 27, 1945, 103–9. War brides arriving to New York were similarly coerced into kissing for the cameras, though many protested such public affection: Shukert and Scibetta, *War Brides*, 77, 158.

42. Archie Satterfield, *The Home Front: An Oral History of the War Years in America, 1941–1945* (New York: Playboy, 1981), 365; "Revelry Resumed in Loop," *Chicago Tribune*, August 16, 1945, 10; girl quoted in William Tuttle, *"Daddy's Gone to War": The Second World War in the Lives of America's Children* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993), 214; Alison Arnold in Hoopes, *Americans Remember*, 134; "Crowd of 1,000,000 Behaved" and "Highlights of V-J Merrymaking," *Boston Globe*, August 15, 1945, 15, 18; Department of Navy moving images (RG428), 428-NPC-15587, 428-NPC-15591, and 428-NPC-19594, NARA, College Park, MD.

43. "Riots and Looting Mark Bay City's Celebration," August 16, 1945, 1, and "Navy Clears Bay City Streets Following Riot," August 17, 1945, 8, both in *Los Angeles Times*; "Riots End Liberty for 100,000 in Navy," August 17, 1945, 6, and "Pacific States," September 2, 1945, 57, both in *New York Times*; "Victory Celebrations," *Life*, August 27, 1945, 21–25; "'Peace' Rioting," August 17, 1945, 1, 6, "The People," *This World* magazine insert, August 19, 1945, 5, and "Riot Prevention Plans Made," September 1, 1945, 5, all in *San Francisco Chronicle*; Satterfield, *Home Front*, 366.

44. Bailey and Farber, *First Strange Place*, 184–89; Westbrook, "'I Want a Girl.'"

45. Sophie Tucker, "The Bigger the Army and Navy (the Better the Lovin' Will Be)," in *Follow the Boys*, 1944; Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra, "I Begged Her," in *Anchors Aweigh*, 1945; movie notice in *New York Times*, August 16, 1945, 25.

46. On scholarly categories minimizing women's wartime participation, Margaret Higonnet et al., eds., *Behind the Lines: Gender and the Two World Wars* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1987) and Cynthia Enloe, *Bananas, Beaches and Bases: Making Feminist Sense of International Politics* (London: Pandora, 1989).

47. "Week the War Ended," *Life*, August 27, 1945, 29; Hegarty, *Victory Girls*, 89, 92, 206n33.

48. Fiction and film sometimes acknowledged in the 1940s what has since been largely forgotten, namely how veterans might bring violence into the home: Susan Grubar, "'This Is My Rifle, This Is My Gun': World War II and the Blitz on Women," in Higonnet et al., *Behind the Lines*, 227–59; Bodnar, "*Good War*," 149–59.

49. Ruth Seifert, "The Second Front: The Logic of Sexual Violence in Wars," *Women's Studies International Forum* 19 (1996): 35–43, and H. Patricia Hynes, "On the Battlefield of Women's Bodies: An Overview of the Harm of War to Women," *Women's Studies International Forum* 27 (2004): 431–45; Elizabeth Heineman, *Sexual Violence in Conflict Zones: From the Ancient World to the Era of Human Rights* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2011).

50. David Hackett Fischer, *Liberty and Freedom: A Visual History of America's Founding Ideas* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2005), 562.

7. The Kinsey Reports

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1. John Geiger, "Kinsey's 2nd Book Called a 'K-Bomb,'" *Atlanta Daily World*, July 24, 1953, 4; "Bombs, H and K," *Newsweek*, August 31, 1953, 57; "U.S. Calls the Book the 'K-Bomb,'" *Sunday Mail* (Salisbury, South Rhodesia), August 16, 1953; "They Call This Book K-Bomb," *Singapore Free Press*, August 18, 1953; "Doctor Writes 'K-Bomb' on U.S. Women," *Trinidad Guardian* (Port of Spain), August 18, 1953; Donald Ludlow, "Before the 'K-Bomb,'" *Barbados Advocate* (Bridgetown), August 23, 1953; Asfin Oktay, "Washington Newsletter: Europe First or Asia?," *Dawn* (Karachi, Pakistan), September 4, 1953. Unless otherwise stated, all non-U.S. newspaper clippings are from Binder 16 and Binder 56 at the library of the Kinsey Institute for the Study of Sexual Behavior, University of Indiana at Bloomington.

2. Wardell B. Pomeroy, *Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research*, 2nd ed. (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1982), 265.

3. Sarah E. Igo, *The Averaged American: Surveys, Citizens, and the Making of a Mass Public* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2007), 237–39.

4. "Does for Sex What Columbus Did for Geography," *Natal Daily News* (Durban, South Africa), January 17, 1949. The Columbus metaphor continued. See also: "Kinsey's Report," *Asahi Shimbun* (Kokura, Japan), December 28, 1954; "Eve '56," *L'Echo d'Oran* (Oran, Algeria), March 3, 1956.

5. *Egyptian Gazette* (Cairo), March 4, 1949.

6. Randall Heymanson, "The World Waits on Kinsey," *Australian News Service*, review copy, Binder 72.

7. "Sex: Women Don't Lie Any More Than Men: US Expert's View," *Dawn* (Karachi, Pakistan), August 19, 1953.

8. John Chapple, editor of the *Ashland Daily Press* (Wisconsin) to Kinsey, Western Union telegram, August 21, 1953, Binder 72, Kinsey Institute library.

9. "Sex vs. America," *Newsweek*, September 7, 1953, 20.

10. "Big Demand in E.L. for Kinsey Book," *East London Dispatch* (South Africa), October 6, 1953; "'Don't Ban Kinsey' [say] Psychologists," *Johannesburg Sunday Express*, November 22, 1953; editorial, "Censorship," *Cape Times*, November 26, 1953; "Kinsey's Book May Now Be Sold," *East London Dispatch* (South Africa), January 28, 1954.

11. "Customs to Release Dr. Kinsey's Book on Human Female," *Manila Bulletin*, January 29, 1954.