

ments of the three modes — although not intentionally. See “Placing Women in U.S. History: Definitions and Challenges,” *Feminist Studies* 3 (Fall 1975): pp. 5-14 and *The Majority Finds Its Past: Placing Women in History*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1979.

21. Lerner (1979), p. 13.

22. One remarkable and unlikely example of this point is Judith C. Brown, *Immodest Acts: The Life of a Lesbian Nun in Renaissance Italy*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1986. Apart from the author's unhappiness with the subtitle, she exploits esoteric documentary evidence but compensates for it by placing the subject in a cultural milieu quite unlike our own and an institutional setting entirely dissimilar to stereotypical perceptions of convent life. Moreover, she eloquently argues a history of “mentalities” and convincingly recreates the conceptual and linguistic conventions that could not comprehend female homosexuality. Consequently,

she questions the idea of a lesbian “continuum.” The book illustrates a gender system that abhorred gender role confusion (e.g., cross-dressing) rather than sexual deviance in women. See especially pp. 17, 171-173, backnote 54.

Any subscriber to the *Women's Review of Books* can attest to the uses feminist scholarship has made of the “outrageous” women.

23. Jean Bethke Elshtain, *Public Man, Private Woman: Women in Social and Political Thought*, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981, p. xi. Elshtain is hardly a “radical” feminist, but her intellectual power transforms her work into radical critiques.

24. See Hilda L. Smith's (1985) criticism of this issue, p. 279; and “The Prime of Miss Jean Pigott,” *City Woman* (Spring 1984).

25. R.L. Schnell is in the midst of a study of the campaign to create a women's domain in the Social Questions Section of the League of Nations, 1919-1945.

Misters:

Today I've had a dose —
a double dose of all of you.
When I don't bite back, returning
drop for drop the venom of your stings,
the poisons gather, fester,
to fight the inflammation with this
Declaration — this poem of

PUS

No doubt your offer's generous,
but, having slept already in the bed I made,
I've decided not to trade my nakedness
for the hair shirt off your back
or join you on your rack.
Having finished drinking the wine
of my own wrath's stores, I wish
to decline to dine in the bright
lightning of your swift swords.
Having almost cleared the lien
on my House of Atreus, I'm not
keen to offer my purse to time-
share a condo under similar curse.
After opening that box to defame
the name of female culture, I'm not
that curious about life on the rocks,
being de-livered daily by your vulture.

Since lately I've conscientiously
paid my dues, I've decided to forgo
visitations to your imprisoned blues.

Ginnah Howard
Gilbertsville, New York