

tion? In very different ways the countermovement of these two women's work penetrates to the indefinite limits of written communication.

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"The Laugh of the Medusa" by the French feminist Hélène Cixous is an often eloquent plan for what women's writing *will* do. The problem is that *will* too quickly becomes *must*. She writes. "I write woman: woman must write woman. And man, man."

We don't fawn around the supreme hole. We have no womanly reason to pledge allegiance to the negative. The feminine (as the poets suspected) affirms: "... And yes," says Molly, carrying *Ulysses* off beyond any book and toward the new writing; "I said yes, I will Yes." ("Utopias," *New French Feminisms*, p. 255)

But Cixous, the author of *The Exile of James Joyce*, ignores Gertrude Stein, whose *Three Lives* published in 1908, and *The Making of Americans* written between 1907 and 1911, had already carried their author beyond any book before *Ulysses* and after. In the 765 pages of Richard Ellmann's exhaustive biography of Joyce, there are only three brief references to Stein. The first, on page 543, puts her down at once. Mary Column reports that Joyce, when asked his opinion of his famous contemporary and neighbor, answered. "I hate intellectual women." What a world of irony lies under that remark. *Ulysses* was published by Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company; all but four episodes had first appeared in Margaret Anderson's *The Little Review*, and Harriet Weaver financially supported the writer and his family during the years he worked on the book. All three were intellectual women. Molly Bloom may have said "Yes" to the future of new writing, but she was a character not an author. For her author, the intellectual future was masculine. All the elements that Cixous longs for in the writing women *will* do, can be found in Stein, who clearly broke the codes that negated her. Why has she even here been "omitted, brushed aside at the scene of inheritances?"

Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar are perceptive about the problems and achievements of nineteenth century British novelists who were women. Sadly their book, *The Madwoman in the Attic: The Woman Writer*