audience, an exposure of the myth and romanticization of danger—the myth which Dallas is trying to invoke in the disaster-like setting of the club. Her heavily tattooed body is found in the basement and presumed to be dead. She recovers consciousness to return to her tattoo-artist boyfriend, Snake, who was trying to kill her when she escaped to the basement. He is a shadow lurking offstage primarily, a dark, menacing embodiment of the world to which Veronica will return.

Billie is the most ambiguous character, deliberately the least defined and structured. She wanders in and out of the scenes, demanding attention from Dallas, trying to please and entice him, behaving romantically or angrily, acting possessive or detached. Her character is frustrated and alienated.

Throughout the play there is a bass player improvising on stage and a character called "the Man." The Man is juggling while the bedroom drama plays itself out and spray painting his hands or lighting matches to watch them burn in the bar. His presence is strange in the play; observer, interactor, continual reminder of the artificial border of insider and outsider. Warren brilliantly and subtly challenges the prescribed roles of actor, participator, audience, by combining them and allowing them to freely interact in the role of the Man.

Her work in this play represents that thin ephemeral line between our psyches and the outer world. The play has been a struggle for the knowable, the rational, but the chaos of the events hasn't quite allowed this. The characters are left unprotected and it is no accident that from this position comes Dallas' confession. The play ends as it opened, with Billie and Dallas in their bedroom. He explains his dream and his fears; then they are united through a simple touch.

Warren's play is about what is real and what is unreal, about our dream-like states in our wakefulness, and the lucidity of our dreams when we awaken to them.

PROFILES OF FEMALE GENIUS: THIRTEEN CREATIVE WOMEN WHO CHANGED THE WORLD

Gene N. Landrum. Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books, 1994.

by Peg Tittle

Finally, a 437-page counter to the claim "But there are no great women _____s!"... Not quite. Not at all, in fact. Rather, this is a 437-page attempt to appear politically correct: Landrum wrote *Profiles of Genius* in 1993 and managed to include no woman (yet neglected to properly title his book *Profiles of Male Genius).*

Though Landrum clearly states his criteria for inclusion—candidates must not have inherited or married into their profession/success, they must have reached the top of their field and stayed there for at least ten years, they must have had international influence, and they must have accomplished their major achievement within the past forty years—he gives no justification for his definition of genius. And I don't think it's a good definition—it's neither sufficiently inclusive nor sufficiently exclusive. At the very least, it creates a bias against many fields (even the most brilliant of mathematicians probably don't dominate the field for ten years) as well as a bias toward many fields (of his chosen thirteen, nine are in business or entertainment).

Perhaps more important, since Landrum calls his book *Profiles of Female Genius,* he does not compare his definition of female genius to his definition of male genius. If it's different, what is the basis for differentiating? And if it's not different, why weren't these women simply included in the original book, *Profiles of Genius?*

It is hard for me to take Landrum seriously, when it is clear that he doesn't take me (women) seriously: he mentions a hypothetical "little old lady" as a paragon of ignorance; while describing the role of Catholic nuns in Madonna's early life, he adds the parenthetical snicker, "Can you imagine a convent with Madonna orchestrating the entertainment?" Worse are the sexist assumptions scattered throughout: for example, he says that "Oprah Winfrey has a schedule that would fatigue most men," implying that most men have more energy than most women.

Unfortunately, the style is as poor as the content: many individual items are repeated, sometimes within the same chapter; and the book often reads like a list (findings are presented without much analysis). On top of that, the chapter on Ayn Rand is completely missing, as are parts of the Meir and Steinem chapters.

Notwithstanding all of the above, there are some interesting statistics. About half of the women attended all-female schools. Though female mentors were significant, the support of fathers rather than mothers was clearly instrumental. And, many experienced a fair amount of transience during childhood.

In addition to these aspects of the profile of female genius, I learned some interesting things about the women themselves. Memorable is the feminist side of Mary Kay: she created her firm to provide job opportunities for working mothers, in reaction to the systemic male chauvinism in the workplace that she experienced.

In his last chapter, Landrum does compare the profile of female genius with the male counterpart: in some respects, they are similar (both tended to experience formative traumas) and in some respects, they're different (beauty was far more important to the women than to the men—eight of the thirteen geniuses Landrum chose "either sold beauty products or needed beauty to perform").

This comparison, however, is for the most part simply a reflection of current gender differences in our society, so it seems that male and female geniuses differ from each other much as male and female non-geniuses do. Pity—I was hoping genius surpasses sex. And it could be it does—perhaps it's only Landrum who hasn't.