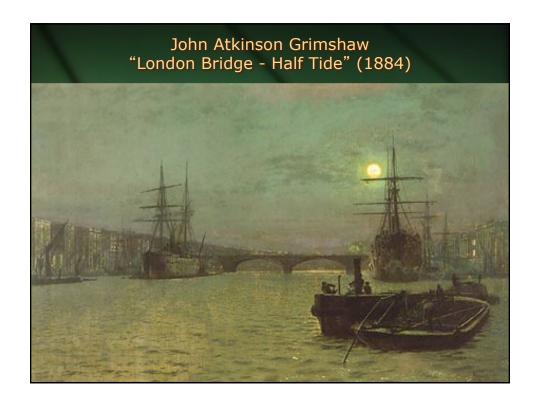
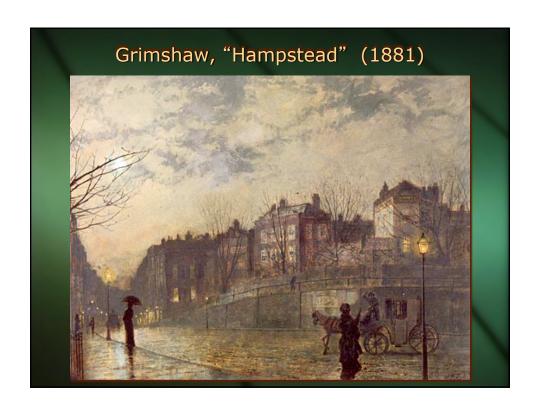




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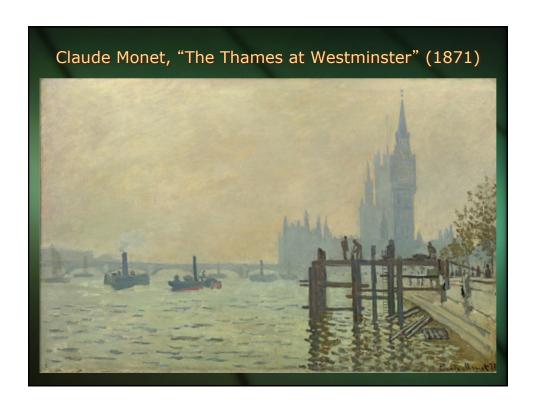




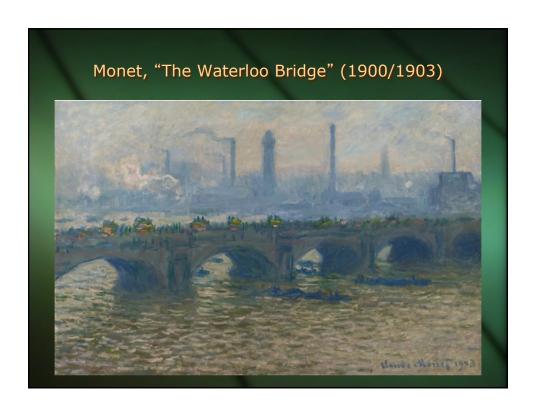




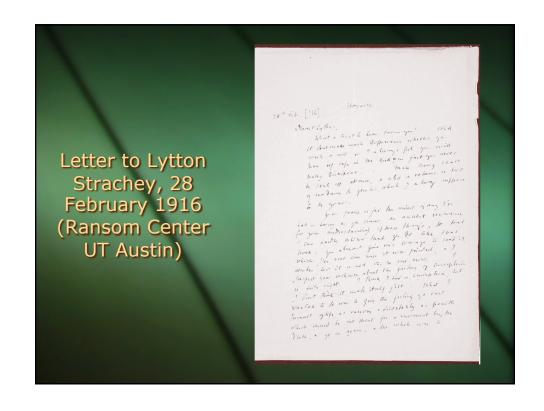














"I would venture to guess that Anon, who wrote so many poems without signing them, was often a woman."

"I told you that Shakespeare had a sister... She died young—alas, she never wrote a word. She lies buried where the buses now stop... Now my belief is that this poet who never wrote a word and was buried at the cross—roads still lives. She lives in you and in me, and in many other women who are not here to—night, for they are washing up the dishes and putting the children to bed. But she lives; for great poets do not die; they are continuing presences; they need only the opportunity to walk among us in the flesh."

"A Room of One's Own" (1929)

