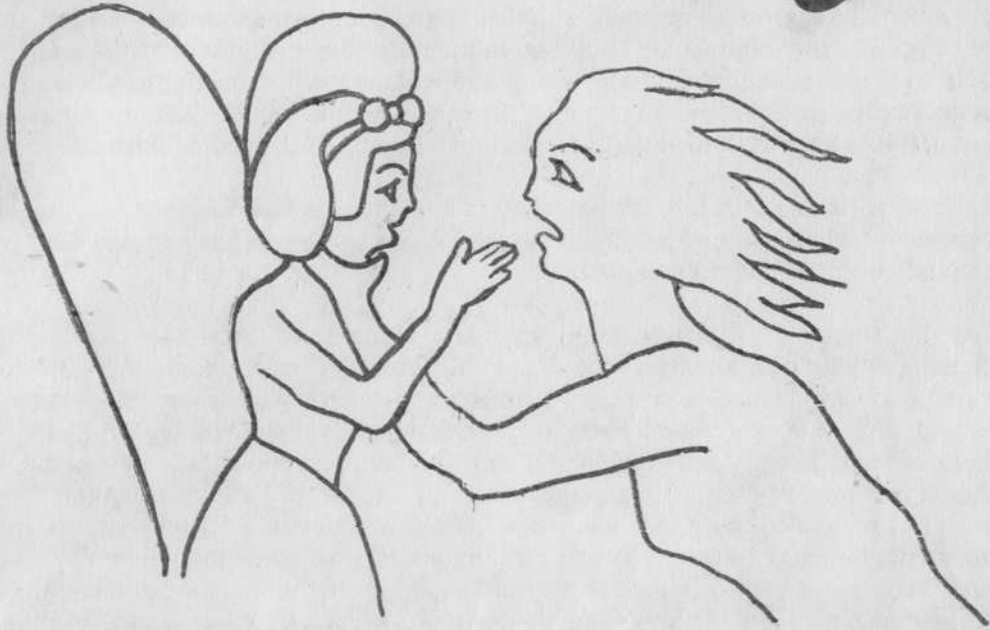


# Merseyside Womens Paper



*... I discovered that ...  
I should do battle with a certain phantom.  
And the phantom was a woman,  
and when I came to know her better  
I called her after the heroine of a famous poem,  
'The Angel in the House' ... She was intensely sympathetic.  
She was immensely charming. She was utterly unselfish.  
She excelled in the difficult arts of family life.  
If there was chicken, she took the leg; if there was a draft,  
she sat in it. In short she was so constituted that she never  
had a mind or a wish of her own, but preferred to sympathise  
with the minds and wishes of others. Above all, I need not say it—  
she was pure ...*

*And when I came to write,  
I encountered her with the very first words.  
The shadow of her wings fell on my page;  
I heard the rustling of her skirts in the room ...  
She slipped behind me and whispered ... Be sympathetic;  
be tender; flatter; deceive; use all the arts and wiles of your sex.  
Never let any one guess you have a mind of your own. Above all—  
be pure. And she made as if to guide my pen.  
I now record the one act for which I take some credit to myself ...  
I turned upon her and caught her by the throat.  
I did my best to kill her. My excuse, if I were to be had up in  
a court of law, would be that I acted in self-defense.  
Had I not killed her, she would have killed me.'*

Virginia Woolf