

Diary entry by Virginia Woolf, 23 July 1918

*The Society of Authors as the Literary Representative of the Estate of Virginia Woolf.*

*'Tuesday 23 July*

I think it was on Friday that I was given my green glass jar by the chemist-for nothing! It's a jar I've always coveted; since glass is the best of all decorations, holding the light & changing it. At Lewes for round jars, the chemist asks £2.2. On Friday anyhow, Jack Hills & Pippa dined here. All went very easily & freely. Jack has weathered life with great credit, upheld so Pippa says, by his human sympathies, & turned by them in the direction of woman's suffrage, reform, education for the poor & so on, though remaining nominally a conservative. I'm somehow reminded of an excellent highly polished well seasoned brown boot by the look of him. He always seems fresh from the country. He gave us a long & very vivid account of his campaigning, from which one could easily gather his immense virtues as leader of men. To my surprise too, he knows about Georgian poetry, & has read Lytton's book, & condemns the Victorians. Perhaps one was inclined to be supercilious; to confound him with George & Gerald. Pippa spent the night. She appreciates Waller immensely. We talked about the future of women next morning. She is head of a kind of exchange for finding places & training women who want to work, & sees the future in those terms of course.

On Saturday we went to Tidmarsh. From the point of view of country there is nothing that we at least can say for it; though the house & garden are nice enough. The river brings such a flood of cheap humanity down it; red villas perched everywhere; people spending the week end at Pangbourne with leather cases & fishing rods. Lytton & Carrington were alone. No servant was visible & most of the waiting seemed to be done by Carrington. She is silent, a little subdued, makes one conscious of her admiring & solicitous youth. If one were concerned for her, one might be anxious about her position-so dependent on L. & having so openly burnt the conventional boats. She is to run her risk & take her chances evidently. Lytton was fresh from the Dss or Marlborough & Dabernon, who is taking his play in hand. Whatever there is in the way of London society is, I suppose now open to him. He is making his investigations not with a view to permanent settlement; rather to round off his view of human nature. He declares he knows more different sorts of people than any of us; but we disputed this. A great deal of talk about Rupert. The book is a disgracefully sloppy sentimental rhapsody, leaving Rupert rather tarnished. Lytton very amusing, charming, benignant, & like a father to C. She kisses him & waits on him & gets good advice & some sort of protection. He came up with us on Monday, to lunch with Dabernon. Margaret dined with us. I lay on the sofa & caught only a few unintelligible phrases.'