

Letter from Virginia Woolf to Ka Cox, 13 August 1918.

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

*Privately held*

*'Asheham, Rodmell,*

*Lewes*

Aug 13<sup>th</sup>

Dearest Ka,

Our letters have crossed, I suppose: Are you to be married at once? I thought you said something about waiting till after the war – but this is much more satisfactory.

Anyhow, shall you be able to come on the 31<sup>st</sup>? It would suit us perfectly. Adrian and Karin will have withdrawn by then. As for Asheham now, with the corn ripe in a blazing sun I feel inclined to think all human arrangements a little insignificant compared with it.

I wrote the article on Rupert in the Times. Bruce Richmond sent the book to me; but when I came to do it I felt that to say out loud what even I knew of Rupert was utterly repulsive, so I merely trod out my 2 columns as decorously as possible. It seemed useless to pitch into Eddy. James meant to try, but gave it up. I think it was one of the most repulsive biographies I've ever read (this, of course, is a little overstated!). He contrived to make the letters as superficial and affected as his own account of Rupert. We're now suggesting that James should write something for us to print. He's sending us the letters to look at. But if you tell Mrs Brooke would you ask her not to tell anyone else, as Richmond is always anxious it shouldn't get out who has done reviews.

I must now go and feed my white cat, and bicycle over to Charleston to spend the night. Leonard is up at York, interviewing Mr Rowntree about his new review.

Let me know whether you and Will will come here; and do come unless you are too tired and worried and cross and snarly or happy and engrossed etc. I've just seen the notice in the Court Circular, and realise with dismay that you'll be a niece of Mrs Humphrey Wards!

Yr V.W.

I suppose you couldn't tell Mrs Brooke, if you wish, that I remember her with the greatest clearness, at St Ives, when Rupert was 5 and I was 10 and Dick played cricket with us, and we all went fishing. I can

see her wrinkles at this moment – and feel a great respect for her,  
partly from hearing Rupert read aloud her letters – wh. were superb.’