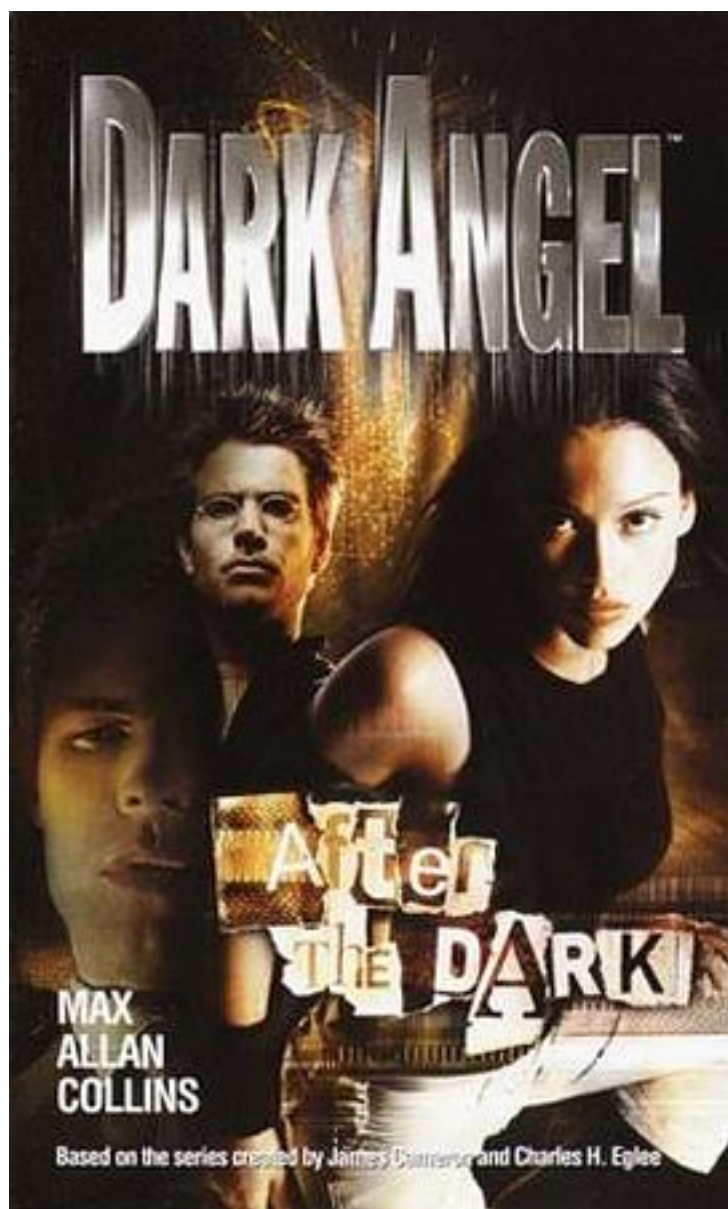


# Dark Angel



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From the journals Winterscombe, April 2, 1910 When men are gathered together alone, they discuss Sex. When women are similarly gathered, they discuss Love. What may we deduce from this paradox? Why, that women are hypocrites. With Jarvis last evening, and two others at the club. With the second bottle of port, I posed them a question: Had any of them, ever, been so fortunate as to encounter a woman they could respect? (They might discount their mothers, I allowed. We could all grant mothers were a special case.) No advocates for the female mind, I noted though that scarcely surprised me. Jarvis became eloquent on the advantages of their apertures: for these, he claimed, he had the most profound respect. Hitching, made bilious from the port, grew unduly passionate. Climbing upon a chair, he declared that--as God was his Judge--he respected all women. Were their instincts not more finely attuned than were ours? Did they not enjoy a delicacy of mind, a scrupulous sensibility of heart denied our sterner sex? Women were undone (this was his thesis) by their dependency upon our favours--an unconvincing essay, this, in advocacy. Much fuddled Darwinism was to follow, in which men were brutes, first cousins to the Apes, while women (mysteriously exempt from the monkey chain) were their Guardian Angels. Since he fell off his chair at this point, it was agreed among us that his arguments might be discounted. Returned home late. Had the child's nurse, against my desk, by gaslight. The light made her skin blue, like a cadaver

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