

# Even Ibanez Can't Hate the Ladies Clear to the Last Chapter

## Sentiment Wins at the Finish But There's More Than That in The Enemies of Women.

ONLY an optimist would expect to find a fresh treatment of the woman-hater in fiction. In real life men may go to the grave muttering hatred for the opposing sex; in books it is never permitted. However stanch the woman-haters may be in their profession, it has been an inviolate custom down through the ages for the author to break their determination bit by bit and at last return them to full romance.

So it is not surprising that Vicente Ibanez bows gracefully to this custom in his new novel, *The Enemies of Women* (Dutton). Apparently he had no choice in the matter. And we cannot say that his work suffers from conforming with the rule.

### A Plot That Wavers

Actually, the novel does not stand firmly on the woman-hater problem as a theme. After the title and the opening chapters have been disposed of it begins to waver on the proposition and never really goes back to pick up the loose ends. This neglect should not cause too much resentment. There are always a string of candidates pining to write volumes about woman-haters, unmarred by any counterplots or themes.

For those who are confidently expecting another *Four Horsemen* from Ibanez there will be some disappointment. The *Enemies of Women* touches the heights only at rare intervals. There are flashes of the power and brilliance that have set Ibanez so far above the pack, and then there are just words.

Possibly some of this is due to the times. The grief of the mother whose aviator son is in a German prison camp has lost much of its appeal now that the prison camps have long been emptied and the heroes back in solemn mufti. The report that Wilson is landing 10,000 troops a day in France stirs us to no depths. Rather, we prefer to stop and debate the point as to whether it really was Mr. Wilson who was responsible for landing those troops.

### His Need of Enthusiasm

Ibanez attains full stride when he is indulging in an orgy of love, gambling, battle, fierce passions. The normal, every-day aspects of life he passes by too jauntily. He must be

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enthusiastic to be entirely absorbing if Ibanez attempted to describe a penny-ante, shirt-sleeve poker party he probably would be extremely dull. But turn him loose on a duchess making 800,000 francs at the gaming tables and he can produce a masterpiece. Extravagant emotions form the basis of his art.

His present novel paints a life-sized picture of Monte Carlo during war times, with all the driftwood of the nations gathered there, extreme types. When he is done with it one feels well enough acquainted with the crowds and the Casino to walk straight to the *trente et quarante* table without asking questions of anybody.

In among the driftwood, the central characters of the story fit into appropriate grooves. There is the Prince Lubimoff, exiled from Russia, a satiated libertine, whose main source of income has stopped with the advent of the Bolsheviks. Before the war he cruised about the world in a palatial yacht studying "the geography of love." He comes back to Monaco to economize and exclude women from his life.

### A Common Bond of Misfortune

Here he meets again the Duchess de Delle, a notoriously amorous creature, whom he had hated in his youth. Her wealth disappeared when the rebels in Mexico seized the silver mines. Their common misfortune forms a bond that passes through the various stages from comradeship to passionate love. Each struggles to keep clear of the entanglement, which eventually leads to tragedy.

The war background increases rapidly as the story develops, until toward the close it blots out all else. This is rather a surprising twist to a tale that for some three hundred pages promises to make the war no more than a convenient date in history.

Most of the humor comes from the antics and eccentricities of the gamblers, the group who believe that "money was made for gambling, and what's left for eating." There is the man who is known in the Casino as "the number five gentleman." He never plays any other number. Anything he gets hold of he puts on five, and loses it. Then there is the professor who figures out a system where he can wager a five franc piece and by doubling fifty times in succession make five thousand billion. "For fifty minutes' work that wasn't bad."

### Monte Carlo and the Armistice

Don Marcos describes Monte Carlo on the night the armistice was signed: "Alas, the gamblers! What a madly gambling is, your highness! On reaching the square they took off their hats to the flags, and almost wept as they sang a verse of the Marseillaise. 'Long live France! Long live the Allies!' And immediately they entered the Casino to bet their money on the same number as the celebrated date, or on other combinations suggested by peace."

In the main, Irving Brown's translation from the Spanish is adequate, though at times he has been overfaithful to the original copy. Describing the heroine, he permits this metaphor:

"To Michael she looked like a California orange, golden, gleaming, wafting a strong sweet fragrance."

In far off Spain this may have served as a satisfactory description of a heroine. Here in the native land of the orange, golden and otherwise, we can only think of a double-page display advertising lay-out in three colors. Which hardly seems fair to a heroine.

## A Scotch Family

Many Quaint Touches in "A Tale That Is Told"

FREDERICK NIVEN lives up to his reputation for originality in his latest novel, *A Tale That Is Told* (Doran). The author is one of the most adventurous of the younger generation of English novelists. He has tried many experiments in fictional writing, and his readers never know what to expect next.

The present novel may be described as a series of very vivid personal sketches. The author takes a Scotch minister and his family and places them before us with a mass of detail, relieved by occasional sharp character strokes. Mr. Niven is an omnivorous observer. At the same time his gift of humor saves him from the dullness of photographic realism. Mr. Niven possesses the faculty of conveying a very definite image of an individual's personality by relating a characteristic anecdote or episode.

There is plenty of good fun in the book. At one time three of the minister's sons undertake to manage a circulating library. They encounter some peculiar tastes on the part of the reading public. There is the gay young lady who doesn't want any book that is in, on the ground that it must be unpopular and, therefore, undesirable. Then there is the man who always mispronounces names, a fitting figure who might have appeared in the pages of Dickens.

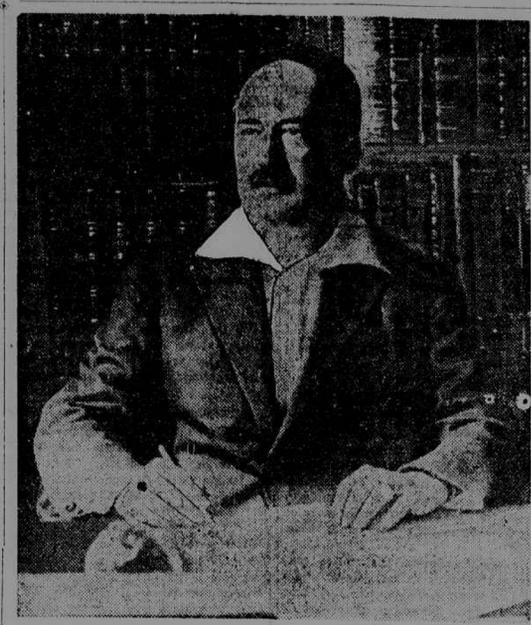
"Ha, good evening," he said. "Now, what do I want? Yes, I know. I want, for myself, a copy of *The I-rate Pirate*, and for my wife a copy of *Jude the Obscure*. She also wants a book about hell. I can't recall the name."

"No."

"Sorrow of Satan?"

"That's it. I knew it was something like that."

Mr. Niven's tale is worth telling; and it is well told.



THE ENEMIES OF WOMEN, the latest novel of Senor Ibanez, contains, among other things, one of the best descriptions of Monte Carlo ever written

## Poetry on the Co-operative Plan

### Woing the Muse Is No Longer a Solitary Courtship in England

AURELIA AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Nichols. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.  
A MISCELLANY OF AMERICAN POETRY OF 1920. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe.  
THE HOUSE OF DUST. By Conrad Aiken. Published by the Four Seas Company.  
LESBIA. By Arthur Symons. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.  
OCTOBER. By Robert Bridges. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.  
HIGH COMPANY. By Harry Lee. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

### By Geoffrey Parsons

THE creation of poetry should be a solitary art, and writing poetry is anything but a solitary art in England to-day.

It is a group affair, wherein one's friends and fellow authors gather around and criticize and cross-dedicate and otherwise greet the little stranger at the first cry. All of which has its limiting effect, as Robert Nichols' new volume, *Aurelia*, well illustrates. Here are poems, "For Robert Graves," "For Siegfried Sassoon," etc.

There is the technique of a highly professional craft—including a skilled use of the visible world and the richness of line which made Rupert Brooke seem so much greater than he really was. There is ever everything that a highly intelligent group of fellow craftsmen will admire and appreciate.

### But What Does It Mean?

But when one asks for a meaning, for that original and personal reaction which is the essential of great verse, one cannot help doubting. Mr. Nichols' war verse has earned extravagant praise, but its well bred realism is neither shocking nor poignant in this volume. Daffodils, love, blood bring forth equally felicitous lines. The question is as to their worth in a world of so many words and so few original ideas.

For a contrast there is a *Miscellany of American Poetry, 1920*. Here are ninety-four poems, mostly new, by eleven of our poets, each of whom has been his own editor. The result is not a group, but an explosion. Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg detonate in somewhat the same direction, but with quite different notes. Imagine Sara Teasdale and Edwin Arlington Robinson sharing covers with them—to say nothing of such disparate figures as Amy Lowell, Robert Frost and John Gould Fletcher. Yet the result is amazingly representative of current American verse, its vigorous personalities, its many voices and its short cuts to effects. Can it be that the American climate, with its withering popular scorn and wide spaces between the oases of sympathy, is a more wholesome breeder of inspiration than the literariness of England?

### Strength in Vagueness

Conrad Aiken is present in this miscellany; and there appears also his new volume, *The House of Dust*, a collection of related poems. That subterranean stream of the subconscious world that floods to the surface in dreams, by day and by night, is sensitively portrayed in Aiken's rhymed free verse. For his purpose his vagueness is his strength. That he can flash into stark vividness when his dream calls for such treatment, plenty of episodes in this volume show—"The Fulfilled Dream," for instance.

One turns to Arthur Symons and his new volume of old verse, *Lesbia*, written in the end of a century instead of the beginning, expecting to find one's self a world away. Yet an odd hint of kinship to the Aiken volume crops out. Here is polished verse and the self-conscious decadence of *Beardsley* and the *Yellow Book*. No poem is complete without a lust. Hair is always golden and bodies always white. The conventions of decadence have become a series of tags. Yet there is much loveliness—ample to justify the volume and the period.

It is the limpness, the fatalistic attitude of tired surrender that somehow suggests Aiken. It is sheer accident, but apparently our Freudian poets, in their resolve to surrender to the subconscious stream and let it flow over them, are headed toward a new kind of decadence.

With all the will based upon an old respect for Robert Bridges one cannot find much to applaud in his new volume, largely composed of his war poems, written as laureate and holding all the weakness of such attempts to hail great days upon schedule.

### Harry Lee's Free Verse

An ocean away in artistic merit, yet deserving reading as an appealing document, is *High Company*, by Harry Lee. Hospital scenes largely, written in the form of free verse that might as well be prose, these pages undoubtedly express very fairly the cheerful sentimentalism of the average soldier. That is the odd upshot of much writing out of the war—the highly sensitive soul of a Sassoon writes something that is beautiful and moving, but it is no more war as war appears to the ordinary soldier than the feelings of Sassoon fit a Shakespeare performance and the feelings of the ordinary listener. And since war is not what physically happens, but what, far more, is humanly felt, it is probably true that Sassoon is hopelessly misleading and the artless emotionalism of Harry Lee far nearer the truth.

### A Novel of Terror

Atmosphere Carries Turner's New Book

CERTAINLY if one could make a novel out of atmosphere alone George Kibbe Turner should have made a remarkable one of his novel, *Hagar's Hoard* (A. A. Knopf). For the atmosphere of this story is amazingly effective—thick, sinister and sultry, a miasmic air in which all terrors, however grotesque, become immediately credible and real. As it is, Turner has written a story which at least in part makes a powerful assault upon the imagination.

For it is impossible to withstand the terror, which Turner makes vivid with an extraordinary cumulative shock, the terror of a ramshackle Southern city of the '70s at the approach of the yellow fever. Closer and closer it creeps through the crouching city until it reaches the gaunt house on the hillside, the monument to a dead man's folly and ambition, where Athel Hagar, the miser, lives; and the story becomes a conflict between his fear of the plague and the fear to leave his money unguarded.

## A Remarkable Irish Book

### The Golden Barque by Seumas O'Kelly a Fine Piece of Work

WHATEVER great intent revolting Irish may proclaim of reviving its own Gaelic speech, does not reckon with the fact that the vigor of this desire it has bred a new bond with the English tongue. The Gaelic revival is postponed nothing so much as the literary renaissance which the hope of it has kindled. Long after Ireland is free to leave her classic past, Sygne and the Joyce and Stephens, the overhanging figures of her present, will stand in the way of that return.

And so, undoubtedly, will Seumas O'Kelly, whose book, *The Golden Barque* (Putnam), is one of the most extraordinary things that has come of Ireland in a long time. The *Golden Barque* itself is a fine enough piece of work to mark the coming of another Irish writer of great creative force and imaginative fire.

O'Kelly is a poet in proper sense that Sygne was a poet. Him the sense of folk-lore wakes who ranges of universal perception. It is as if in localizing his imagination most intensely, he paradoxically found the widest viewpoint—as if in using a narrow field deeply, he hit the common substratum.

The ancient graveyard on the hill where the old weaver waits to be buried, becomes the scene of a cosmogony, a sort of tragic-farce. Behold these wholly generic figures flicker their shadows, huge, overshadowing impersonal presentations of humanity, for lines of individual intention bleed out, their inconsequential posture sublimated to the large significant symbolism of humanity.

For the sake of that shade show which he throws on the wide background, O'Kelly has disposed his figures carefully, even formally. There something of the masque in their gapping. Here, in the ancient wind-swept cemetery, the gargoyle figures of a two old men, the weaver's cronies, sit to see that the ancient formalists are obeyed. The gravediggers (young and old, and by a fantastic twist oligo-genesis, twins) stand impatient to do their work. And at a little distance stands the young widow—coherent, tentative, wearing her subdue grief suitably, as becomes a fourth wa.

In this foreground there is rich actuality. Life—vivid, abundant and farcical, moves these people to its own inconsistency. For the weaver's rave, as an observed member of the community, is marked on no chart—its exact site is a matter of traditional remembrance, and in this the two oligo-genies cannot agree. Their onelerce pride, their sole remaining claim on life, is their knowledge of the past and in this one will yield no whit to the other. So the cortege halts there, the young gravediggers lean on their thinning spades, and the widow draws discreetly aside while the battle between the two old men rages. All that day they bicker tenaciously, while the gund is strewn thick with the ghosts of the vanished loves and hates and kinships that inhabit the graveyard while the shadows lengthen and the widow has time to lift her eyes and take note of the handsomer of the two gravediggers. At last, at the rising of the moon, the quarrel is settled: the ancient premises are accomplished, and the widow sees life advancing to her across the open grave.

The poetry of this is not in the obvious ironic pattern alone, it is more

deeply in the perception of common character, and the unique unfeasible quality that shapes human beings to such an astonishing and romantic variety. The two old men are truly distinguished portraits—unique and integral, drawn with an exquisite clarity. And the prose of its telling is rhythmic and sensitive and simple, in form and spirit more than half poetry.

## The U. S. of To-Day

### A History of the Nation After Civil War

WHEN Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox a new trail was blazed for the nation on its march in history. It might be said with reason that gates opened on the West with the end of the Civil War era, for the journeying of countless pathfinders and settlers began during the decade that immediately followed the death of Lincoln. There are millions of men in the United States to-day whose lives are spanned within the years from 1865 to 1920, and it is a duty to give them, in condensed form, graphic story of the growth of their country during the period of their lives. Professor Paul L. Haworth, in *The United States in Our Own Time, 1865-1920* (Scribner's), has written a scholarly, illuminating and readable history of this era of definite value, both to the student and to the broadminded business man who desires to know the economic facts of his country's progress.

Professor Haworth opens his history with the perplexing days of reconstruction that followed 1865. If ever the nation was at a point seriously threatened by disruption it was in the short interim of the Johnson administration. There was the menace of secession in the existence of a section of the country remaining uncommitted and openly hostile through the exercise of unwise efforts in legislation by a pitiful and revengeful majority. Northern men, especially veterans of the Civil War, schooled in the habits of Lincoln's mood, made stern nothing good in Andrew Johnson, whose efforts to obliterate the evil memories of the war seemed to them to be colored too much by Southern hues. And yet to-day, as we review the orgy of misrule that made the South a land of disorder in the months of the carpet bagger and the Ku Klux Klan, we admit time to lift her eyes and take note of the handsomer of the two gravediggers. At last, at the rising of the moon, the quarrel is settled: the ancient premises are accomplished, and the widow sees life advancing to her across the open grave.

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"What! Wouldst thou wit thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Wit it well: Love was his meaning. Who showed it thee? Love. Wherefore showed He it thee? For love. Hold thee there, and thou shalt wit it more in that same. But thou shalt never wit therein other without end."

This passage may well be called the keynote of Mother Juliana's Revelations, for her mystical experiences are a symphony based upon one dominant and recurring theme—the supreme beauty and potency of the love of God. Against this mighty force nothing can prevail: neither sinfulness nor disease, nor the frailty of human conduct, nor the weakness of human understanding. Mother Juliana's ecstatic visions are always tempered with tenderness. She pauses in an impassioned description of the scenes connected with the Crucifixion to utter this exquisitely beautiful reflection upon the loving care which the Creator lavishes upon His children.

"He is our clothing, that for love wrappeth us, and windeth us, halseth (embraces) us, and all becloseth us, hangeth about us for tender love, that he male never leave us."

Except for a few biographical details which appear in the work itself practically nothing is known of Mother Juliana's life. But the literature of medieval Christianity has been enriched by this product of her warm piety, broad human sympathy and lively imagination. Father George Tyrrell, S. J., writes a preface to the book. The Revelations are published practically in their original form, the archaic language and spelling being carefully preserved.

### Zona Gale Enjoys a Vacation

Zona Gale, whose novel, *Miss Lulu Bett*, published by D. Appleton & Co., has been acclaimed throughout the country, has been spending the summer at Portage, Wis., following a trip to the Rockies.

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