

# Esther Gould's Book Corner

Are You Interested in books of Fiction, Biography, Travel, or History? For lists write to ESTHER GOULD care your local paper.

## BACK TO ERIN

"O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH"

By Donn Byrne The Century Co.

Sure and 'tis with the golden tongue of old Ireland that Donn Byrne speaks. Whether it is of Dublin "City of Failures, the Dead City" or of old towns "half Roman half Saracen" or perhaps of the Mediterranean which was "bluer than a blue sky" he puts into his speech that subtle magic which is like a remembered perfume or music heard from far away.

His story in this book of the tongue tripping name is, as are all of his stories, slight.

De Bourke O' Malley riding out from his ancestral home one summer day saw in the confines of a convent in the neighborhood a girl more lovely than any he had ever seen. He fell in love with her and she, because she was only a novice, was persuaded to run away with him.

They were married in London and went on to Paris, the Paris of old, a city of leisure about which the floridness of the second Empire still hung "like the Indian summer of a summer we know is gone."

Then when the birds went southward they, too, went down to Monte Carlo and the warm sun of the Riviera. But a shadow falls across their love. Is it the curse which has descended on the family of Clancolin? And so we see him at the end as we did in the beginning—the fierce old man walking alone through the streets of Dublin, city of failures and ghosts.

But no matter what the story, if it is an excuse for the golden phrases of Mr. Byrne it would be enough. "They sat on the terrace of their hotel, watching the sun drop back of Sorrenta and Capri; the vulgar ochre-colored Mediterranean sunset. The white flame of Vesuvius became reddish in the dusk. The crimson sails off Santa Lucia faded into the purple sea, and the little hush there is before the moon rises, was over all the land."

Who is there to say where poetry begins and prose leaves off?

## GREENWICH VILLAGE HAS ITS SAGA

"TROUBADOUR"

By Alfred Kreymborg  
Boni & Liveright

Now that "sagas" are so much in order—sagas of this and sagas of that—why shouldn't Greenwich Village have its saga? We owe that to Greenwich Village, the place which from afar seems filled with starving artists and sad-eyed disillusioned virgins and which when you are in it is filled with stray cats and shrill, evil eyed little urchins!

Alfred Kreymborg was one of the first of the Villagers. Not one of the instigators of it—it happened when his back was turned—like most of the things of which he writes. It may be Mr. Kreymborg's modesty, but he gives the impression that most things that happened in the renaissance of poetry in America happened while he was thinking about them rather than because he was thinking about them. It seems to be simultaneous action rather than cause and effect.

An autobiography from Alfred Kreymborg is interesting at this time principally because his life has been simultaneous with a great deal which has been interesting in America's literary life. Figures which have sprung fully armed from the ground are here seen in their beginnings. Maxwell Bodenheim, Wallace Stevens, Edna St. Vincent Millay and many less and many more well known poets and playwrights walk quite naturally across these pages, as naturally as they used to walk across the streets of the Village in the days before the Village migrated to London, to Paris, to Rome.

Kreymborg was born in New York and early evidenced the principal quality of authorship, the inability to continue in paid employment. He found one congenial occupation that of pumping pianolas at Aeolian Hall. But

even that paled before the romantic possibilities of starvation. So without even making of it a gesture he finds himself ensconced in a third or fourth floor back in a since well-advertised quarter of his native city sitting on an unsubstantial chair and waiting. For what? For the birth of poetry in America.

It took a long time but it finally came. And in coming it brought with it a number of happenings of interest which Mr. Kreymborg very entertainingly relates.

Nor has the author neglected the rest of the country in his story. Chicago and its literary products in particular come in for generous interest and praise. It is strangely enough to the west of New York that this New Yorker is looking for the vital things in America and the world today.

## MOVIE MILLENIUM NEAR

Critics and motion picture executives await the day when it will be possible to make pictures without sub-titles. When that happy day is ushered in, thousands of suffering picturegoers—unfortunate victims of those movie pests who persist in reading sub-titles out loud, will arise and give thanks to the Lord!

James Cruze has come very near the ideal in "The Goose Hangs High," his Paramount production.

Barring a brief foreword, the film contains only two subtitles, that is, titles necessary to explain the action of the story. Therefore, of course, many spoken titles in the course of the production.

No particular effort was made to set a record in that regard, according to Walter Woods, scenarist and title-writer for most of the Cruze films.

"I found," he said, "that the action was so graphic, and every phase of the

plot so clearly told in the film, that practically no explanatory sub-titles were needed."

"The Goose Hangs High" is a tender story of a typical American small-town family and deals in sympathetic fashion with the problem of parents versus children. In its original form it was a popular New York stage success by Lewis Beach.

Constance Bennett, Myrtle Stedman, Esther Ralston, George Irving and Edward Peil, Jr., play leading roles in the film.

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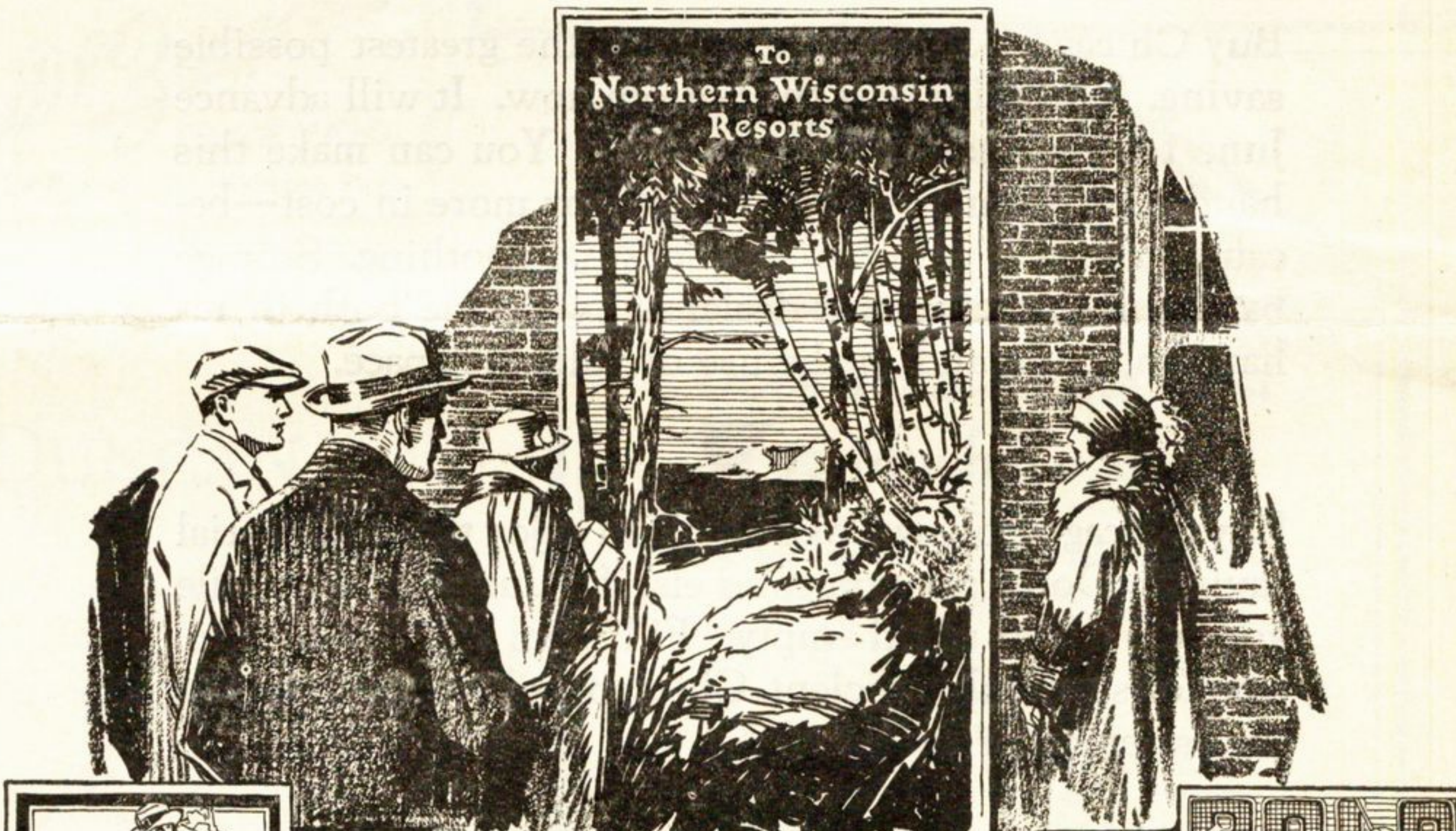
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