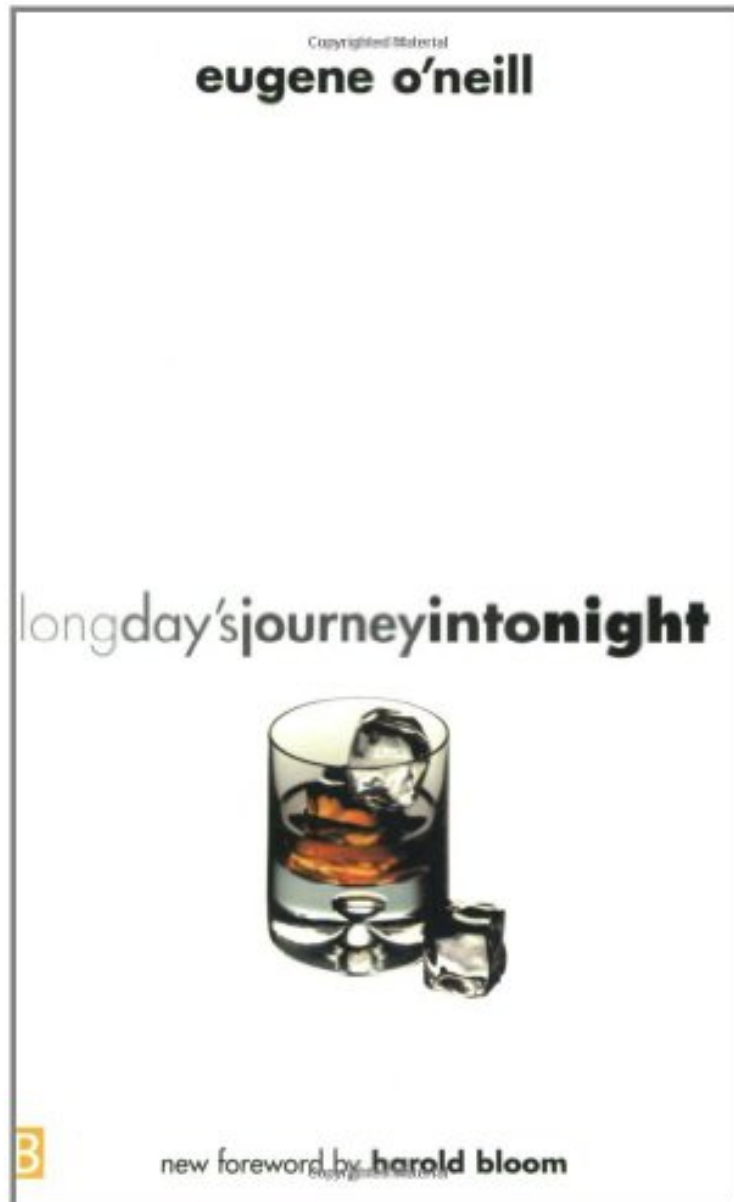


Long Day's Journey into Night

Eugene O'Neill

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Eugene O'Neill : Long Day's Journey into Night before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Long Day's Journey into Night:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Dependency, co- and otherwiseBy John P. Jones IIIEugene ONeill was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1936, and won several Pulitzer Prizes for Drama. Long Days Journey is

generally considered his magnum opus. It was first performed in 1956, three years after his death. For this Kindle edition, with the all-too-appropriate cover, there is an introduction by Harold Bloom, one of the many of this genre that might be easily skipped. Bloom is unequivocal in his praise: *Long Days Journey* must be the best play in our more than two centuries as a nation. Bloom performs a tour-de-force of brief comparisons between O'Neill and most other celebrated writers. Warning! If you decide to plod through the intro, you may enjoy the following insights: O'Neill seems a strange instance of the Aestheticism of Rossetti and Pater, but his metaphysical nihilism, desperate faith in art and phantasmagoric naturalism stem directly from them. As for the play itself, there are only five characters: James Tyrone, 65, an accomplished actor, his wife Mary, 54, stricken with rheumatism, their son James, 33 a neer-do-well, still searching for his place in the world, and the younger son, Edmund, 23, who is not in good health, along with an Irish servant girl, Cathleen. The entire play occurs on one day, in August, 1912, at the Tyrone's summer house (and only house), somewhere along the New England coast. Although the play is set in time more than a century ago, the central theme could be ripped from today's headlines concerning opioid abuse and addiction. Mary got hooked on morphine, prescribed to her by a doctor after the death of her second son. She continues to seek its solace, since, as she says: It hides you from the world and the world from you. You feel that everything has changed, and nothing is what it seemed to be. No one can find or touch you anymore. Denial is the addict's crutch, as Mary proclaims: Now I have to lie, especially to myself. But she is not the only one in denial at one level or another, all the males in the family skirt around the issue of their wives / mothers dependency problems it is just a little medicine for her rheumatism. And the men have their own dependency problem: alcohol! It is a dependency that has always been more open, and socially acceptable. I had to chuckle at one part of the play both my son, and I, when I was my son's age, had roommates who had alcohol dependency problems, and would drink our liquor, and then add water to the bottle so that the level of alcohol would appear to be the same. This technique played out prominently in the play, with the father James knowing that the sons did this. No question that it is a well-written and structured play. O'Neill utilizes flashbacks to provide scenes from James and Mary's courtship and marriage. Mary had two youthful dreams: to be a nun or a concert pianist the latter now impossible with her rheumatic fingers. Money issues have continued to be a major issue in their lives. The author has helped push me to finally read Baudelaire since O'Neill has the younger son, Edmund, quote him (to the annoyance of the others) on several occasions (the vulgar herd can never understand). It is a depressing play, about an unfortunately depressing and familiar subject. The reader or at least this one wants to shake any one of the characters, and say simply: Get on with your life there are a lot of roses that still need to be smelt. I know that is a prime reason I would never re-read this play, and have been tempted to give it only four stars, yet that rating is simply too subjective. O'Neill has written a great, 5-star, timeless play. 3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. I love this play more than I could ever express. By Layde Ravyn I love this play more than I could ever express. Now that it is in Kindle form means I can carry it with me everywhere I go! "You've just told me some high spots in your memories. Want to hear mine? They're all connected with the sea. Here's one... For a second you see -- and seeing the secret, are the secret. For a second there is meaning!... It was a great mistake, my being born a man, I would have been much more successful as a sea gull or a fish. As it is, I will always be a stranger who never feels at home, who does not really want and is not really wanted, who can never belong, who must always be a little in love with death!" 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A Night to Remember (actually an afternoon) By Andrew H. Trotter I bought this play after seeing the Broadway revival with Gabriel Byrne, Jessica Lange, Michael Shannon, and John Gallagher, Jr. At a Wednesday matinee. During Ms. Lange's soliloquy at the end, the fat woman sitting next to me had her cellphone ring, didn't know how to turn it off, refused my help, answered the call without meaning to, and steadfastly refused to acknowledge her apparent husband on the other end of the line, who was calling, "Ethyl? Ethyl?" over and over again. Ms. Lange did not miss a beat, but I had no idea what she had said so I bought the play. It is a superb edition of the greatest American play ever written.

Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical play *Long Days Journey into Night* is regarded as his finest work. First published by Yale University Press in 1956, it won the Pulitzer Prize in 1957 and has since sold more than one million copies. This edition, which includes a new foreword by Harold Bloom, coincides with a new production of the play starring Brian Dennehy, which opens in Chicago in January 2002 and in New York in April.

"The restoration of several previously missing lines of dialogue and stage direction likely make this the definitive edition of a 'play of old sorrow, written in tears and blood,' as O'Neill described it in dedicating it to his wife, Carlotta." *Boston Globe* "Drawing upon recent textual scholarship, the sixty-first printing of the Yale edition incorporates missing lines of dialogue accidentally dropped by O'Neill's wife Carlotta as she retyped." *American Literature* "Attractive frontispiece. Recommended for all college and university libraries." *Choice* "No play Eugene O'Neill ever wrote speaks more eloquently to the reader. . . . Certainly no one, henceforth, will write of this other plays without remembering this, his most revealing of himself." *Lewis Gannett, New York Herald Tribune* "I think he wrote it as an act of forgiveness. Not as a pontifical forgiveness, mind you, not as absolution for the harm that had been done to him. That he was damaged by his family is only a fact now, a piece of truth to be but down out of respect of the

whole truth; there is no residual rancor. He seems to be asking forgiveness for his own failure to know his father, mother, and brother well enough at a time when the need for understanding was like an upstairs cry in the night; and to be reassuring their ghosts, wherever they may be, that he knows everything awful that they have done, and loves them."Walter F. Kerr, New York Herald Tribune "Long Days Journey Into Night has long since become a classic not only of the American stage, but of universal theater. And apart from its secure place in literature, the play is an invaluable key to its authors creative evolution. It serves as the Rosetta Stone of O'Neills life and art."Barbara Gelb "Only an artist of O'Neills extraordinary skill and perception can draw the curtain on the secrets of his own family to make you peer into your own. Long Days Journey Into Night is the most remarkable achievement of one of the worlds greatest dramatists."Jose Quintero "Long Day's Journey is O'Neill's last, most realized play, a grand act of mercy upon his family and his own life."Arthus Miller "The helplessness of family love to sustain, let alone heal, the wounds of marriage, of parenthood, and of sonship, have never been so remorselessly and so pathetically portrayed, and with a force of gesture too painful ever to be forgotten by any of us."Harold Bloom, from the Foreword