

Eugene O'Neill

1888 - 1953

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Bound
for Buenos Aires:
Full moon in
the trades:
The old hooker
driving 14 knots:
I lay on the bow
sprit facing astern
with the water foam
ing into spume under
me: The masts with
every sail white in the moon
light towering high above
me: I became drunk with the
beauty and singing rhythm of
it and for a moment I lost my Self:
Actually lost my life: I was set free:
I dissolved in the sea: Became white
sails and flying spray: Became beauty: And
and rhythm became moonlight and the ship
and the high dim star sky: I belonged without
past and future within peace and unity and a wild
joy within something greater than my own life or
the life of Man to Life itself: Then another time on the
American Line when I was lookout on the crow's nest in
the dawn watch: A calm sea that time: Only a lazy ground
swell and a slow drowsy roll of the ship: The passengers asleep
and none of the crew in sight: No sound of man: Black smoke
pouring from the funnels behind and beneath me: Dreaming: Not
keeping lookout: Feeling alone and above and apart watching the
dawn creep like a painted dream over the sky and sea which slept
together: Then the moment of ecstatic freedom came: The peace:
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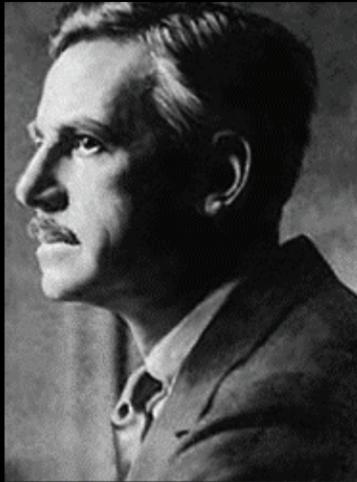


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Eugene O'Neill

1888 - 1953

NOTES:



BOUND EAST FOR CARDIFF: 1916
IN THE ZONE: 1917
THE LONG VOYAGE HOME: 1917
MOON OF THE CARIBBEES: 1918
BEYOND THE HORIZON: 1920
THE EMPEROR JONES: 1920
THE HAIRY APE: 1922
ANNA CHRISTIE: 1922
ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS: 1924
MARCO MILLIONS: 1925
DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS: 1925
LAZARUS LAUGHED: 1926
THE GREAT GOD BROWN: 1926
STRANGE INTERLUDE: 1928
DYNAMO: 1929
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: 1931
AH, WILDERNESS: 1933
THE ICEMAN COMETH: 1939
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT: 1941
A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN: 1943
A TOUCH OF THE POET: 1942

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eugene_O'Neill

This is the truly brilliant heriocially hard working man of the theatre with world wide real time imagination who showed me that not just an Ibsen or Buchner or Shaw but an American boy with guts could also struggle to become a real artist: I read and saw almost all his plays before I was 15: As I began to run into actors and theatres c. 1950 I realized how essentially mean cheap and stupid they had become and that our deep dark sparkling theatre after a terrific flare of brilliant blinding human intelligence was now dumb down dead: The trained seals of the American theater now applaud shit on a shingle loud and ugly regularly: I overheard some writers saying its all become a collective team player business so if you want to create your own art go off by your Self and write poetry: I did: Good riddance to pathetically warped low no insight no lightsight narrowbrained rubbish: