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Jason Robards exhorts the "boys and girls" as Hickey in the 1985 Broadway revival of *The Iceman Cometh*, reviewed in this issue. (Photo by Martha Swope.)
EDITOR'S FOREWORD

It is a pleasure to conclude the Newsletter's ninth year with another of the periodic "focus" sections in which a number of subscribers take special delight. [Readers with specific interests might like to know of seven previous focus sections: on The Hairy Ape (January 1978), on Hughie (September 1978), on The Hairy Ape a second time (January 1980), on O'Neill's plays in performance (Spring 1981), on José Quintero's production of Welded (Summer-Fall 1981), on O'Neill's women (Summer-Fall 1982), on one act plays (Winter 1982), and on the subject of dependency, both chemical and filial, as it relates to the playwright's life and later plays (Spring 1985).]

As in the past, the special section cannot be credited to editorial ingenuity but to the fortuitous confluence of thoughtful submissions. In the present case, however, the cause is not hard to find: the 1985 production of The Iceman Cometh has spurred a great revival of interest in the play and its author. (Indeed, the recent production--as I'll have occasion to say at greater length later in this issue--was itself a "great revival"; and its summary demise on December 1st says less about the merits of the play and its interpreters than it does about the tastes of current Broadway theatergoers, who corroborate Eliot's dictum that "human kind cannot bear very much reality.")

William Hawley surveys critical responses to the three previous major productions of Iceman in New York City--a service to theatre history that I hope we will see much more of in future issues. (His paper was delivered, in slightly different form, at the American Theatre Association convention in Toronto last August.) Gary Vena provides a telling and splendidly detailed study of the textual tamperings, and O'Neill's renowned reaction thereto, during rehearsals for the Theatre Guild production in 1946--a segment of his 1984 New York University dissertation on that production. Sheila Garvey, who traveled to Washington last August to attend rehearsals and early performances of the "new" Iceman at the American National Theater, offers revealing comparisons between it and its 1956 predecessor and shares comments she gathered in an interview with two stars of both of those Quintero-directed productions, Jason Robards and James Greene. The editor offers his thoughts on the new production after its transplantation to Broadway. (A somewhat different response is presented by Robert Einenkel in a letter later in the issue.) And the portfolio of 1985 production photos by Martha Swope permits the Newsletter to emulate its glossier kin by featuring a "centerfold"--one that is offered as a tribute to a memorable production. It's good to have pictures again--and such fine ones--after the last issue's illustrationlessness.

A flyer and registration form for the Boston conference on "Eugene O'Neill--the Later Years" (May 29 -June 1) is included with this issue. But as it is not a part of the Newsletter itself, a word here about current planning for the conference may be appropriate. Aside from the daytime hours on the 29th, which will be devoted to working sessions for invited scholarly and theatrical O'Neillians who are engaged in current or imminent projects, the format will follow that of the 1984 conference: paper sessions, films and panel discussions in the daytime and "live" performances in the evening, beginning with a banquet on the night of the 29th and ending with a brunch on Sunday the 1st. Filmmaker Perry Miller Adato will host a discussion of her 2 1/2-hour documentary film on O'Neill's life and work, which conference-goers will be the first public group to see (and on large screen at that!), as its PBS airing date follows the conference. Among the international O'Neillians planning to participate are Peter Egri from Budapest, Haiping Liu from Nanjing, Marc Maufort from Brussels and Tom Olsson from Stockholm. Domestic participants will include Thomas Adler, Judith Barlow, Normand Berlin, Albert Bermel, Stephen Black, Steven Bloom, Travis Bogard, Martha Bower, Jackson Bryer, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Joyce Flynn, Donald Gallup, James Harris, Michael Hinden, Richard Hornby, Ellen Kimbel, Ward Lewis, Lois McDonald, Bette Mandl, Michael Manheim, Jordan Miller, Sally Pavetti, John Peters, Laurin Porter, John Henry Raleigh, James Robinson, Yvonne Shafer, Edward Shaughnessy,
Lowell Swartzell, Gary Vena, Marvis Voelker, Paul Voelker and Jean Anne Waterstradt. Even at this early, tentative stage, the roster is impressive indeed, and the above list is by no means a final one. (Special apologies to those whose names I have inadvertently omitted: I still have a mountain of mail to get through and answer.) Anyone else who is interested in participating, whether as paper reader, panel member, moderator or recorder, should contact the editor as soon as possible. Especially welcome will be submissions on Hughie, the late cycle plays (completed and uncompleted), the relation between O'Neill's life and the art he produced, the influence on him of other writers and the times he lived in, and his own influence on his artistic successors.

A word about two of the aforementioned roles that participants can play—especially those who can gain institutional assistance in funding their trips to Boston if their names are on the program. The great success of the "Teaching O'Neill" panel discussion in 1984—many felt it was one of the most valuable of the four days' events—suggests to me that that discussion should be continued in 1986, and that other comparable discussions be added. I won't be so pushy as to suggest panel topics, but I welcome readers' ideas for others and volunteers for the 1986 "teaching" panel. The other role, that of recorder, was not utilized in 1984—a great misfortune, as the book of conference papers has yet to appear, and so only conference participants actually know what took place. So I solicit the names of individuals willing to serve in that capacity this time. Each's role will be to take notes at one or more sessions (papers or discussions), secure copies of readers' papers, and prepare a summary (approximately 1 1/2 to 2 pages per session) for printing in the Summer-Fall 1986 Newsletter. Then, even if no book ever appears, posterity will have a record of the proceedings. I hope to hear from volunteers, and I hope that the promise of publication will make their task more gratifying.

Actually, I expect that a book will appear—one that will combine the best papers from both conferences. And I plan to ask the Eugene O'Neill Society if it will sponsor the undertaking as one of its activities commemorating the O'Neill centennial in 1988. If it will select a committee to choose the papers to be included, and secure the necessary funding for publication, I will happily serve as editor or introducer. But let's have the second conference before planning for its preservation in print!

A note to participants who have published books on or including O'Neill. Our salesroom did a booming business in 1984, making available (many at a special discount price) important volumes that general bookstores don't stock. What I ask is that authors of appropriate works make arrangements with their publishers to send me multiple copies or special-rate order blanks. We will handle sales, remit to the publishers the funds we receive, and return all unsold copies if return is requested. There is no local profit in this endeavor: it is simply, like the "media room," an added service for conference members—and of course for yourselves as well.

To all who have already waited long for answers to their letters, I promise to respond as soon as I can—certainly by early January if not earlier. Interest in the conference has been extraordinary, and I've been (figuratively) as snowed-under as my friends in the middle west have recently been in sleetly fact. But the snows will melt, the letters will be answered, and Boston in late May promises to be restoratively floral and balmy. I look forward to completing plans for a memorable get-together and to welcoming you all to Beacon Hill in the sunny springtime.
While Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* has from the start generally been viewed as stageworthy, if overly long, critical reception of the play as dramatic literature has been steadily on the rise since its 1946 premiere. Three landmark New York productions help chart the critical response to O'Neill's play, which was written in 1939, but was neither produced nor published until 1946. In that year, critics were moderate in their praise for O'Neill's first new Broadway production in twelve seasons, feeling in general that the Theatre Guild's production surpassed the inherent quality of O'Neill's script. José Quintero's 1956 revival of the play, with Jason Robards, Jr. in the role of Hickey, was an unqualified success which forced a critical revaluation of *Iceman*. Suddenly, a work that had been deemed melodramatic in many scholarly quarters came to be viewed as a modern tragedy. By 1973, critics had so generally accepted the play as an American classic that a Circle in the Square revival with James Earl Jones found itself unfavorably compared not only to Quintero's 1956 production but to the demands of the script as well.

Critics now differ and will continue to differ on the meaning of a play which has been called everything from a "morality play" (Muchnic 126) to the "most nihilistic" work in dramatic literature (Day 9)--but this is a sign of the play's hermeneutic vitality even today. The *Iceman Cometh* presents enormous challenges in the staging, not the least of which is the role of Hickey, one of the most massive in American drama. But it is a proven classic, and the three aforementioned productions of *The Iceman Cometh* dominate its stage history in America in terms of our present understanding of the play.

The Iceman Cometh opened on October 9, 1946, at the Martin Beck Theatre and had a respectable but far from smashing run of 136 performances before going on the road. This production indicates that a successful, tragic interpretation of the play is impossible without a fully realized Hickey--a point that needs emphasizing since many critics see Larry Slade as the play's central character. We learn from the reviews that Eddie Dowling directed his ensemble superbly, but that James E. Barton's Hickey fell short of the tremendous demands that role places on the actor: "The part calls for a more engaging and whimsical player," Ward Morehouse reported, "but the others in the cast are magnificent" (Morehouse 319). In the opening night performance, James Barton "virtually fell apart, breaking into tears twice during Hickey's long monologue at the end of the play" (Orlandello 148), and asking for help from the prompter on those occasions. Contributing to Barton's problems, and indicative of the demands of the role, was his failure to rest during intermissions: he entertained friends instead, severely weakening his voice before the final act.

Apart from these notations on Barton's technical shortcomings, a more important consideration is the actor's interpretation of Hickey. Hickey is a part for an actor who can capture the comic and tragic in one line, in one breath, even in one word. It takes an actor of the greatest imagination to give the play its momentum, its "action"; otherwise it will merit the criticism it has regularly received of being static, overwritten, and repetitive. Capturing the whimsy, remorse and tragic vision is essential not only in Hickey's final "aria" but in ever-deepening tones throughout the play. O'Neill himself clues us in on the mixture of comic and tragic visions in the play: "The first act is hilarious comedy, I think, but then some people might not even laugh. At any rate the comedy breaks up and the tragedy comes on" (Gelb 871).

Hickey's final moments on stage complete his hermeneutic circle of development. Having finally seen with horrible clarity his true motives for murdering Evelyn--hatred--Hickey sinks back into illusion as he is being led off--a peculiarly modern twist on tragic anagnorisis:

I remember I heard myself speaking to her, as if it was something I'd always wanted to say: "Well, you know what you can do with your pipe dream
now, you damned bitch!" He stops with a horrified start, as if shocked out of a nightmare, as if he couldn't believe he heard what he had just said. He stammers: No! I never--I . . . Bursts into frantic denial: No! That's a lie! I never said--! Good God, I couldn't have said that! If I did, I'd gone insane! (Iceman 242-243)

In a recent study, Michael Manheim finds Hickey to be a "tragic hero" who takes full responsibility for his crime for the remainder of the play (Manheim 155). Though I do not agree that Hickey retains his vision of truth, I concur with Manheim's assessment of the dramatic effect of Hickey's moment of anagnorisis. Clearly, Barton did not convey the complicated extremes inherent in a part that possibly only one actor per generation can play successfully to its tragic limits.

Proving clear biographical or real-life sources for the play's setting and characters ultimately becomes problematic. The locale of the play, the "dump," as O'Neill calls it in a letter to Kenneth Macgowan, "is no one place but a composite of three in which I once hung out" (Bryer 255). Similarly, the characters are reminiscent of O'Neill's old friends—the anarchist Hippolyte Havel becomes Hugo Kalmar, for one. According to O'Neill (in the same letter), they are finally all composites: "None is an exact portrait of any one" (256); and as for Hickey, "He's the most imaginary character in the play" (258). Thematically, these characters in the ensemble are important because they indicate, paradoxically, the "deep inner contentment of the bottom" (257), the fact that "there is always one dream left, one final dream, no matter how low you have fallen, down there at the bottom of the bottle" (O'Neill 3). O'Neill is emphatic about the function of their pipe dreams: "They must tell these lies as a first step in taking up life again" (Bryer 257). They all cling to their life-saving dreams, but only Hickey journeys into the realm of tragic vision: he is the source of the play's "horrible contrast and tension" (Bryer 257). Larry alone is left with a clear vision of the truth, but his growth of knowledge leads him surely on a hermeneutic spiral toward death. O'Neill carefully plots his characters' relationships toward truth and illusion, taking the play away from melodrama and realism and toward high tragedy.

The 1946 production of The Iceman Cometh had a tremendous impact on the reception of the play, since publication was held back until the opening performance. (In essence, O'Neill's script was damned with faint praise until Quintero's revival in 1956.) Even enthusiastic reviewers like Richard Watts of the New York Post and Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times felt compelled to admit that the play was too long and repetitive. Seven of eleven major daily reviewers firmly approved of the production, but only four felt as strongly about the script. Sterling North in the New York Post was the play's sharpest critic: "action draggeth, dialogue reeketh, play stinketh" (Miller 343). Few disputed his contention about its length, but most critics agreed with William Hawkins that "O'Neill has the greatest compassion for people's littleness and frailty" and that O'Neill "had chosen a canvas of heroic size for a universal idea" (Hawkins 316). The year of 1946 ended leaving in its wake the critical estimation that O'Neill's return to the Broadway stage was very nearly a complete success. Very nearly, but not quite.

Just working reasonably well is not what The Iceman Cometh is capable of, as Jose Quintero's 1956 Circle in the Square production demonstrated, running for 565 performances. Quintero showed conclusively that more than a strong ensemble is needed to convey the tragic vision in the play. Jason Robards, Jr. made his name in the starring role of Hickey, playing him as a man growing ever more fully aware of his guilt and expressing that guilt subtextually throughout the play. Instead of giving us a slick salesman who "misleads" his audience before "exploding" the secret melodramatically at the end, as Eric Bentley suggests (Bentley 242), Robards played Hickey as a man on a tortured journey toward a revelation of truth. Played this way, The Iceman Cometh is neither melodramatic nor static. Quintero had planned to use Robards as Jimmy Tomorrow, but changed his mind when Robards persisted in being
auditioned as Hickey:

He kept on with the speech [Hickey's fourth-act monologue], and I sat there watching him gouge his eyes out and tear the very flesh from his bones. His arms stretched out, begging for the crucifixion. Rivers of sweat distorting all his features. But driving his points cleanly, with the precision and clarity of the mad, of the holy, of the devil. (Quintero 168-169)

Showing how the comic mask and tragic vision merge, Quintero further describes Robards' technique in delivering Hickey's speech about destroying Evelyn's picture: "'I tore it up afterwards.' The beginning of a smile pulled the muscles of his face upward as he said, still staring at me, 'I didn't need it anymore'" (169). Robards, in short, did the work the play demands of Hickey: to seek the horrible truth of his existence and state it fully. Though he returns to illusion, he completes a hermeneutic circle on the plane of tragic awareness--unlike his friends. The circle of meaning cannot be imparted without the right Hickey; otherwise the plot is static--a lyric on the pipe dreams of bums. Hence the accuracy of O'Neill's comment that the play "has no plot in the ordinary sense, I didn't need a plot; the people are enough" (Sheaffer 568), since the movement toward meaning in the play comes from Hickey's and Larry's moments of recognition. In contrast to the monotonous delivery of James Barton, Robards' "heartiness, his aura of good fellowship, give the character an evil mischief it did not have before" (Atkinson 38). Robards' stunning achievement in the role made the 1956 production a success and led scholars and daily reviewers to reevaluate the play.

Hickey is now acknowledged as one of the most prodigious roles in American drama, a role I would claim is genuinely tragic. Eric Bentley's most serious charge against the play's structure is that O'Neill unwittingly placed Larry, not Hickey, at the center of the action: "Once the diffuse speeches are trimmed and the minor characters are reduced to truly minor proportions, Larry is revealed as the center of the play and the audience can watch the two stories being played out before him" (Bentley 237). His view is shared by critics who admire the play, like Doris Falk, and it is true that the play ends with Larry facing the truth Hickey finally cannot face. Larry, too, shares in Hickey's crime of murdering through hatred, and undergoes more briefly the same psychological torment. O'Neill himself refers to "the tension of Larry's waiting for the sound of Parritt hurtling down to the back-yard, and the agony he goes through" (Bryer 257). Larry repeats Hickey's crime as Hickey repeated Parritt's, all part of the same circle of revenge and hatred as human motivations. Yet each time, the criminal gains more knowledge. Parritt commits suicide, Hickey lapses back into illusion, but Larry comes away with firm insight: "Be God, I'm the only real convert to death Hickey made here. From the bottom of my coward's heart I mean that now." This anagnorisis emerges in a short speech that calls for the actor to convey "horrified pity," "bitter self-derision," and "intense bitter sincerity," culminating with a "sardonic grin" (Iceman 258). An ineffective Hickey would indeed throw more of the play's burden on Larry, but Larry's role is more that of chorus leader than tragic protagonist, one who receives Hickey's dark wisdom without having had to take Hickey's journey. If we cut the ensemble's lines in accordance with Bentley's suggestions, we lose part of the play's theme--that life in the "Bottom of the Sea Rathskeller" is cheerful and, finally, life-nourishing. Their experience corroborates O'Neill's theme that man cannot live without illusions since the truth is too horrible to face. We as an audience part company with the ensemble when they attribute to Hickey a madness he does not have. Parritt, Hickey, and Larry cannot permit the audience to leave the theater believing in the facile conclusions of Harry Hope's patrons, who "are comic, since they live in a world of befuddled fantasy and talk too big to compensate for the puniness of their spirits" (Atkinson 38). Their job is simply to convey the viability of those who fully embrace their illusions. Quintero's ensemble was well choreographed, the most successful of the three in revealing the comic vision inherent in the play.
Where the 1946 production had a strong ensemble and a weak Hickey, and the 1956 production had strength in both, the 1973 revival that opened at the Circle in the Square Theatre on December 13, 1973, had a strong lead in James Earl Jones but a weak ensemble. This production was heavily cut in the ensemble parts, and was only a partial success, running 85 performances. Where the 1956 production took place in an intimate arena setting, which greatly helped the audience to feel kinship with the ensemble members, this production was staged in a larger, more remote, thrust configuration.

Intellectually, if you have heard one pipe dream, you have heard them all; but O'Neill wants, I believe, to bury his cast and audience in an avalanche of pipe dream speeches. Cut those speeches, and you cut down the size of the canvas O'Neill works with. Like a Breughel painting, this play is a cityscape—or barscape—filled with clearly delineated, somewhat grotesque characters involved in their daily routine. Individually, they do not amount to much, but collectively they fill up the canvas. In what he called "a big kind of comedy that doesn't stay funny long," O'Neill examines their human foibles, but his view of humanity is compassionate, seeing life here as "a sort of unfair non sequitur, as though events, as though life, were being manipulated just to confuse us" (Gelb 871). Compare O'Neill's compassion with Edwin Wilson's account of the perfunctory, mechanical choreography of the ensemble in the 1973 production: "All clink their glasses on the table on cue or murmur together on cue, as if in a musical chorus" (Wilson 8). This business distances the audience from the ensemble members with whom they should become more emotionally involved as the play proceeds. Theodore Mann, the director, evidently staged the play as a star turn for Jones, a limiting approach to the play that resulted in its limited success.

Jones was, inevitably, compared to Robards in the role, and he received unfavorable reviews for the most part. No one questioned his ability as an actor or his stage presence, but most had reservations about his interpretation of Hickey. Richard Watts of the New York Post speaks for the majority of daily reviewers: "Jones is one of the ablest actors in America, but Hickey isn't one of his best performances. I thought he lacked the menace behind the surface geniality that made Jason Robards so memorable in the role" (Watts 148). Another critic, T. E. Kalem of Time, felt that Jones strayed from the play's theme of truth versus illusion: "James Earl Jones' Hickey is overwrought, a maniac-morose evangelist given to fits of hysterical joviality" (Kalem 57). In playing Hickey as psychologically impaired, Jones recalls the pre-1956 interpretations of Hickey as a madman proposed by critics like Bentley and Mary McCarthy. In this least favorably received of the three productions, the main fault would seem to lie more with overall directorial interpretation than with Jones' ability. Interestingly, criticism of this production in the dailies was of a much higher order than that of the 1946 production, partly because O'Neill's play had generally achieved the status of a masterpiece. None of eight major New York daily reviewers denied the power of O'Neill's play this time, though two, including Martin Gottfried, decried its "lack of organization" (Gottfried 149). By contrast, seven of eleven 1946 daily reviewers had had serious reservations about O'Neill's text, three of them—Kronenberger of PM, Sterling North of the New York Post, and Robert Garland of the New York Journal American—panning it entirely. By 1973 O'Neill's play had gained enough of a reputation as a classic to survive even a mediocre production.

The successful production of The Iceman Cometh in 1956 had several results, such as paving the way for Long Day's Journey Into Night on Broadway later in the year. But mainly, it was a pivotal event in the scholarly revaluation of the play itself. The critical view of Iceman as static and melodramatic, shared by Bentley, Doris Alexander, and McCarthy, came to be replaced by more profound critical estimations of the play's worth. Cyrus Day would revise its stature in American drama by placing it and the main character Hickey above Miller's Death of a Salesman and Willy Loman: "Loman is adrift in contemporary American society; Hickey is adrift in the universe.
The difference is a measure of the difference between O'Neill's aims and the aims of almost all other modern dramatists" (Day 9). Doris Falk sees existential themes in the play and puts Larry at its center: "His is the problem of projecting value in a world devoid of absolutes--the 'existential' dilemma" (Falk 163). By the early and mid-1960's, Clifford Leech and Robert Wright could compare O'Neill's play favorably to Sophocles' Oedipus Rex and Shakespeare's Othello, Leech saying, "In The Iceman Cometh O'Neill was to devote a whole play to the terror of self-recognition" (Leech 340). The very word "melodrama" has slipped out of currency in recent assessments of the play, while "tragedy" has grown more and more dominant. The critical debate over the play's meaning indicates its hermeneutic complexity, particularly in terms of the theme of recognizing truth and illusion.

Perhaps Harold Clurman's experience with these three productions can stand as a barometer of the play's reception. Upon seeing it in 1946, Clurman rejected its "callow pessimism" (Clurman 29). In 1956, he reported being "absorbed" by the production, with all his philosophical disagreements with the play suspended. And after seeing the 1973 production, Clurman felt that final pronouncements on the play's themes had better be avoided, favoring instead a study of the play's "peculiar ambiguity," which is illustrated by the ribald joke in the title and the inverted symbolism of Hickey as Savior.

The most recent full-scale British production of the play, at the Cottesloe Theatre in London in 1980, received mixed reviews. John Russell Taylor felt let down by the production and remained skeptical of the script's quality, but Harold Hobson spoke of the performance in superlatives: "I defy anybody to see Bryden's production of this play without coming out of the theatre refreshed, strengthened, and filled with a deep sense of the huge tragic significance of life" (Hobson 35).

Since roughly thirty years have passed since its last great success in New York, The Iceman Cometh deserves its full-scale revival in 1985. Even though the play is a proven success and a proven American tragedy, putting on The Iceman Cometh is still a challenge to the capabilities of the American theatre.

--William Hawley

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CHIPPING AT THE ICEMAN: THE TEXT AND THE 1946 THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION

From that moment in October of 1939, when Eugene O'Neill completed his second draft of *The Iceman Cometh*, with Carlotta patiently typing from her husband's long-hand script, only his most intimate associates—including Kenneth Macgowan and George Jean Nathan—were allowed to read it. When O'Neill first offered to send a copy to Macgowan, he informed him that, due to its unusual length, it would require "close to three hours concentration" (Bryer 254). After having read the script, Macgowan's critical response to its length foreshadowed the fierce controversy that would rage during rehearsals six years later. O'Neill challenged his friend's suggestions for the improvement of *Iceman*:

"I'm sure I won't agree with you on the advisability of any drastic condensation of the first part.... I couldn't condense much without taking a lot of life from some of these people and reducing them to lay figures. ... it would be a loss to me to sacrifice anything of the complete life for the sake of stage and audience." (Bryer 256-257)

O'Neill believed he was left with no alternative but to stand by his play—length and all. In the midst of the current rehearsal setting, begun in May of 1946 at the Martin Beck Theatre in New York City, and the reality of a seriously over-long production, the Theatre Guild, under the supervision of Lawrence Langner, Theresa Helburn and Armina Marshall, challenged the playwright's stubborn hold on textual matters and won.

Six months before rehearsals had started, a press release from the Guild announced that Random House publishers "have had a script of *The Iceman Cometh* locked in their safe for many months. Not even employees were allowed to see it." The notoriety was deliberately tinged with mystery, of course, and would certainly benefit the forthcoming production. While the play was in rehearsal, a complete text, as O'Neill had written it, was published by Random House—a practice that was not unusual for this playwright since his plays often became best-sellers prior to their performance. As one opening-night critic remarked, there were "only two living dramatists whose work could be published simultaneously with its stage production: O'Neill and Shaw" (Phelan 44). (Prior to its premiere, Random House reported an advance sale of more than 23,000 copies of the play.) It was the kind of publicity that would appeal to Guild audiences, above all.

Following a tradition established in earlier Guild productions of certain O'Neill plays, *The Iceman Cometh* would be performed with a dinner intermission. (The Act One curtain ascended at 5:30 p.m. A one-hour-and-fifteen-minute dinner intermission followed. Act Two began at 8:00 p.m., followed by a ten-minute intermission. A second ten-minute intermission would also divide Acts Three and Four.) Unlike the earlier Guild productions of O'Neill, *Iceman* posed a different kind of problem: it resounded with repetitive dialogue and situations which O'Neill insisted throughout rehearsals were essential to the total effect of his play. At one rehearsal, Langner reportedly checked the script to discover that a particular sentiment was expressed eighteen times. When he pointed this out, O'Neill replied that "he intended it to be repeated eighteen times!" (Sheaffer 572) Previously Langner had indicated, quite explicitly, those lines he wanted O'Neill to cut, acknowledging that the playwright had already done "a great deal of cutting prior to going into rehearsal" (Langner 405). But on the front of Langner's rehearsal copy, in which those previously suggested cuts were indicated, O'Neill simply wrote: "To hell with your cuts" (Langner 406), and signed his initials. It was unavoidable that Langner should experience a conflict in loyalties out of his long association with O'Neill and in respect of director Eddie Dowling's request for some judicious trimming of the script.

After an extended rehearsal period marked by covert disagreements between
Dowling and the playwright, the play opened on October 9, 1946, with the following major deletions. In Act One: Larry Slade's description of the inhabitants of Harry Hope's saloon which includes such specifics as when Cecil Lewis and Piet Wetjoen came to the United States and how they met; Joe Mott's previous occupation; how the saloon manages to keep open in spite of Harry's parasitic patrons (Iceman 35-36). Much of this information is repeated later in the play by the characters themselves. Willie Oban's dialogue, in which he discusses the origin of the bawdy song he sings, is cut (56); another cut, in which Willie pretends to be representing Pat McGloin in a suit for reinstatement on the police force (57), decreases the importance of Willie in this act. Also deleted is Hickey's description of his youth in Indiana (81).

In Act Two: The dialogue between Chuck Morello and Cora, in which they discuss their plans to marry and their resentment of Hickey, is cut (98-99), as is an argument between Larry and the two girls, Margie and Pearl (105-106). Don Parritt's description of his mother's attitude toward Larry and the Movement (124-125) and his reasons for betraying his mother (127-128) are cut, along with Hickey's reminiscence about his early experiences as a salesman (147).

In Act Three: The longest single cut of this act is Willie's conversation with Parritt, in which he offers Parritt legal assistance (179-182). Also cut is Hickey's explanation of his lack of surprise at his comrades' unwillingness to kill their pipe dreams (198). Finally, Hugo Kalmar's feelings about the proletariat (200-201) are cut. These, of course, were repetitive of lines spoken earlier. In the Guild production, however, the order of the final speeches was reversed to give Hugo, instead of Hickey, the final speech in which he expresses sentiments similar to those in the deleted dialogue (206-207).

In Act Four: The dialogue of Lewis, Wetjoen, Joe, Ed Mosher and McGloin, in which each describes what befell him after he left the saloon, is cut (252-254), as is the return of Margie and Pearl from Coney Island (255-257). In the published text, their return provided a certain completion to the circular movement of the play and allows all the attendants of Harry Hope's establishment to be gathered onstage before the final curtain. Jeanne Cagney, who portrayed Margie, has explained the situation:

At dress rehearsal the executives of the Theatre Guild prevailed on Mr. O'Neill to cut the scene of the return of the girls from "Coney." Langner, Helburn and Marshall felt that the show was running too long. Mr. O'Neill was very unhappy about it--so was I (naturally--it was my best scene and I felt an important one to the show to round it out). I went to Mr. O'Neill to say that "I was sorry"--and he said--(and I think this is interesting) "Yes, Jeannie, when you cut lines--they bleed to death." (unpublished letter)

The blatantly deleted scene reflected the occasional desperate choices which were made to control the unwieldy length of the production.

Some of the more minor modifications which occurred during rehearsals--perhaps not intended to affect the length of the play--also reflected a careful design. For example, numerous references to Rocky as "pimp" were deleted. These had less to do with censorship than mere overstatement of what was already apparent in Rocky's relationship with Pearl and Margie.

Guild censorship did influence Parritt's frequent use of the word "whore," which was either deleted entirely or replaced with "slut" or "tart." Similarly, "whorehouse" was replaced with "hooker shop." Only in one of Parritt's final statements--late in Act Four--was the original use of "bitch" replaced with "whore," and appropriately so, since it precipitated his climactic exit from the action on stage. Only one reviewer found such dialogue "unnecessarily profane." (Allen 47)
Many of Larry's exceedingly maudlin comments about death, sleep, and tomorrow—although in keeping with his philosophizing manner—were radically trimmed, especially in the unusually lengthy and static first act. Furthermore, all of his references to the Movement, along with Parritt's, were replaced with the word "cause." This imparted a certain anonymity to the specific political philosophy under attack. Rocky's scattered references to Joe as "nigger" were consistently deleted or, in one case, changed to "coon." The alteration no doubt reflected the wishes of Dowling and the Guild. Less provocative, however, was Hope's echoing exclamation, "bejees," which was either extended to "bejeeses" or deleted altogether. Some modifications—seemingly insignificant—reflected newer textual innuendoes. Early in Act One, for example, Joe awakens and says, "I was dreamin' Hickey come in de door" (18). The modified version—"I was dreamin' he come in de door"—evoked a certain mystery in the unnamed reference and suggested a symbolic dimension to Hickey's yet undefined role in the play.

Rocky's reference early in Act Three to Larry's preoccupation with death—"if yuh was so anxious to croak, why wouldn't yuh hop off your fire escape long ago?" (158)—was an all too powerful foreshadowing that Dowling quite smartly excised. Similar cutting greeted Hope's lengthy plea to the two police detectives, Moran and Lieb, late in Act Four, in which he admitted that Hickey "was nutty the minute he showed up here!" (244) Here Dowling deliberately heightened the effect of Hickey's story—and possible insanity—with an appropriate touch of ambiguity in what was left unspoken. Dowling was keenly sensitive to the playwright's excessive wordiness and tendency to give too much away.

Finally, specific modifications adjusted O'Neill's original to the physical attributes of the assembled cast: that Cora would be referred to as a "redhead" when it was decided, late in rehearsals, that Marcella Markham, the actress who portrayed her, would be allowed to display her own naturally red hair. (The "blonde" of the original text was therefore cut.) Rocky would also point Hickey out to the detectives as "de guy sittin' alone," rather than "de fat guy sittin' alone" (231). In his original concept of Hickey, O'Neill had imagined a physically rounder character than the actor (James Barton) chosen to play the part.

The following chart lists the characters in speaking order and includes the number of individual modifications (deletions, substitutions and additions) which were introduced to each of the four acts of O'Neill's original text shortly before and during the rehearsal of the play. An individual modification represents a single word, a sentence, a block of dialogue, or an entire scene:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Act I</th>
<th>Act II</th>
<th>Act III</th>
<th>Act IV</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rocky</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>49</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hugo</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willie</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe</td>
<td>11</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parritt</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wetjoen</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
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<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGloin</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mosher</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjoe</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pearl</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cora</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chuck</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hickey</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moran</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieb</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>178</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>417</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The chart indicates that the greatest number of modifications was introduced for Hickey—the longest role of the entire play. Early in rehearsals Barton briefly discussed his role and revealed that O'Neill had trimmed "only about forty words" (WT) from Hickey's long fourth-act monologue. It was true that Hickey's entire speech, which lasted some sixteen minutes in actual performance time, survived basically intact. The date of the press item would also suggest that the minor deletions had occurred in the first few days of rehearsals or perhaps even earlier. Barton made no reference to the other lines he spoke in the play, and in no other interview did he allude to possible changes in the original text. In spite of the many alterations which occurred, such discussions were either minimized or carefully avoided with the press. Barton, as one of the play's leading actors, handled the controversial matter with quiet caution.

Just days before the opening performance, however, a reporter for the New York Times wrote that "they had been having a little difficulty with the last act. He [O'Neill] thought he could do a little judicious pruning and straighten things out" (Schriftgreisser 1). The excessive length of the production could have caused the axe to fall on any one of several moments in Act Four, but it was entirely possible that the scene of Margie and Pearl's return was the target of the author's "judicious pruning."

Dowling understood that the uncut version of Iceman, in the edition published by Random House, was the text O'Neill wrote and wanted played. Although he knew that the imminent production modified the published text considerably, he persisted in announcing that The Iceman Cometh would be "played as O'Neill wrote it" (Morehouse). During the long rehearsal period, he was determined to present a positive picture to the press of all professional matters leading up to the opening performance, despite the fact that O'Neill had disagreed with so many of his directorial choices. (In an unpublished letter, dated September 2, 1969, Dowling recalled: "With Eugene O'Neill's OK, I made many cuts," then refused to comment further. Whether he was referring to his earliest association with the script and those changes which evolved before it reached the actors, or simply to those changes which were introduced during rehearsal, was a matter he chose not to clarify.)

Langner has described, somewhat diplomatically, his acceptance of the situation:

Before the play opened, I told O'Neill it would be exactly the way he wanted it, even though I felt it was overwritten. On the night after the play opened, I went to his home and told him I thought the play was a great success but that it would never be cut down to the right dimensions till after his death. (Langner 406)

In his own copy of the play, Langner had also recorded the running time of the four acts, as the play was originally produced. The first act timed at one hour and eleven minutes; the second at 45 minutes; the third at 45 minutes; the fourth at 44 1/2 minutes. The notation included the date—October 18, 1946—and closed with Langner's signature. (During rehearsals the playwright once pulled aside actor Tom Pedi—who originated the role of Rocky—and confided that an early draft of the play read at "ten hours." In his opening-night review, critic Kelcey Allen noted: "The first act is an hour and fifteen minutes, the fourth act, about an hour.") (Allen 47)

Even after the play had officially opened, its length continued to plague the Theatre Guild. Within two weeks, as reviews continued to appear, O'Neill's newest play quickly established itself as a controversial theatrical event. Nevertheless, before the end of October, the Guild sent the following release—dated October 25, 1946—to its subscribers:

Taking advantage of two weeks of performances, the playing time of Eugene O'Neill's The Iceman Cometh has been reduced fifteen minutes. As a result the Theatre Guild has increased the intermission time to one hour and a
half, thus giving diners the additional fifteen minutes. Henceforth, the intermission will be from 6:45 to 8:15 p.m.

However, when it was discovered that some audience members were not returning after the dinner intermission, Dowling and Langner discussed the possibility of performing the play without a dinner break. In a letter to Langner, dated October 31, 1946, Dowling suggested "getting 'The Iceman' started at 7 p.m. and running right through. It will make a great difference, I bet. I never wanted the early hour, as you know. We can make the New York run a much longer one, by this simple change" (Unpublished letter). So another Guild press release indicated that, commencing Sunday, November 17th, The Iceman Cometh would begin at 7:30 p.m. and end at approximately 11:20 p.m. (The official Theatre Guild subscription period terminated on Saturday, November 16th. The play would also be performed from Tuesday through Sunday, with the elimination of the Monday performance.) This release, announcing the termination of the problematical dinner intermission, included a statement by the playwright himself:

I wish to inform the public that I personally guarantee them that the play remains exactly the same as on opening night. Not a single cut has been made in The Iceman.... Present conditions, which made it most difficult for patrons to take advantage of the dinner intermissions, together with the fact that the performances have speeded up fifteen minutes influenced the change to the new 7:30 curtain time.

Although O'Neill assured his public that it was seeing the same production which opened on October 9th, certain adjustments in dialogue and staging had been unsuccessfully attempted, and without his approval. Suspecting that the Guild might tamper with the text once the production had opened, O'Neill sent his wife Carlotta to station herself unobtrusively backstage where she could hear everything and check the performance against the script. On learning that stage manager [sic] Karl Nielsen had told the two detectives to delay their entrance till just before the climax of Hickey's confession, O'Neill warned the Guild that he had the right to close the play unless his stage directions were strictly adhered to; and thereafter, though he had formerly been kindly disposed toward Nielsen, he never spoke to him again. (Sheaffer 590)

Shortly into its run, casting director Sherlee Lenth was approached by the Guild and asked to make certain cuts in the play. Having worked so closely with O'Neill in preparing the rehearsal scripts, she was thoroughly acquainted with the text. Shocked by their request, she refused to comply. "Not a line was cut, and the blocking remained the same," insists Markham. Pedi has reaffirmed that "nothing was deleted from the script when we cut out the dinner hour to a complete run of the play."

The Iceman Cometh was staged by the Guild for fifty thousand dollars. It played six nightly performances each week--Monday through Saturday, replaced by a Tuesday through Sunday schedule as of November 17, 1946. (On March 5, 1947, an item in Variety reported that the Guild originally "proposed to play [it] eight times a week but that was before O'Neill refused to condense the script.") Its New York run terminated on March 15, 1947, after playing 136 performances.

Except for Carlotta's unscheduled backstage visits from time to time, O'Neill himself never returned to the Martin Beck Theatre. His final view of the Martin Beck stage occurred on the afternoon of the opening, when he stood in the backstage wing as the curtain ascended on the Robert Edmond Jones set to a healthy burst of applause. He turned and quietly exited through the backstage door. Langner has offered some final comment on the enterprise:
As it was, *The Iceman Cometh* had a considerable run, and one which I think would have been much longer had not James Barton developed a case of laryngitis, so that it became increasingly difficult to hear him during the latter part of the play. As he had the so-called "run-of-the-play" contract, which required him to continue in the play either in New York or on the road, we finally arranged to have him leave after the New York run, when the part was excellently played by E. G. Marshall. [Marshall originated the role of Willie Oban and covered for Barton during the New York run.] As we had to continue to pay Mr. Barton's salary under our contract with him, this placed a heavy financial burden on the undertaking. However, while this experience was unfortunate, it was nevertheless not such as to affect the magnificent quality of the play and the high place it occupies in the catalog of O'Neill's work. (Langner 406-407)

O'Neill's professional association with the Guild still continued. On February 20, 1947, while *Iceman* continued its engagement in New York City, *A Moon for the Misbegotten* opened in Columbus, Ohio, where it would begin a road tour before reaching New York City. The play closed in St. Louis, however, in the midst of a strong censorship controversy. O'Neill's disintegrating health finally prevented his becoming involved with this or any other play. (A Touch of the Poet was also on Langner's list for future production.)

"I don't believe I could live through a production of a new play right now," (Langner 409) he told Langner. But Langner insisted he would do everything to facilitate any up-coming production, reminding the ailing playwright of the measures taken to produce *Iceman*. Once again, Langner assured him, he would be given last word on the production. "No, that's my last word on the subject." (Langner 409) O'Neill responded and, as if he had some grasp on the fatal consequence of his present condition, unofficially closed his professional association with the Guild.

--Gary Vena

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RECREATING A MYTH: THE ICEMAN COMETH IN WASHINGTON, 1985

Unnoticed by the audience, José Quintero left during the third act of The Iceman Cometh's Saturday night opening and quietly conferred with an associate in a corner of the Kennedy Center's lobby. He looked tired, burdened, his tall, robust frame hunched over with concern. At the Tuesday preview he had seemed more confident and relaxed and had used the play's three intermissions to meditate while strolling outdoors on the Center's Potomac promenade where the river's breeze was comforting and soothed him as he considered the remaining brushstrokes to apply while completing the pictorial canvas of O'Neill's playwriting masterpiece. Saturday night, however, his work was completed. The forces which had compelled him to take on O'Neill's purgatory of tortured souls had once again been met. Undistracted, he could now feel the weight of the week's pressure.

Ironically, the opening of The Iceman Cometh almost thirty years before had been easier because there were no myths to be challenged. In 1956 O'Neill was considered a has-been and Quintero's reputation as the definitive director of O'Neill's works was yet to be established. In the fifties Quintero could still drink his anxieties away safely. The maelstrom years of his alcoholism were ahead of him. His successful struggle with recovery and sobriety was unimaginable.

On that August evening in 1985 Quintero met the awesome task sober. Night after night he had sat watching a barroom full of middle class derelicts happily drowning their memories and had survived. In redoing The Iceman Cometh, Quintero had chosen to place personal as well as professional demands on himself. He was not just reweaving an historic production; he was working with material that placed incessant
Quintero's conscious focus, however, was not on his alcoholism: it was on the awesome task of attempting to recreate an American Theatrical Myth.

Quintero has been evading queries regarding his interpretation of Iceman in the current production, fearing the inevitable comparisons which will be made to the legendary original. The Washington reviews have been rapturous, insuring the show's transfer to New York when it closes on September 14th. Quintero looks upon this initial success with caution. The critical climate in Washington could be mercurial, a deceptive calm before a potential tempest. Although he has directed many celebrated O'Neill revivals (A Touch of the Poet, A Moon for the Misbegotten, Hughie), he is well aware that in New York he will face an audience with expectations deeply influenced by his past success with the same play. New York's recollections of the '56 Iceman are vivid.

Quintero is not the only one connected with ANT's Iceman who is haunted with memories of the Circle in the Square production. The current work brings together many of the original artists who made the Circle's production so remarkable. Jason Robards recreates the character of Theodore Hickman (Hickey), the role which catapulted his acting career. Actor James Greene reappears as the mournful Jimmy Tomorrow. Roger Stevens, artistic director of the Kennedy Center and one of the original production's backers, is the reason why the 1985 production is being sheltered by ANT.

On the day the unanimously favorable Washington reviews came out, Jason Robards and James Greene were in the Kennedy Center's green room candidly reminiscing with me about the 1956 production. As the interview began Peter Sellars, artistic director of ANT, passed Robards on his way backstage. He spotted Robards and called out,

Sellars: Hi, Maestro. Congratulations please. (Laughter.)

Robards: How are you.

Sellars: Great.

Robards: I only saw one ummmm thing.

Sellars: Oh, well the rest are just head over heels.

Robards: See, I figured I'd better not read any more.

Sellars: They can't help themselves. (Laughter.)

Sellars' distinctive cackle trails him as he disappears down the hall. Robards and Greene are obviously spurred by the critics' positive response and are more than delighted to talk. The two men are friends of long standing who first met at the Circle in the Square while performing there in a Quintero-directed production of American Gothic. Robards, begins the dialogue by affectionately recalling that it was Greene who had told him that Quintero was staging a revival of the 1946 Broadway failure, The Iceman Cometh. "We were all struggling actors and we all used to talk about who was doing what so we could go up and see about a job ... making the rounds." Greene had just returned from an audition at the Circle. Knowing that Robards was "between engagements," Greene insisted that he "get right over there and let José know you're available."

Quintero was interested in using Robards in the role of Willie Ohan, the alcoholic lawyer; but Robards wanted to play the pivotal character of Hickey. He had seen the '46 production and believed he could play the role. Quintero thought Robards was too young for the part but allowed him to give a reading of Hickey's
fourth-act monologue. Robards already had it memorized. He gave an audition that stunned Quintero. Robards was Hickey. Quintero took a chance and gave Robards the role despite the age discrepancy. It was a gamble that paid off. The critics were beside themselves with accolades for Robards' portrayal. Even today Robards and Hickey are synonymous.

Robards' and Greene's remembrances moved to recollections of the old Circle in the Square and its comfortable "club-like" atmosphere. In 1956 the Circle--now located at Broadway and 50th Street--was on Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village. The building it occupied was a former nightclub converted into an arena theatre. Performances at the "old Circle" took place on the club's former dance floor. Audience members would pass an aged oak bar to be seated at tiny cloth-covered tables. The first Circle in the Square was the catalyst for the off-Broadway movement. Its reputation for producing landmark revivals was interwoven with the mystique of an atmospheric and intimate performance space.

Both Greene and Robards were well aware of the pitfalls of the old Circle's aura when beginning rehearsals for the ANT production of Iceman. Greene recalls having "great qualms. I was so worried about doing this play on a proscenium stage. I just thought, 'it's not going to have the same feeling....'" Robards nodded while listening intently to Greene's comments. Finishing Greene's thoughts, Robards confessed to having trouble shaking the belief that "part of the success of doing Iceman back in '56 was doing it at the Circle. That theatre was the perfect space."

Ben Edwards had created a set for the ANT production which differed significantly from David Hays' 1956 single-room setting. Edwards saw the play as needing two distinct playing areas: the bar would be on a revolve and would disappear when scenes occurred in the saloon's back room. During rehearsal, however, Quintero decided that Edwards' idea didn't work. In Quintero's perception the play's developing conflict hinged on the relentless and claustrophobic presence of the emotionally frozen characters. After several pressured meetings a new approach was forged.

Revising the set mid-way through the production's rehearsal period was a major risk. Time was of the essence with the Washington opening looming, but to Robards and Greene the new floor plan revealed familiar home territory. Edwards' ground plan for a unit set was similar in concept to the 1956 production. A slight angle in the bar-side wall would suggest the division between both rooms. Shifts in focus between the bar and backroom would be established by subtle changes in the lighting and the stillness of non-speaking characters.

Robards' intuition is that Quintero aimed Edwards toward the recreation of an arena effect on the Eisenhower Theatre's proscenium stage. "José had a thing with that circular apron, a sort of sweep, a sort of round feeling that he wanted to establish. Don't you find, Jimmy?" Greene concurs:

In '56 we had an audience sitting around three sides. The way the tables are set up now is very similar to the way they were at the Circle. The physical relationship between the characters is duplicated. The bar seems to be in the same place. Harry is to my right. Joe Mott, the Captain and the General are to my left. It's amazing. I feel as if I'm in the same production.

Robards believes that, despite the fact that they are now playing on a proscenium stage with a much larger house, the feeling in the room is the same. Maybe it's an unconscious thing. Maybe you project if you are trying to get the message across. You do it without thinking. But the intensity is the same if you believe in the
words. You're right, Jimmy. It's just as intimate here as it was at the old Circle. I can feel those silences and the audience breathing.

Robards' and Greene's interpretation of Quintero's concept for the current *Iceman* is revealing. Their dialogue contradicts many of the Washington preview articles which portrayed Quintero as having little recollection of his original staging. In the *Washington Times* Quintero is quoted as telling reporter Hap Erstein that "the play has become a totally new experience. I found that I remember very, very little—as much as I remember of myself 30 years ago." It is apparent that Quintero is sending up smoke-screen messages for self protection. He wants the ANT production perceived as a "new" work. Perhaps it is recollections of the critics' response to the opening performance of the 1956 *Iceman* which cause Quintero to be evasive. As Greene describes it:

There was something electric about that day. It's easy to say now when you know you made history, but it was a particularly exciting theatrical experience. It was an opening matinee because the critics had deadlines to get their reviews in on time, with the length of the play (4 1/2 hours). We had played the first three acts and were coming back to take our places for Act Four in dim light. The audience burst into applause, and it was ... spontaneous, not just a few people here and there applauding and the rest picking it up. They sensed that the actors were coming back and, with a whole act to go, they were just that moved and excited by the first three acts of the play that they were honoring us even before the play was over. Jason hadn't even done his aria yet. Peter Falk, who was playing Rocky the bartender, turned to Jason and said, "don't blow it now, Jason."

Such retrospection shows why the ties which bind this particular play to the Circle in the Square are multi-woven. Quintero was a founder and former producer of the Circle. Unfortunately, discussing aspects of his years with that theatre is painful because they are bound up with his years of alcoholism. Quintero is quoted as telling Erstein, "I remember bits and pieces of myself and see myself running up and down the Circle, but I don't remember much else." Yet the same theatre enabled him to hone his directing technique because he was able to work there regularly. Quintero's time at the Circle between 1951 and 1963 solidified his reputation as one of the great directors of his generation. Still, Quintero's mastery had not been fully realized until the 1956 *Iceman* revival. The religious scope and broad thematic landscape of O'Neill's late masterwork touched Quintero almost mystically. The O'Neill play offered the challenge of orchestrating clashing themes sung out by endearing, yet tortured characters, most of whom were alcoholic. Because Quintero shared the same agony, he well understood the characters' anguish and spiritual conflict. O'Neill's stylistic and self-conscious mix of expressionism and realism perfectly suited Quintero's directorial approach, which was deeply personal and idiosyncratic.

Robards relishes describing Quintero's directing and notes ways he leaves his signature on the current production:

José's staging is very formal in a strange way. It's very stylized. Characters stop and listen to each other and don't move when the other guy is talking. José does all the good things that are missing in today's theatre. The production's not fast-paced or busy. It's clear. José said, "It's got to be clean, clear. I don't want a lot of extraneous motion." It's hard to keep a big company like that together.

Greene elaborates:

It's particularly tricky after Hickey's final Act Four exit because we're coming out of our stupor. We're starting to party again, yet we are
constantly interrupted by what is happening stage-left between Larry and Parritt. We have to wait each time they have an exchange. Then we go back to moments of joviality to be interrupted again. It's impossible to do it totally naturalistically and there's no reason that it should be done that way.

Greene muses about the fact that Quintero has refused to cut the play, noting that the '46 Broadway premiere failed because O'Neill's script was so severely pruned:

José is just as interested in the silences in a play as he is in the dialogue. He thinks that there is life there on stage and life within a play even when somebody isn't speaking. And he has the courage to just slow down with everything. Very few directors would take the time that José allows the actors to take in Act One.

Both Robards and Greene concur that the ANT version recreates many of the visual images Quintero had used in the 1956 production. Robards recalls that Quintero had had "that serpentine table" arranged in the same manner. The Washington critics called it "the Last Supper," but Greene denies that Quintero's intentions were overtly religious: "I don't think José ever thought about the last supper." Robards agrees: "No, no, never. Nor the Pietà when Colleen and I did A Moon for the Misbegotten. José says he never thought of it. Everybody said, 'look at this.' José said, 'They're reading all this stuff into it ... me, a failed Catholic.'"

Robards warms to the subject of symbolism and relates what he calls "the religious vein" apparent in Quintero's work to O'Neill's depiction of Hickey. Because he is the son of a "preacher, a salvationist," and is also a salesman, Robards thinks Hickey's approach to life is colored with religious motives. He notes that Hickey uses phrases such as "brother and sister" when speaking with his barroom cronies. In referring to Hickey's manner the characters say, "listen to him whoopin' up all that hell fire." Robards concludes that the religious imagery is inherent in the text and that Quintero is simply responding to what is already present: "José doesn't feel those things consciously. But, in a way, I suppose we've thought of all these things."

Discussion about artistic intentions triggers a memory in Robards, who suddenly exclaims, "What is it about this play? It's something Peter [Sellars] said the other night which I'd never thought about. Is this play subconsciously or unconsciously about alcoholism? What do you think?" Greene is surprised: "I never thought so." "I agree," says Robards, but Peter thinks this is a play about alcohol. Now he wants to do plays about all of the American problems. Next season he wants to do a play about abortion, then he wants to do a play about suicide. But I don't know. That's why I mentioned it. I felt very funny the other night when he brought the subject up. I don't know if he believes it. But I've been thinking about it since then. I've been thinking about it my whole day off.

Settling the issue seems crucial to Robards' peace of mind. Quintero had not been alone in his alcoholism: Robards was once violently ill from the same addiction, and Greene had witnessed the worst of their drinking. Quintero's health was ravaged from alcohol abuse; Robards almost died in an alcohol-related automobile accident. Some ten years ago Quintero and Robards fought and won the battle to stay sober. Since that time they have publicly discussed their problem.

In the hopes of preventing others from suffering the same torment, Robards has
been working with alcoholics through a recovery program at the Mayo Clinic. He appears there regularly to discuss his fight with alcohol. Because the character of Hickey is also alcoholic, Robards often uses Hickey's fourth-act monologue to demonstrate two signs of alcoholism, enablement and denial. The piece shows that Hickey's wife Evelyn encourages his drinking by continuing to forgive his behavior. The result is that Hickey, who already despises himself for his weakness, begins to hate his wife.

But Robards doesn't want the public's knowledge of his addiction to overshadow the significance of the Iceman event. He looks to Greene for help in articulating his conflict:

When Peter brought the whole subject up, I thought, I don't play the monologue that way when I'm performing. I never think of it as a teaching tool when I'm doing Iceman. When you have to go out alone and begin it, then it's a teaching tool. This play isn't about alcohol. Is it about alcohol? I always thought the play was about dreams and reality. I don't want to make that statement. Is O'Neill making that statement?

Greene considers Robards' reasoning: "Only the sober people die. You and Parritt." Robards appears pained: "Is that what O'Neill's saying? You've got to be drunk to live? Is that it?"

They begin to reconsider the play, noting the ramifications of seeing it as a single-issue piece. Greene, who is not an alcoholic, tries to reassure Robards, saying he believes there are many ideas and issues in the play which place O'Neill's work on a grander, broader scale. After considering Greene's comments, Robards begins to relax. The conversation then turns to the more immediate implications of Iceman's coming transfer to New York.

Robards and Greene are well aware that last year's Broadway season had been disappointing. The major event was British—the Royal Shakespeare Company's Cyrano de Bergerac and Much Ado About Nothing. It was not a season marked by great breakthroughs in American playwriting or staging. Iceman's arrival means both—a distinctive style of production coupled with a playwright of grand schemes.

The '46 Iceman's premiere was a failure; the '56 Iceman was an off-Broadway production; and its only other Broadway production was a brief run at the uptown Circle in the Square in '73 which starred James Earl Jones as Hickey. The fact that we have had so little opportunity to see one of America's greatest plays showcased in the most public theatrical platform in the country is revealing.

The play boasts a cast of 19 characters. The size is unusual. Unlike the average Broadway musical, most modern American dramas have much smaller casts, predominantly for financial reasons. Musicals tend to be more heavily attended than dramas, making it economically feasible to support a larger company. Having fewer characters, however, means having fewer philosophical points of view. Robards' fear of a one-issue play becomes more pressing. A grand range of characters, whose themes are orchestrated by a "maestro" such as Quintero, are impossible in a small show. In recent years Broadway theatre has been missing the kind of drama which reaches toward an operatic grandeur and speaks to our complex and diverse social structure and values.

There is no exclusive theatre on Broadway besides the Circle in the Square which attempts regularly to revive American classics. Regional non-profit institutions such as the American National Theater, however, regularly afford Americans the chance to see revivals and to appreciate their own dramatic heritage. The next generation of American playwrights needs the living example of its forebears if it is to continue to mature and replenish its cultural heritage. Broadway is the most
critically scrutinized and attended theatrical arena in the country. It is still the nation's theatrical crossroads, the key to sustaining that process in a national sense.

It is exciting to realize that Iceman's coming means that generations of American Theatre will be represented this season. Jason Robards, probably America's greatest living actor, will lead an American cast. Eugene O'Neill, winner of three Pulitzer prizes and the only American playwright ever to win the Nobel prize, will be heard as he deserves. Finally, an American classic production will be recreated in the same spirit that Jerome Robbins' work is preserved by the New York City Ballet or Aaron Copland's by the New York Philharmonic. And, although José Quintero is not from the United States, he is a product of our theatre schools (Los Angeles City College and the Goodman) and has repeatedly understood and championed our dramatic literature--often better than we have ourselves. That is why it is especially sad that Quintero can't trust us enough to declare openly that he is reviving his production. We should be applauding Quintero and Robards' willingness to take that risk. There's more than a Broadway opening at stake as Iceman comes to New York. Its regeneration is another milestone on the way to a mature American Theatre.

James Greene summarizes the importance of Iceman's arrival when he describes Jason Robards' first entrance as Hickey:

One of the things that I love about Jason's performance is that in a very short time he shows you the old Hickey. You see that. It only lasts for a short time, about five minutes. But in those five minutes when he comes through the door, it's Santa Claus. It's so theatrical, so wonderful. And, when you're on stage for that hour, waiting for him, and when he comes through the door, it's a joy, truly a joy. And of course, Jason always does a different song every night and we all look forward to that. It's a wonderful theatrical moment for an actor just to remember that. It's like that feeling you remember from childhood, Christmas morning, it's extraordinary. In five minutes you see exactly what it was like when Hickey used to come there and get drunk, and they'd all get drunk and he'd tell awful jokes and they'd sing. And then the play twists so quickly and you never see it again for the rest of the play. But in those first five minutes you know why the characters loved him so and looked forward to having him come for Harry's birthday.

As the production moves from Washington to the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre in New York, many a Broadway playgoer shares that infectious eagerness.

--Sheila Hickey Garvey

FAMILY REUNION AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

[A review of The Iceman Cometh, a production of the American National Theater, produced by Lewis Allen, James Nederlander, Stephen Graham and Ben Edwards, directed by José Quintero, with scenery by Ben Edwards, costumes by Jane Greenwood, and lighting by Thomas R. Skelton. The production opened at the Eisenhower Theater in Washington, D.C., on July 31, 1985, finishing its run on September 14. It then transferred to the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre on Broadway for an indefinite run of six performances a week. Previews began on September 21, the official opening was at 4 p.m. on Sunday, September 29, and the final performance was on Sunday, December 1. This reviewer attended the performance on Thursday, October 17.]

The milk has been spilled and there is no efficacy in tears. The monumental revival of the legendary 1956 production of Iceman, reuniting three members of that
earlier production--Jason Robards (Hickey), José Quintero (director) and James Greene (Jimmy Tomorrow)--certainly deserved a much longer run, and would have had it if theatergoing were still the serious activity it once was on the Great White Way. Unfortunately, today's audiences want something light, splashy, and preferably tuneful; something that will tax neither their patience nor their minds. (If your message is about "tomorrow" being "always a day away," you'd best have it sung by a gaggle of cuddly urchins or risk precipitous unemployment!) But even a short-lived O'Neill revival is cause for rejoicing, and a production as lovingly crafted as this one quickly stills all bitterness at its inhospitable rejection by the general public. One can only hope that a tape or film was made before the closing, to provide future generations with a record of how moving and exhilarating Iceman can be when both the letter and the spirit of the text are brought to life by artists of genius. (This issue's "centerfold" is offered as a small tribute to their towering achievement.)

Admittedly, at moments of stasis, when the denizens of Harry Hope's saloon had not been roiled by the two intruders, Hickey and Parritt, the pace was slow. But life is slow at the bottom of the sea. The audience must imbibe the group's ordinary atmosphere, and at length, before the peaceful depths are agitated by outsiders. You cannot understand the boredom in Chekhov's country houses without experiencing a little of that boredom yourself; and you cannot understand the threat that Hickey poses to the hopeless hopers at Harry's until you have shared a table there in the dim, slow light of early dawn. O'Neill knew what he was doing, and José Quintero honored that intent admirably, offering no cute, distracting "business" as each individual voice was slowly added to the accumulating chord of communality. (To shift metaphors, the long opening scene is a still life, and the stillness offers an important clue to the life. How ironic that the play's first words--Rocky's to Larry as he offers him a drink--are "Make it fast"! The playwright's tacit injunction to the director is quite the opposite, and Quintero had the faith in his master to "make it slow.")

Ben Edwards' unit set filled the wide, shallow stage of the Lunt-Fontanne: bar area at the right, coldly lighted (at the start) through the establishment's massive but greasy and fogged front window; back room at the left, more warmly lighted through a small window downstage of an old upright piano. The rear wall jutted out slightly at the middle, between the two areas, to give the suggestion of a division. And the inhabitants were slumped, in varying postures of sodden indolence, at tables scattered across the whole expanse of the stage. As was true of the direction, all was realistic but spare: there was no row of varicolored bottles behind the towering mahogany bar, no period gewgaws to tickle the memories of old timers and distract from the human detritus on display in this subaqueous realm that seemed so real for all its sparseness. The initial tableau, rightly praised by Frank Rich in the New York Times (November 24, Sec. II, p.1), with its suggestions of peace and death remained etched in the mind, and neither the disruptions caused by Hickey's "mission," nor the sad attempts at party decoration in Act Two, could erase it.

The acting ensemble was reportedly superb, but a shuffling of the cast at the performance I attended jarred it a bit, since James Greene, who usually played Jimmy Tomorrow (as he had in 1956), was shifted to the role of Harry Hope to replace the absent Barnard Hughes, who must have made a splendid Harry. Greene would be right for Jimmy, but he lacked the authoritative gruffness that is an essential part of Harry's nature, and the other necessary changes (an understudy played Moran, so the usual Moran could substitute as Jimmy) make it unfair to comment on the ensemble that evening. But a number of individual performances stood out as exceptionally fine: John Pankow and Harris Laskawy as the two bartenders (Rocky and Chuck, respectively)--the one greasily efficient as confidant to Larry, the other sadly corpse-like (as were all of Hickey's converts) when suited up for his short-lived attempt at marital bliss in the country; Roger Robinson, whose grief, pride and angry assertion of dignity as Joe Mott earned a round of applause at his exit in Act Three:
Leonardo Cimino, whose Hugo Kalmar deserved as much pity as the laughs he received at his moments of self-revelation; and especially John Christopher Jones (Willie Oban), whose pounding accompaniment to his song begins to bring the assembly to consciousness, and who seemed the best of all in revealing the effects of lengthy intoxication. Pathetic in his return to feigned sleep when threatened by Harry with incarceration in his upstairs room, and again in his feverish search for future clients, Jones caught perfectly the lilt of the Oban lingo and the impossibility of his ever again functioning successfully in the "real" world outside.

Donald Moffat, his head usually in his hands, and his sad, red-rimmed eyes shadowed by thick white brows, caught both the gruff and tender sides of Larry Slade, increasingly uncomfortable in his seat in an illusory grandstand as he is needled into ending the misery of a boy who may very well be his son. That son, Don Parritt, must be the most thankless role in the play. A self-peeling onion who reveals lie after lie about his actions until reaching the final truth inside, he has little chance of earning much sympathy. Sometimes sympathy is sought by casting a matinee-idol type--like Robert Redford or Jeff Bridges--in the part. No such sentimentality was attempted this time: Paul McCrane, short, slick-haired, and crammed into an ill-fitting suit, had all the romantic charisma of a stoat, and his selection for the part was uniformly panned by reviewers. But I felt that his edgy, shrill performance was just right: to pity Don Parritt because he is a cute-kid-gone-wrong would be to engage in "the wrong kind of pity." If Parritt is to be pitied, it must not be on the basis of looks or manner. This production did not settle for easy answers, and Mr. McCrane deserves credit for taking the knocks attendant on that brave decision.

Of course any performance of The Iceman Cometh stands or falls on the basis of its Hickey--as was so sadly revealed in the 1973 film, a delicious doughnut with a gaping hole in the middle. And no performer has ever been as associated with the role as Jason Robards, who starred in the 1956 production and later recreated his performance on television. But more than a quarter century has passed since those ventures, and one wondered if he could do it again, so much later. The answer is yes and no: he did it again, and brilliantly; but he did it differently, finding new depths in the part that more than compensated for any diminution of brio that the passage of time necessarily entails. From his arrival song, though it was delivered to a jaunty dance step that showed why he was so loved by his former associates, this was a Hickey who was spent--spent by age, and spent by a guilt that cannot be buck-and-winged away or hidden beneath the sheeny black of his hair. (Whether we were meant to infer that Hickey had had some tonsorial doing-up en route to the party, I'm not sure; but the ebon hair lent him a cadaverous look that can't have been unintentional, especially as it was shared by at least two of his converts--Harry and Jimmy--when he sent them out on their missions of truth.) [See the photo of the trio in the centerfold.] Not that performer or character was listless: the quick smile, the glad hand, the dancing and frequent movement seemed as real as the energy behind them. But when this Hickey succumbed to sleep late in the first act, it was especially believable.

No one could equal Robards in the sardonic thrust of his grinning accusations of others' illusions: this is no friend to have around if you've got a mask to keep in place. And no one will ever better his harrowing delivery of the last-act monologue--though I didn't think his banging on the piano keys at "bitch"--the last word of his remembered remark to Evelyn--did anything to enhance the speech's, and the play's, most climactic moment. The moment's force is verbal; it got the delivery for which Mr. Robards is rightly famed; and a piano chord, even a cacophonous one, added nothing. Robards' performance was studded with moments of brilliance: his prophetic refusal to shake Parritt's hand when they are introduced in Act One (somehow he's "on to" this soul-mate from the start); his looming presence when, unseen by the others, he overhears Larry's comments about him in Act II; the electric moment at the party when, after proposing a toast to Harry, he rises to a pitch of
A TOAST TO THE BIRTHDAY BOY. Harry Hope (Barnard Hughes, far right) receives the best wishes of Hickey (Jason Robards, standing) and his friends in Act Two. Seated clockwise from front-center: Rocky (John Pankow), Joe Mott (Roger Robinson), Chuck (Harris Laskawy), Margie (Natalie Nogulich), Pat McGloin (Pat McNamara), Ed Mosher (Allen Swift), Cecil Lewis (Bill Moor), Pearl (Kristine Nielsen), General Wetjoen (Frederick Neumann), Cora (Caroline Aaron), Willie Oban (John Christopher Jones), Hugo Kalmar (Leonardo Cimino), Jimmy Tomorrow (James Greene), Larry Slade (Donald Moffat), and Don Parritt (Paul McCrane).
Jason Robards, still the quintessential Hickey.

Hughes (Hope), Robards (Hickey), and Larry Slade (Donald Moffat).

Hickey (Jason Robards) works on his toughest and "only real convert," Larry Slade (Donald Moffat).

"I'll get the money for my stake... You wait and see!" Roger Robinson (Joe Mott) stands between Rocky (Pankow) and Chuck (Laskawy) before his defiant third-act exit.

Hickey (Robards) and Harry Hope (Hughes).

-- PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTHA SWOPE
evangelical fervor--

This peace is real! -- It's a fact! -- I know! -- Because I've got it! --
Right -- here -- in -- front -- of -- you!

the grimace of pain in Act Three, when he realizes the failure of his attempt at
salvation for all; and the obsessive turning of his wedding ring during the last-act
monologue, which was delivered with enough erratic, kinetic movement to make clear
that the peace he's claimed to have achieved is as illusory as any of the others'
pipe dreams.

I must say that I found myself resenting the other characters' interruptions of
the monologue--except, of course, for the Parritt counterpoint, which is essential.
But my quarrel there is with the playwright, who might have trusted the actors to
reveal, by face and gesture, their reactions. Surely he knew, even if they don't,
that they are interrupting one of the greatest speeches in modern drama!

As long as I've already quarreled with the playwright, I might as well mention
my one additional displeasure--with the theatre. Iceman, as I've said in the past,
requires a closeness between performers and spectators to achieve its full force; and
the Lunt-Fontanne is a huge, deep, high-staged playhouse that defies the
establishment of that closeness. However much empathy the actors arouse, our
physical distance from them tends to diffuse it. There is no way of knowing, of
course, but I'd bet that if the production had taken place on a thrust stage, like
that at the Circle in the Square, it would still be running. Would that it were!

These few reservations notwithstanding, the 1985 production of The Iceman Cometh
was an experience to cherish. To Messrs. Robards and Quintero--indeed, to all--a
hearty hurrah. I doubt that we shall see their like again.

--Frederick C. Wilkins

TRACKING THE LATE O'NEILL'S LABYRINTHINE WAYS

0-8203-0759-9.]

It has always been a source of amazement to me how so many literary artists
maintained voluminous correspondence, compiled notes, diaries, and workbooks, and
wrote drafts, redrafts, and final manuscripts for the printer, all in laborious
hand-written copy, and all accomplished while pursuing, we must assume, reasonably
active lives. Equally amazing has been the propensity of these artists to preserve
every word they scribbled. To one such as this writer, battling typewriter or word
processor, throwing into the local salvage bin more sheets of paper by the ream than
survive in the final product, both the time consumed in writing by hand and the space
required to store the results seem overwhelming.

Eugene O'Neill was a "saver," and although we know that he destroyed many later
works, including most of the "Dispossessors" cycle, the remaining papers provide
substantial enough evidence of the impressive scope of his ideas and the size of his
accomplishments. To read Virginia Floyd's study of these papers, Eugene O'Neill at
Work (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1981), is to encounter a creative mind constantly in
ferment, conceiving themes, characters, and plots in numbers which could not possibly
have been completed in any one lifetime. The evidence of the might-have-beens, had
O'Neill survived in reasonably good health even a few more years, offers tantalizing
wonder: what, for instance, might have been the critical and popular impact of the
whole vast "Dispossessors" cycle alone?

While Floyd's valuable scholarship has provided us with the broader view of O'Neill's artistic development, Judith Barlow in *Final Acts* carries us on a fascinating journey through the last creative years which resulted in the playwright's ultimate masterpieces, achievements all the more remarkable in the face of rapidly increasing physical debilitation. We owe thanks to O'Neill for having preserved what he did, and to Judith Barlow for showing us in such detail what is there.

The last three plays, taken together, these "Final Acts"--*The Iceman Cometh*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, and *A Moon for the Misbegotten*--varying as their critical and popular reception has been, are unarguably the plays upon which O'Neill's artistic reputation now rests. At one time *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* might have seemed the apogee of a major literary career; but however important they remain in the canon, they have not stood up to the kind of continuing serious scrutiny and evaluation which has brought recognition to these three plays as major dramatic works of world stature. Now, through Barlow's outstanding scholarship, we are privileged to see how they arrived.

We all know how Eric Bentley tried his best to "like" O'Neill, and we're familiar enough with the problems he and others have continually encountered with the size--in the physicist's word, the sheer mass--of *Iceman, Journey* and, to a lesser degree, *Moon*. Why didn't O'Neill know when to stop? when to cut the seemingly interminable dialogue? when to eliminate the endless redundancies? As the story goes, when asked why he had to say a certain thing X number of times, O'Neill replied that he meant to say it X number of times--a response he deemed quite sufficient to silence his critic. What Barlow's study reveals, surprising as it may be to those of us who know only the final product, is that O'Neill arrived at X number of repetitions through a process of cutting, revising, rewriting and repeated polishing, up to and including printer's proofs, which belies the common assumption that, No. 2 pencil in hand, he proceeded to pour out words, willy-nilly, entirely out of control. If there is one thing that Barlow proves, it is that O'Neill was a conscientious editor of his own works, never entirely satisfied with what he had written, and, in many ways, his own best and severest critic. To most of us, much cutting and pasting could still be done. But what we do have, as Barlow demonstrates, is the result, not of uncontrolled compulsive writing, but of a compositional process which O'Neill took very seriously and over which he long labored in the most literal sense of the word.

Barlow had originally called her work "Pencil, Tears and Blood." I wish the title had remained, not only because it is so appropriate to O'Neill's method of working, but also because of the nature of the plays as Barlow describes them in her introduction:

> When we look at early drafts of these plays ... the revisions on all three follow similar patterns. The similarities are not simply technical, ... but are deeply rooted in the creative process and help explain why these dramas are so much of a piece. [O'Neill's] dedication that appears in the published text [calls] *Journey* a "play of old sorrow, written in tears and blood," [and] O'Neill added that it was also written "with deep pity and understanding and forgiveness for all the four haunted Tyrones." *Iceman, Journey*, and *Moon* are alike compounded of tears and blood. As we shall see ... the pity, understanding, and forgiveness extend to nearly all the inhabitants of O'Neill's late works and grew as the dramas themselves did.

In the three chapters of *Final Acts*, each devoted to a single play, Barlow impressively accomplishes what she sets out to do. The entire process through which O'Neill struggled in bringing these last plays into a form suitable for staging and ultimate publication is meticulously documented. With very little time left to
complete the last play, as his health rapidly worsened. Moon suffered the most, having been staged in out-of-town try-out failures without ever reaching New York, and having been published without benefit of the further revisions that O'Neill well knew were needed. Iceman and Journey, however, received full editorial treatment, despite Carlotta's complaints about the increasingly shaky miniscule script which she was forced to decipher as O'Neill's primary typist.

In the development of Iceman one of the more interesting aspects is the evolution of the characters. O'Neill had stated that "All these people I have written about, I once knew," and though there were significant changes, Barlow shows their origins in early scenarios and drafts which used the real names of the models: e.g., Tom W. (Harry Hope) who was Tom Wallace, proprietor of the Hell Hole; Joe S. (Joe Mott) who was Joe Smith, a black gambler; and "Terry," originally Terry Carlin, who became Larry Slade. Changes in characters' dramatic emphasis are also outlined; for instance, Chuck the bartender (originally called Bull) passed from a central figure to one of strictly secondary importance. Even more interesting is the disclosure that in the earliest notes there was no mention of Hickey. In tracing his development, Barlow considers the possibility that his place was originally filled by Bull. The whole question of Hickey's sanity was explored by O'Neill in a variety of directions before arrival at the conclusion of the gang in Hope's saloon (which is not necessarily that of the audience) that the only explanation is that Hickey is, indeed, mad.

O'Neill's handling of the relationship between Larry Slade and Rosa and Don Parritt, including the question of Larry's paternity (is he or is he not Don's father) went through several approaches before the final version of Larry's condemning the pitiful, guilt-ridden young man to his death. Barlow concludes that despite the failure of O'Neill's struggles to make Larry Slade the dominant figure of the play, above Hickey, Slade does emerge as the "only genuine tragic figure in this complex dramatic work."

Barlow reveals that the play was, surprisingly enough, completed in relatively short order, a period of less than seven months between June 1939 and January 1940. But this still does not represent precipitous haste, for she shows very clearly how the development of the published and production versions—each a bit different, but undertaken simultaneously—passed through copious manuscript revisions, evidenced by many excisions and half page insertions, especially in dialect in order to make the language more consistent and convincing. Barlow also looks at the religious images, from the obvious "Last Supper" parallels through other allusions in action, character, and dialogue, as well as the convoluted arrival at the title with its biblical and bawdy music hall derivations.

Long Day's Journey was derived from ideas noted as early as the spring of 1927, when O'Neill spoke of "the grand opus of my life"—the autobiographical "Sea-Mother's Son." Barlow is certainly right when she observes, "It is probably to Journey's disadvantage that its biographical roots are so well known. Critics have tended to spend too much time discussing how the drama does (or does not) square with the facts of O'Neill's life and condemning historical inaccuracies." It is, as she observes, "patently unjust" to assert that O'Neill had no right to veer from the "figure from history" whom Edmund represents; but she does go on to show how, in the main, the play is "surprisingly faithful to many historical details."

Journey took somewhat longer than Iceman, beginning with notes in late June of 1939 and ending with the presentation manuscript for Carlotta in July 1941. Also, the extant notes and other material are more numerous than those for Iceman, so it is possible to follow many of the changes: in character names, from Mother, Father, Younger Son and Older Son to the choice of actual family names; in emphasis upon the dead Eugene, which diminished considerably in later versions; and in the various stages of Mary Tyrone's addiction and the family's reaction to it. Barlow's
observation about Mary's position in the final scene should be cited:

Heightening Mary's obliviousness makes the end of the play more terrible and final. However, the change also makes Mary a more sympathetic character; she is less aware than in previous drafts of the grief she is causing, less responsible for her words and deeds. At the same time O'Neill was increasing the tragic nature of Journey, he was also lightening the burden of guilt which Tyrone bears.

In fact, as we follow the character development, it is clear that O'Neill became increasingly gentle with his family, perceptibly lessening the underlying hatred so evident in earlier drafts. As Barlow observes, "Love and anger are the warp and woof of Journey from O'Neill's first conception of the play, yet the fabric is more darkly colored in early versions," with the final drama making clear that "the Tyrones' bitterness and even hatred grow out of the very bonds of need and love that hold the family together." A telling point is made--one which seems to apply to much of what O'Neill did in the course of writing and rewriting his plays: "The act of composition apparently was, for the playwright, a lesson in compassion," with ultimately softened portraits of characters not only in this play but also in such characters as Larry Slade and Hickey. Barlow devotes a very long section to the evolution of Edmund, showing O'Neill's attempts to make him strong enough to hold his own against the more flamboyant James and Jamie and possibly become the central figure--a problem similar to that he had with Larry Slade. Barlow concludes that O'Neill did not entirely succeed, despite his determined efforts, and Edmund eventually emerged as the weakest of all.

A Moon for the Misbegotten was first mentioned in work notes in late October 1941. Considerable revisions along the way--all done by hand, all under the great difficulty of the increasing hand tremor--were still being made as late as 1945. Here, again, the central characters underwent considerable change before the play finally appeared, resulting in what is virtually a two-character play. Josie's father decreases considerably in emphasis from the first versions, becoming softer, with fewer "rough edges," including, for fear of offending audiences, the elimination of many of his more blasphemous utterances. Jim Tyrone's younger brother, although never appearing on stage, also lost importance after the earlier versions which referred to him frequently, so that he all but disappears entirely.

Barlow's presentation of the evolution of Josie is fascinating. She was apparently patterned to a considerable degree after Christine Ell of Provincetown days, who acted, in her relationships with the Greenwich Village crowd, in much the same general manner as Josie. But, of course, we are less interested in the "original" upon whom a character is based than in what O'Neill did with it, and Barlow shows Josie's progress toward the "split" personality of the supposed slut, but with the ultimate realization of her earth-mother quality, shown in her size, prowess and large nurturing breasts--the redeeming virgin who "saves" Jim Tyrone before she sends him off to his death. She is much gentler and more appealing in her "final" form, with less emphasis upon her "earthiness" and more upon the symbolic significance of "her role in the confessional design," while also emerging as a complete and credible woman with "very human needs and desires."

What is most important in the whole discussion of Moon is Barlow's account of the changes in Jim Tyrone, who is transformed "from a hazy figure philosophizing vaguely about the misery of life [to] a graphically realized example of a man tormented by personal guilt, trapped by past mistakes and present weaknesses, seeking only the love and forgiveness that will allow him to face death with some measure of tranquility." All of this is well shown in the many, often severe, revisions which O'Neill undertook. Barlow also discusses the development of the mother/son relationship, so common a problem with O'Neill men. The virgin/mother figure of Josie provides what Jim has needed and sought. (And not only Jim: as Barlow states,
"Despite wide variations in the personalities and circumstances of O'Neill heroes, most seek a maternal woman for a mate." While the relationship is not consummated, Jim has satisfied his need, being "totally unable to face life without the primal protection of the mother," with the quest for the womb shown as "ultimately the quest for the tomb."

I have always had trouble with A Moon for the Misbegotten, finding it difficult to accept even as a second-rate "masterpiece," with its gaps, flaws, and rough edges. I have no difficulty agreeing with Barlow's conclusion:

O'Neill had material for a superb short drama, but he chose to stretch it into a sometimes tedious longer work. Although he did considerable revision, subordinating unimportant elements and clarifying the central Josie-Jim relationship, he never did enough. The result is a fine yet flawed piece.

For one seeking to understand the artistic development of the playwright, Barlow's study is invaluable, a genuine scholarly achievement. One can always ask of such a study, "What is its significance with relation to the final product? Does it in any way affect or alter the value or importance of the completed work?" Of course not. Then why undertake it?

Perhaps the answer is that we are all voyeurs who would like to know what really went on in the artist's mind as he created his or her play. What were the internal struggles that Shakespeare went through in creating Hamlet? In our insistence on knowing, in seeking "meaning" through our knowledge of these things, we may well be counting trees while losing sight of the beauties of the forest. No, such a study doesn't make any one of O'Neill's plays any more or less important, and to judge the autobiographical/historical aspects in terms of their accuracy or distortion is a meaningless exercise, since the true work of art, while always reflecting its creator, certainly must remain artistically valid first and historically valid second.

We do learn a lot about O'Neill from this book. Most of us, without access to the O'Neill papers and without the temperament to plow through them as Judith Barlow has done, will learn a great deal about the creative process, and in many ways, we learn things about O'Neill as an artist which tell us a lot more than we would have imagined about how the end products came about. Final Acts is revealing, gripping, fascinating, and although ultimately irrelevant insofar as the value of the final artistic work is concerned, it is an important scholarly contribution, well written, beautifully organized, a pleasure to read. In this respect it was well worth the effort, and Judith Barlow is to be congratulated on an important accomplishment.

--Jordan Y. Miller

O'NEILL AS SETH IN MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

[As a guidance counselor at John Jay High School in Katonah, NY, where a ten-week honors-level course entitled "Eugene O'Neill" is offered, I elected in the spring of 1983 to return to the classroom along with my students. It was there, under the enthusiastic direction of J. Randolph Harris, who developed and taught the course, that I began to understand why teenagers at my school were fascinated by the plays of Eugene O'Neill. This article, part of a larger paper on the play, is a small tribute to the quality of the teaching I was fortunate enough to experience. --J. McQ.]

Seth Beckwith's seemingly unimportant role as the Mannon gardener in Mourning Becomes Electra is deceiving. Typically, because he is not in any way the central focus of the play's action, and because his speaking parts are relatively few, he
would be considered a minor character. But it is Seth who plants the seed of Adam's true identity in Lavinia's scheming mind. ("Ain't you noticed this Brant reminds you of someone in looks? He ain't only like your Paw. He's like Orin, too--and all the Mannons I've known.") He is the singular chorus who often sets the mood, establishes the tone, and signals the action of the play with the haunting, mournful strains of the one sea chanty in his repertoire, "Shenandoah."

When Seth joins his friends, Amos Ames, Louisa, Minnie, Small, Silva and Mackel, he becomes very likeable. The result of the union is comic relief in the play. They gossip, drink, sing, tease, bet, enjoy each other. They provide rare moments in the play--moments to savor in the midst of murder, suicide, guilt and punishment. In a very local, "down-home" way they have fun together and one can have fun through them. ("God A'mighty, ye'd ought to see Abner! He's shying' at the furniture covers an' his teeth are clickin' a'ready. He'll come runnin' out hell fur leather afore long. All I'm wonderin' is, has he got ten dollars.") Seth has a rare knack for dialogue--rare for a gardener!

Seth and his friends evoke such autobiographical elements in the life of O'Neill that to separate them from the playwright seems tantamount to separating the skin from the body. O'Neill spent a part of his early life at sea; sea chanties were not unfamiliar to him. He spent a large part of his early life in bars; drunken, "lost" men were a focal point in his life. He understood them and wrote about them, particularly in The Iceman Cometh. He captured their language, seemed to identify with their lost hopes. He may have been more "at home" with them than the casual reader might expect. I suspect that he was. I suspect he stood a bit above Seth's friends, and so did Seth in Mourning Becomes Electra. Because of my suspicion, I would like to propose that Eugene O'Neill wrote himself into the play in the character of Seth Beckwith.

Interesting in this context is a comment of Somerset Maugham's in The Summing Up:

I should say that the practice of drawing characters from actual models is not only universal, but necessary. I do not see why any writer should be ashamed to acknowledge it. As Turgenev said, it is only if you have a definite person in your mind, that you can give vitality and idiosyncracy to your own creation.

Seth's is the first voice in the play. He not only opens it with the singing of "Shenandoah"; he has the first speaking part, a comment on himself. ("How's that fur singin' fur an old feller? I used to be noted for my sea chanties.") It is very possible that O'Neill had himself in mind--old feller that he had become--to introduce a tale of familiar themes, with a doleful song of the sea. What model, other than himself, did he have in mind to set the scene, begin the story, focus audience attention? If it was to be a simple gardener, what "definite person" could it be? Is it not true that O'Neill helped his father garden in Long Day's Journey Into Night? Does he, almost immediately in the play, give himself away?

Seth issues the warning to Lavinia--"There's somethin' been on my mind I want to warn you about"--which is the introduction to the play's narrative. He takes special pride in the warning, almost tipping the scales that he is more than an ordinary gardener; he knows a family secret. ("Sometin I cal'l a te no one'd notice 'specialy 'ceptin' me.") O'Neill gives Seth the knowledge which is pivotal to the play itself. Why did he use a gardener who sings chanties to reveal the secret around which the play is based? What "actual model" did O'Neill use other than himself to begin the story plot? Is it not true that O'Neill created the story? Why, then, since he alone invented the secret, did he not choose, in the character of Seth, to reveal it? Is it not true that the O'Neill family had a secret, that of Ella O'Neill's morphine
addiction? Is it not also true that Eugene O'Neill chose to reveal the secret to the world in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*? Revealing secrets, getting ghosts out of closets was seemingly important to him. Why not consider the possibility that Seth, O'Neill's creation, is O'Neill himself?

At the opening of Act Four of *The Hunted*, a chantyman, unidentified by name, comments on the singing of, what else but, "Shenandoah," a song which Seth has sung throughout the entire play. He says, "A hell of a chantyman that feller be! Screech owls is op'ry singers compared to him! I'll give him a taste of how 'Shenandoah' ought t'be sung!" Is this character Seth? I think not. In the stage directions for Act One of *Homecoming*, the following description of Seth's voice is given: "The voice grows quickly nearer. It is thin and aged, the wraith of what must have been a good baritone." In this act, describing the unidentified chantyman, the following: "He begins to sing in a surprisingly good tenor voice." So this is not Seth, but it is Seth's song. Every good Irishman knows that a tenor voice is indeed "one of the finer qualities of the sod." Tenor voices are Irish voices! If Seth were to give his chanty to another to sing, who would it be? Is it not possible that an Irishman ("a bit blurry with booze now and sentimentally mournful to a degree, but still managing to get full value out of the chanty") could sing it for him? I think so. I can even guess that his Irish name would be Eugene O'Neill.

E. M. Forster, in *Aspects of the Novel*, discusses a character's reality in the following way:

> It is real when the novelist knows everything about it. He may not choose to tell us all he knows—many of the facts, even of the kind we call obvious, may be hidden. But he will give us the feeling that though the character has not been explained, it is explicable, and we get from this a reality of a kind we can never get in daily life.

I believe with others that O'Neill was a master at making his characters real. The evidence is purely circumstantial, but there is evidence in the play that he, Eugene O'Neill, speaks through, is. Seth Beckwith. When Seth is not present he uses his own voice and "sings" through Seth's song. That seems no accident, no slip of O'Neill's pen.

--Joan McQueen

**REVIEWS OF O'NEILL PLAYS IN PERFORMANCE**


The ability to find one's way through the Greek New Testament hardly qualifies anyone to act as a critic of drama produced on the modern Athenian stage. But when opportunity presents itself to a student of America's foremost playwright to experience a production of O'Neill anywhere, whatever the language, the attraction is too great to ignore. So it was that the present reviewer, while on sabbatical leave during the spring of 1985, witnessed a performance of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* at Athens' Bretania Theatre. However, this was not quite the same treat (or labor of love, as some would have it) that New Yorkers were experiencing at about the same time. Instead of the lengthy lifetime the text of *Strange Interlude* depicts, this production was so condensed a version of O'Neill's "woman play" that two performances were held of an evening.

It should be said that the Athenians appear to have a special fondness for O'Neill. In addition to the production of *Strange Interlude*, theatergoers also had the opportunity (weekends only, to this reviewer's dismay) to see *A Moon for
the Misbegotten. In response to an inquiry—in English—at that box office, the
ticket agent said emphatically, “This is Greek play!” (O'Neill would certainly
have loved that.) Because Strange Interlude was also a “Greek play,” and the
reviewer’s ability in modern Greek limited, a full assessment would be
presumptuous. But the temptation to write some reactions persists: hence these
more modest “reflections.”

The most obvious response would naturally concern the condensation of such a
lengthy play into a much shorter version that still told the same story. The two
parts, with the nine scenes, were retained. What obviously was missing were most
of the lengthy monologues, the stream-of-consciousness speeches that comprise a
considerable portion of the original and give the play much of its unique flavor.
This dramatic device was not altogether absent, but survived mostly as soliloquies
during the opening and closing moments of scenes. Elsewhere, lengthy monologues
seemed to have become brief asides. The result was a much faster-paced play which
still managed to tell the whole story. It did, of course, entail rather brief
scenes, and in the process the play took on a decidedly episodic character. It
was not Reader’s Digest at its worst, but the comparison is inescapable.

The seriousness with which the Greek stage takes O’Neill can perhaps be
judged from the quality of the cast, which included some of Greece’s finest actors
(and the most popular too, judging from audience reaction). As Nina Leeds, Nonika
Galanea seemed all that O’Neill might have wanted in this, his strongest female
character. An older actress, she exuded a sense of power and command throughout
the play. Among the menfolk, Giorgos Tzortzas appeared particularly strong among
a cast which exhibited few noticeable weaknesses. The set design was quite
ordinary, considering the cast that was gathered and the play that was mounted.
While functional, it was scant decoration for an otherwise impressive production.

The problem that plagued this Strange Interlude is essentially one of the
basic problems of the original text: the scope is hardly manageable. As if flying
in the face of any idea of unity of time, O’Neill wrote a play that covered
twenty-six years, actually moving his story nearly two decades beyond the year in
which he wrote it. For the viewer to suspend disbelief to that extent is to
extend to the limits the capacity to encompass that much of a lifetime in one
evening of theatre. The longer the stretch of time, the greater the stretch of
credulity. What plagues the original afflicted this production even more: there
is just too much for one evening. Life cannot be absorbed at so quick a pace.

--Eugene K. Hanson

2. A H. WILDERNESS!, directed by Glenn Cannon. Kennedy Theatre, University of Hawaii,
Honolulu, April 18 – May 3, 1985.

Honolulu is hardly a center for culture. Pastimes in the capital of the
fiftieth state run to simpler, more primitive forms of fun. There is, however, at
least one island in that sea of escapism that has a concern for the “finer” things
of life. It is the University of Hawaii, whose theatre department boasts an
extensive program which this past year included a full-scale production of Chinese
opera, direct from Beijing. The department’s production of O’Neill’s A H.
Wilderness! was in the school’s tradition of artistic excellence.

Capably directed by Glenn Cannon, the production rose to a real
professionalism at times, and was never truly amateurish. Throughout, the play
showed Cannon’s strong directorial hand. The text was treated with due respect,
but not slavishly. In a few instances, idiomatic changes dictated by the passage
of decades since the play’s composition were boldly made, decidedly improving the
play. (For instance, when it is Belle’s fair turn to pay for drinks, she says she
will “treat” Richard—a definite improvement for the sake of today’s audience!)
Daniel Kelin as Richard walked the fine line between too much and too little. It is very easy to overplay the role and appear more like a spastic child than a frustrated teenager. It is also a simple matter to underplay the character and fail to bring out his late-adolescent anxieties. Kelin did not merely flop about and whine: his plaints and gestures seemed genuine enough.

As Richard's long-suffering parents, Dean Turner and Meg Roach provided a good balance between New England propriety and down-to-earth reality: Essie was properly embarrassed by every indiscretion of language or behavior, and Nat moved easily from agreeable chagrin to an honest acceptance of things as they are. Sylvia Hormann-Alper was appropriately spinsterly as Lily Miller, and exhibited clearly (to us) the hurt she hid from others. As Sid Davis, Wayne Kischer was truly a caution, conveying all the humor in his lines and acting the inebriate with skill. Tommy (David Kimo Ige--actually suffering from chicken pox through some of the run!) was a presence that would not be ignored, yet he could hardly be accused of scene-stealing. Eve Mercier's Belle was a brazen temptress, creating a strong sympathy for poor Richard's predicament. And sputtering George Spelvin performed a David McComber as obnoxious as Lei Kaniaupio's Muriel McComber was charming.

The set design (by Tom Giza) was satisfactory, if predictable. An ample stage provided room to work out the scenes in the Miller home without crowding; while the set for the hotel scene was small and intimate, suggesting the feeling of uncomfortable closeness that Richard experiences in his heady brush with the world. The beach set was the poorest, as usual. Set designers always seem to experience great difficulty bringing the outdoors in.

The University of Hawaii's production of *Ah, Wilderness!* was a genuinely satisfying one. While the play may be called "easy O'Neill"--perhaps the only O'Neill work to merit such qualification--it is good O'Neill, and good theatre as well--facts that this production succeeded in proving once again.

--Eugene K. Hanson

3. LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT, directed by Bernard Kates. Marian Theatre, Pacific Conservatory of the Performing Arts, Santa Maria, CA. Closed on February 17, 1985.

In the Central California Coastal Plain, some three hours north of Los Angeles, is a lively performing arts company now in its third decade. Connected with Allan Hancock Community College in Santa Maria, Theaterfest, together with its teaching arm, the Pacific Conservatory of the Performing Arts, runs a year-round schedule. Several plays are produced in succession during the year, with some eight plays mounted in repertory during the summer months. They are performed at two locations: in the Marian Theater on campus, and in the outdoor Festival Theater in Solvang, a quaint Danish town some thirty miles distant.
During its 1985 winter season, PCPA produced Long Day's Journey Into Night. Directed by Bernard Kates, the cast included the Artistic Director at PCPA, Vincent Dowling (formerly Artistic Director of the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival), as Tyrone.

The play revolves around Mary Tyrone's renewed dependence on morphine, her struggle against it, and her adamant denials that contrast so sharply with her equally desperate pleas for understanding, help and forgiveness. Since her torment is at the center of the tragic family "journey," a troubled Mary is an absolutely essential ingredient in any production. And so the PCPA Journey was at best an incomplete one, for its Mary (Dorothy James) showed no morphine dependence, no struggle, and no contrast. Unchanging, almost monotonous throughout, she gave her fellow performers no one to play against or with; and since nothing seemed to happen to her, it was as if the play itself never really "happened."

Compounding the problem was the fact that, though the direction was full and rich, the performance lacked sufficient variety in pace and tone. Given the somber nature of the subject and the tragic outcome, every effort must be made to play against that final mood in the first scenes of the play. If the "family" part of this family tragedy is to be seen, the early moments of laughter and togetherness must be played for all they're worth. Unfortunately that textural (and textual) element received insufficient emphasis this time.

In addition, the performances of the male Tyrones were uneven. James (Vincent Dowling) was interesting at times, and pleasant to watch; but he lacked the energy and the attitude of confidence that twenty years' standing in his profession would have brought him. And without a struggling, desperate Mary, there wasn't much for him to do. Colm Meaney was brash and intriguing as Jamie, lacking only in a bit of the raw quality of the streets. Edmund (Robert Elliot) elicited sympathy from his audience, and concerned response from his family, but he looked ten years too old for the part; it was hard to believe that he was Jamie's younger brother.

The scenery and lighting design by John Dexter were excellent. The set was beautiful, realistic, and appropriate, with a proper touch of deteriorating class. Costumes (by Jack Shouse) were good, but not particularly inspired.

An interesting experiment in the PCPA program was a single performance by the
understudies. With far less rehearsal time behind it, this performance was rushed and undeveloped, but it made its point well, and it offered more comedy and more expression of the play's innate ambivalence than did the regular performances. Brad Gooding as James Tyrone, thrust into the role with little time for preparation, was not well-developed, and perhaps not quite right for the part, but did marvelous work stepping into a difficult role on short notice. Mary (Bess Brown) was too young and too rushed, but the sense of reality of her tragedy moved the other characters to action, and the audience to feeling. Richard Garvin was big, rough and worldly as Jamie. While Eric Porter was perfect as Edmund and gave a sensitive and wonderful performance. Neither version was electrifying, but the two proved to be remarkably different.

--Luther Hanson

LETTERS TO (AND FROM) THE EDITOR


I feel I should respond to a comment by Dr. Donald Gallup in his article, "The Eugene O'Neill Collection at Yale," which appeared in the Summer-Fall 1985 issue of the Newsletter. On page 4 Dr. Gallup states:

The period during which some of this material had been used gave rise to rumors that we were playing favorites, allowing some scholars to see things denied to others. The charge was made in print by Tom Olsson in his book on O'Neill and the Royal Swedish Theatre, but it didn't particularly bother me: we did our best to carry out to the letter Mrs. O'Neill's current instructions as long as she lived.

The statement which Dr. Gallup refers to must be a note (145) in Chapter Five of my book (pp. 243-244), which in the original Swedish reads as follows:


The English translation of this note is as follows:

L. Josephson did, late in the summer of 1952, research at Yale, and was one of the first scholars outside the USA given permission to study the O'Neill Work Diary. But when it came to taking notes from this object the rules were very rigorous: such notes were not permitted to leave the Library. [The O'Neill Collection was at that time in the Main Library of Yale. i.e., the Sterling Library: the Beinecke Library was opened only some ten years later.] L. Josephson got the privilege, through Dr. Gallup, to make notes from his own notes.

Dr. Lennart Josephson himself told me about this incident: he was first my professor and later my opponent at the public defense of my dissertation at the Stockholm University in December 1977. At that time my book, O'Neill and the Royal Dramatic Theatre (O'Neill och Dramaten) was published. Dr. Josephson is, unfortunately, unable to write a statement for the Newsletter himself; for many years he has been in the hospital with an incurable brain tumor and is incapable
of any mental action. He told me, when I was still at work on my dissertation, that he found the rigorous rules a bit peculiar. That is all.

When I did research at Yale's Beinecke Library, I was received in a very friendly manner and was given all the help possible by Dr. Gallup and his staff. I worked there for a total of six months, three months each summer in 1974 and 1975. I still consider the Beinecke Library as the foremost source of O'Neill material and Dr. Gallup a personal friend from those years.


The passage I was referring to in Tom Olsson's book was not the one he cites but another in the "English Summary" on page 169:

This work [Martin Lamm's Det moderna dramat] was published in a new, revised edition in 1964, edited by another important O'Neill critic in Sweden, Lennart Josephson, who was one of the first outside of Gallup's circle at Yale to gain access to O'Neill's Work Diary of 1924-1943 ... (italics mine)

I took this to mean that Olsson was accusing me of making the "Work Diary" available to an inner group of my Yale friends, while I was keeping it from most other non-Yale O'Neill scholars.

The "Work Diary" was seen, as Olsson explains, by Josephson, but only after Mrs. O'Neill had given her permission. She explained that we were to allow Josephson to take notes but not to copy O'Neill's actual words. On the day preceding Josephson's departure from New Haven, he showed me his notes and I was surprised to find that they included extensive quotations, especially from drafts of the Cycle plays. I telephoned Mrs. O'Neill to report that Josephson had apparently misunderstood her instructions. She insisted that we not allow him to take the notes away with him in their then present form. Josephson's landlady here in New Haven later told me that he had stayed up most of the night before his departure making notes on his notes so that he could obey the letter of Mrs. O'Neill's directive. This explains Olsson's phrase "to make notes from his own notes" and probably accounts for Josephson's finding "the rigorous rules [of Carlotta Monterey O'Neill] a bit peculiar."

It is highly ironic that Olsson should have imagined a circle of my friends at Yale as having access to restricted O'Neill material. It was a source of great disappointment to me during my 33 years as Curator of the Yale Collection of American Literature that, except for Norman Holmes Pearson, who served as conduit for the early O'Neill gifts to Yale and had no need of permission from me to examine manuscript material, outside scholars invariably showed far more interest in the archives of contemporary writers than members of the Yale faculty. Indeed, in all those years, I can recall only one Yale scholar who worked at all extensively with the O'Neill manuscripts. and he certainly never saw the "Work Diary."


"What's wrong with this booze? There's no kick in it."

--Harry Hope

It was Jason Robards' electrifying performance as Jamie in Long Day's Journey Into Night and his equally vivid performance as Hickey in the two-part Play of the Week adaptation of the Circle in the Square production of The Iceman Cometh that turned me on to theatre and O'Neill. That a human being just talking could provide such fresh excitement for the soul astonished me.

I am afraid that at the end of the current revival, I felt a bit like Harry
Hope wondering what Quintero and company had done to the booze. Almost everything about the current production is professionally admirable, but nothing about it astonishes in the way that the earlier TV version did (and I imagine the live Circle in the Square Production must have by all accounts).

Just as Hickey has taken the life out of the booze, so Quintero's almost funereal, classical staging and reading of the play has nearly embalmed the performances. Even Roger Robinson's energetically effective rendering of the role of Joe Mott becomes attenuated.

The worst victim (or, perhaps, partner) of this enervating approach is Robards. Obviously a man in his 60s is not going to give the performance of one in his 30s, nor should he. But Quintero and Robards have elected to accentuate the salesman of death over the ebullient con man who has sold himself a false vision of truth. From the beginning Robards, his hair obviously dyed too dark, his blue pin-striped suit too loud, both lending a surrounding frame to his ghastly, ashen complexion, is a walking dead man, given to uncomfortable attempts to bounce and snap about as if he were still alive. The actor is still better than anyone else one can imagine in the role, but, with 4 1/2 hours to go where is he to go? The answer, sad to say, is not very far. His great final-act monologue, even though it exhibits Robards doing what he does better than any other American actor alive, is strangely anti-climactic and not nearly moving enough. We have long since experienced the destruction of an illusion in his very aspect.

The difficulty in this respectful classical approach is that it highlights what is most problematical in the play itself and the playwright in general--a certain self-conscious pleading for greatness. "Look at my play; look at me. Who else would try to handle so many variations on one theme with so many allusions to the modern European masters who preceded him?"

Often this very effort threatens to overwhelm what is really best in the play, the vitality in the observed reality of these drunks. No other writer has managed to lend such credibility to so many born losers at once!

To drag the play out, as I think Quintero does, tends to wear out the theatrical welcome for these denizens of the lowest depths. The characters simply cannot support the burden of all that stateliness.

All this said, however, the production is never really boring, and, with the exception of a very weak Parritt (Paul McCrane), features ensemble playing that is superior to the standard on Broadway these days. Donald Moffat is as fine a Larry Slade as Robert Ryan and Myron McCormick before him. The same can be said for Barnard Hughes' humorous and touching Harry Hope. John Pankow as Rocky, John Christopher Jones as Willie Oban and the aforementioned Roger Robinson strike me as superior to actors I have seen in their roles before.

Altogether, everything is very fine without being very great.


[On Sunday, December 7, O'Neill Society Secretary Jordan Miller was feted by his colleagues at the University of Rhode Island on the occasion of his retirement from full-time teaching. Learning of the event, I wrote a letter to be read during the evening--one that, since it attempted to represent all of Jordan's O'Neillian colleagues, should be shared with them. --FCW]

I write to salute you at the time of your retirement. Retirement? Impossible. There must have been some ghastly chronological goof! "Retiring," like "shy," is
a word that no one would ever think of associating with you. So this letter, while the salute is a pleasure to pen, is a somewhat difficult one to write.

Seriously, though, I do want to congratulate you at the conclusion of your full-time teaching career, and to tell your colleagues in Kingston how envious we all are that they have had you all to themselves for so long. Actually, of course, they haven't: your scholarship and dedication have made you truly a "citizen of the world," and I have asked to represent one segment of that world in applauding you today.

As editor of the Eugene O'Neill Newsletter and vice president of the Eugene O'Neill Society, I know full well your work in behalf of public and scholarly appreciation of America's greatest dramatist. Indeed, without your pioneering lead there would probably not be an O'Neill Newsletter or an O'Neill Society. Your encouragement at and after the 1975 MLA convention in San Francisco inspired the creation of the publication, and your visionary energy a few years later was instrumental in helping to establish the organization. I need not mention your many endeavors as scholar, bibliographer, editor and critic--work that began long before anyone else realized O'Neill's seminal importance, that has kept you in the vanguard of O'Neill studies, and that continues unabated. I know that I can speak for myriads of O'Neillians around the world when I say, thank you, Jordan, for serving our common cause with such distinction. We know that "retirement" has no place in your lexicon, and that you will continue to lead and inspire us for many years to come. And so we wish you, in the words of one of O'Neill's father's favorite toasts, many, many years of "sunny days and starry nights"!

NEWS, NOTES AND QUERIES

1. SHEAFFER READIES ILLUSTRATED VOLUME. As a kind of sequel to his Pulitzer Prize biography of Eugene O'Neill, Louis Sheaffer has been commissioned by Stewart, Tabori & Chang, which specializes in lavishly illustrated books, to produce a pictorial account of the playwright's life. It will be divided about equally between text and illustrations. Though most of Stewart's publications use color photographs, the O'Neill one will use black and white graphic material exclusively. Color, the author and his publisher feel, "would falsify the tone of the playwright's turbulent and, not infrequently, somber history."

2. TWO BIOGRAPHICAL ADDENDA, kindly provided by Louis Sheaffer.

When I began researching nearly thirty years ago to write a biography of O'Neill, Yale Professor Norman Holmes Pearson, who had known Eugene and Carlotta, in addition to being a friend of Eugene, Jr., told me that I couldn't have found a more difficult subject among all the other contemporary American authors. The reason for this, he said, was that just about everyone who had known O'Neill well would refuse to talk, either out of respect and affection for the shy, reclusive playwright or from fear of repercussions from his widow. The professor, I might add, was among those who wouldn't talk.

Just recently I was reminded of the long-ago conversation when an acquaintance of mine, doing research in the Alfred Knopf papers (which are soon to be transferred to the University of Texas), sent me a copy of a letter from Carl Van Vechten to Mr. Knopf. Van Vechten and his wife Fania Marinoff had been friends of the O'Neills. His letter follows [exactly as typed by Van Vechten on October 30, 1956 --Ed.]:

Dear Alfred, I think it would be impossible for any one, save in some secret way, to set down his share of the story to write a frank O'Neill
story. Undoubtedly Carlotta will have her version prepared and she has already rewritten her diary. Probably anything unfavorable to Gene in her possession has been destroyed. Princeton, Yale, and the Museum of the City of New York share his manuscripts. They have already been informed that if they give out anything she doesn’t desire given out she will withdraw mss. She will INSIST on reading any biography. Max Wiley is writing for Doubleday a novel based on O’Neill. Before it is published she will emasculate that, as she did Pompey’s Head. Moreover, I think she will be able to protect his reputation even after she is dead, for a generation or two. Then, everybody who knew him will be dead. The only way to preserve the unadulterated story is to get affidavits from numberless people, including wives and children of Gene (Lawrence Langner has already written his), organize and publish these in some far/distant future, without risk of getting sued. Please do NOT let any one see this letter and do not quote from it. It is for your private eyes but better keep it in some safe place, because this subject will come up many times. Every publisher in America will be after this story.

With love, [handsigned] Carlo

Notes: Van Vechten misspelt Max Wylie’s name. His novel, Devil in the Flesh, was his major effort to establish a literary reputation of his own, thereby escaping from the shadow of his better-known brother, Philip Wylie, author of A Generation of Vipers. A few years after Devil appeared, without creating a sensation, Wylie killed himself. The full title of the other book Van Vechten mentioned was A View From Pompey’s Head, by Hamilton Basso, which became a best seller.

* * *

Although the New York Times ran a long obituary (October 31, 1985) on Marion Tanner, the real-life model for the fictional “Auntie Mame,” whose antics first appeared between book covers from the pen of her nephew Patrick Dennis, the newspaper neglected to identify the two husbands she had had. One of them, named Lingard Loud, was a classmate of Eugene O’Neill’s in Professor Baker’s playwriting course at Harvard.

Years later, as I record in my biography, he was scarcely complimentary as he recalled our foremost dramatist. “He had,” Loud said, “a fine forehead ... and a heavy moustache to hide his depraved mouth. He was resentful against God, resentful against his family, resentful, resentful.”

Interestingly enough, Miss Tanner, whom I also interviewed, remembered that originally her ex-husband was “greatly impressed with O’Neill, with his imagination, his ability, his personality. O’Neill was the only one Lingard ever talked about.”

Marion herself, who had Eugene to dinner a few times, found him a “dramatic figure. I felt both an anger and a sadness in him, but more of sadness; yet his personality was always shot through with a mordant kind of humor—maybe ‘sardonic’ is the better word. He was sardonically humorous on the subject of his father and all the years he had played in Monte Cristo.”

3. "EUGENE O'NEILL--A GLORY OF GHOSTS" is the title of the 2 1/2-hour film, written by Paul Shyre, directed by Perry Miller Adato, and produced by Ms. Adato and Megan Callaway, that will be seen on PBS next summer as a part of the new WNET/THIRTEEN series, "American Masters." Members of the May 29 – June 1 O’Neill conference at Suffolk University will see a special large-screen showing of the full film—the first performance for the general public—in advance of its
television premiere.

Dramatic and documentary techniques have been freely combined in the film to tell the story of the life and work of the playwright. Scenes from eight O'Neill plays, dramatized by an all-star cast, serve as examples of the dramatist's work and to illuminate his life and character. The film also includes interviews with Walter Abel, Travis Bogard, Colleen Dewhurst, Armina Marshall and Jason Robards.

The performers in scenes from the plays are Blythe Danner (Anna Christie and Nina Leeds), Geraldine Fitzgerald (Mary Tyrone), Bette Henritze (Marthy Owen), Thomas Hulce (Edmund Tyrone), Tony Lo Bianco (Larry Slade, Yank in The Hairy Ape and Driscoll in Bound East for Cardiff), James Naughton (Jamie Tyrone and Yank in Cardiff), Jason Robards (James Tyrone, Hickey, and Jim Tyrone in Moon for the Misbegotten), and Mario Van Peebles (Brutus Jones).

Real-life figures are played by Zoe Caldwell (Carlotta Monterey O'Neill), Frances Conroy (Agnes Boulton O'Neill), Frank Converse (George Jean Nathan), Joel Fabiani (Kenneth Macgowan), and Jason Robards (James O'Neill, Sr.), with Jeffrey De Munn as the voice of Eugene O'Neill.

The film has been eagerly awaited, has been lavishly praised by previewers, and will provide an exciting "first" for conference-goers next May.

4. PORTRAIT OF A DAUGHTER. Oona O'Neill Chaplin is one of a trio of friends (the others are Carol Matthau and Gloria Vanderbilt) whose long-standing relationship is traced in Trio: Portrait of an Intimate Friendship, a book by Aram Saroyan that was recently published by the Linden Press of Simon & Schuster.

5. PECILE TO CONDUCT SUMMER SEMINAR ON O'NEILL. Jordan Pecile has received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to conduct a summer seminar for secondary school teachers. The seminar, which will take place from June 30 to August 8, 1986, will concern O'Neill's late plays, and will be held at the Monte Cristo Cottage in New London, CT. In addition to morning meetings at the Cottage, seminar members will interact with the National Playwrights' Conference that will be running concurrently at the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center in nearby Waterford. Inquiries about the seminar should be addressed to Professor Pecile at 100 Irving Street, Mystic, CT 06355.

6. EUGENE O'NEILL CENTENNIAL LECTURE SERIES. Connecticut College and the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center will sponsor a lecture series on the dramatist's life and work. The series will run from October 1987 through October 1988. Proposals for lectures and other presentations have been invited, but unfortunately the Newsletter learned of the invitation after the original deadline date of December 1, 1985. However, as late project proposals may be accepted, interested persons can still send word ("a title and a project description of at least 200 words") to Richard Moorman, Chairman, O'Neill Centennial Lecture Program Committee, Box 1543, Connecticut College, New London, CT, 06320. "As we encourage a variety of perspectives," Moorman writes, "specialists in any discipline relevant to O'Neill's biography and dramaturgy are encouraged to apply. Likewise, innovative approaches are no less welcome than traditional scholarship." The editor regrets that he must announce the invitation so late and hopes that potential participants will still consider applying.

7. IN MEMORIAM. Timo Tiusanen, whose book, O'Neill's Scenic Images (Princeton Univ. Press. 1968), was praised by Jordan Miller (in Eugene O'Neill and the American Critic) as "a significant piece of O'Neill scholarship ... one of the few book-length studies of O'Neill as an artist of the theatre rather than as a writer of dramatic literature. "died suddenly last August in his native Finland at the age of 49. A founding member of the Eugene O'Neill Society and its first
international secretary, he will be sadly missed by the many O'Neillians who had come to respect and love him. We will miss his charm, his wit, and his kindly but accurate barbs at Americans for failing to offer O'Neill the veneration he is accorded by their European colleagues.

Equally sad was the passing, last August 28, of actress Ruth Gordon, who died at her summer home in Edgartown, MA, at the age of 88. Though not a performer in O'Neill's plays, she had a long interest in his work and was a member of the Theater Committee for Eugene O'Neill. She regaled the editor, at the Committee's 1983 O'Neill birthday party, with her recollections of the Broadway opening of Anna Christie at the Vanderbilt Theatre on November 2, 1921. What she remembered most was the audience's gasp at the first entrance of Pauline Lord as Anna. They gasped, not at the clear evidence of Anna's "past," but at the fact that Miss Lord was dressed, not in red or black--rouge et noir being the standard hues for "fallen women"--but in brown velvet! The editor will never forget his evening with Miss Gordon, one of the great ladies of the American theatre.

8. DEWHURST WINS MEDAL. The Theater Committee for Eugene O'Neill celebrated the playwright's 97th birthday with a dinner in the Philharmonic Board Room, Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, on Monday evening, November 4, at which its 1985 Eugene O'Neill Birthday Medal (attached to a chain for wearing, at the recipient's request) was awarded to actress Colleen Dewhurst. Jason Robards read three letters by O'Neill; Joseph Papp presented the medal; Miss Dewhurst paid tribute to the playwright who had been "so good to us all"; José Quintero proposed a toast to O'Neill, the "hard taskmaster" whom he has learned to "hate and love" [he also recalled Miss Dewhurst's appearance as Josie Hogan--"radiant, sculptured, but porous"]; and Robert Klein and his wife, Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano Brenda Boozer, ended the festivities with a medley of songs O'Neill loved ("Shenandoah," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee," and "Oh, You Beautiful Doll"). It was an evening of rare warmth and bonhomie, superbly choreographed by the Committee's co-chairpersons, Barbara Gelb and George White, and its treasurer, Martin E. Segal. The Committee, it was reported the next day in the New York Times, "plans a nationwide celebration on Oct. 16, 1988, of the 100th anniversary of O'Neill's birth." More detailed information will be provided as soon as it is available.

9. DOES O'NEILL NEED LIBERATING? That's what Jonathan Miller thinks, as he prepares to direct a new Broadway production of Long Day's Journey Into Night that has a scheduled opening date of April 17, 1986, and will star Jack Lemmon as James Tyrone, Sr. Interviewed by Ross Wetzsteon in the November 1985 issue of American Theatre ("The Director In Spite of Himself," pp. 4-9 and 41), Miller seems determined to loosen the play from the shackles imposed on it by those who, in his eyes, are too concerned about its biographical allusions and too worshipful of its "masterpiece" status:

It is about time, in the afterlife of this particular play, that it severed its connection with the custodial group that surrounds any great playwright in the first 30 years after his death. There is a group of people, often supervised by the widow, who assume some sort of custody of the orthodox method of presentation, and O'Neill is no exception. He has been surrounded by a sort of maintenance group who guarantee what they believe to be the proper and fitting way to do his work. And I think it's about time that the work loosened its anchorage. [It requires] above all separation from its biographical anchorage. (p. 41)

Given the ubiquity of its production record--with certainly few if any of those productions being supervised or approved by some custodial cabal--it is hard to credit Dr. Miller with accuracy about Long Day's Journey, or about any of O'Neill. His world is no "closed shop," and if, for instance, Kurosawa were to
turn from Shakespeare to him for inspiration, no plenum of purists would decry, undermine or torpedo his intention. On the contrary, directors like George Ferencz, George White, Harold Easton and Laurence Février have done wonderfully innovative things in performances of O'Neill that have won praise from the playwright's admirers. Granted, a too idolatrous attitude on the part of performers or spectators can lead, in Miller's words, to "a boring solemnity, a congregation instead of an audience." And Miller's view of the play, while hardly new, is refreshingly insightful:

I think it is actually a fairly fast-moving, rattling, conversational piece. The rhetorical passages which people put much store by, for instance, and seem to think are great poetry, are often very self-ironizing passages—the characters see themselves as being slightly foolish mouthing them. (p. 41)

Nothing wrong there, except that "self-ironizing" doesn't necessarily undermine the "greatness" of "poetry": just ask Richard II! And there's nothing wrong in choosing Jack Lemmon for the patriarch because he's "so wonderfully against the traditional view." But to expect that "the O'Neill custodians will come crashing in on me with guns blazing and assume that violent irreverence has been inflicted upon the master": that is a bit much, and smacks more of press-agentry than actuality. And of course it works: many will now await the new production with special eagerness. But I'm sure their hands will be as ready to applaud as to reach toward their holsters!

10. FROM PAIN TO ART. That the biographical approach decried by Jonathan Miller still has a valid place in dramatic criticism was evident in Samuel G. Freedman's article, "How Inner Torment Feeds the Creative Spirit," that appeared in the Sunday, November 17 issue of the New York Times (Sec. II, pp. 1, 22). Noting that, "for many artists, creation is a constant act of balancing the dark side that allows introspection with the brighter one that turns raw material into finished product," Freedman cited The Iceman Cometh as one of his examples:

The play, set in a saloon ironically called Harry Hope's, closely parallels O'Neill's years of uncontrollable drinking in dives like Jimmy-the-Priest's and the Hell Hole. It is impossible to imagine O'Neill having written the play without becoming the virtual ascetic he did; yet it is equally impossible to imagine him writing as rendingly about self-destruction and self-delusion without having lived both.

The connection between experience and creativity is always tenuous: Shakespeare need not have even contemplated regicide to write Macbeth! But Freedman's words seem accurate—a valuable corrective to those who would completely untether the work from the individual who wrote it.

11. NEW PUBLICATIONS--AND EARLIER ONES PREVIOUSLY UNNOTED.


Williams, Gary Jay. "Turned Down in Provincetown: O'Neill's Debut Re-examined." Theatre Journal, 37 (May 1985), 155-166. [Williams' contention is that O'Neill was with the Provincetown Players earlier than the traditional account would have it, and that the plays in his Thirst volume were turned down before Bound East for Cardiff was accepted and launched his career as a produced dramatist. The truth, if it be that, is a bit less romantic than the standard account, but Williams' essay makes compelling reading, as all who heard it at the 1984 O'Neill conference might infer. And it is accompanied (on p. 157) by a full-page, previously unpublished photograph of the Provincetown wharf, probably taken in 1916.]


12. DISSERTATIONS.


13. O'NEILL AT NEMLA '86. Four papers will be presented at the special session on Eugene O'Neill during the 1986 convention of the Northeast Modern Language Association in New Brunswick, NJ, next April 4. The session, entitled "O'Neill's Women: Biography as Theatre," will be chaired by Ellen Kimbel. The papers and speakers are the following:

"The Journey from Theatre to Film: Lumet's Mary Tyrone," by Frank R. Cunningham, University of Nebraska.

The Cycle Women and Carlotta Monterey," by Martha Bower, University of New
14. RECENT AND FORTHCOMING O'NEILL PRODUCTIONS.

**Before Breakfast**, dir. Francisco Rivela. No Smoking Playhouse, New York City, closed Dec. 15. (Part of a "Trilogy of Love and Death" that also included Williams' *Talk to Me Like the Rain* and Lorca's *Don Perlimplin*.)


**Long Day's Journey Into Night**, dir. Braham Murray. Royal Exchange, Manchester, England, March 14 - April 6, 1985. [According to Robin Thornber, reviewing the production in the Guardian (March 15), Murray's determination to buck the "grandiose" and replace it with "a very subdued, very restrained series of quirky cameos" did not arouse enthusiasm. "I was simply not engaged in this rather seedily suburban and excessively verbose family and their sordid problems. And I don't think that that's what O'Neill was aiming for."]


**A Moon for the Misbegotten**, Dallas Theater Center, early in 1986 (dates t.b.a.).


PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THIS ISSUE

SHEILA HICKEY GARVEY is Assistant Professor of Dramatic Arts at Dickinson College, Carlisle, PA. She is currently revising her NYU doctoral dissertation, "Not for Profit: The History of the Circle in the Square Theatre," for publication as a book.

EUGENE K. HANSON is Professor of English at the College of the Desert, a member of the Board of Directors of the Eugene O'Neill Society, and a regular reviewer of O'Neill productions for the Newsletter. His weekly column on drama appears in *The Desert Sun* (Palm Springs, CA).

LUTHER HANSON, a graduate of the MFA program in acting at the University of California at Irvine, has acted professionally in San Francisco, in the Oregon Shakespeare Festival at Ashland, and in Santa Rosa and Santa Maria, CA. He is presently a member of the Sacramento Theatre Company.

WILLIAM HAWLEY is a doctoral candidate at the University of California. Santa
Barbara. He has presented papers at a number of drama conferences, including
the 1985 American Theatre Association convention in Toronto last August, where
the essay in this issue was first delivered.

JOAN McQUEEN is a guidance counselor at John Jay High School in Katonah, NY, where
a course on the plays of O'Neill inspired a paper from which the essay in this
issue was drawn.

JORDAN Y. MILLER, Secretary of the Eugene O'Neill Society, retired this year from
full-time teaching at the University of Rhode Island. Author of one of the
first dissertations on O'Neill (Columbia, 1957), he is renowned for his Eugene
O'Neill and the American Critic (now in its 2nd ed.) and Playwright's Progress:
O'Neill and the Critics.

GARY VENA is Assistant Professor of English at Manhattan College. His doctoral
dissertation (NYU, 1984) was on the 1946 production of The Iceman Cometh. His
essay on "The Role of the Prostitute in the Plays of Eugene O'Neill" appeared in Drama Critique, and he was a member of the panel on "teaching O'Neill" at the 1984 O'Neill conference at Suffolk University in Boston.

FREDERICK C. WILKINS is Chair and Professor of English at Suffolk University, Vice
President of the Eugene O'Neill Society, and editor of the Eugene O'Neill
Newsletter. He directed the 1984 conference on "Eugene O'Neill--the Early
Years," and is presently planning the follow-up conference on O'Neill's "later
years," which will be held at Suffolk University from May 29 to June 1, 1986.

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Judith E. Barlow is an associate professor of English at the State University of New York at Albany. She is the editor of the anthology Plays by American Women, 1900–1930.

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