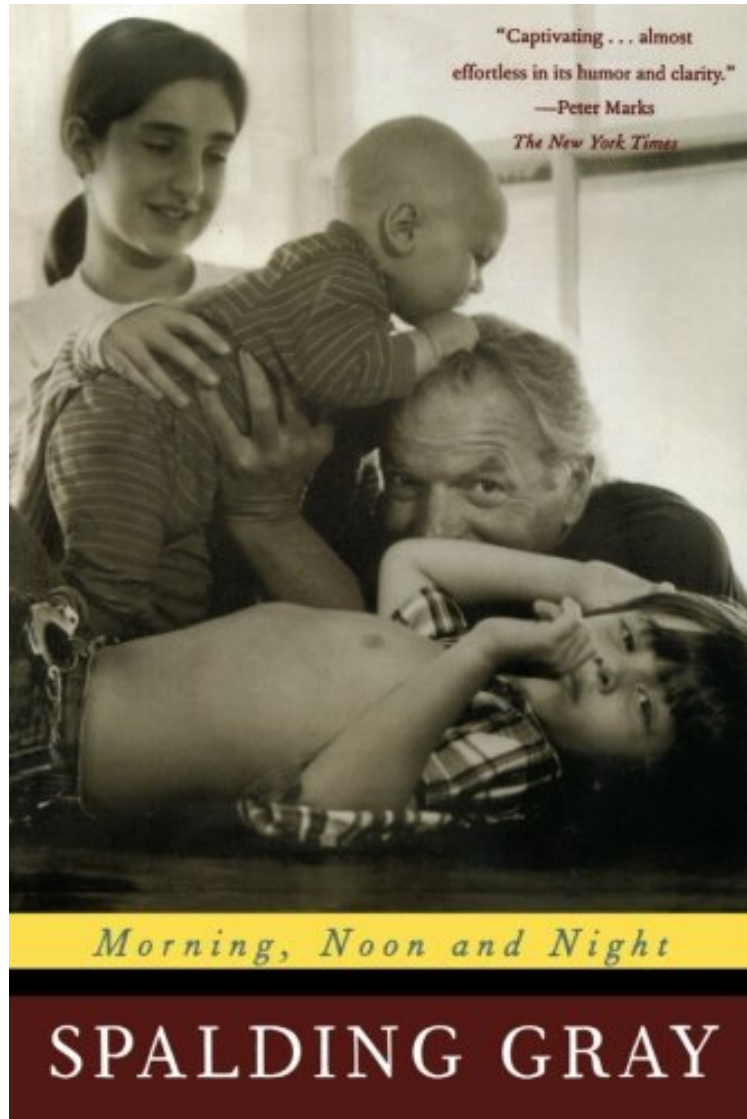


(Library ebook) Morning, Noon and Night

Morning, Noon and Night

Spalding Gray

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#1607120 in Books Spalding Gray 2000-09-30 2000-09-30Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.50 x .38 x 5.50l, .49 #File Name: 0374527210160 pagesMorning Noon and Night | File size: 44.Mb

Spalding Gray : Morning, Noon and Night before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Morning, Noon and Night:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Not sheldon's finest.By Ada ArdorNot Sheldon's most famous, or even best book, but enjoyable nevertheless.Every family has secrets, and this was not an always enjoyable book to read.In my youth, I didn't understand why Kendall did not fight back, whose heartache bothered me the most, but now I do understand.There was a rich man, who was nowhere as omnipotent as he thought. He indulged though he was

running, and suddenly, he was killed. The first few chapters were amongst my favorites, because I loved all the food described. Then came the stories of his children - heartache upon heartache. This isn't Sheldon's best, and I am judging it because its ending was so unsatisfactory to me. Regardless, the writing is poignant, sharp, and deeply empathetic. I do like this book. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Still Spalding By Susan Crane It's Spaulding, a happy man, a family man. But still Spalding. I love him, what else is there to say. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. In this monologue he discovers the beautiful mess of family life with three kids and a ... By Vermont Lass What can I say? Spalding Gray was a one and only in terms of his talents as a monologist and bringing to life the ordinary in all of our lives with a quirky twist. In this monologue he discovers the beautiful mess of family life with three kids and a lovely wife. It's poignant and funny and interesting how he tries to navigate these unknown waters of parenthood and balancing this new life with his old one of solipsism.

A hilarious monologue about fatherhood by a unique comic voice In Morning, Noon and Night that master of the confessional, Spalding Gray, tells the event-filled, emotionally charged, and outrageously funny story of one day of his life in October 1997, after the birth of his son Theo. Horrified by the prospect of having another son, considering what he and his two brothers did to their father, and ambivalent about the idea of living in a small, quaint town on eastern Long Island that seems an odd detour for a man destined for California, Gray comes to feel, of course, a profound affinity for his baby boy, born with the looks of a "wet, blue beaver." But this is not merely a father's account of an infant son; it's the story of his new life with his girlfriend Kathie; his regally precocious eleven-year-old stepdaughter, Marissa ("Please don't let me die a virgin!"); and his older son, Forrest, who stymies Gray time and again with his metaphysical inquisitiveness-"Daddy, what's behind the stars?" "How do flies celebrate?" A richly comic work about parenthood, about adults who don't grow up and children who do, Morning, Noon and Night stands as Gray's most mature work to date.

From Publishers Weekly A portrait of the artist as bemused dad, this account of a day in the life of the Gray family is by turns funny, meditative and self-absorbed. Gray (Swimming to Cambodia, etc.) may say he is "really no good at making up stories," but he is brilliant at telling them. Parents will smile with recognition at his tales of sharing the bath with plastic action figures; of trying to control his anger at the children's rejection of a dinner lovingly prepared by his wife, Kathie, in favor of "Lunchables"; and at the stream of existential questions posed by his son, Forrest ("Dad, how do flies celebrate?"). With the birth of his second son, Theo, Gray's recollection of how he and his brothers treated their own father is sharpened, providing a frame of family history for his present encounters with parenthood. The 18th-century churchyard across from Gray's suburban Long Island home inspires his sometimes morbid imagination, but his frequent flights of fantasy are always brought down to earth by the real demands of young children or the common sense of the apparently endlessly patient Kathie. In his stepdaughter, Marissa, Gray seems to have met his match for self-dramatization: "We both thought that life was a rehearsal for the perfect story and the perfect audience." Gray's own words about a woman who exposes her toeless foot for alms on a New York subway That her story "was no doubt partly an act, but was a good act and it deserved some money" could equally be applied to his own work. Agent, ICM. (Sept.) Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Somewhere about the time Gray admits that he cried the first time he heard his son's schoolmates sing the Sag Harbor Elementary School Song you want to haul off and jack-slap the noted monologist upside the head and scream, "Hey, Spalding, bite me!" Gray has made a career of his droning, therapy-laden confessional soliloquies; this latest installment finds him trading his Manhattan loft for an 1890s whaler's house on Long Island (where he lives with his girlfriend and their three children). Here he subjects readers to inane ramblings about one day in October 1997 just after the birth of his son, Theo. The yoga, bicycle rides, and new green Volvo station wagon all have a quickly numbing effect. By the last page, when the baby is breast-feeding at the end of a long day, you know that it's not just Theo that sucks. Proof that old performance artists don't die, they move to Sag Harbor and become yuppies. -A Barry X. Miller, Austin P.L., TX Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Booklist Gray used to be one of the most self-absorbed monologists in America. Everything he wrote, everything he performed was about Spalding--Spalding growing up, Spalding swimming to Cambodia, Spalding dealing with a crazy vacation home--and we loved him for it. Then, one day, Spalding grew up. He met a woman, fell in love, began having children, moved out of New York City, and left his crazy bohemian life behind. His performances have never been the same. Suddenly he is content--even, in brief flashes, happy. Suddenly, he is spending more time talking about others--his lover, their children--than about himself. This pattern began with Gray's last show, It's a Slippery Slope, and continues in his newest, now ensconced in this book. To be sure, there are moments of classic Spalding-esque wit and comic paranoia in the slim volume; for instance, in his discussion of his love-hate relationship with death. But too much here is concerned with scenes of domestic bliss: tooling around Bar Harbor, Maine, his new home, with his son or hanging out at home with the family. Gray remains a gifted storyteller, and this piece paints a complete, somewhat compelling portrait of life in a sleepy resort town, but Gray's longtime admirers will miss the hilarity of his earlier work. Jack Helbig