

Scenes from Thurso's Landing

by

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DEDICATION

This dissertation is dedicated to my parents Susan Spurlock and Tim Hunt; to my mother for tirelessly supporting not just one, but two Jeffers-obsessed Hunts; and to my father for dedicating nearly 20 years of his life editing the critical edition of the collected works of Robinson Jeffers for Stanford University Press. The field of Jeffers studies would not be what it is today without their enormous efforts and personal sacrifice, nor would this dissertation have been possible.

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PREFACE

Content warning: the libretto of *Scenes from Thurso's Landing* includes themes of sexuality, infidelity, violence, sexual violence, suicide, homicide, and ableism.

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ABSTRACT

Scenes from Thurso's Landing, contains roughly half of the materials from an anticipated opera in two acts, *Thurso's Landing*, based on Robinson Jeffers' (1887-1962) lengthy narrative poem by the same title, first published in 1932. *Scenes from Thurso's Landing* is intended to be presented in a concert staging in which singers move about a bare stage and sets are suggested only by groupings of music stands, and is comprised of highlights from the intended full opera including arias, duets, trios, quartets, one quintet, and several chorus numbers.

Dramaturgically, this opera sits somewhere between the worlds of opera and musical theatre, seeking a rhetorical balance between elevated poetics and emotional immediacy. The opera's musical vocabularies are informed by the free-yet-structured atonality of Berg's *Wozzeck*; by the modernist middlebrow vocabularies of Menotti, Bernstein and Vernon Duke; and by the "Americana" sonorities of Gershwin and Copland in an attempt to explore the musical intersections of opera and musical theatre through the unique lens of neo-verismo American eclecticism.

CHAPTER I

Characters, Setting, and Synopsis

Characters

Scenes from Thurso's Landing employs five principal singers, one principal speaking role, and a small chorus of eight low voices which also are featured as soloists in a number of small supporting roles. The table below provides the voice type and description (where applicable) for each character.

Principal Roles		
Character	Voice Type	Description
Helen Thurso	Dramatic Soprano	Mid-twenties. Hedonistic. Wants something, anything more than what she has. Frustrated with her life and marriage to Reave.
Reave Thurso	Verdi Baritone	Mid-twenties. Big, broad, muscular, and intimidating. Rigidly self-controlled. Is now head of the Thurso family after his father's suicide.
Mark Thurso	Lyric Tenor	Early-twenties. Injured in the war; walks with a cane and a limp. Emotionally fragile. Reave's brother.
Mrs. Thurso	Dramatic Contralto	Forties-fifties. A hawkish woman, wary and tenacious. Reave and Mark's mother.

Rick Armstrong	Spinto Tenor	Twenties-thirties. An itinerant worker. Tall and handsome, cocksure and charming. Reave's friend and the dynamite man on the construction crew.
Johnny Luna	Speaking	Any age. Must be played by an actor of color. Devoutly Catholic, Spanish-speaking. Reave's farmhand.
Ensemble Roles		
Track	Voice Type	Characters
1	High Tenor	The Doctor
2	High Tenor	Danny Woodrow The Minister
3	Low Tenor	Prison Laborer 1
4	Low Tenor or High Baritone	Factory Worker 1 Orderly 1
5	Baritone	Prison Laborer 2
6	Baritone	Factory Worker 2 Orderly 2
7	Bass-Baritone	Foreman
8	Basso Profundo	Old Man Thurso
All tracks		Road Crew, Prison Laborers, Factory Workers, Neighbors, & Offstage Voices

Table I.1 — Character, Voice Type, & Brief Description

In order to ensure that *Thurso's Landing* and *Scenes from Thurso's Landing* can contribute positively to social progress initiatives such as diversity, equity and inclusion, the following casting note will be included with all perusal materials distributed to potential producing entities: "Permission will not be granted to produce this work unless, at a minimum, at least half of the chorus roles and also half of the principal roles will be performed by individuals of color."

Setting

Scenes from Thurso's Landing takes place in the summers of 1932 and 1933. Along the coast of the Big Sur region in California, a road crew blasts away at the cliffs of the Santa Lucia mountains where they rise abruptly from the Pacific, erecting the span that will soon become the iconic Bixby Bridge. Some ways inland from this gorge is the Thurso family farmhouse on the valley floor, nestled between the two cliff faces. Spanning the gorge hangs a rusted iron cable with a defunct skip, a mechanical relic of the failed industry of the Thurso family lime-works and timber mill.

Scene-by-Scene Location & Timeline		
Scene	Location	Timeline
Act I, Scene 1	The construction site near the ocean cliff-face	Pre-dawn
Act I, Scene 2	The woods of the canyon	Dawn
Act I, Scene 3	The farmhouse and its yard	Afternoon
Act I, Scene 4	A cabin in the desert	Morning, one year later
Act II, Scene 1	The farmhouse and its yard	Evening, a few days later
Act II, Scene 2	The valley of the canyon and the top of the canyon cliff	Next morning
Act II, Scene 3	The farmhouse and its yard	Evening, a week later
Act II, Scene 4	High on the cliff promontory	Next morning

Table I.2 — Scene-by-Scene Location & Timeline

Synopsis

(NOTE: Bracketed Material is included in the full opera libretto, but is omitted from the excerpts presented in *Scenes from Thurso's Landing*. Material indented in script format and courier font is excerpted from the libretto, the full text of which follows in Chapter III.)

Act I

Scene 1

(The construction site near the ocean cliff-face; pre-dawn.)

A red moon hangs brightly, illuminating a crew of construction workers laboring at a cliff-face: “The road, the road! It must be straightened and repaired again, to run clear from San Simeon up to Carmel.” Two laborers observe an ominous iron cable, moaning in the breeze; they speculate that this must be the “voice of Old Man Thurso, come back to haunt the canyon: the poor, dead, devil’s shame, calling from beyond the grave.” The crew foreman retorts “Reave himself is bad enough, without ghosts of the dead troubling us.”

Helen, Reave, Mark, and their farmhand Johnny Luna, on their way to go hunting, observe the worksite. Helen, unhappy in her marriage to Reave, pays particular attention to one of the workers: “isn’t he amusing? That one. Rick Armstrong, the dynamite man.”

At the worksite, the rigidly controlled, intimidating, and justice-seeking Reave confronts one of the other workers for carelessly breaking one of the Thurso farm’s fences with construction equipment: “You are the one who broke it. You will be the one to fix it.” The worker is frozen in fear until the charming Rick Armstrong mediates a solution.

In thanks, Reave invites Armstrong to join the Thurso party on their hunt, and suggests his brother Mark return home, instead. Mark implores Helen to return with him: “Let the others do the shooting. Killing’s against your nature.” Helen responds: “I’m not so gentle as

Act I

Scene 2

(The woods of the canyon; dawn.)

[Reave and Johnny have climbed down into the gorge to follow deer tracks, leaving Helen and Armstrong alone together.] Helen observes the red moonset; Armstrong observes the dawn stars. [Helen laments Reave's coldness as the dawn flashes brightly around them.

Reave climbs back to the others, alone, having sent Johnny Luna home with a young fawn on his back. Helen spots a regal stag on the hill; Reave takes his shot and the stag runs downhill, injured. Helen touches the stag's blood: "it looks like a red toadstool. Red scum on rotten wood. Does it make you sick? Not a bit: it makes you happy." Reave sets out to follow the stag, directing Armstrong to take Helen home.]

Helen, alone with Armstrong in the misty, early-morning woods, sees a romantic opportunity to distance herself from Reave, and takes action. Armstrong, at first caught off guard, is swept up in Helen's emotional momentum:

HELEN

The cloud has come all around us.

ARMSTRONG

I'm Reave's friend.

HELEN

And I'm his wife.

(HELEN kisses him, ARMSTRONG after a moment kisses her back. Swept up in their passion, they do not notice JOHNNY LUNA's entrance on his way back to REAVE. He stands in shock and watches them a moment, then backs away, crossing himself, and turns to run back to the farmhouse.)

Act I

Scene 3

(The farmhouse and its yard; afternoon.)

[Helen enters the farmhouse and is met with the suspicious gaze of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Thurso. Helen falters, and exits to the bedroom.]

Reave returns, self-satisfied with a bloodied shirt; he has successfully tracked the stag, completed his hunt, and carried it home. His mother warns him that trusting Armstrong might be a mistake.

[Reave exits the house, rifle in hand, and moments later a gunshot is heard. Helen rushes out in a panic to find that Reave has euthanized their dog.

HELEN

Poor old dog. You knew I loved him, so you took him off.
Killing's your pleasure, your secret vice.

REAVE

He was old and made of miseries. If we'd used this mercy
two or three months ago we'd have saved pain.

HELEN

Will you do as yourself when life dirties and darkens? Your
father did.

REAVE

No I will not. What's that said for? For spite? We may help
out the beasts, but a man mustn't be beaten.]

Later in the evening Reave discovers that Helen is missing from the house and resolves to find her and bring her back. Mark and Mrs. Thurso lament the fortunes of Reave as Helen and Armstrong run off in the night.

Act I

Scene 4

(A cabin in the desert; morning, one year later.)

A year later, Armstrong and Helen awake in their cabin; he has found work in a factory in the Arizona desert. As workers pass by in the distance, Armstrong gets dressed and ready to leave. Helen implores him to come back to bed. The company whistle blows, and Armstrong goes to work.

[Time passes; it is now nearly noon.] Reave enters, Helen's cabin, having finally tracked them down. Helen resists going back with Reave until the factory whistle blows. Knowing that Armstrong could be back for lunch at any moment, and fearing a violent altercation, she begs Reave to "take me with you before he comes!"

Armstrong returns. Reave attacks him brutally, breaking both of his legs. [As Armstrong drags himself away on his elbows to die, Reave backs Helen into the cabin to reclaim her.]

Act II

Scene 1

(The farmhouse and its yard; evening, a few days later.)

[Reave and Helen return home to the Thurso farmhouse.] Mrs. Thurso questions Reave's stubbornness in finding Helen: "your mind sticks in its own iron. When you've said 'I will' then you're insane, the cold madness begins. I suppose it's better than weakness."

[Mrs. Thurso tells Reave that while he was gone, Mark has begun to see a "shadow" of their dead father:

MRS. THURSO

About the old cable:
He's been seeing lately...a
shadow of your father:
Pitifully staring up at it in the evenings.
Mark broods on that. The shock of your disgrace I believe
Started his mind swarming, and he hobbles out
In the starlight. I wish you to keep your promise
And cut that ruin from our sky.
Something unlucky will clear
When that cord's cut.]

[Reave searches outside for Mark.] Mark is caught up in a vision of Old Man Thurso that Reave cannot see. Mark warns Reave that their father does not want him to cut down his cable.

Mark asks the vision of his father about death, and the vision responds:

OLD MAN THURSO & O.S. CHORUS

Life is all a dream,
and death is a better, more vivid immortal dream.
But love is real, both are made out of love
that's never perfect in life
and the voids in it are the pains of life.
But when our ungainly loads of blood and bone are thrown
down
Love becomes perfect, for then we are what we love.
Love must become conscious of itself and claim its own.

Act II

Scene 2

(The valley of the canyon and on top of the canyon-cliff; the following morning.)

A group of neighbors from farms around the county gather in the canyon to watch the falling of the cable: "Poor old Thurso, poor Old Man Thurso. The last of his mark on these hills will fall; his old bones will have nothing left but his sons and his shame."

Reave stands at the top of the cliff with an axe, readying to cut down the cable. The neighbors observe the sea wind, and the clouds blowing up the gorge as Reave works. As he raises his axe for another blow, the cable snaps in two. The spring-like force of the loose end whips around his torso, bending him backwards and slamming him violently into the earth.

[HELEN

God evens things. My lover in the desert, crawled in the
sand like that after Reave struck him.

A bushel for a bushel says God exactly.]

Act II

Scene 3

(The farmhouse and its yard; evening, a week later.)

A doctor confirms the extent of Reave's injuries: "the nerves of pain will live, but the nerves of motion are lost." [Mrs. Thurso and Helen discuss the viability of Reave's future.]

As Mrs. Thurso retires to bed, Helen, in a dream-like state, mesmerized by a twisted idea of forgiveness and mercy (and unknowingly followed by Mark) makes her way to the storage shed in which the hunting rifles, squirrel poison, rat traps, and other instruments of death decorate the walls. Mark confronts Helen, consumed by images of lust, pain, and disillusionment.

Mark's advances are rejected by Helen, who, rifle in hand, sneaks through the farmhouse to Reave's bed while the Thurso family considers the woven meanings of life and death, of "beauty and pain."

As Helen aims her rifle at Reave, Mark lifts a pistol to his head. Only one shot is heard. Mark crumples to the ground, dead.

Act II

Scene 4

(High on the promontory; the next morning.)

Helen, Reave (carried on a stretcher), Mrs. Thurso, and Johnny Luna gather at Mark's fresh grave high on the cliff-face with a minister and a few neighbors. After a time, Helen and Reave are left alone on the cliff-face. Reave blames the vision of their father's ghost for Mark's death: "The dead dog that walks in the woods, that Mark used to talk to has done this. Too shot with cowardice to live and too envious to let his sons."

When Reave's rage is spent, he confesses to his confusion over Rick Armstrong's involvement with Helen:

REAVE

I still don't understand what drove him to it.

HELEN

Who; Mark?

REAVE

No, Rick Armstrong. He was a good fellow.

HELEN

(Erupting.)

Was it nothing to you? It was something to me!

(Beat.)

He's dead, don't you understand?

He's gone down. You live.

That debt is paid.

Helen, full of conflicting remorse, anger, guilt, mercy, love and hate, considers the role that death could have had, has had, and might yet have in their lives. "I do this for love," Helen cries as she slices Reave's throat open with his own hunting knife.

[Refusing to be judged by any moral code but her own, Helen ingests a fatal poison. As Mrs. Thurso returns to Mark's grave, she finds herself wearily, tragically relieved to see the end of Reave's suffering. Mrs. Thurso waits with Helen as she dies, tenderly holding her hand.

MRS. THURSO

...To bear...to endure...

...these are poor things, Johnny;

Now come, it is time.]

CHAPTER II

Libretto

ACT 1

SCENE 1

(Lights up on a scene of controlled chaos. It is not yet dawn, instead a red moon hangs brightly, illuminating the scene with a darkling glow. A CREW of LABORERS is busy making preparations at the foot of a cliff, one of two such cliffs that face each other on the promontory where this canyon meets the ocean. Far in the distance, an iron cable from which hangs a rusted iron skip spans the gorge, ominous. In particular, we see RICK ARMSTRONG, the dynamite man, passing among the different groupings of men on the CREW, fixing problems, calming nerves, well-liked. The CREW is made up of both PRISON LABORERS in chains as they work, and others, like ARMSTRONG, itinerant workers.)

HIGHWAY CREW (All)

(Shouted.)

Hup!

(Sung.)

The road, the road, the road!
It must be straightened and repaired again
to run clear from San Simeon up to Carmel.
Thank God, thank God,
for the dynamite,

and that I'm not the one
to light the fuse.

(The FOREMAN spots two LABORERS idling,
staring at the hanging cable. He
crosses to them.)

FOREMAN

Hey now, you two!
Whaddaya think yer starin' at?
This road won't fix itself, y'hear?
This bridge won't build itself, ya hear me?
(Menacing.)
I said d'ya hear me?

LABORER 1

(Staring off in the distance.)
I can't take my eyes off o' that cable there,
Hangin' 'cross the gorge.

LABORER 2

'Cross Reave Thurso's land.

LABORER 1

That rusted iron skip a-hanging from it like a...
...like a

LABORER 2

(Staring off in the distance.)
...like a stuck black moon.

OTHER HIGHWAY CREW (5)

Oooooooooo,
Mmmmmmmmm.

LABORERS 1 & 2

It makes a lonely creakin' in the mountain wind
that pours down the gorge every night...

LABORER 2

(To FOREMAN.)
That Johnny Luna,

LABORER 1

(To FOREMAN.)
The farmhand!

LABORER 1 & 2

He says it's the voice of Old Man Thurso
Come back to haunt the canyon,
The poor dead devil's shame calling from beyond the
grave.

FOREMAN

(Spits superstitiously.)

Ha! Old Man Thurso!
Reave himself is bad enough
without ghosts of the dead troubling us.
You San Quentin boys, you're all alike--
--superstitious lot.
But you know better than the others:
There's nothin' to fear that ain't in a man's eyes.

(Stares them down.)

That cable, that skip--nothin' but relics.
Now get a move on!

(The FOREMAN brushes past the LABORERS
towards the rest of the CREW.)

LABORER 2

(To LABORER 1.)

Why don't they cut it down?
The lime-works have failed,
And that skip'll never move again.

LABORER 1

(To LABORER 2.)

It'll never move again...
(Beat.)
...until it falls.

(ARMSTRONG, full of confidence,
crosses prominently.)

OTHER HIGHWAY CREW (5)

It's Armstrong, it's Armstrong!

HIGHWAY CREW (All)

It's time for the blast!

FOREMAN

(Shouted.)

You lot! Out of his way!

(There is another scramble on stage as the CREW clears out of ARMSTRONG's way. Far removed from this action REAVE THURSO and MARK THURSO enter. MARK limps along, supporting himself on a crutch or a cane, suffering from an old war injury.)

MARK

(To REAVE.)

I think they'll blast again in a minute.

REAVE

(Agreeing.)

Yes.

MARK

I wish they'd let the poor old road be.
I don't like improvements.

REAVE

No?

MARK

They bring in the world;
We're well without it.

(HELEN THURSO and JOHNNY LUNA enter close behind MARK and REAVE, catching up. JOHNNY is holding four rifles in an awkward grasp in front of his body.)

HELEN

(To MARK, upon seeing ARMSTRONG.)

Isn't he amusing, that one, Rick Armstrong, the dynamite man.

(ARMSTRONG lights the fuse and walks away, very slowly, making a show out of his nonchalance in the face of danger. All other CREW members are hiding, covering their heads, terrified.)

HELEN (Continued)

How slowly he walks away after he lights the fuse.
He loves to show off. Reave likes him too.

(There is a bright flash of light and a chaos of sound -- the dynamite has exploded. ARMSTRONG is pulled into a group of the CREW emerging from their hiding spots, admiring his bravery and ad libbing noises of congratulations, celebration, and relief. REAVE draws near the closest group of CREW as the dust clears and the CREW begins to return to their normal activities. REAVE frowns and chooses DANNY from among them with his eyes.)

REAVE

You're Danny Woodruff, aren't you, that drives the tractor.

DANNY

Maybe. What then?

REAVE

Why, nothing,

(Pause.)

except you broke my fence and you've got to fix it.

DANNY

(Laughing.)

You don't say,
Did somebody break your fence? Well, that's too bad.

REAVE

My man here farmhand saw you do it.
He warned you out of the field.

DANNY

Oh, was I warned?

(Spoken, to JOHNNY.)

What did I say to you, cowboy?

JOHNNY

(Spoken.)

You said...you said 'go to hell.'

DANNY

(To REAVE.)

That's what I say.

(REAVE twitches the whip in his hand.
After a considered moment he makes a
deliberate show of coiling it and
putting it away over his arm.)

REAVE

Still, you'll fix it.

DANNY

(Recoiling a step.)

If you've got a claim for damages, take it to the
county.

REAVE

I'm taking it nearer hand.
You'll fix the fence.

LABORER 1

Wait for him
Until he fixes it, your cows will be down the road.

FOREMAN

(Jumping in, not wanting a fight.)

They'll be off down the road.
You'll be better off with your man there to do it

REAVE

(To FOREMAN.)

No.

(The FOREMAN hastily backs away.)

REAVE (Continued)

(To DANNY, stepping forward with casual
menace, punctuating his words.)

You are the one who broke it, you will be the one to
fix it.

(Rolling up his sleeves.)

I said, you will be the one to fix it.

(Closing the last few inches of space,
staring DANNY down, calmly.)

Won't you.

(DANNY is mute, petrified in his
terror. ARMSTRONG finally sees REAVE
and DANNY.)

ARMSTRONG

(Disarmingly.)

Why, if it isn't Reave Thurso!

REAVE

(In greeting.)

Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

'Shame about your fence, now,
those tractors are hell to steer.
I'm sure it was an accident.

(To DANNY.)

Isn't that right, Danny?

DANNY

(To REAVE.)

It was...it was an accident.

ARMSTRONG

(To REAVE.)

And I'm sure he'll be fixing it for you.

(To DANNY.)

Isn't that right, Danny?

DANNY

(To REAVE.)

I'll be fixing it.

ARMSTRONG

(To REAVE.)

And I'm sure he'll be starting it today.

(To DANNY.)

Right, Danny?

DANNY

(To REAVE.)

I'll fix it today!

(DANNY slowly backs away, turning to
run offstage once he's beyond REAVE's
reach.)

FOREMAN

(Spoken.)

Alright, back to work.

ARMSTRONG

There now. You see? Danny'll do the right thing.

MARK

It was your manner that put him off, brother.

REAVE

(To MARK, coldly.)

Was it.

(MARK shrivels a bit, under that gaze.)

REAVE (Continued)

(To Armstrong.)

Will you blast again today?

ARMSTRONG

(Laughing good-naturedly.)

I've time enough to join your hunt, if that's what you're after.

REAVE

Good.

MARK

(Resigned, pleading.)

Take care of Helen, won't you, Reave,
Don't tire her out.

(REAVE, ARMSTRONG and JOHNNY begin to exit.)

HELEN

(To MARK, laughing as she turns to follow them.)

Pity the others, Mark.
I'll not be the tired one, by evening.

(REAVE, ARMSTRONG and JOHNNY are now out of earshot.)

MARK

Let the others do the shooting, Helen, spare yourself.
Killing's against your nature,
it would hurt with unhappy thought
Some later time.

HELEN

Ah, I'm not so gentle as you think.
Good-bye, brother.

(HELEN exits, humming.)

Mmm...

CREW

(Sporadic, fading.)

Mmm! Mmm!

ACT 1

SCENE 2

(High in the canyon, before dawn.
HELEN, REAVE, JOHNNY and ARMSTRONG
enter, rifles in hand, hunting.)

REAVE

(To HELEN.)

Wait here, with Armstrong.

(To JOHNNY.)

Johnny, with me.

(REAVE and JOHNNY exit, climbing down
into the gorge out of earshot, or,
alternatively, exiting offstage.)

HELEN

(To herself.)

The red moonset shines in the clear between those
murky hills,
like a burning ship on the world's verge.

(The lights begin to shift, slowly,
gradually; dawn begins to creep
onstage.)

ARMSTRONG

The stars are strange at dawn, see, they're not autumn
stars,
They belong to last March.

HELEN

Maybe next March.

(Beat.)

Tell me how you've charmed Reave
To make him love you?

ARMSTRONG

Why: nothing.

HELEN

He never has cared for a friend before.

ARMSTRONG

If he lacks friends perhaps it's only

Because there's so few neighbors in this country
To make choices from.

HELEN

You don't know him yet.
He's cold,
And all alone in himself.

(HELEN looks down or offstage towards
REAVE.)

HELEN (Continued)

(With a kind of triumph.)

Look down there:
What size Reave Thurso is really: one of those little
dirty black ants that come to
dead things could carry him.

(ARMSTRONG and HELEN settle in to wait.
The light continues to brighten. After
a time HELEN walks a few feet away,
impatient. ARMSTRONG observes her. One
rifle-shot is heard. Full dawn flashes
brightly, seeming to come all at once.)

HELEN

(Reveling in the light.)

Ah!
Now light has come.
The cloud-line flushes
With rose-color flame,
And standing rays

Of indigo shadow

Creep close behind

The fired fleece
Now light has come.
Now light has come!

ARMSTRONG

(Watching HELEN.)

Now light has come.
The cloud-line flushes
With rose-color flame

The standing rays

Of indigo shadow

Creep close behind

The fired fleece.
Now light has come!

(REAVE climbs up to them or enters.)

HELEN

Where's Johnny Luna?

REAVE

(To HELEN.)

Sent him home with a young fawn on his back.
He knows where to meet us.

(Turning towards the opposite
direction.)

No other tracks down that way, we'll try to the east.

(HELEN and ARMSTRONG turn and follow
REAVE.)

REAVE (Continued)

(To ARMSTRONG, pointing outwards while
walking.)

See that tree that stands alone on the spur,
It looks like a match-stick: but the trunk's twenty
feet through. The biggest redwoods left
on the coast are there,
The lumber-men couldn't reach them.

(HELEN suddenly points just barely
offstage where she sees a buck.)

HELEN

Oh. Look!

(REAVE and ARMSTRONG both aim.)

HELEN (Continued)

(Bitterly.)

So I've betrayed him.

(REAVE fires as ARMSTRONG raises his
cheek from the rifle stock to look at
HELEN; he misses his chance to shoot.
REAVE rushes downstage, a spongy
scarlet thing is found at the downstage
corner.)

REAVE

(Seeing the blood.)

He was hit in the lung,
Coughed up a froth of blood and ran down hill.
I have to get him.

HELEN

(Moving downstage, seeing the blood.)

It looks like a red toadstool:
Red scum on rotten wood. Does it make you sick?
Not a bit: it makes you happy.

REAVE

Why do you come hunting, Helen,
If you hate hunting, Helen?
Keep still at least. As for being happy:
I'll have to go down the steep thicket.

HELEN

Let the poor thing die in peace.

REAVE

It would seem a pity,
to let him suffer; besides the waste.

ARMSTRONG

(Pointing some distance away, upstage.)
I'll go down there and work up the gulch, if you go
down here.

REAVE

You'd never find him without the blood-trail.

(During the above, HELEN goes back and
touches the foam of blood on the
ground, dipping four fingers. She
returns.)

HELEN

(Holding up her bloody hand.)
I was afraid to do it, so I did it. Now I'm no better
than you.

REAVE

Helen--

HELEN

Don't go down.
Please, Reave. Let's hurry and go home. I'm tired.

REAVE

(To ARMSTRONG.)
That would be best, if you'd take her home.
It's only a mile and a half.
I'll hang the buck in a tree

Near where I find him, and come fetch him to-morrow.

ARMSTRONG

If you want.

HELEN

(HELEN clenches her blood-tipped fingers and feels them stick to her palm.)

All right. I'll do
What, you've chosen,
Mark wins, he said I'd be tired. But he was wrong,
(Opening her hand, regarding the red-lined nails.)
To think me all milk and kindness.

(REAVE exits, going down the thicket and offstage.)

ARMSTRONG

I ought
To've gone with Reave, it doesn't seem fair to let him
Sweat alone in that jungle.

HELEN

He enjoys toil.
He's never set his mind on anything yet
But snuffled like a bloodhound to the bitter end.

(ARMSTRONG chuckles wryly. THEY begin to move about the stage, on their way to the farmhouse.)

HELEN (Continued)

Mark, his brother, you met this morning,
He's very different, a weak man of course
But kindly and full of pity toward every creature, but
really at heart
As cold as Reave. I never loved hunting, and Mark has
Persuaded me to hate it. Let him persuade
Reave if he could!

ARMSTRONG

Why did you come then?

HELEN

Ah? To watch things be killed.

(Beat.)

Do you ever think about death?

ARMSTRONG

Hell no, that was all settled when they made the hills.

HELEN

I've seen you play with it,
Strolling away while the fuse fizzed in the rock.

ARMSTRONG

There are worse ways to go than dynamite.

(They move about the stage, continuing
on their way.)

HELEN

Did you notice how high he held his bright head
And the branched horns, keen with happiness?
Nothing told him
That all would break in a moment and the blood choke
his throat.
I hope that poor stag
Had many loves in his life.

(She moves past him to the highest
point on the stage; he follows.)

HELEN (Continued)

See there?
The mountain sea-wall looks abrupt as dreams, and
Lobos like a hand on the sea.
And there, in Mill Creek Canyon between the black and
the green the painted
Roof of Reave Thurso's house, like a grain of corn in
the crack of a plank, where the hens can't reach it.
And Reave's old mother's like a white-headed hawk...

(To herself.)

Look how I'm stuck in a rut: do I have to live there?
Life is so tiny little, and if it shoots
Into the darkness without ever once flashing?

HELEN (Continued)

(To ARMSTRONG, trembling.)

It seems cold up here.
I hate the sea-fog.

(HELEN leans into ARMSTRONG.)

ARMSTRONG

(Pulling back.)

Helen, I...

HELEN

(Laughing.)

Look, what the crooked bushes have done.

(HELEN shows ARMSTRONG where her shirt has ripped open, a thin red scratch on the smooth skin.)

ARMSTRONG

(To himself.)

Such smoothness...

(ARMSTRONG touches her, then pulls away as if burned.)

You're tired, Helen.

HELEN

(Blazing.)

I'll not let the days of my life
Hang like a string of naughts between two nothings.

ARMSTRONG

(To himself.)

Drops of cloud...

HELEN

Wear a necklace of round...

ARMSTRONG

(To himself.)

...drops of cloud...

HELEN

...zeros for pearls;

ARMSTRONG

(To himself.)

...like seed-pearls hanging in her hair...

HELEN

(Continuing.)

I'm not made that way.

ARMSTRONG

(To himself.)

...on the dark lashes

HELEN

(Continuing.)

Think what you please.

ARMSTRONG

(Spoken, to HELEN, on the edge of control.)

Shall we go down now?

(ARMSTRONG turns to go down.)

HELEN

(Grasping him from behind.)

I have seen dawn with you,
The red moonset and white dawn, with you

HELEN

And starlight on the mountain,

and noon on burnt hills

where there was no shadow
but a vulture's,
and that stag's blood:

I've lived with you
A long day like a lifetime,

at last I've drawn something
In the string of blanks.

ARMSTRONG

(To himself.)

Those indigo shadows

in the dawn...

Those violet eyes,

Hollowed with points
of craving under the
long dark lashes,
Her face a white
flame!

HELEN

(Spoken.)

The cloud has come all around us.

ARMSTRONG

(Spoken.)

I'm Reave's friend.

HELEN

(Spoken.)

And I'm his wife.

(HELEN kisses him, ARMSTRONG after a moment kisses her back. Swept up in their passion, they do not notice JOHNNY LUNA's entrance on his way back to REAVE. He stands in shock and watches them a moment, then backs away, crossing himself, and turns to run back the way he had come, back to the farmhouse.)

ACT 1

SCENE 3

(The farmhouse and its yard, early evening. The main living space is visible inside, as is a section of yard outside beyond the front doorway. MARK is sitting on the porch outside, MRS. THURSO is mending cloth inside. JOHNNY LUNA runs onstage, a little breathless, stopping short when he sees MARK.)

MARK

(In greeting.)

Johnny.
How was the hunting?

(JOHNNY startles, then hurries inside without speaking to MARK.)

MRS. THURSO

(Looking up from her mending.)

What on earth's the matter Johnny?

(HELEN enters the yard, flurried and anxious, then approaches the house.)

JOHNNY

(Spoken, hesitating.)

I...
I saw...something...
Something evil--

(He is interrupted by HELEN's entrance. JOHNNY crosses himself and runs out the front exit, knocking bodily into MARK, who has risen to follow HELEN inside.)

JOHNNY (Continued)

(While running outside and offstage)

Sorry, sorry!

(MRS. THURSO looks sharply after JOHNNY. HELEN barely notices.)

MRS. THURSO

(With suspicion.)

Where is Reave?

HELEN

Reave went after a wounded deer.
Hasn't he come home yet?

MRS. THURSO

(Watching HELEN steadily.)

We've not seen him.

(MARK enters.)

HELEN

(To MARK, avoiding MRS. THURSO's eyes.)

Ah, Mark, you guessed right.
I'm tired to death, must creep up to bed now.

(HELEN begins to cross towards an inner doorway. MRS. THURSO's words bring her up short.)

MRS. THURSO

So you came home alone? That young Armstrong
Stayed with Reave.

HELEN

(Faltering.)

No, for Reave sent him with me.
But we...he...parted ways at the fence...to go back to
his work-site...
My rifle, Mark,
Is clean: I minded your words.

(HELEN exits to the bedroom. MARK settles in a chair with a book. Light shifts, time passes, it is now near twilight. REAVE enters, his shirt blood-stained on the breast and shoulders.)

REAVE

(Self-satisfied.)

I got him.
By luck I found him, in a buck-eye bush.

MARK

How far, Reave, did you carry it?

REAVE

Two miles or so.

MARK

What does it weigh?

MRS. THURSO

You are strong, that's good; but a fool.

REAVE

(Spoken.)

What have I done?

MRS. THURSO

I'll never say
Your young Helen's worth keeping,
but while you have her
Don't turn her out to pasture on the mountain
With the dynamite man.
Those heavy blue eyes
Came home all enriched.

(REAVE laughs.)

MARK

(Bitterly.)

Helen is as clear as the crystal sky.

REAVE

(Smiling.)

I trust Rick Armstrong as I do my own hand.

MRS. THURSO

It shames my time of life,
to have milky-new sons.
What has he done for you
To be your angel?

REAVE

I like him.

MRS. THURSO

That's generous,
And rare in you.

How old is he?

REAVE

My age. Twenty-four.

MRS. THURSO

So that's a better reason to trust him:
You're the same age.

REAVE

That's no reason.

MRS. THURSO

No.

(REAVE sits a long while, considering.)

REAVE

(Coming to a sudden decision.)

I've time before supper,
Something I must see to.

(REAVE exits, taking his rifle with
him. After a time a GUNSHOT is heard.
HELEN screams from the bedroom, and
comes running into the living area,
nearly hysterical.)

HELEN

What was that shot?!

(Stammering.)

What...what...

(She runs outside, and meets REAVE,
coming back onstage with the rifle and
a dirt-covered spade.)

HELEN (Continued)

What have you done?

REAVE

I've just put old Bones out of his misery.

HELEN

(Laughing and trembling with relief.)

I thought something had happened to someone.

(REAVE walks past her.)

HELEN (Continued)
(Recovering from her relief, now
accusing.)

Poor old dog.
You knew I loved him, so you took him off.
Killing's your pleasure, your secret vice.

REAVE
(Turning back.)
He was old and made of miseries.
If we'd used this mercy
Two or three months ago we'd have saved pain.

HELEN
Will you do as much for yourself
When life dirties and darkens? Your father did.

REAVE
No, I will not.
What's that said for? For spite?
We may help out the beasts, but a man mustn't be
beaten.

(Beat.)
That was a little too easy, to pop himself off because
he went broke.

HELEN
You needn't despise him, Reave. My dad never owned
anything.
He ate my laundry-wages and lived as long as he could
And died crying.

REAVE
We used to see mine
Often in the evenings.
Coming back to stare up at that cable,
Looking at his unfinished things.
It ought to be taken down
Before it falls.

HELEN
Do you really believe
that your father's ghost?

REAVE
(Shaking his head.)
No, some stain

Stagnates here in the hollow canyon air, or sticks in
our minds.

How could 'too weak to live'

Show after it died?

HELEN

(Blanching with capricious anger.)

I knew you'd no mercy in you,

But only sudden judgment for any weak thing;

How can I live

Where nothing except poor Mark is even half human, you

like a stone,

hard and joyless, dark inside,

And your mother like an old hawk--

REAVE

(Grabbing HELEN by the shoulders.)

Were you born a fool? What's the matter, Helen?

HELEN

If I had to stay here

I'd turn stone too: cold and dark.

Oh, what do you want me for?

Let me go.

(HELEN brushes past REAVE to go back
inside. She looks from MRS. THURSO to
MARK, nervously, then sits, picking up
some mending and fidgeting. REAVE
enters, brooding, and sits.)

MRS. THURSO

It seems Johnny Luna saw something evil today,

now he crosses himself each time he sees your Helen.

Your business, Reave: not mine: Ask him: I'm only

The slow man's mother.

MARK

Helen?

HELEN

Will you promise, Reave, promise Johnny

You'll give him, for telling the perfect truth,

whatever your mother has promised him for telling

lies.

REAVE

He'll sleep in hell first.

(REAVE stares HELEN down for a long moment.)

HELEN

If it was nothing worse than killing to fear
I'd confess. All kinds of lies. I fear you so much
I'd confess...all kinds of lies...to get it over with,
Only,
To get it over with: only, I haven't done anything.
This terror, Mark, has no reason,
Reave never struck nor threatened me, yet well I know
That while I've lived here I've always been sick with
fear
As your mother is with jealousy.

(Beat.)

May I go up to bed, now? I'm trembling-tired:
But indeed I dare not
While you sit judging.

MARK

Go, Helen, go. I've watched innocence tormented
And can no more. Go up and sleep if you can, I'll
speak for you, to-morrow all this black cloud of wrong
will be melted quite away in the morning.

(HELEN smiles brokenly and leaves the
room, but lingers out of sight of the
others to listen at the doorway,
clutching at the wood.)

MARK (Continued)

Mother:
You've done an infamous thing.

MRS. THURSO

They might play Jack and queen
All they please, but not my son
For the fool card in the deck.

(HELEN's cheek and brow strike hard on
the edge of the doorway. The sound of
struck wood and HELEN's hushed groan is
heard in the living room.)

MARK

What has she done?
Helen, oh Helen...

(REAVE crosses to the doorway and grabs HELEN roughly by the elbow, dragging her back into the lamplight of the living room; a little blood runs through her left eye to her lips from the cut eye-brow.)

MRS. THURSO

She's not hurt.
Why make a fuss?

HELEN

The wood of your house
Is like your mother, Reave, hits in the dark.
This? This will wash off.

REAVE

(Shouting.)

Johnny!

(JOHNNY, who has been listening against a different door, hurries into the room.)

HELEN

(Moaning.)

I'm ringed with my enemies.

REAVE

What did you see?

JOHNNY

(Fearful, spoken.)

Don't know. Don't know.

HELEN

(Turning to flee, then turning back.)

My husband, Johnny,
Is ready to kill me, you see.
Someone has made him angry at you and me.
Look in my eyes. Tell no bad stories...tell no lies...

(JOHNNY steps backwards, crossing himself and praying under his breath.)

JOHNNY

(Spoken, sotto voce.)

Dios te salve, Maria.
Llena eres de gracia:
El Señor es contigo.
Bendita tú ere entre todas las mujeres...

HELEN

(Overlapping, meekly to MARK.)

Think kindly of me,
Mark, I believe I shall be much hated in the morning.
Goodnight, sweet Mark.

(HELEN exits.)

JOHNNY

(Spoken, overlapping.)

...Y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre:
Jesús.
Santa María, Madre de Dios,
ruega por nosotros pecadores,
ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte--

REAVE

(Suddenly shouting.)

Answer!

JOHNNY

(Spoken.)

Don't know, don't know!

(During the above, HELEN makes her way silently out of the house, through whatever back or side door or window is available on stage. She sneaks towards offstage and discovers ARMSTRONG creeping through the yard.)

HELEN

(Greatly surprised, sotto voce.)

What are you doing here!?

ARMSTRONG

I had to see you again, I had to--

HELEN

(She shows him her cut brow.)

Look what Reave did.

He knows. He knows!

REAVE

(Inside the house, surging to his feet.)

By God! If she's played me false...

ARMSTRONG

By God!

(ARMSTRONG caresses HELEN tenderly.)

HELEN

What will you do?

ARMSTRONG

I'll take you to the camp.

REAVE

I'll hear it from her own lying mouth.

(REAVE crosses to the bedroom exit.)

MARK

(Overlapping.)

Reave! Brother!

HELEN

(Overlapping.)

You can't stop him when he comes, to-night, in an hour--nothing can stop him.

MRS. THURSO

(To MARK, Overlapping.)

You gentle fool.

MARK

(Overlapping.)

Why mother, have you ignited such a false flame?

HELEN

(Overlapping.)

And how could you bear to face him, he thought you his faithful friend. Don't you know him? I do.

REAVE
(Overlapping from offstage or the empty
bedroom.)
Where is she?

(REAVE rushes in to the living room.)

REAVE (Continued)
Where is she?

HELEN
Oh, my lover!

ARMSTRONG
Oh!

REAVE
(Shouted.)
Where is she?

MRS. THURSO
My fool son.

MARK
Oh Reave!

REAVE
I'll find her!

HELEN
Take me to the end of the world and kill me there!

ARMSTRONG
I'll take you!

REAVE
By God, I'll find her.

MARK
Oh my brother!

HELEN
Just take me there!

MRS. THURSO
Such betrayal!

Oh, Helen!	ARMSTRONG
Oh, Helen!	MARK
I'll find her!	REAVE
Just take me before Reave comes!	HELEN
If it's the last...	REAVE
I'll take you!	ARMSTRONG
...thing...	REAVE
Oh, Reave!	MARK
...I...	REAVE
Cut out the rot!	MRS. THURSO
...ever...	REAVE
HELEN (Overlapping.) Oh, take me away!	ARMSTRONG (Overlapping.) I'll take you away!
Burn it away!	MRS. THURSO
Take you away!	ARMSTRONG
By God!	REAVE
Oh God!	MARK

HELEN

Ah!

(HELEN and ARMSTRONG exit in a rush. Inside, with deliberate motion, REAVE grabs up his rifle, examining it, weighing it in his grip. He looks from MRS. THURSO to MARK, both held in silence by the intensity of his gaze.)

REAVE

(With electric calm.)

I'm going to fetch my wife.

(REAVE strides outside the house, exiting into the night.)

ACT 1

SCENE 4

(In the desert at the foot of sun-rotted hills a row of wooden cabins are worn to the look of sea-drift by the desert sand-scour, drying in the rage of the sun. The inside of the last cabin is visible, barely more than a one-room shack, dingy, ill-furnished, poor. Inside, HELEN and ARMSTRONG lie in a simple bed, entwined and at ease. There is enough room outside amongst the other cabins for a small crowd to gather in the hot white dust. In the background men clad in denim and boots cross the stage all heading the same direction, in sparse ones and twos, on their way to their shifts at the company mine.)

CHORUS (on and offstage)

Hmmmmmm,
Hmmmmmm.

(WORKER 1 makes for ARMSTRONG's cabin and knocks on the door while WORKER 2 lingers upstage, waiting.)

WORKER 1

Hey, Armstrong!
Get yer sorry ass out'a bed,
The whistle's about to blow.

(ARMSTRONG kisses HELEN, as if he has all the time in the world, HELEN giggles. WORKER 1 shakes his head and returns to WORKER 2.)

WORKER 2

(To WORKER 1.)
Prob'ly don't even have his trousers on yet, the dog.

(The WORKERS exit. ARMSTRONG finally stretches and rises, beginning to move about the small space, getting dressed.)

HELEN

(Watching him dress.)

Come back to bed.

ARMSTRONG

(Laughing.)

Only for a moment, Helen

(ARMSTRONG rushes back to HELEN and kisses her passionately. After a short while, he pulls away from her embrace and rises once more.)

HELEN

Rick, my darling...

ARMSTRONG

(Mock disapproval.)

You wicked woman!

(While pulling on his other boot.)

Someone must pay for this fine house, our rich gardens, your jewels and furs and all the servants' wages.

HELEN

(Laughing.)

Mr. Armstrong you scoundrel!

ARMSTRONG

(ARMSTRONG leans over to kiss HELEN goodbye.)

I'll be home for lunch.

HELEN

Good-bye.

ARMSTRONG

(At the door, looking back.)

Good-bye!

(ARMSTRONG flashes a brilliant smile, and exits the cabin. He hurries towards

where the men were going earlier, the stream of workers slowed to a tiny trickle of a few last stragglers like himself. The mine whistle blows, and ARMSTRONG picks up the pace, jogging offstage. Inside, HELEN rolls and stretches luxuriously, rising in her night shift, beginning to putter around. She begins to brush out her hair, singing wordless tunes of satisfaction to herself. Lights shift, gradually and imperceptibly, the early morning becoming mid-morning. REAVE enters the space outside, stopping and looking around. HE hears HELEN's humming, goes to HELEN's cabin and opens the door without knocking, and taking a step inside he blocks out the light from the threshold, casting a shadow over HELEN. HELEN stops singing suddenly, her last note trailing upwards into a shriek of surprise and despair as she hears him come in.)

REAVE

(Spoken.)

Well, Helen. You found a real sunny place.

(REAVE steps further into the room, HELEN driven backwards in front of him.)

HELEN

(Spoken.)

How...

How did you...track us at last?

REAVE

(Spoken.)

Oh,

(He laughs, humorlessly.)

time and I.

He's at work?

HELEN

(Spoken.)

Yes.

REAVE

(Sung.)

If you wanted to hide
You'd have got him to change his name.

HELEN

(Sung.)

I begged him to,
so many times.

REAVE

Pack your things.

HELEN

You won't take me.

REAVE

(Astonished.)

Not take you! After hunting you a whole year?
You dream too much, Helen.
It makes you lovely in a way, but it clouds your mind.

HELEN

(Shuddering.)

Oh God,
Will you preach too?

(Kneeling to him and pressing her face
on his hard thigh.)

I know I've been wicked, Reave.
You must leave me in the dirt for a bad woman.
Don't forgive me. I only
Pray you to hate me.

REAVE

(Hastily.)

Get up,
This is no theater. I intend to take you back, Helen,
I never was very angry at you, remembering
That a woman's more like a child.
So we'll shut this bad year
In a box of silence and drown it out of our minds.

(HELEN rises and turns away from him,
her face toward the window.)

HELEN

(Slyly and trembling.)

Don't you care, that he and I have made love together
In the mountains and in the city and in the desert,
And once at a Navajo shepherd's camp with a storm of
lightnings
Playing through the cracks of the shed: can you wink
and swallow
All that?

REAVE

I can't help it. You've played the beast.
But you are my goods and you'll be guarded, your
filthy time
Has closed. Now I'll take you home.

HELEN

You can't take me against my will. No: I won't go.
Do you think you're God,
And we have to do what you want?

REAVE

You'll go all right.

HELEN

(Laughing.)

At last you've struck something
Stiffer than you. Reave, that stubborn will
Is not strength but disease, I've always known it.
Your mind sets and can't change, you don't go on
Because you want to but because you have to, I pity
you,
But here you're stopped.

(Trembling with sudden fear.)

If you did take me
I'd stab you in bed sleeping.

REAVE

You're talking foolishness, Helen.
Pack your things.
I have to see Armstrong before we go.

HELEN

Why must you see...Rick?

(Faintly.)

Reave?

Reave. You said you weren't angry.

REAVE

Not at you.

(The mine whistle blows, indicating noon.)

HELEN

(With sudden, urgent realization, hearing the whistle.)

I led him, I called him, I did it.
It's all mine.

REAVE

(Spoken.)

What is?

HELEN

The blame, the blame, the blame!

REAVE

(With difficulty.)

I've had a year to think about it:
I have to have relief, but you're let off, keep still.

HELEN

I planned it, I did it, Reave.

HELEN

(Urgently.)

Oh, take me with you if you want me,
but now, before he comes!

(fidgeting with her fingers.)

I can't face Rick, not wait for Rick...

(Breath barely filling her words.)

I've done, wickedly, I'm sorry.

I will obey you now.

We'll crawl home to our hole.

REAVE

(After a long pause, almost joyful.)

Pack your things, then.

(HELEN moves jerkily about the small cabin, gathering up a few items collected in a years' time and getting dressed, like a marionette with cut strings, dejected, but with a frantic

urgency to her preparations. In the background, a few men from the mine begin to cross stage, heading to their own cabins and their lunches.)

REAVE (Continued)

(Anxiously, to himself.)

I was to blame too, Helen. Part of the blame
Is mine, Helen. I didn't show enough love,
Nor do often enough
What women want. Maybe it made your life
Seem empty. It seems...it seems to me it wouldn't be
decent
To do it just now: but I'll remember and be
Better when we get home.

(HELEN turns to him, some semblance of
dressed and decent. She picks up her
ragged bundle of items. REAVE
approaches her and she pulls back a
little in fear, then catches herself
and makes herself stand meekly. REAVE,
after a moment, takes the bundle from
her and walks outside. HELEN follows
him; suddenly in the doorway she drops
and kisses the threshold. REAVE
watches and says nothing. She gets up
and walks at his side. REAVE addresses
one of the workers returning from the
mine.)

REAVE (Continued)

I'm taking my wife home.
When Armstrong comes, tell him
We're going west. He's got a car.

HELEN

Oh cheat, cheat!
Will you tole him after you?

REAVE

(Heavily.)

Come on.

(REAVE grabs HELEN tightly by the wrist
tightly and begins dragging her

offstage. ARMSTRONG enters from the mine.)

REAVE (Continued)

(Shouted.)

Armstrong!

(REAVE drops his grip on HELEN, dashing across the stage.)

HELEN

(Shouted.)

Reave, no!

(ARMSTRONG looks over his shoulder, and seems, for the first time, afraid. He runs inside his cabin and slams the door, holding it shut with the weight of his torso. REAVE slams into the door, knocking it open, throwing ARMSTRONG to the floor of the cabin. With deliberate steps, REAVE reaches ARMSTRONG and grabs him by his shoulder and the straps of his coveralls, spinning him and dragging him outside, to where a crowd of lunch-break workers gathers. He shoves ARMSTRONG, who tumbles down to the ground a short distance away.)

REAVE

(Erupting with anger.)

Look here, Helen. Yellow you see, yellow you see. Your friend makes us all vile.

ARMSTRONG

(Struggling to his feet.)

Thurso, I--

REAVE

(While punching ARMSTRONG heavily in the face.)

Yellow snake! Treacherous bastard!

(ARMSTRONG reels back from the assault, staggering out of REAVE's reach. HELEN

throws herself between the two of them,
protecting ARMSTRONG.)

ARMSTRONG

Ah!

HELEN

Ah! What have you done. I love him you know.
Even yellow to the bones, even yellower than gold, I
love him.
If I were dead in the desert
And he drowned in the ocean, yet something and
something from us would climb like white
Fires and twine high shining wings in the hollow sky:
while you in your grave lie stuck
Like a stone in a ditch.

REAVE

(Grabbing HELEN and shoving her aside.)

Enough, woman.

ARMSTRONG

Oh, Helen!

HELEN

Reave, no!

(REAVE and ARMSTRONG grapple, the men
grunting with effort. REAVE rains blows
down upon ARMSTRONG, brute strength
coupled with steely determination
against the hot air of ARMSTRONG's
shallow bravery, easily cracked under
the pain and fear of the fight. The
lunch-time crowd watches intently.
HELEN watches in her own world, only
aware of the two men in front of her.
With one tremendous final blow, REAVE
knocks ARMSTRONG to the ground, The
crowd gasps, HELEN sways and crumples
to the ground in a heap. The crowd,
realizing they are seeing more than
just a normal brawl begin to remember
they have other places to be; they back
away, dissipating, fearful. REAVE is
caught up in the sight of his
vengeance, breathing heavily. The stage

is now clear of the lunch-crowd. REAVE notices that HELEN has fainted. Much changed, he tenderly kneels by her side, cradling her and rocking her.

REAVE

(Gently.)

Oh Helen, oh, Helen.

HELEN

(To herself, dazed, confused.)

The ship, the ship!
The rocking of the waves and the hot smell close up my throat. Oh be patient with me.
When we land I'll feel better.

REAVE

You're in the desert: wake up.

HELEN

(Humbly, to REAVE.)

Please, Reave, won't you leave me here?
I must have freedom,
If only to die in, it comes too late...

REAVE

(After a long pause, quietly, to himself.)

Dearest, I've done
Brutally: I'll not keep you against your will.
(To HELEN, with compassionate love.)

Dearest...

(To himself, changing his mind.)

No.

(He releases HELEN and rises, stalking towards the pitiful figure of ARMSTRONG.)

Nothing further
Has meaning in it, mere jargon of mutterings, the
mouth's refusal
Of the mind's surrender;
that poor dead man - my father, with the sad beaten
face
When the lime-kilns failed:
that man - that man yielded and was beaten.
A man mustn't be beaten.

(Violently.)

No!

(REAVE steps leverage onto one of ARMSTRONG's legs, and grabbing the foot in hand snaps mightily upwards, a great, rending crack accompanying the breaking bone. ARMSTRONG screams, inhuman.)

No!

(Mechanical, cold, REAVE breaks ARMSTRONG's other leg. ARMSTRONG wails once more.)

REAVE

No! No! No!

(REAVE, having reached his satisfaction, matter of factly pulls HELEN upright. He walks inexorably toward her, backing her into the cabin, ignoring the moaning of ARMSTRONG, clawing at the sand, trying to drag himself away. As HELEN stumbles backwards onto the bed REAVE's hands go to his belt buckle.)

HELEN & REAVE

No!

BLACKOUT. END OF ACT.

ACT 2

SCENE 1

(REAVE and HELEN enter the yard of the farmhouse, road-weary after a few days' travel through the desert. HELEN stops, hesitant, some distance away from the house. REAVE walks on a few steps, notices, and comes back to her, taking her by the arm to steer her towards the house.)

HELEN

Don't touch me, please, your hands are terrible.

REAVE

(Letting her go, frustrated.)

Come along, Helen.

HELEN

Were you ever on a ship?
This place is just like a ship, everything smells
In spite of neatness.
Oh Reave I never dreamed that you'd be deep-wounded.
Forgive me.

REAVE

(Violently.)

Lick your own sores.
The man was my friend and that degrades me: but no
woman can love a coward,
And still you stayed...

HELEN

(Defiant.)

For his money, for his money you know,
and the fine house
You found me in among the rich gardens, the jewels and
furs,
Necklaces of pearls like round zeroes, all these
hangings of gold
That make me heavy...

REAVE

Ah, be quiet.

HELEN

I dread death
More than your mother's eyes.
I'm the coward or I'd kill myself.
I fear death
More than I hate this dishwater broth of life.
A bowlful a day, Oh
God! Do the stars look
Like lonely, pretty sparkles when you look up?
They look to me like bubbles of grease on cold
dishwater.

(HELEN and REAVE enter the farmhouse.
MRS. THURSO looks hard at HELEN.)

REAVE

My wife and I have come home.

MRS. THURSO

Yes.

REAVE

Where's Mark, mother?

MRS. THURSO

Sitting under a bush on the hill, probably. Your
wife's, adventures,
Stick in his throat.

HELEN

I'm not ashamed. No reason to be ashamed. I tried to
take myself out of here
And am brought back by force, to a gray place like a
jail, to a house where no one ever loved or
was glad. But your spite's nothing,
I'll fear Reave, but not you.

(HELEN goes outside in search of MARK.
REAVE and MRS. THURSO are silent for a
while.)

MRS. THURSO

Oh why, Reave,
Why did you have to bring her back.

(REAVE looks at MRS. THURSO a moment,
unreadable, then moves to sit.)

MRS. THURSO (Continued)

Your mind sticks in its own iron:
when you've said `I will'
Then you're insane, the cold madness begins.

(Pause.)

I suppose it's better than weakness.

REAVE

(With shame.)

Though it may seem strange:
I love her.
Some accident, or my neglect, changed her;
But I'll change her over
And bring the gold back.

MRS. THURSO

You talk like poor Mark. Or, worse.
Mark at least feels disgust.

(Beat.)

About the old cable:
He's been seeing lately...a shadow of your father:
Pitifully staring up at it in the evenings.
Mark broods on that. The shock of your disgrace I
believe
Started his mind swarming, and he hobbles out
In the starlight. I wish you to keep your promise
And cut that ruin from our sky.
Something unlucky will clear
When that cord's cut. Don't you hate seeing it?

REAVE

Oh, yes,
Like anything else that's no use.
I'll cut it down to-morrow morning.

MRS. THURSO

(Sharply.)

If you could stand her
Under the iron skip when you cut the cable
In the path of that great weight of metal...

REAVE

(Fiercely.)

Don't speak, mother, of Helen.
I never will let her go until she is dead.
I must ask you, mother,
Not to interfere between mine and me.

MRS. THURSO

I have no desire to: as you know clearly, Reave,
In your mind's quiet time.

REAVE

What does that mean, that I seem excited: drunk, hm?
Wrong, mother, quite wrong.
I've noticed in other autumns,
when the earth bakes brittle and the rains lag,
I become gloomy and quarrelsome,
But not this year. Cheerful.
Our ship sails when I cut the cable.
Go to bed, mother.

(MRS. THURSO rises, stares at REAVE,
and exits offstage. REAVE paces heavily
inside the house. Outside, HELEN finds
MARK. His lameness appears more painful
than before.)

HELEN

Have I lost your love, my brother?

MARK

(Overlapping.)

Oh, Helen!

HELEN

(Overlapping.)

Because I could hardly think how to live here without
it.

MARK

I have no color of words
To say how dearly I...Helen, when I seem dark:
You must think of me as a foolish day-dreamer
Whose indulgence turns and clouds him, so that he sees
a dead man walk on the deck and feels the ship sailing
through darkness to a bad place.

HELEN

(Astonished.)

The ship, the ship?

MARK

I feel the see-sawing keel, my mind tries darkly ahead
under the stars

What destiny we're driving toward...do you think,
Helen, a dead man's soul
Can flit back to his scene long afterwards?

HELEN

Your father you mean? I seem to remember hearing
That to dream of a ship means death...

MARK

(Smiling meagrely.)

If that's all,
If we both dream it. I, for one, shan't trouble
My survivors with any starlight returns, but stick to
peace like a hungry tick.

HELEN

(Eagerly.)

Oh, hush.
It's wicked to talk like that.

MARK

(After a pause.)

Did you love him, Helen?

HELEN

I thought you'd ask that.
Of course I loved him.

(Unseen by MARK and HELEN, during the
above REAVE comes outside the house and
stares up at the cable. MARK, suddenly
fearful, sees REAVE.)

MARK

(Near-whispering.)

Is that Reave?

(In terrified realization.)

He's staring up at the cable, Helen!
My father stands in that same place
and stares up at the cable every night.

(REAVE approaches.)

REAVE

To-morrow morning we'll cut it down.

(To MARK.)

We'll feel better

After the old advertisement of failure has fallen.
It's cobwebbed the canyon for too many years.

(To HELEN.)

We'll start a new life to-morrow.

HELEN

(With shrill anger, surprising even
herself.)

You and I?

REAVE

You're staying. So rest your mind.

HELEN

Ah, ah,
Whatever fails, cut it down.
Whatever gets old or weakens.
If a dog or a horse have been faithful,
Kill them on the shore of age before they slacken.
Keep everything around you
As strong and stupid as Reave Thurso.

(HELEN turns and goes toward the house,
exiting through it and offstage.)

REAVE

There was a time when I'd have stared at myself
For bringing that home...and letting it talk and talk
As if it had rights in the world.

(Beat.)

It's her colored
Abounding life
That makes her lovely.

MARK

(Earnestly.)

Oh be good to her,
Not to let her be hurt.

(During their exchange, OLD MAN THURSO
enters, a ghostly apparition.)

MARK (Continued)

Even you,
I think, feel the steep time build like a wave,
Towering to break,
Higher and higher;

And the ship's trimmed top-heavy.

MARK (Continued)

(Seeing OLD MAN THURSO.)

...do you really take it down to-morrow?

REAVE

The cable?

(Turning to look at the cable, walking towards it, inadvertently heading straight for OLD MAN THURSO.)

In the morning.

We'll feel better after that failure has fallen.

I'll send Johnny round to tell the neighbors,

They must all come and watch.

The fall will be grand. Those things have weight.

OLD MAN THURSO

Mmm!

O.S. CHORUS

Mmm!

MARK

Look, our father.

Reave, I beg you

Walk some way around, or he'll glide off again

And never tell me the rest.

(REAVE returns and takes his brother by the shoulder.)

REAVE

Come up from dreams, my brother.

OLD MAN THURSO

Ah! Mmm!

O.S. CHORUS

Mmm!

MARK

He says to warn you...

OLD MAN THURSO

Ah! Mmm!

O.S. CHORUS

Mmm!

MARK

...to let his work stand, he says:

OLD MAN THURSO

Ah! Mmm!

O.S. CHORUS

Mmm!

MARK

..."Honor your father."

REAVE

(Laughing impatiently.)

Tell that imagination I honor
as much of him as I can see:
Nothing.

MARK

(Shouted.)

You are blind brother!

OLD MAN THURSO

Ah! Mmm!

O.S. CHORUS

Mmm!

(MARK shakes REAVE off and falls to his
knees in front of OLD MAN THURSO
following his vision, with no mind for
this world.)

MARK

(Mournfully.)

Has death no peace? No dreamlessness?

OLD MAN THURSO

Ah! Mmm!

O.S. CHORUS

Mmm!

MARK

(Shouted.)

For God's sake, father, tell me!

OLD MAN THURSO & O.S. CHORUS

Life is all a dream...

MARK

...Life is all a dream...

OLD MAN THURSO & O.S. CHORUS

And death...

MARK

...and death...

OLD MAN THURSO & O.S. CHORUS

...is a better

more vivid immortal dream...

MARK

...an immortal dream...

OLD MAN THURSO & O.S. CHORUS

But love is real;

MARK

...but love is real...

OLD MAN THURSO & O.S. CHORUS

Both are made out of love...

MARK

...both are made out of love...

OLD MAN THURSO, O.S. CHORUS
& MARK

That's never perfect in
life, and the voids in it
Are the pains of life;
but when our ungainly loads
Of blood and bone are thrown down,
Love becomes perfect,
For then we are what we love.

(A vision of HELEN, ghostlike, in
MARK's mind and unseen by REAVE emerges
from behind a cloud of smoke during the
above, distorted by lights and fabric,
writhing provocatively, all in white.
MARK begins to crawl toward the
vision.)

OLD MAN THURSO
& O.S. CHORUS

Love
Must become conscious of itself
And claim its own.

MARK

Oh, love!

OLD MAN THURSO
& O.S. CHORUS

Love
Must become conscious of itself
And claim its own.

REAVE

Mark, turn away Mark!

(MARK throws himself back in terror.)

MARK

(Crying shrilly.)

I can't. I can't.

(OLD MAN THURSO and HELEN drift away,
disappearing in the mist.)

REAVE

Come, inside, brother.

(REAVE helps him up and coaxes him
towards home.)

REAVE (Continued)

Come inside.

MARK

(Sotto voce, echoing the melody of OLD
MAN THURSO.)

Ah!

O.S. CHORUS

Ah!

ACT 2

SCENE 2

(MARK, MRS. THURSO, HELEN, and a few NEIGHBORS have gathered to watch the cutting of the old cable. REAVE and JOHNNY are near where the cable itself is anchored on the Southern cliff high above the canyon. Depending on stage limitations, MARK, MRS. THURSO and HELEN may either be down in the canyon proper, or far back from REAVE on top of the cliff face. In either case, they are removed from the action, observing from a distance. A decent length of the cable is seen up close for the first time, a thick and many-stranded monument of industry. A rope has been tied to the cable near the end to be cut, the other end tied to an oak a little higher than the cable-anchorage and some distance to the side (or entirely offstage); so in their falling the heavy steel serpent and the hanging iron skips should be deflected enough to miss those highest and best-grown trees.)

NEIGHBORS

It seems it's always been there
That cable.
That skip.

NEIGHBOR 1

I've never seen it move.

NEIGHBOR 2

(Overlapping.)
It's eaten through with rust.

NEIGHBOR 3

(Overlapping.)
Will he really cut it down?

NEIGHBORS (7)

(Overlapping.)

Will he really cut it down?

ALL NEIGHBORS

Poor Old Thurso,
Poor Old Man Thurso.
The last of his mark on these hills
Will fall,
Will fall,
Will fall.
His old bones will have nothing left
But his sons and his shame.

(During the above, REAVE works at the
cable, trying to sever it.)

REAVE

What engines did my father use to
Sling so great a weight so high:
A man capable of that, blown out
In the first draught of bad
luck like a poor candle!

NEIGHBORS

Now the sea-wind begins,
The wool-white fog on the ocean
Sends clouds flying up the gorge

REAVE

(Growing cheerful.)

With these clouds underfoot
I feel a little godlike!

HELEN

How long has it hung?

MARK

Eighteen years.

HELEN

Not more? Eighteen?
I thought it had always hung on these hills.
When Reave tackles it,
Down it shall come. Not the mountain-backed earth
bucking like a bad
horse, nor fire's

Red foxtail on the hills at midnight, nor the mad
southeasters:
nothing can do it
But Reave Thurso, ah? That's the man we're measured
against.

MRS. THURSO

(To Mark.)

An inch to the mile.

MARK

(Whispering to Mrs. Thurso.)

Do you think he cares?

MRS. THURSO

Who?

MARK

Father: his old work
Falling from the air at last.

MRS. THURSO

We'll credit the dead
With a little more intelligence than to be troubled
About old iron.

NEIGHBORS

Hmm.
Ooo.

MARK

(Answering hollow and slow.)

It has to be done, I suppose.

HELEN

Sometime San Francisco and New York and Chicago will
fall
On the heads of their ghosts, so will that cable.

REAVE

(To himself.)

All the birds
Count on this ironware for as fixed as mountains,
It was here before they were hatched in the high
nests,
Now I'll surprise them.

(To JOHNNY.)

Hand me the axe.
Stand clear, Johnny,

(REAVE swings the axe; the whole cable like a hive of bees hums over the gulf in the hanging air, but the wires hold.)

REAVE (Continued)

I'll hew my father's failure from the face of nature.
I have work to do!

(The sound of snapping strands of metal is heard from offstage. REAVE raises his axe.)

JOHNNY

(Pointing offstage.)

Reave, look out!

(The cable snaps, the anchoring, scything rope that runs from the cable to the oak-tree goes west and strikes REAVE where he is standing; he is bent at the loins backward and flung on the face of the hill. HELEN sees and hurries to REAVE's body. He is not dead but crawling, his belly and legs flat to the ground, his head lifted, like Armstrong in the desert, the shirt and the skin flayed off the great shoulders.)

HELEN

(Gasping.)

God evens things. My lover in the desert,
crawled in the sand like that after Reave struck him.
A bushel for a bushel says God exactly.
What can we do?

(MRS. THURSO climbs up from below during the above. She sees REAVE. With a cry she runs to his side and falls to her knees beside him.)

HELEN (Continued)

He's met somebody

Stronger than himself. Now I forgive him, now I
forgive him.
I'd die for him.

MRS. THURSO

(With astonished hatred.)

You forgive him!

(JOHNNY stands mute and helpless. REAVE
crawls down hill between them.)

REAVE

Must 'a' been holes in my mind. Everything wrong.
Won't die.

HELEN

(Crying shrilly.)

How can we get you down, where can I touch you?

REAVE

Can't worsen it, fool. I won't die. Drag.

(They drag him a little way down the
hill. A few concerned NEIGHBORS trickle
in and assist in carrying REAVE. MARK
finally makes it up high enough to meet
them, hitching up on hands and knees
for his lameness on the steep slope.)

HELEN

(To herself.)

Both her sons crawling!

ACT 2

SCENE 3

(MRS. THURSO and HELEN sit in the living room of the farmhouse in the late afternoon as JOHNNY, a DOCTOR and TWO ORDERLIES carry REAVE on a stretcher onto stage.)

DOCTOR

Steady now, gentlemen.
Let us try not to jostle the patient.

ORDERLY 1 & 2

Yes, doctor.

(MRS. THURSO and HELEN hear the bustle outside and come out to assist the DOCTOR, JOHNNY, and the ORDERLIES in carrying REAVE through the front door and into the bedroom. REAVE is clearly in much pain, and has no use of his legs. MRS. THURSO goes back outside to have a conference with the DOCTOR.)

HELEN

The jolting of the road must have been torture.

REAVE

(After a long pause, suddenly.)

What of it?

MRS. THURSO

Will he live, Doctor?

HELEN

Not to hide it from me, hidden pain's worse. If you trusted me...

DOCTOR

The nerves of pain might live...

REAVE

Do you think rat-gnawings

Mean much to a man who never any more...

DOCTOR

But the nerves of motion are lost.

REAVE

All the endless rest of his life lie flat like a cut tree...

MRS. THURSO

But will he recover?

DOCTOR

He shall never ride...

REAVE

Have food brought and be wiped...

DOCTOR

Walk...

REAVE

Grow fat between a tray and a bed-pan...

DOCTOR

Nor even be able to stand.

REAVE

...While every shiftless and wavering fool in the world has walking legs.

MRS. THURSO

I see. Thank you, Doctor. I am certain you did...

DOCTOR & MRS. THURSO

...all that could be done.

(MRS. THURSO directs JOHNNY to help the ORDERLIES and the DOCTOR back off stage. She remains outside for a time. The world becomes still and heavy. REAVE cannot prevent a grunt of pain from escaping through clenched jaws.)

HELEN

What kind of a doctor was that, who leaves you suffering.

REAVE

An honest old man.

HELEN

(Pitying.)

Oh, Reave!

REAVE

Never waste pity: the cramps and the stabbing are my
best diversion: if they ever ended
I'd have to lie and burn my fingers with matches.
Well: day by day.
You promised lightly to take the worse with the
better. This is the worse.

(REAVE's will breaks momentarily and he
groans, with convulsed lips.)

HELEN

(Suddenly.)

I'll never leave you
In life or death.
Nothing can break you,
It was only bones and nerves broke, nothing can change
you.
Now I've begun to know good from bad
I can be straight too.

REAVE

Dead legs and a back strapped in plaster. You'll never
Be as straight as this.

(HELEN shivers. REAVE smiles and his
lips whiten with pain.)

REAVE (Continued)

How's Mark?

HELEN

Stark mad: all his gentleness
Gone into vengeful broodings. He thinks a dead man
tore up an oak on the mountain...

REAVE

(Frowning.)

Do you think there's anything beyond death, Helen?

HELEN

(Darkly.)

Yes, Worms.

REAVE

And sleep, without pain or waking. Don't worry, I'll never ease myself out by hand. The old dog Stinks in that alley.

HELEN

How did he kill himself? I never knew.

REAVE

(Sharply between tight lips of suffering.)

Leave that.

HELEN

Perfect courage might call death like a servant at the proper time, not shamefully but proudly.

REAVE

(Groaning involuntarily.)

Means your freedom, ah?

But I mean to stick it out,

you know, and there's tempting

Too sweet to be patient with. I say damn quitters.

HELEN

May I shift the pillows under you?

REAVE

(Rolling his head.)

I can shift them. Look here.

(REAVE raises himself upward with prodigious pain and effort by the thrust of his elbows backward against the bed.)

REAVE (Continued)

(Harshly.)

I am not helpless.

(REAVE clutches his hands in the bedding and slowly with immobile face and no groan lays down.)

There's nothing a man can't bear. Push my bed

To the window and let me look out westward.

(HELEN moves his bed to the window.)

REAVE (Continued)

(To HELEN.)

Go.

(HELEN leaves the room, making her way
to join MRS. THURSO outside.)

REAVE (Continued)

(Muttering wearily.)

We're too closed-in here.

I lie like a felled log in a gully and women wrangle
above me. I have no power and no use

And no comfort left and I cannot sleep. I have my own
law

That I will keep, and not die despising myself.

MRS. THURSO

(To HELEN.)

There were two oaks broken that morning.

HELEN

What can we do?

MRS. THURSO

You can run away.

You are out of employment

When a man's withered from the waist down.

HELEN

Yet I was thinking there's....another kindness

That I could do for him. Another that his mother
can't.

MRS. THURSO

(Fiercely.)

You're not the make. I wish

He could see your slobbered face, Helen, he'd hardly

Have hunted into Arizona to fetch it home.

Do what then?

HELEN

(Faintly.)

Nothing, nothing, nothing.

I promised I'll never leave him and
I've grown faithful
At last.

MRS. THURSO
(Scornfully.)

So you say.
If you think of killing yourself...

(MRS. THURSO laughs.)

HELEN
How did...Reave's dad do it?

MRS. THURSO
In the forehead, poor fool,
And was long dying.

HELEN
In the heart would have been better?

MRS. THURSO
You must find out for yourself.

HELEN
I wasn't thinking of myself;
I'm faithful now.

MRS. THURSO
To the death? Ah?
A new color for you, worn strangely.

(MRS. THURSO goes through the house
towards the bedroom. HELEN follows.)

HELEN
Go quietly,
And listen.

(HELEN and MRS. THURSO tiptoe near the
closed bedroom door. REAVE moans
thinly, increasing, then breaking off;
then his fist beats on the bed,
followed by silence, then another moan.
MRS. THURSO shakes her head in pity.)

MRS. THURSO
(Whispering.)

I'll not awake him.

HELEN

If that is sleep,
Then life's a dream.

(MRS. THURSO retires to a rocking chair in the living room. The lights shift, time passes, night comes. HELEN moves restlessly about, finally making her way to the exterior storage shed where vermin-traps, squirrel-poison, and hunting-gear are kept. Unseen by HELEN, MARK enters from offstage through the yard, returning from late-night wanderings. HELEN seeks out her hunting rifle and loads in new cartridges with glittering brass jackets. MARK enters the threshold of the shed.)

MARK

Are you going hunting, Helen?
If you kill any living
Creature, your heart will be troubled
In quiet times afterwards.
Life's bad for people,
But the clean deer, that leap on the high hills
There's not one of them
Lame nor a fool.

HELEN

(To Mark.)

There's a great fallen stag
Would thank me kindly
For death.

MARK

Where is it? I'll feed it
With tender grass.

HELEN

It fell on the mountain,
in pain forever: I hate...love him too.
Love him, I said.

MARK

I know what love is,

Horrible dreams of love
Like splintered glass in my bed cut me all night, like
a splintered mirror.

You betrayed Reave, you know.

Oh, this place crawls with death!

(Mark goes from the doorway towards
HELEN.)

Traps, guns, knives, poisons:
but no one sleeps near, no one can hear us.
There's a bright wanting beast in me:
Hunt that, Helen. Kill that.

I thought love

Was kindness, it's a blind burning beast.

(With growing frenzy.)

Because I heard voices and answered them,
Because I saw spirits and feared them,
You and the rest were whispering that I was crazy.

(Shouted.)

That was nothing!

(Sung.)

I burn to strike the obscene parts of our flesh
together--

This is the real thing, this is the madness.

(MARK lunges towards HELEN, grabbing at
her. He hisses when he touches her
breast.)

HELEN

(Contemptuously.)

You fool!

(HELEN gently pushes him away.)

We'd manage you a kind cure

If I were liberal; but you'd loathe me for it, and my
winter's come.

(HELEN exits the shed.)

MARK

(Shouted.)

The two you've had
Are nothing, take two hundred.
Kill all the deer on the mountain,
What's that to me?

(During the below, HELEN stealthily
enters the house, sneaking past MRS.)

THURSO on her way to the bedroom where
REAVE is.)

HELEN, MRS. THURSO, REAVE,
AND O.S. CHORUS

Ah!

MARK

We know what life is:

HELEN, MRS. THURSO & REAVE

We know what life is:

REAVE

That mercy is weakness,

HELEN

And honesty, the fear of detection,

MRS. THURSO

And beauty, paint.

MARK

And love, is a furious longing to join the sewers of
two bodies.

HELEN, MRS. THURSO, MARK &
REAVE

That's how God made us and the next wars
Will swallow up all....

MARK

I fear insanity.
Lunacy is worse than death.

(HELEN opens the door to REAVE's room,
approaching with rifle aimed. REAVE
sees her.)

REAVE

(Coldly furious.)

Sneak in behind me
Fighting on my last inch?
Trust you, to side with my enemy.

MARK

My only cause for this act is fear of madness.
No other cause.

REAVE

Come closer. You'd botch it from there, and I'd be
days
Dying or not, cursing you for a fool.

(MARK raises his own gun.)

MARK

(Desperate, pleading.)

Dear love
Come soon, this room is purer.

(HELEN leans and shuffles toward REAVE.
A GUNSHOT is heard, MARK collapses.
HELEN startles at the noise, REAVE
grabs the rifle out of her hand. They
both share a look of realization as
MRS. THURSO rushes outside to discover
MARK's body.)

ACT 2

SCENE 4

(In the late afternoon on the top of the cliff-line, HELEN, MRS. THURSO, JOHNNY LUNA, a few NEIGHBORS, and REAVE, lying on a low stretcher, are gathered around a fresh grave marked by a modest wooden cross as a MINISTER draws the sparse funeral for MARK to a close.)

NEIGHBORS, HELEN,
& MRS. THURSO

Mmmmmmm.

Mmmmmmm.

MINISTER

(Spoken.)

Amen.

(The few NEIGHBORS make their way slowly down and offstage, leaving HELEN, MRS. THURSO, JOHNNY LUNA and REAVE behind at MARK's grave.)

MRS. THURSO

(After a long pause.)

Reave...

(REAVE holds up his hand and shakes his head. MRS. THURSO hesitates, then nods solemnly to JOHNNY. They make their way down, JOHNNY assisting MRS. THURSO. HELEN waits silently at REAVE's side.)

REAVE

The dead dog that walks in the wood, that Mark used to talk to, has done this: too shot with cowardice
To live, and too envious to let his sons. Praising
death. Oh my poor brother,
You oughtn't to have yielded.

(Beat.)

That dead dog.

HELEN

(Faintly, half borne into belief by
Reave's passion.)

Have you seen him?

REAVE

Felt him.

(Hoarsely.)

Mark is dead. He'd not have yielded in his right mind.

(REAVE wipes his forehead.)

Now he's another dead dog to bite us.

If there's a God, he's a torturer, that sits calmly
Above the stars.

He sees the old woman lose both her sons for nothing!

One in a spray of life-blood,

The other like a broken stick on a dung-hill;

Then God smiles over the sea to China

on a million people

Dying of hunger.

The lucky ones sold their children for tufts of grass

and die with green teeth,

God pats his baby hands together and looks down

pleasantly!

No!

No!

I'll tell you what the world's like.

I'll tell you what the world's like!

Like a stone for no reason falling in the night

from a cliff in the hills, that makes a lonely

Noise and a spark in the hollow darkness,

And nobody sees,

And nobody cares.

There's nothing good in it

Except the courage in us not to be beaten.

It can't make us

Cringe or say please.

(Beat.)

Don't imagine that

I'm running from the dead dog:

I'll clean out

Trace and shape and smell of him!

I'll leave the canyon

Virgin if fire and dynamite can do it.

Dead as a dog!

Dead as a dog!

(Beat.)

D' y' see that star?

HELEN

What?

REAVE

The star.

HELEN

There's no star, Reave.

(REAVE draws his hand over his eyes.)

REAVE

No star? None?

No, there are

Thousands, but we can't see them. Well, Helen.

Move me, a little. I want to look Westward.

(HELEN shifts each of the dead legs one at a time, so that REAVE can look out over the gorge towards the nearly-completed bridge and the conspicuously absent cable. Helen struggles with the weight of him.)

REAVE (Continued)

You ought to rig up a mast
And tackle,
To hoist your deck-load aboard.

HELEN

Reave, for God's sake!
Ships are bad luck I think.

REAVE

Fool.

HELEN

Yes.

(*Panting.*)

Oh, you're quite right,
Call it a ship. I'll sit on the deck beside you.
Our lives are taken away from luck and given
Higher.

REAVE

I still don't understand what drove him to it.

HELEN

Who; Mark?

REAVE

No, Rick Armstrong. He was a good fellow.

HELEN

(Suddenly shaking.)

Was it nothing to you?

It was something to me!

(Beat.)

He's dead, don't you understand?

He's gone down. You live.

That debt is paid.

(HELEN crouches again on the planks
beside REAVE.)

HELEN (continued)

If I'd never been here, nothing would have been the
same.

You'd not be hurt, you'd be riding on the hill.

Oh, how I wish I had died in misery before you saw me,

(Dream-like, with growing intensity.)

I wish you had seen me

lying five days dead in the jagged mountain,

I wish you had seen me

Blackening on a white rock in a dry place,

the vultures dipping their white beaks in my eyes,

their red heads in my side,

you'd make them raise the great wings and soar!

And if you had seen me

lying black-mouthed in the filth of death,

you'd not have wanted me then,

and nothing would be as it is,

but you'd be lucky and I quiet.

(Shuddering.)

What's all this troublesome affair of living,

what's it all about, what's it for?

Do you know something that's hidden from the weak like
me?

Or do we live for no other reason than because we
dread to die?

(With her hands at her throat.)

I dread it so...I can't bear it,
For now it seems that all the billion and a half of
our lives on earth,
And the more that died long ago, and the things that
happened and will happen again, and all the beacons of
time
Up to this time look very senseless, a roadless forest
full of cries and ignorance.

(Haunted, with mad gaiety)

I used to wish for round jewels and a fur cloak, and a
set of laughing friends to fool with, and one of those
long low stream-lined cars
That glide quietly and shine like satin: So, maybe,
just maybe, life might have been precious
At the best.

(Coming back to reality.)

But can life be precious at the worst?
Maybe death is...
death is...

(HELEN fishes out REAVE's hunting knife
from her pocket, hiding it from REAVE's
view. She sways upright and goes around
him to approach him from the upstage
side, so that her right hand is visible
downstage under his chin when she
kneels down and kisses him.)

HELEN (continued)

For love, for love!
I do this for love!

(HELEN draws the knife across his
throat with hoarded, unconscious
violence. All in a moment mattress and
blanket, the planks, the whole world of
sense, are painted with blood and
foam.)

REAVE

(Gurgling, voice fading.)

No!

HELEN

(Crying.)

For love, Reave, for love!

(REAVE's breath fails, the animal flurry of death waggles his arms and head, no pain from the loins down. Then all is perfect, no-pain, a moment of blessed relief. He dies. JOHNNY approaches, fearing the worst. HELEN stands, covered in blood.)

HELEN (Continued)

Oh Johnny Luna, go down and tell his mother
That the ship has found land.
Tell the old woman To come up here and see him like a
king in Babylon
With his slave lying at his feet.

(JOHNNY flees. HELEN sinks down beside REAVE. With shaking, blood-covered hands she draws out a glass bottle of little white pills.)

HELEN (Continued)

For love, Reave. This is for love.

(She takes the pills, at times dry-retching, but each time finding her resolve. MRS. THURSO labors up the steep face, JOHNNY behind her.)

HELEN (Continued)

...for love, for love!

(HELEN falls, drawing up her knees.)

MRS. THURSO

What poison?

HELEN

A woman's poison, a white one. The little tablets
I used for fear of having a baby, in our happy time.

(MRS. THURSO moves carefully on the platform past HELEN to REAVE.)

MRS. THURSO

How did you do it? Did he let you do it?

HELEN

(Coughing with laughter in the poison fever.)

Reave let me? Have you gone crazy?
I knifed him while I kissed his mouth.

(HELEN cries with pain at the end of speaking.)

MRS. THURSO

I knew he would never give in, why did I ask? You have done well,
You always were treacherous, you did it easily.

(MRS. THURSO finds the hunting-knife and takes it up from the blood against REAVE's shoulder.)

HELEN

(Raising herself on her hands.)

You must not! You have no right.
I alone saved him,
Alone to die with him.

MRS. THURSO

When you die I will lay it down.
You are not to get well.

(HELEN gasps, laughing and retching, then fixes her eyes on the vacant air above the sea-edge.)

HELEN

Why there's the dynamite man
Come up to see us. Keep him off, please.
No, Rick. No. You may watch if you like but I alone
Am allowed to lie at his feet, my love is proved.

(MRS. THURSO watches her attentively across REAVE's body. JOHNNY comes up the platform and stands shaking, leaning over against the wind.)

MRS. THURSO

We can do nothing. She had a wasteful gallant spirit.
It is not poured out yet; go down for now.

(JOHNNY goes down a respectful distance. MRS. THURSO creeps around REAVE's body, kisses HELEN's hand, and remains with her tenderly until she dies. Time passes, the lights shift towards sunset. MRS. THURSO stands, falls, and stands again. She calls to JOHNNY, who comes back up to listen.)

MRS. THURSO

...To bear...to endure...these are poor things,
Johnny;
Now come, it is time.

(JOHNNY takes MRS. THURSO by the hand and helps her down the platform, she continues down on her own, without looking back. JOHNNY lingers, looking back to where HELEN and REAVE lay. He shakes his head, sadly.)

O.S. CHORUS

Mmmmm

-- END --

CHAPTER III

Score

Performance Notes

Duration ca. 55'

- Natural harmonics — Natural harmonics are indicated at sounding pitch.
- PIANO: gently touch the finger pad upon the string(s) associated with the indicated pitch just barely beyond the rail (or on the copper wrapping within one knuckle-length of its beginning on the lower strings). Pressure should be very light—just enough to alter the sound in an eery way, but not so much that the sound is prevented from ringing. Think more along the lines of a sci-fi movie soundtrack, less along the lines of John Cage.
- Percussion — LIST:
- Auxiliary instruments (Ratchet, mark tree, triangle)
 - Large tam-tam
 - Temple blocks (5)
 - Toms (2 — high and mid)
 - Kick drum
 - Bass drum
 - Vibraphone (motor off throughout)
- Mallets are left to the discretion of the performer
- To achieve the “cable moan,” using a superbball mallet (or something else with grip, even a damp finger) rubbing on the head of the bass drum to make some wonky sounds reminiscent of big machinery swaying in a heavy coastal wind.
- Tempo: “Freely” — Indicates a section of recitative or quasi recitative. *Colla voce*.

Score

The score, reduced to 8.5” x 11” size, begins on the following page. Please contact the composer at info@jessicahuntmusic.com should an 11” x 17” tabloid-sized score be required.

THURSO'S LANDING
I.1a - ENSEMBLE
"The road, the road!"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Abrasive
♩ = 120

Violin *pp*

Bassoon *fff* *ppp*

Large Tam-tam *fff*

Temple Blocks *fff*

Kick Drum *fff*

Piano *fff* *f*

Stage motion begins, heavy pounding arrhythmic boots running every which way. Noise of hammers, machinery, metal, cacophonous industry. Make as much chaotic noise as possible. Do not attempt to match the beat or the orchestra. The curtain may still be closed at this point, but these noises should be made regardless.

ord.

sul pont.

mf mechanical

ff *mf*

mf *ff*

Ratchet *mf*

ff

f

ff *f*

Vln. *f*

Bsn. *mf* *ff*

Aux. Ratchet *mf*

T. Bl. *ff*

Kick *f*

Pno. *ff* *f*

Shouted lines, chosen at random, indistinguishable workcrew chatter. No clear consonants. (e.g. "Over here!" "Hurry up w/ tha," "Hey hey hey!" "Watch it!" "Steady steady" mixed with exclamations of exhaustion or effort from each motion "Up" "Out" etc.) Every moment should be filled with these chaotic, overlapping vocalizations.

A (shouted) Hu-up!

A (shouted) Hu-up!

A (shouted) Hu-up!

mf

ff

mf *mf* *ff*

ff

ff *mf*

f

T(1/2/3/4) *mf*

B(5/6/7/8) *mf*

Vln. *ff*

Bsn. *mf* *mf* *ff*

Aux. *ff*

Kick *ff*

Pno. *ff* *mf* *f*

B

T(1/2/3/4) *mf* *f* *mf* *f* [Stage noise continues.]
The road! The road!

B(5/6/7/8) *f* *mf* *f* #7 & #8 *mf*
road! The road! The

Vln.

Bsn.

Tam

B

Pno. *ff* *mf* (*mf*) *f*



C

TI (1/2) *mf* *f* *mf* *f* Percussive hit with props and/or boots. Noise section ends.
The road! It must be straight - ened and re - paired a - gain

TII (3/4) *mf* *f* *mf* *f*
The road! It must be straight - ened and re - paired a - gain

BI (5/6) *mf* *f* *mf* *f*
The road! It must be straight - ened and re - paired a - gain

BII (7/8) *f* *mf* *f*
road! It must be straight - ened and re - paired a - gain

Vln. **C** *mp legato*

Bsn. *f* *mp*

Tam *pp* *f*

C

Pno. *ff* *sfz* (Delicate flutter)

36 3

T(1/2/3/4) *f* to run clear from San Sim-e-on up to Car - mell

B(5/6/7/8) *f* to run clear from San Sim-e-on up to Car - mell Car -

Vln. *f* *mf* *legato*

Bsn. *f* *mf*

Aux. Ratchet *f*

B. D. *mf*

Pno. *f* *mp* *mf*

36

TI 1(1) *f* To Car - mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, and that I'm not the one to

TI 2(2) *f* To Car - mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, and that I'm not the one to

TI 1(3) *f* To Car - mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, I'm not the one to

TI 2(4) *f* To Car - mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, and that I'm not the one to

BI 1(5) *f* mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, and that I'm not the one to

BI 2(6) *f* mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, and that I'm not the one to

BII 1(7) *f* mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, and that I'm not the one, I'm not the one to

BII 2(8) *f* mell Thank God for the dyn-a-mite, and that I'm not the one to

Vln. *ff* **D**

Bsn. *ff*

Tam. *p* *f*

Pno. *ff* *mf* *mp* *p* **D**

41

E

TI 1 (1) light the fuse. *p*

TI 2 (2) light the fuse. *p*

TII 1 (3) light the fuse. *p*

TII 2 (4) light the fuse. *p*

BI 1 (5) light the fuse. *p*

BI 2 (6) light the fuse. *p*

BII 1 (7) light the fuse. *p*

BII 2 (8) light the fuse. *p*

Vln. *f*

Bsn. *mp*

B. D. cable moan *mp* *f* *p*

E

Pno. *pp* *f*

48



F (FOREMAN)

BII 1 (7) Hey now! You two! Whad-da-ya think yer star-in' at? This road won't fix it - self, y' hear? This bridge won't build it - self, ya hear me?

Vln. *mp* pizz *p* arco

Bsn. *mf* *mp* *mf*

T. Bl. *mf* *ppp* *p*

Pno. *mf* *p*

55

5

Fearful
mf G $\text{♩} = 120$
 (LABORER #1)

TII 1(3) I can't take my eyes off o' that cab-le there, Hang - in' - 'cross the

BII 1(7) I said, do you hear me?

Vln. **Fearful**
p G $\text{♩} = 120$
 (.,.,.)

Bsn. cable moan

B. D. *mp* *f* *mp* *p*

Pno. **Fearful**
p G $\text{♩} = 120$
 (.,.,.)

65

molto rit. **Largo** **Skittering**
mf $\text{♩} = 72$

TII 1(3) gorge, that rust-ed i-ron skip a - hang-in' from it like a... like... a...

(LABORER #2)

BI 1(5) 'cross Reave Thur-so's land, Like a stuck black moon.

TI 1(2) [u] [m]

TII 3(4) [u] [m]

BI 5(6) [u] [m]

BII 7(8) [u] [m]

Vln. **molto rit.** **Largo** **Skittering**
mp *p* $\text{♩} = 72$

Bsn. cable moan
p *f pp*

Pno. **molto rit.** **Largo** **Skittering**
mf $\text{♩} = 72$

73

H Very still
Mysterious
♩=42

TI I (3) It makes a lone - ly creak-in' in the moun - tain wind_ that pours down the gorge_ ev-ry night.

BI I (5) It makes a lone - ly creak-in' in the moun - tain wind_ that pours down the gorge_ ev-ry night.

TI (1/2)

TI II (3/4)

BI (5/6)

BII (7/8)

Vln. **H** Very still
Mysterious
♩=42
ppp

Bsn. **H** Very still
Mysterious
♩=42
ppp

B. D. *f* *pp* *p* *f* *pp*

Pno. **H** Very still
Mysterious
♩=42
p

85



I Anxious
♩=92

TI I (3) It's the voice of Old Man Thur-so, come back to haunt the can-yon, the poor, dead, de-vil's shame call - ing from be - yond the grave.

BI I (5) It's the voice of Old Man Thur-so, come back to haunt the can-yon, the poor, dead, de-vil's shame call - ing from be - yond the grave.

Vln. **I** Anxious
♩=92
p

Bsn. **I** Anxious
♩=92
p

B. D. *p* *p* *p* *ff*

Pno. **I** Anxious
♩=92
mp

Emphatic
♩=72

mf *ff*

98

(laughter) **Freely** *mf* **J** $\text{♩} = 180$ **Mocking**
 Old Man Thur-so? Reave him - self is bad e-nough, with-out ghosts of the dead troub-ling us. You San

Vln. **Freely** **J** $\text{♩} = 180$ **Mocking**
 Bsn. *mp*
 Vib. *mp*
 Pno. **Freely** **J** $\text{♩} = 180$ **Mocking**
 107



BII 1(7) **Freely** **J** $\text{♩} = 90$ **Broad**
 Quen-tin boys, You're all a - like: sup-er-sti-tious lot. But you know bet-ter than the oth-ers, there's noth - in' to fear, that

Vln. **Freely** **J** $\text{♩} = 90$ **Broad**
 Bsn. *mp* *f*
 B. D.
 Vib.
 Pno. **Freely** *mf* **Broad** $\text{♩} = 90$
 116



BII 1(7) **Freely** **J** $\text{♩} = 90$ **Broad** *(shouted)*
 ain't in a man's eyes. That ca - ble, that skip, noth - in' but re lies. FOREMAN: Now get a move on!

Vln.
 Bsn. *ppp*
 T. B. *pp* *ff*
 Pno. *ff*
 124

K Grinding $\text{♩} = 120$

BI 1 (5) *mp* Why... don't they cut it down? The

Vln. *ff* *p*

Bsn.

T. Bl. *f* *p*

Pno. *ff* *p*

131

TII 1 (3) *mp* *p* (very light)
It - ll ne-ver move a - gain, un - til it

BI 1 (5) lime - works have failed, and that skip - ll ne - ver mover a - gain.

Vln. *ppp* *legato*

Bsn.

T. Bl.

Pno.

137

L $\text{♩} = 120$

TII 1 (3) falls.

TI 1 (2) *mf* It's time... for the blast!

TII 3 (4) *mf* It's Arm - strong, It's time... for the blast!

BI 5 (6) *mf* It's Arm - strong, It's time... for the blast!

BII 7 (8) *mf* It's Arm - strong, It's time... for the blast!

Vln. *mf*

Bsn. *mf*

T. Bl. *mp*

B. D. cable moan *ff* *pp*

Pno. *f*

144

Charmed
♩=180 *mf* *(liberamente, playful)*

HELEN: Is - n't he a - mus - ing? That one, Rick Arm - strong the dyn - a - mite man?

Vln. *mp* *pizz* *arco* *mp*

Bsn. *mp* *f* *mp*

Aux. Triangle *mp*

T. Bl. *f*

Pno. *mp* *f* *mp*

149

HELEN: How slow - ly he walks a - way af - ter he lights the

Vln. *p* *mp* *pizz*

Bsn. *mp*

Aux. *M*

Pno. *mp* *p* *M*

157

HELEN: fuse. He loves to show off! Reave likes him too. *(Dynamite explodes)*

Vln. *mp* *p* *arco*

Bsn. *mp* *p*

Aux. Ratchet *ff* *(slower)*

B. D. *p* *ff*

Pno. *mp* *p* *f*

166

N Deliberate
♩=100

REAVE
You're Dan-ny Wood-ruff, aren't you? that drives the tract or?

TI 2(2)
(DANNY) *mf*
May-be,

Vln.
Bsn.
Tom-t.
Kick
Pno.

mp *p*

176

O

REAVE
Why, no-thing. Ex-cept You broke my fence, and you've got to fix it.

TI 2(2)
what then? You don't say! Did some-bo-dy break your fence? Well, that's too-bad.

Vln.
Bsn.
Tom-t.
Kick
Pno.

mp

O

184

P

REAVE
My farm-hand saw you do it. He warned you out of the field. You are the

TI 2(2)
Oh! Was I warned? If you've got a claim for dam a-ges, take it to the coun-ty.

Vln.
Bsn.
T. Bl.
Tom-t.
Kick
B. D.
Pno.

mp *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

P

192

REAVE *menacing*
 one who broke it. You will be the one to fix it. I said, you will be the

Vln.

Bsn.

T. Bl.

Tom-t.

Kick

B. D.

Pno.

200

ARM. *Freely*
 Why, if it is - n't Reave Thur-so!

REAVE
 one to fix it. Won't you. Arm-strong.

Vln. *Freely*

Bsn.

B. D.

Pno. *Freely*

207

Q Confident $\text{♩} = 180$
 'Shame a - bout your fence now. Those tract-ors are hell to steer! I'm sure it was an ac - ci - dent. Is-n't that

Vln. **Q** Confident $\text{♩} = 180$

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno. **Q** Confident $\text{♩} = 180$

215

R Freely

ARM. right, Dan-ny? And I'm sure he'll be fix-ing it for you.

TI 2(2) It was... it was an ac-ci-dent.

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib. *p* (ped. ad lib.)

Pno.

225



ARM. Is-n't that right Dan-ny? And I'm sure he'll be start-ing to-day.

TI 2(2) I'll be fix-ing it. I'll fix it to-day!

BII (7/8) FOREMAN: All right, back to work!

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib. *ff*

Pno.

232



S Brisk $\text{♩} = 120$

ARM. I've time e-nough to join you on your hunt, if that's what you're af-ter. REAVE: Good.

REAVE Will you blast a-gain to-day?

T(1/2/3/4) *pp* [m]

B(5/6/7/8) *pp* [m]

Vln. *pp*

Bsn. *pp*

Vib. *p*

Pno. *mp* light pedal ad lib.

240

HELEN

T(1/2/3/4)

B(5/6/7/8)

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.

246

mf

[m]

pp

ppp

p

mp

p

p

pizz

246

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score for a symphony orchestra and vocal soloist. The score is for measures 246-247. The vocal part (HELEN) is in the soprano register, starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a melodic line with a fermata. The woodwinds (Bassoon and Vibraphone) and strings (Violin) have parts with various dynamics including *pp*, *ppp*, and *p*. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. Performance markings include *pizz* (pizzicato) for the violin and *[m]* (marcato) for the vocal and bassoon parts.

THURSO'S LANDING
Excerpts from LII - HELEN & ARMSTRONG
"I have seen dawn with you"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

HELEN *Slow, Freely* *Enthralled* $\text{♩} = 72$ **T**
mp The red moon-set shines_ in the clear be-tween those

Vln. *Slow, Freely* *col legno battuto* *p* *ppp* *Enthralled* $\text{♩} = 72$ **T**

Bsn. *p* *ppp*

Vib. *p* *ped. ad. lib...* *mp*

Pno. *Slow, Freely* *Enthralled* $\text{♩} = 72$ **T**
mp *p*

253

HELEN *poco accel.* *mf* *Charming* $\text{♩} = 100$ *molto accel.*
 murk - y hills like a burn - ing ship on the world's_ verge.

Vln. *poco accel.* *mf* *Charming* $\text{♩} = 100$ *molto accel.*

Bsn. *p* *mf* *pp* *p* *ppp*

Aux. Mark tree *p* *slow, gentle twirl from low to high*

Pno. *poco accel.* *mf* *Charming* $\text{♩} = 100$ *molto accel.*
mp

264

ARM. **U** *mp* $\text{♩} = 136$ *mf*
 The stars are strange at dawn, sec: They're not au-tumn stars, they be - long to last_ March.

Vln. **U** $\text{♩} = 136$ *ord.* *p* *pp*

Bsn. *ppp*

Aux. *ppp*

Pno. **U** $\text{♩} = 136$ *mf* *mp*

273

HELEN *mp* *poco rit.* *mp* *mf* *Freely* *(leaning in to Armstrong)* 15
 May-be next March... It seems cold up here. I hate the sea - fog..

Vln. *poco rit.* *Freely*

Bsn.

Vib. *mp* *p*

Pno. *p* *pp*

284

HELEN *mp* *(laughing, pulling aside the shoulder of her blouse)* *f (blazing)*
 Look, what the crook-ed bush-es have done. I'll not let the days of my life hang..

ARM. *(pulling back)* *p* *(reaching to Helen)* *(pulling away, as if burned)*
 He-len, L... Such smooth - ness... You're ti-red He-len.

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib. *pp*

Pno.

291

HELEN *mf* *W* *mp*
 like a string of naughts be-tween two no-things. Wear a neck-lace of round ze-roes for pearls. I'm not

ARM. *mf* *mp*
 Drops of cloud Drops of cloud like seed-pearls hang-ing in her hair..

Vln. *W*

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno. *W*

296

X Sensuous, torturously luxurious
♩ = 60

HELEN: *p* made that way_ Think what you please. I have seen dawn with you, the red moon - set_ and white
(on the edge of control)
ARMSTRONG: Shall we go down, now?

ARM.: *p* on the dark lash - es...

X Sensuous, torturously luxurious
♩ = 60

Vln. *p* slow, gentle twirl from high to low

Bsn. *p* Mark tree

Aux. *pp*

Vib. *pp*

Pno. *p*

300

HELEN: *rall. . . . p*
_ dawn with you and star - light_ on the moun - tain, and noon_ on burnt_ hills where there was no

ARM.: *mp* Those in - di - go sha - dows in the dawn

Vln. *pp delicate* *rall. . . .*

Bsn. *pp long, slow rolls...*

Vib. *pp long, slow rolls...*

Pno. *long, slow rolls...* *mp* *rall. . . .*

305

Y More motion
♩ = 72 *poco accel. mf* *molto rall. f*

HELEN: sha - dow_ but a vul - ture's, and that stag's blood: I've

ARM.: Those vi - - o - let

Y More motion
♩ = 72 *poco accel. mf* *molto rall.*

Vln. *mf*

Bsn. *mp* *mf*

Tam. *p*

Y More motion
♩ = 72 *poco accel.* *molto rall.*

Pno. *> p*

311

Broad, sensuous
♩ = 80

HELEN
lived with you a long day like a life - - - - time, at

ARM.
eyes, those eyes, hol - lowed with points of crav - ing un - der the

Vln. *f*

Bsn. *f*

Tam. *f*

B. D. *mf*

Pno. *f*

315

rall.

HELEN
last I've drawn some - thing in the string of blanks!

ARM.
long dark - lash - es her face a white flame!

Vln. *mf* *fp*

Bsn. *mf* *fp*

Aux. Mark tree *mf* gentle twirl ad. lib.

Tam. *mf*

B. D. *mf*

Pno. *fp*

320

Fluttering *rit.* $\text{♩} = 72$ **AA** Sensuous, tortuously luxurious $\text{♩} = 60$

HELEN: The cloud has come all around us. HELEN: And I'm his wife.

ARMSTRONG: I'm Reave's friend.

Vln. *mp* *molto espressivo*

Bsn. *p* *pp* *p*

Aux. *p* *pp*

Vib. *p*

Pno. *mp* *p* *p*

324



Vln. *mp* *accel.*

Bsn. *pp* *long, slow rolls...*

Vib. *pp* *long, slow rolls...*

Pno. *pp* *long, slow rolls...* *accel.*

329



rall. **BB** Unsettled $\text{♩} = 80$ *molto rit.*

Vln. *ppp*

Bsn. *p* *mp* *pp*

Vib. *pp* *p*

Pno. *p* *pp* *molto rit.*

336

THURSO'S LANDING
 Excerpt from Laila - REAVE, MRS. THURSO, MARK
 "I got him!"

19

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
 libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
 by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Exuberant
 ♩ = 72

MARK
 REAVE
 Vln.
 Bsn.
 Aux. Triangle
 Pno.

mf How
 I got him. By luck I found him in a buck-eye bush.

mf *pizz*
mf
mp
mf
mf
mp

347

CC **DD**

MRS. T.
 MARK
 REAVE
 Vln.
 Bsn.
 Vib.
 Pno.

mf
 You are strong, that's good, but a
 far Reave, did you car-ry it? What does it weigh?
 Two miles or so.

CC **DD**

355

Scolding, sly
 rit. ♩ = 60

MRS. T.
 REAVE
 Vln.
 Bsn.
 Vib.
 Pno.

fool. I'll ne-ver say your young He-len is worth keep-ing, but while you have her, don't throw her out to pas-ture on the
 REAVE: What have I done?

Scolding, sly
 rit. ♩ = 60 *arco*
pp
p
pp
mp

Scolding, sly
 rit. ♩ = 60
p
mp

362

MRS. T *rall.* **EE** Suspicious $\text{♩} = 72$
 moun - tain with the dyn - a - mite man. Those hea - vy blue eyes came home all en - riched.

MARK *mf*
 He - len is as clear as the

Vln. *pp* *pizz* *mp* *rall.* **EE** Suspicious $\text{♩} = 72$

Bsn. *mp*

Vib.

Pno. *mp* *rall.* **EE** Suspicious $\text{♩} = 72$

367

MRS. T **FF**
 It shames my time of life to have milk - y new sons.

MARK *mf*
 cry - stal sky.

REAVE *mf*
 I trust Rick Arm - strong as I do my own hand.

Vln. **FF**

Bsn. **FF**

Vib. **FF**

Pno. **FF** *mf*

374

MRS. T **GG**
 What has he done for you to be your an - gel? That's gen - er - ous, and rare in you.

REAVE *mf*
 I like him.

Vln. **GG**

Bsn. **GG**

Vib. **GG**

Pno. **GG**

380

HH Freely

MRS. T *mp*
How old is he?
mf So that's a bet-ter rea-son to trust him: you're the same age.
mp No.

REAVE *mp*
My age, twen-ty four.
mp That's no rea-son.

HH Freely
arco
Vln. *mf* *p*

Bsn.

Vib. *mp* *p*

HH Freely
Pno. *f*

385

THURSO'S LANDING
Transition & Excerpt from Liie - HELEN, ARMSTRONG, REAVE, MARK, & MRS. THURSO
"Oh take me away!/By God I'll find her"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Urgent
♩ = 120

HELEN *f* Oh, my lov - er!

MRS. T *mf* My fool son,

ARM. *f* Oh!

MARK *mf* Oh Reave!

REAVE *shouted* Where is she? *mf* I'll

Urgent
♩ = 120

Vln. *p* *mp* *legato, bow ad. lib.*

Bsn. *p* *mp*

Tam. *f*

Kick *mp*

Pno. *fp* *mp* *mf*

394



HELEN *mf* Take me to the end of the world and kill me there! *f* Just take me

MRS. T

ARM. *mf* I'll take you!

MARK *mf* Oh my broth-er!

REAVE *mf* find her! *mf* By God, I'll find her.

Vln. *mf* *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *mp*

Kick

Pno.

399

II

HELEN: there! Just take me— be-fore Reave comes!

MRS. T: Such be - tray - all!

ARM.: Oh He - len!

MARK: Oh He - len!

REAVE: I'll find her— if it's the

Vln.: *mf* *mp* *f* *mf*

Bsn.: *mf* *f*

Kick: [drum notation]

Pno.: 404 [piano notation]

JJ

HELEN: Oh, take me a - way! Ah!

MRS. T: Cut out the rot! Burn it a - way!

ARM.: I'll take you! I'll take you a - way! Take you a - way!

MARK: Oh Reave! Oh God!

REAVE: last thing I c - - - ver do! By God!

Vln.: *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *ff*

Bsn.: *f* *ff*

Tam.: [tam-tam notation]

Kick: *mf* *f*

B. D.: [bass drum notation]

Pno.: 408 [piano notation]

HELEN

MRS. T

ARM.

MARK

REAVE

Vln. *mf* *ff* **KK**

Bsn. *ff*

Tom-t. *ff*

Kick *ff*

Pno. *fff* **KK**

413



Vln. *long*

Bsn. *long* *fp*

Tom-t. *long*

Kick *long*

Pno. *long* *attaca*

416

rit. *mp* **MM** Lazy, Sensual ♩=60

HELEN Come back to bed . . .

ARM. *mp* On-ly for a mo-ment, He-len.

TII 2(4) That dog.

BI 2(6) Pro-b'ly don't e-ven have his trou-sers on yet.

Vln. rit. **MM** Lazy, Sensual ♩=60
mp gentle, sexy, jazz-like

Bsn.

Vib. *p*

Pno. rit. **MM** Lazy, Sensual ♩=60
p *mp* gentle, sexy, jazz-like

437



HELEN Rick, my dar - ling, . . .

ARM. *mf* You

Vln. *mf* *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *mp*

Vib. *mp*

Pno. *mf* *mp*

443

ARM. **NN** Freely 27

wick-ed wo - man! Some-one must pay for this fine house, our rich gar-dens, your jew-els and furs and all the serv-ants' wag - es.

Vln. **NN** Freely

Bsn. **NN** Freely

Vib. **NN** Freely

Pno. **NN** Freely

447

HELEN **OO** A tempo $\text{♩} = 60$

Mis - ter Arm - strong, you scound - rel!...

ARM. **OO** A tempo $\text{♩} = 60$

I'll be home for lunch.

Vln. **OO** A tempo $\text{♩} = 60$

Bsn. **OO** A tempo $\text{♩} = 60$

Vib. **OO** A tempo $\text{♩} = 60$

Pno. **OO** A tempo $\text{♩} = 60$

452

HELEN **PP**

Good - bye!...

ARM. **PP**

Good-bye!...

Vln. **PP**

Bsn. **PP**

Vib. **PP**

Pno. **PP**

The factory whistle blows.

456

THURSO'S LANDING
Excerpt from Livb - HELEN & REAVE
"You found a real sunny place"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

HELEN: How...how did you track us, at last? HELEN: Yes.

REAVE: Well, Helen, you found a real sunny place. REAVE: Oh, time and I. REAVE: He's at work?

Freely

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.

463 80

HELEN: I begged him to, so ma-ny times... REAVE: If you want-ed to hide you'd have got him to change his name. REAVE: Pack your things.

QQ Ominous $\text{♩} = 80$

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.

466 80

HELEN: You won't take me. REAVE: Not take you! Aft-er hunt - ing you a whole year? REAVE: You dream too much, Hel-en.

SS More motion $\text{♩} = 80$

Vln. non vib.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.

471 80

HELEN: Freely TT Silky $\text{♩} = 72$ *p*
 REAVE: *mp* Don't you care, that he and I have made
 It makes you love-ly in a way, but it clouds your mind.

Vln: Freely TT Silky $\text{♩} = 72$ *pp dolce*
 Bsn: Mark tree (slow, luxurious twirl from high to low)
 Aux: *p*
 Vib: *mf*
 Pno: Freely TT Silky $\text{♩} = 72$ *p*
 475 ... ped. ad. lib.

HELEN: *poco accel.* love to - geth - er in the moun - tains, and in the ci - ty, and in the de - sert? *molto rall.* And
 Vln: *poco accel.* *molto rall.*
 Bsn: *mf*
 Aux: *mp*
 Tam: (stick scrape) *p* *pp*
 Pno: *poco accel.* *molto rall.*
 480

HELEN: *A tempo* $\text{♩} = 72$ *f* once at a Na - va - jo shep - herd's camp, with a storm of light - ning, play - ing through the cracks of the shed. *mp* *Freely* *p* Can you
 Vln: *A tempo* $\text{♩} = 72$ *f* *mp* *p* *Freely*
 Bsn: *f* *mp* *mf* *p*
 Tam: *mp*
 Vib:
 Pno: *A tempo* $\text{♩} = 72$ *f* *mp* *p* *Freely*
 485

UU

HELEN *mf* wink and swal-low all that? *mp* Why must you see Rick?

REAVE *mf* You're talk-ing fool-ish-ness, Hel-en. Pack your things. I have to see Arm-strong be-fore we go.

Vln. **UU**

Bsn.

Tom-t. *mp*

B. D. *mp*

Vib.

Pno. *mp*

490



VV Urgent $\text{♩} = 180$

HELEN *f* *frantic* Reave? You said you weren't an-gry. I led him, I called him,

REAVE Not at you.

Vln. **VV Urgent** $\text{♩} = 180$

Bsn.

Tam. *p* *f*

Pno. *fp* *mf*

496



HELEN I did it, it's all mine! REAVE: What is? The blame, the blame, the blame!

REAVE I have to have re-lief,

Vln. *f*

Bsn.

Tom-t. *mf*

Pno. *mf*

503

HELEN *f* I planned it, I did it, Reave! Oh! Take me with you be - fore he comes

REAVE *shouted!* REAVE: Armstrong!
but you're let off. Keep still!

Vln.

Bsn.

Tom-t *mf* *p* *f*

Pno. *ff*

510

THURSO'S LANDING
Excerpt from Live - Instrumental & Dialogue (REAVE, ARMSTRONG, & HELEN)
"Yellow bellied snake!"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
librettist: adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Brutal
♩ = 90

HELEN: Reave, no!

ARMSTRONG: Thurso, I- (reaction to punch)

(wind up to punch) (punch)

Brutal
♩ = 90

Vln. pizz *fff*

Bsn. *fff*

T. Bl. *f*

Tom-t. (rim shot) *ff*

Kick *ff*

Pno. *ff heavy, unrelenting*

517a 517b 517c 517d



Vln. arco *ff*

Bsn. *ff*

T. Bl. *f*

Tom-t. *ff*

Kick *ff*

Pno. *ff*

517e 517f 517g 517h



Vln. *fff*

Bsn. *fff*

T. Bl. *ff*

Tom-t. *f* *5* *ff*

Kick *ff*

Pno. *ff*

517i 517j 517k 517l

Improvise on temple blocks and toms: aggressive, dense, heavy, violent.

THURSO'S LANDING
 Transition & Excerpt from II.1a - REAVE & MRS. THURSO
 "Oh why, Reave, did you bring her back?"

33

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
 libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
 by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Brittle
♩ = 90

MRS. T. *P* Oh why Reave, oh why did you have to bring her back? Your mind sticks in its own i-ron.

REAVE: My wife and I have come home.

Vln. **Brittle** *♩ = 90* molto flautando non vib. *ppp*

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno. **Brittle** *♩ = 90* *pp*

518

MRS. T. **WW** *Freely*
 When you've said "I will," then you're in - sane. The cold mad-ness be-gins. I sup-pose its bet-ter than weak-ness.

Vln. **WW** *Freely*

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno. **WW** *Freely*

527

REAVE **Freely, Slow** *mp*
 Though it may seem strange, I love her. Some ac - ci-dent or my ne - glect changed her. But I'll change her o ver, and bring the gold back.

Vln. **Freely, Slow** *ppp*

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno. **Freely, Slow** *P*

534

XX Brittle
♩=90

MRS. T. *mf*
You talk like poor Mark, or worse. Mark at least feels dis-gust.

REAVE *mf*
I ne-ver will let her go, un-til she is

Vln.

Bsn. *p*

Vib. *f*
Vib.

Pno. *mf*

540

==

REAVE
dead.

Vln.

Bsn. *p*

Vib.

Pno. *ppp*

546

THURSO'S LANDING
 Excerpt from II.lib - MARK, REAVE, ENSEMBLE
 "Life is All A Dream"

35

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
 libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
 by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Freely, Slowly

MARK *mp*
 Do you real-ly take it down to-mor-row?

REAVE *mp*
 The cab-le? In the morn-ing.

Vln. Freely, Slowly

Bsn. *pp* *ppp* *pp* *ppp*

Vib.

Pno. Freely, Slowly *pp*

552



OLD MAN THURSO enters, a ghostly apparition.

MARK **YY Haunted** *breathless mp* $\text{♩} = 90$
 Look, our fath-er.

REAVE *mf*
 We'll feel bet-ter af-ter that fail-ure has fal-len. *f*
 Come up from dreams, my

T(1/2/3/4) *pp* (stagger) [m]

B(5/6/7/8) (all but #8) *pp* (stagger) [m]

Vln. **YY Haunted** *mp* $\text{♩} = 90$

Bsn. *mp* *p* *ppp*

Vib. *mp*

Pno. *p* *mp* (Stav RH only) **YY Haunted** *mp* $\text{♩} = 90$

556

MARK *mf* He says to warn you, to let his work stand, he says: "ho-nor your fath-er."

REAVE bro-ther. *mf derisive* Tell that im-a-gin-a-tion I hon-or as

(OLD MAN THURSO)

BII 2(8) *mf* Ah! [m] ah! [m] ah! [m]

T(1/2/3/4)

B(5/6/7/8)

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.

561

ZZ

ZZ

ZZ



MARK: You are blind, brother! **AAA** Freely MARK: For God's sake, father, tell me!

Has death no peace, fath-er? No dream-less-ness?

REAVE much of him as I can see: no-thing.

BII 2(8) *f* Ah! [m] *mp* Ah! [m] *mf* Ah! [m] *mp* Ah! [m] *f*

T(1/2/3/4) *f* *p* *f*

B(5/6/7/8) *f* *p* *f*

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib. *mp*

Pno. *f* **AAA** Freely *f* (8va RH only)

569

AAA Freely

BBB

Sickly sweet

$\text{♩} = 60$

MARK *mf* Life is all a dream, and death... ..an im-mor-tal dream, but love is

BII 2(8) *mf* Life is all a dream, and death is a bet-ter more viv-id im - mor - tal dream, but love is real;

TI (1/2) *mf* Life is all a dream, and death is a bet-ter more viv-id im - mor - tal dream - [m], but love is real;

TII (3/4) *mf* Life is all a dream, and death is a bet-ter more viv-id im - mor - tal dream - [m], but love is real;

BI (5/6) *mf* Life is all a dream, and death is a bet-ter more viv-id im - mor - tal dream - [m], but love is real;

BII (7/8) *mf* Life is all a dream, and death is a bet-ter more viv-id im - mor - tal dream - [m], but love is real;

BBB

Sickly sweet

$\text{♩} = 60$

Vln. *mf* ped. throughout

Bsn. *mf* ped. throughout

Vib. *mf* ped. throughout

Pno. *mf*

577

MARK *mp* *p* real; both are made out of love, nev-er-per-fect in life, and the voids in it are the pains of life; but when our un gain-ly

BII 2(8) *mp* *p* both are made out of love, that's nev-er per-fect in life, and the voids in it are the pains of life; but when our un gain-ly

TI (1/2) *mp* *p* both are made out of love, that's nev-er per-fect in life, and the voids in it are the pains of life; but when our un gain-ly

TII (3/4) *mp* *p* both are made out of love, that's nev-er per-fect in life, and the voids in it are the pains of life; but when our un gain-ly

BI (5/6) *mp* *p* both are made out of love, that's nev-er per-fect in life, and the voids in it are the pains of life; but when our un gain-ly

BII (7/8) *mp* *p* both are made out of love, that's nev-er per-fect in life, and the voids in it are the pains of life; but when our un gain-ly

Vln. *mp* *p*

Bsn. *mp* *p*

Vib. *mp* *p*

Pno. *mp* *p*

582

CCC

MARK *mf* loads of blood and bone are thrown down, *f* love_ be-comes per-fect, *p* for then we are what we love. *mf*

BII 2(8) *mf* loads of blood and bone are thrown down, *f* love_ be-comes per-fect, *p* for then we are what we love. *mf* Love_ must be-come con-sci-ous of it -

TI (1/2) *mf* loads_ are thrown down, *f* love_ be-comes per-fect, *p* for then we are what we love. *mf* [u]

TII (3/4) *mf* loads_ are thrown down, *f* love_ be-comes per-fect, *p* for then we are what we love. *mf* [u]

BI (5/6) *mf* loads_ are thrown down, *f* love_ be-comes per-fect, *p* for then we are what we love. *mf* Love_ must be-come con-sci-ous of it -

BII (7/8) *mf* loads_ are thrown down, *f* love_ be-comes per-fect, *p* for then we are what we love. *mf* Love_ must be-come con-sci-ous of it -

Vln. *mf*

Bsn. *mf*

Vib. *mf*

Pno. *mf*

587

CCC

CCC

MARK Oh, love!

BII 2(8) self and claim its own. Love must be-come con-sci-ous of it - self and claim its own. Love_ must be-come con-sci-ous of it -

TI (1/2) Love_ must be-come con-sci-ous of it - self and claim its own. Love_ must be-come

TII (3/4) Love_ must be- come con - sci-ous of it - self and claim its own.

BI (5/6) self and claim its own. Love_ must be-come con-sci-ous of it - self and claim its own. Love_ must be-come

BII (7/8) self and claim its own. Love_ must be-come con-sci-ous of it - self and claim its own. Love_ must be- come con - sci-ous

Vln. *mp*

Bsn. *mp*

Vib. *mf*

Pno. *mf*

594

DDD

MARK: I can't, I can't!

MARK 

REAVE: Mark, turn away!

REAVE: Come inside, brother.

REAVE 

BII 2(8) 

TI (1/2) 

TII (3/4) 

BI (5/6) 

BII (7/8) 

DDD

Vln. 

Bsn. 

Vib. 

DDD

Pno. 

THURSO'S LANDING
Excerpt from II.ii - ENSEMBLE
"Poor old Thurso"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Hushed, Nervous
♩=60

T(1/2/3/4) *hushed p* It seems it's al-ways been there, that cab-le, that skip. *Solo (#4)* It's eat-en through with

B(5/6/7/8) *hushed p* It seems it's al-ways been there, that cab-le, that skip. *Solo (#6)* I've ne-ver seen its move

Vln. *pizz mp* *arco PPP*

Bsn. *mp*

B. D. (cable moan) *mf* *f* *p* *mp* *mf* *mp*

Pno. **Hushed, Nervous**
♩=60 *p*

610 8^{va}

TI (1/2) **EEE** *f* Will he cut it down? *mf* Poor old Thur-so, *p* poor Old Man Thur-so, the last of his mark on these hills will

TII (3/4) *f* rust. Will he cut it down? *mf* Poor old Thur-so, *p* poor Old Man Thur-so, the last of his mark on these hills will

BI (5/6) *f* Will he real ly cut it down? *mf* Poor old Thur-so, *p* poor Old Man Thur-so, the last of his mark on these hills will
(#5) Will he real-ly cut it down?

BII (7/8) *f* Will he real-ly cut it down? *mf* Poor old Thur-so, *p* poor Old Man Thur-so, the last of his mark on these hills will

Vln. **EEE** *f* *pizz mp*

Bsn. *f* *mp* *p*

B. D. *mp* *f* *p*

Pno. **EEE** *mf* *f* *mf* *p*

615 8^{va}

TI (1/2) *mf* **FFF** *mp*
fall, will fall, will fall, his old bones will have no-thing left, but his sons and his shame.

TII (3/4) *mf* *mp*
fall, will fall, will fall, his old bones will have no-thing left, but his sons and his shame.

BI (5/6) *mf* *mp*
fall, will fall, will fall, his old bones will have no-thing left, but his sons and his shame.

BII (7/8) *mf* *mp*
fall, will fall, will fall, his old bones will have no-thing left, but his sons and his shame.

Vln. **FFF**

Bsn. *mf* *mp* *p*

Vib.

Pno. *mf* **FFF** *mp*
620 *attacca*

THURSO'S LANDING
Excerpt from II.lic - REAVE, ENSEMBLE
"What engines did my father use"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Determined
♩ = 124

REAVE

Determined
♩ = 124
arco

Vln. *f*

Bsn. *f*

Tom-t. *mf*

Kick *mf*

Pno. *f*

625

GGG

REAVE *mf boldly*
What en - gines did my fath - er use__ to sling so great a

Vln. *mf* **GGG** *pp*

Bsn. *mf* *mp*

Tom-t. *mp*

Kick *p*

Pno. *mf* **GGG** *mp*

629

REAVE
weight so high? A man cap - a - ble of that blown out in the first draft of bad luck, like a poor

Vln. *mf*

Bsn. *mf* *mp*

Tom-t. (side stick) *mp*

Kick

Pno. *mf* *mp*

635

HHH **III**

REAVE
can - die.

T(1/2/3/4)
[u] Now the sea wind be - gins. The wool-white fog on the

B(5/6/7/8)
[u] Now the sea wind be - gins. The wool white fog on the

Vln.
p *mf* *mf*

Bsn.
p *mf* *f* *mf*

Tom-t
p *mf* *f*

Kick
p *mf* *f*

HHH **III**

Pno.
p *mf* *sfz* *mf*

643 *ped. ad. lib.*

T(1/2/3/4)
o - - - cean sends clouds fly - ing up the

B(5/6/7/8)
o - - - cean sends clouds fly - ing up the

Vln.
mp *f*

Bsn.
f *mp* *f*

Tom-t
f

Kick
f

Pno.
mp *sfz* *f*

652

REAVE *mf* **KKK**
 With these clouds un - der - foot,

T(1/2/3/4) *gorgel!*

B(5/6/7/8) *gorgel!*

Vln. *mp* **KKK**

Bsn. *mp*

Aux. Triangle *mp*

Pno. *mf* **KKK** *mp*

658



REAVE **LLL** Broadly *f* *♩=152* *molto rall.*
 I feel a lit-tle God-like! I'll hew my fath-er's fail-ure from the face of

Vln. **LLL** Broadly *mf* *f* *molto rall.* *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *f* *mp*

Tom-t. (side stick) *mf* *mp* *f*

Pno. **LLL** Broadly *f* *♩=152* *molto rall.* *mp*

663

Big and bold
♩=104

MMM A tempo
♩=124

REAVE
na - ture! I have work to do.

Vln.
f *ff*

Bsn.
f *ff*

Tom-t.
mf *f* *f < ff* *f < ff* *f < ff* *ff*

Kick
ff *ff*

B. D.
mf

Pno.
ff *ff*

669



REAVE

T(1/2/3/4)
(#2)
Reave, look out!

Vln.
ff

Bsn.
ff

Tom-t.
ff

Kick
ff

Pno.
ff

673

THURSO'S LANDING
Transition & Excerpt from II.iii - HELEN, REAVE, MRS. THURSO, DOCTOR, ORDERLIES
"The nerves of pain will live, but the nerves of motion are lost"

MRS. THURSO and HELEN sit in the living room of the farmhouse in the late afternoon as JOHNNY, a DOCTOR and TWO ORDERLIES enter carrying REAVE on a stretcher.

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Cautious
♩ = 120

TI 1 (1)
Stea-dy now, gen-tle-men, let us try not to jos-tle our pa-tient.

TI 2 (4)
Yes, doc-tor.

BI 2 (6)
Yes, doc-tor.

Cautious
♩ = 120
pizz

Vln.
p

Bsn.
p

T. Bl.
mp

Tom-t.
mp

Pno.
p

676

MRS. T. **NNN** *hushed* mp
Will he live, doc - tor?

Vln. **NNN**

Bsn.

Tom-t. (side stick) mp

Pno. **NNN**

684

TI 1 (1) *with pity* mp **Freely** p **A tempo**
The nerves of pain will live, but the nerves of mo-tion are lost.

Vln. **Freely** **A tempo**

Bsn.

Tom-t.

Pno. **Freely** f **A tempo** pp *attacca*

690

THURSO'S LANDING
 Excerpts from II.iiid - HELEN & MARK
 "Are you going hunting, Helen?" / "Horrible dreams of love"

47

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
 libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
 by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

MRS. THURSO retires to a rocking chair in a room away from REAVE.
 HELEN moves restlessly, making her way outside to the exterior storage shed where the hunting gear is kept.

Unseen by HELEN, MARK enters through the yard, returning from late-night wanderings.
 He follows her, lingering in the threshold of the shed.

Freely, slow
 arco
 pp

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

p

Freely, slow

Pno.

695

OOO HELEN picks up her rifle. She loads in
 new cartridges with glittering brass jackets.

Ominous
 ♩=56

mp

MARK

Are you go-ing hunt-ing, Hel-en? If you kill an-y liv-ing crea-ture, your

OOO

Ominous
 ♩=56

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

arco

p pcd. ad. lib...

OOO

Ominous
 ♩=56

Pno.

704

heart will be troub-led in qui-et times aft er-wards. Life's bad for peo-ple, but the clean, deer, that leap on the high hills, there's not one of them lame nora

Freely

Freely
 (change bow as needed)

p

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

p

mp

pp

Freely

Pno.

712

PPP Ominous $\text{♩} = 56$ **Dreamlike** $\text{♩} = 60$

HELEN *mp*
There's a great fal-len stag, would thank me kind-ly for death.

MARK
fool, ...

Vln. **PPP** Ominous $\text{♩} = 56$ **Dreamlike** $\text{♩} = 60$

Bsn.

Vib. *mp*

Pno. **PPP** Ominous $\text{♩} = 56$ **Dreamlike** $\text{♩} = 60$
mp
718 $\text{♭}7$ $\text{♯}0$ $\text{♯}0$ $\text{♭}7$
8^o.



HELEN **Freely**
It fell on the mount-ain, in pain for-ev-er. I hate... I love him too. Love him, I

MARK
Where is it? I'll feed it ten-der grass.

Vln. **Freely**

Bsn.

Vib. *p* arco

Pno. **Freely** *p*
723 $\text{♯}2$ $\text{♭}6$

HELEN *Freely, more motion* *rall.* **QQQ** *Bitter* $\text{♩} = 60$
 said.

MARK *Freely, more motion* *rall.* **QQQ** *Bitter* $\text{♩} = 60$
 I know what love _____ is. Hor - ri - ble dreams of _____ love _____

Vln. *Freely, more motion* *rall.* **QQQ** *Bitter* $\text{♩} = 60$

Bsn. *f* *mp* *pp*

Vib.

Pno. *mp*

730



MARK *mf*
 like splint-ered glass in my bed cut _____ me all night, like a splint-ered mir-ror. You _____ be - trayed Reave, _____ you know. _____ Oh this place crawls _____ with

Vln.

Bsn. *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

Vib.

Pno. *mf* *mp*

736



MARK *f* **RRR** *unsettled* *mf*
 death! Traps, guns, _____ knives, poi-sons, but no one sleeps near no one can hear us. There's a bright want-ing beast in me, hunt that He-len! Kill _____ that!

Vln. **RRR** (change bow as needed) *ppp*

Bsn. *f* *mp*

Vib. *p* *ped. ad. lib.*

Pno. **RRR** *fp* *mp* *p* *mp* *p* *mf*

742

SSS

Frenzied
♩ = 180

MARK *Freely*
mp simply *desperately* *f* *mp*
I thought love was kind-ness, it's a blind burn - ing beast! Be-cause I heard voi-ces and an-swered them, be-cause I saw

Vln. *Freely*
p **SSS** **Frenzied**
♩ = 180

Bsn. *mf* *mp*

Vib. *p* *mp*

Pno. *Freely*
p **SSS** **Frenzied**
♩ = 180
mf *p* *mp*

749



MARK *f* **TTT**
(shouted)
spi-rits and feared them, you and the rest were whisper-ing that I was cra - zy! That was no - thing! I burn to

Vln. *mp* *f* *mf* **TTT**
sul D *Sul G*

Bsn. *f* *mf*

Aux. *f* **TTT**
Ratchet

Vib. *f* *mf*

Pno. *f* *mf* **TTT**

757

MARK

strike the ob-scene parts of our flesh to-geth-er:— This, is the real thing! This, is the

Vln. *mf* *ff*

Bsn. *ff*

B. D. *f*

Vib. *ff*

Pno. *ff*

766



HELEN

UUU
Freely
mf

You fool! We'd man-age you a kind cure if I were lib-er-al, but you'd loathe me for it, and my win-ter's come.

MARK

mad ness!

UUU
Freely

Vln.

Bsn.

Aux. Ratchet *f*

B. D.

UUU
Freely
fp

Pno. *fp*

776 *attaca*

THURSO'S LANDING
Excerpt from II.iiiie - MARK, REAVE, HELEN, MRS. THURSO & O.S. ENSEMBLE
"We know what life is"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Mourning
♩ = 60

HELEN
ff Ah _____ [m] _____ *mf* _____ *p* _____ **VVV** _____ *mp* We know what life is:

MRS. T
ff Ah _____ [m] _____ *mf* _____ *p* _____ *mp* We know what life is:

MARK
_____ *mf* We know what life is:

REAVE
ff Ah _____ [m] _____ *mf* _____ *p* _____ *mp* We know what life is: *mf* That mer-cy is

T(1/2/3/4)
ff Ah _____ [m] _____ *mf* _____ (stagger breathe) *p* _____

B(5/6/7/8)
ff Ah _____ [m] _____ *mf* _____ (stagger breathe) *p* _____

Mourning
♩ = 60

Vln.
_____ *mf* _____ *p* _____ **VVV**

Bsn.
_____ *ff* _____ *f* _____ *mf* _____

B. D.
_____ *mf* _____ *mp* _____ *p* _____

Mourning
♩ = 60

Pno.
ff _____ *mf* _____ *mp* _____ **VVV**

781

HELEN *mf* And hon-es-ty the fear of de-tec-tion,

MRS. T *mf* And beau-ty, paint,

MARK *mf* And love, is a fu-ri-ous long-ing to join two sew-ers of two

REAVE weak-ness,

T(1/2/3/4) *mf* *mp*

B(5/6/7/8) *mf* *mp*

Vln.

Bsn.

B. D.

Pno. 791

HELEN *mp* **WWW** *f* *mp* **XXX** *mp* Freely, molto rubato, colla Mark

MRS. T *mp* *f* *mp* That's how God made us, And the next wars will swal-low up all.

MARK *mp* *f* *mp* bo-dies. That's how God made us, And the next wars will swal-low up all. *erily calm mp* I fear in-

REAVE *mp* *f* *mp* That's how God made us, And the next wars will swal-low up all.

T(1/2/3/4) *pp*

B(5/6/7/8) *pp*

Vln. *p* *mf* *p* *pp* *ppp* **XXX** Freely, molto rubato, colla Mark

Bsn. *p* *mf* *p* *pp* *ppp*

B. D.

Pno. **WWW** *pp* **XXX** Freely, molto rubato, colla Mark

798

MARK *mf* *3* *losing control mp* *p* *falsetto* G.P.

san - i - ty. Lu - na - cy is worse than death. Dear love, come soon, this room is pu - rer.

T(1/2/3/4)

B(5/6/7/8)

Vln. G.P.

Bsn.

B. D.

Pno. G.P.

805

THURSO'S LANDING
 II.iva - HELEN, MRS. THURSO, ENSEMBLE
 "Amen."

55

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
 libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
 by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Bittersweet, hymn-like
 ♩=48

HELEN
 [u] [u] [u]

MRS. T
 [u] [u] [u] MRS. T: Reave?

REAVE
 (REAVE shakes his head)

MINISTER: Amen.

TI 2(2)

T(1/2/3/4)
 [u] [u] [u]

B(5/6/7/8)
 [u] [u] [u]

Bittersweet, hymn-like
 ♩=48

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.
 arco
 p

Bittersweet, hymn-like
 ♩=48

Pno.
 mp
 p
 (small notes for rehearsal only)

812

REAVE
 [ZZZ] mp
 The dead dog that walks in the woods that

T(1/2/3/4)
 mp
 [m:u] [m:u]

B(5/6/7/8)
 mp
 [m:u] [m:u]

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.
 mp ped. ad. lib.

Pno.
 p
 [ZZZ] mp

825

REAVE: Mark used to talk to has done this. Too shot with cow-ard-ice to live and too en - vi - ous to let his_ sons.

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.

834



AAAA

REAVE: That dead dog.

— Prais - ing death, oh my poor broth - er! You ought-n't to have yield - ed.

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.

AAAA

839

attacca

THURSO'S LANDING

II.ivb - REAVE
"Dead as a dog"

57

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Stark, bitter, rough
♩=72

HELEN:
Have you seen him?

REAVE
Felt him. Mark is dead. He'd not have yield-ed in his right mind.

Stark, bitter, rough
♩=72

Vln.
Bsn.
Vib.
Pno.

BBBB **Stark, bitter, rough**
as if through gritted teeth ♩=90 (subito)

REAVE
Now he's an oth-er dead dog to bite us. If there's a God, he's a tor-tur-er, that sits calm-ly a-bove the

BBBB **Stark, bitter, rough**
♩=90 (subito)

Vln.
Bsn.
Kick
Vib.
Pno.

dead stroke
gliss on "white keys" only

DDDD **Stark, bitter, rough**
♩=90 (subito)

REAVE
stars, He_ sees the old wo-man lose_ both her sons for no-thing! One in a spray of

DDDD **Stark, bitter, rough**
♩=90 (subito)

Vln.
Bsn.
Tom-t.
Kick
Vib.
Pno.

molto rit.
molto rit.

EEEE Freely Creepily joyous sea chanty ♩.=60 stretch...

REAVE life - blood, the oth-er a bro-ken stick on a dung - hill, then God smiles, o-ver the sea to Chi - na on a mil-lion peo-ple

Vln. *pp* *mp* *mf* *p*

Bsn. *p* *mp* *mf* *p*

Tom-t. *mp*

Kick

Pno. *p* *mf*

867

FFFF a tempo

REAVE dy-ing of hun - ger, the luck - y ones sold their child - ren for tufts of grass and die

Vln. *mf* *mp* *pizz* *f* *tr* *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *mp* *f*

Tam. (stick scrapes) *mp*

Pno. *mp*

875

GGGG

REAVE with green teeth God pats his ba-by hands to-geth-er and

Vln. *mf* *mp* *pizz*

Bsn. *mf* *p*

Tam. *pp* *mf*

Pno. *mf* *p*

882

HHHH
rit. Stark, bitter, rough
♩=90 (subito)

REAVE looks down plea - sant - ly. No! No! I'll

Vln. arco Stark, bitter, rough
♩=90 (subito)

Bsn. Stark, bitter, rough
♩=90 (subito)

Aux. Triangle mp

Tom-t. p < f > p p < f > p

Pno. Stark, bitter, rough
♩=90 (subito)

886



IIII long **JJJJ** Haunted, mournful ♩=60

REAVE tell you what the world's like. I'll tell you what the world's like! Like a stone, for no rea-son, fall - ing in the night from a cliff in the hills...

Vln. long **JJJJ** Haunted, mournful ♩=60

Bsn. long

Tom-t. long

Kick long

Pno. long **JJJJ** Haunted, mournful ♩=60
pp dolce

891

REAVE *f*
that makes a lone - ly noise and a spark in the hol-low dark-ness, and no - bo - dy sees, and no - bo - dy cares.

Vln. *mf* *f*

Bsn. *f*

Vib. *p ped. ad. lib.* *f ped. ad. lib.*

Pno. *f*

895

KKKK Freely **LLLL** Stark, bitter, rough
♩=90 (subito)

REAVE *mf* *mp*
There's no-thing good in it, ex-cept the cour-age in us not to be beat-en. It can't make us cringe or say 'please.'

KKKK Freely **LLLL** Stark, bitter, rough
(tr) *mp* ♩=90 (subito)

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

KKKK Freely **LLLL** Stark, bitter, rough
♩=90 (subito)

Pno. *sfz* *mp* *p*

900

MMMM **MMMM** **MMMM**

REAVE *f* *ff*
Don't i-mag-ine that I'm run ning from the dead dog. I'll clean out trace and shape and

Vln. **MMMM**

Bsn. *mp* *f* *ff*

T. Bl. *p* *f*

Tom-t. *p* *f* *fp* *f*

Kick *f*

MMMM

Pno. *f*

904

REAVE *mf*
 smell of him, I'll leave the can-yon vir-gin if fi-re and dyn-a-mite can do it!

Vln. *f*

Bsn. *fp*

Kick

B.D. *pp*

Pno. 911



REAVE *fff*
 Dead as a dog. Dead as a dog!

Vln. *fff*

Bsn. *fff*

Kick

B.D. *fff*

Pno. *fff* 915 *attacca*

THURSO'S LANDING
II. live - HELEN & REAVE
"D'ya see that star?"

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem "Thurso's Landing"
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Haunted $\text{♩} = 60$

HELEN: What? HELEN: There's no star, Reave. **mp**

REAVE: D'ya see that star? REAVE: The star. *(Drawing his hand over his eyes)* REAVE: No star? None? REAVE: No, there are thousands, but we can't see them, simply. **mp**

Vln. **Haunted** $\text{♩} = 60$

Bsn.

Vib. **sub pp** *(cut off on the word "thousands")*

Pno. **sub pp** *(cut off on the word "thousands")*

919



OOOO **Freely** **mp** **PPPP** **Bitter, pleading** $\text{♩} = 48$ **fff**

HELEN: Who, Mark? Was it no-thing to you? It was

REAVE: still don't un-der-stand what drove him to it. No, Rick Arm-strong. He was a good fel-low.

Vln. **Freely** **mf** **ff** **molto espressivo**

Bsn. **ff**

Tam. **mp**

B. D. **f**

OOOO **Freely** **pp** **PPPP** **Bitter, pleading** $\text{♩} = 48$ **sub fff**

Pno. **pp**

923

HELEN *molto rall.* **QQQQ** *Freely* *mp* *brokenly*
 some - thing _____ to me! _____ He's

Vln. *molto rall.* **QQQQ** *Freely*
pppp *fff*

Bsn.

Tam. *ff*

Pno. *molto rall.* **QQQQ** *Freely*
 930



HELEN
 dead. Don't you un - der - stand? He's gone down. You live. That debt is paid. _____

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno.
 933 *attacca*

THURSO'S LANDING
II.ivd - HELEN
"Death is..."

JESSICA A. HUNT (b. 1987)
libretto adapted from the poem *Thurso's Landing*
by ROBINSON JEFFERS (1887-1962)

Bleak $\text{♩} = 48$ **RRRR** **Freely** *p* (*full of regret*) **Agitated** $\text{♩} = 80$ *mp*

HELEN: If I'd... ne-ver been here, noth-ing would have been the same. You'd not be

Vln. **RRRR** *mp*

Bsn. *mp*

Vib. *p*

Pno. **Bleak** $\text{♩} = 48$ **RRRR** **Freely** *pp* **Agitated** $\text{♩} = 80$ *p*

939

molto rall. **SSSS** **Freely**

HELEN: hurt, you'd be rid - ing on the hill, oh! How I wish I had died in mis-er-y be-fore you saw me...

Vln. **SSSS** *mp* *ff*

Bsn. *mp* *ff*

Vib. *mp* *ff*

Pno. **molto rall.** **SSSS** **Freely** *mp* *ff* *ppp*

948

Haunting, Calm $\text{♩} = 66$ **TTTT** *mp*

HELEN: I wish you had seen me... ly-ing five days dead in the jag-ged moun-tain. I wish you had seen me

Vln. **TTTT**

Bsn.

Vib. *pp* (*non rubato*)

Pno. **Haunting, Calm** $\text{♩} = 66$ **TTTT** *pp* (*non rubato*)

954

HELEN *mf* **UUUU** *gaining momentum*
 black - en-ing on a white rock... in a dry place, the vul-tures dip-ping their white beaks in my

Vln. **UUUU**

Bsn.

Vib. *(very steady)* *mf*

Pno. **UUUU** *gaining momentum*
mf *p*

964 *8^{va}...* *8^{va}...* *8^{va}...* *ped. ad. lib...*

HELEN *poco rall* **VVVV** *molto accel*
 eyes, their red heads in my side, you'd make them raise the great wings and soar!

Vln. **VVVV**

Bsn. *mf*

Vib. *mf*

Pno. *poco rall* **VVVV** *molto accel*
mf *f* *p* *mf*

970 *8^{va}...*

* Bracketed notes are to be sung in full chest resonance.

HELEN *molto rall* **WWWW** *molto rit*
 Bleak (Tempo primo) *ff* *pp* *(haunted)*
 And if you had seen me... y-ing black-mouthed in the filth of death,

Vln. *f* *ppp*

Bsn. *f* *ppp*

Vib. *f*

Pno. *molto rall* **WWWW** *molto rit*
 Bleak (Tempo primo) *ff* *p* *pp*

976 *8^{va}...*

Freely **Bleak (Tempo primo)** **Freely**

HELEN: you'd not have want-ed me then. And no-thing would be as it is, but you'd be luck-y, and I qui-et.

Vln. *p*

Bsn. *p*

Vib. *p ped. ad. lib.* *pp* *ppp*

Pno. *ppp* *p*

982



XXXX
Distraught
♩=112
f

HELEN: What's all this trou-ble-some af-fair of liv-ing? What's it all a - bout? What's it for? Do

XXXX

Vln. *f p f f p < f sub p f*

Bsn. *f p f f p f sub p f*

Tom-t. (side stick) *mp*

XXXX
Distraught
♩=112
f *f p f* *sub p f*

Pno. *f* *f p f* *sub p f*

989

molto accel **YYYY** **molto rall.** .. **Broadly** .. **rall.** ..

mp (hushed, accusing) *(long) f (with strange triumph)* ..

HELEN: you know some-thing that's hid-den from the weak like me? Or do we live for no oth-er reas-on than be-cause we dread to

Vln. *mp* *p* *mf* *mp* *f* *ff* *molto espressivo, molto legato*

Bsn. *mp* *p* *mf* *mp* *f* *ff* *ff*

Tam. *p*

B. D. *f*

Vib. *f* *ff* *ped. ad. lib.*

Pno. *mp* *mf* *f* *ff* **Broadly** .. **rall.** ..

995 82.1 82.1 82.1



Frantic .. **♩=120** ..

ff ..

HELEN: die?

Vln. *ff*

Bsn. *ff*

Tam. *f*

Tom-t. (side stick) *mf*

Frantic .. **♩=120** ..

fff (mechanical, relentless) ..

Pno. 1002 82.0

ZZZZ

Rising to panic poco a poco accel

molto rall. . . . *p* *f* *pp*

HELEN: I dread it so! I can't bear it! For now it seems that all the bill-ion and a half of our lives on earth, and the more that died long ago, and the

Vln. *f*

Bsn. *f*

Tom-t. *f*

Kick *pp*

ZZZZ

Rising to panic poco a poco accel

molto rall. . . . *p* *f* *pp*

Pno. *p* (*pesante*)

1006



The walls are closing in *f* *mf*

=112 molto accel.

HELEN: things that hap-pen-ed and will hap-pen a-gain and all the beac-ons of time up to this time look ver-y sense-less, a road-less for-est full of

Vln. *f* *mf*

Bsn. *f*

Kick *f*

The walls are closing in *f* *mf*

=112 molto accel.

Pno. *f* *mf*

1011 88 *ped. ad. lib.*

AAAAA

Mad waltz
♩ = 52

molto rall. *rall.*

HELEN
cries and ig-nor-ance!

Vln. *fff* *mp* *pp*

Bsn. *fff* *mp* *pp*

Aux. Ratchet *f* Triangle *f* *mp*

Tam.

Pno. *fff* *mp*

1015



BBBBB

Simply *p* *(with quiet yearning)* *♩ = 90* *Più mosso* *♩ = 100 (sensual)* *mp*

HELEN
I used to wish for round jewels, and a fur cloak, and a set of laugh-ing friends to fool with, and one of those long, low

Vln.

Bsn.

Vib. *p* *mf*

Pno. *p* *mf* *(on the edge of jazz)*

1024 *ped. ad. lib.* *ped. ad. lib.*

poco rall *mf* **Freely** **Delicate** $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 84$ **poco rall**

HELEN *p* (*gently*)
 stream-lined cars that glide quiet-ly and shine like sat-in. So

Vln. _____

Bsn. _____

Vib. *mp* *pp* (*delicate flutter*)

Pno. *mp* *mf* *p* *ppp* **Freely** **Delicate** $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 84$ **poco rall**

1034



CCCCC

Freely $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 68$
(desperately, quietly clinging to the dream) *pp* **Slower, struggling**
(the dream fades) *(with intense bitterness)* *p*

HELEN
 may-be, just may-be, life might have been pre-cious, at the best. But can life be pre-cious, at the

CCCCC

Vln. *ppp*

Bsn. _____

Vib. *ppp*

CCCCC

Pno. *ppp* **Slower, struggling**

1041

(realization dawns,
with growing determination
and nervous anticipation)

DDDDD

Slower still...

HELEN: worst? May-be death is... death... is... For love...

Vln. **DDDDD**

Bsn.

Vib.

Pno. **DDDDD**
Slower still...
1052

==

EEEEEE

Steely

f ♩=148

HELEN: I do this for love!

Vln. **EEEEEE**
Steely ♩=148
f *ff* *fff*

Bsn. *f* *ff* *fff*

Tam. *mf* *ff*

B. D. *fff*

Vib.

Pno. **EEEEEE**
Steely ♩=148
f *ff* *fff*
1061

APPENDIX

Audio & Video Documentation

Audio and video documentation of a live performance of *Scenes from Thurso's Landing* that took place on Saturday March 30, 2019 at 5:30pm in Stamps Auditorium (in the Walgreen Drama Center on campus at the University of Michigan) may be accessed online at the following URL: https://shwca.se/ScenesfromThurso'sLanding_JessicaHunt_3.30.19. Please note that excerpts requiring chorus roles have been either omitted or altered from the live recordings featured at the link above.

MIDI realizations of the material omitted or altered from the above live performance may be accessed at the following URL: <https://www.dropbox.com/sh/ptotusynya5nb7v/AAAjXaHIZ9UN906iLbn8z8DZa?dl=0>.

In the case of a broken link, please email info@jessicahuntmusic.com.

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