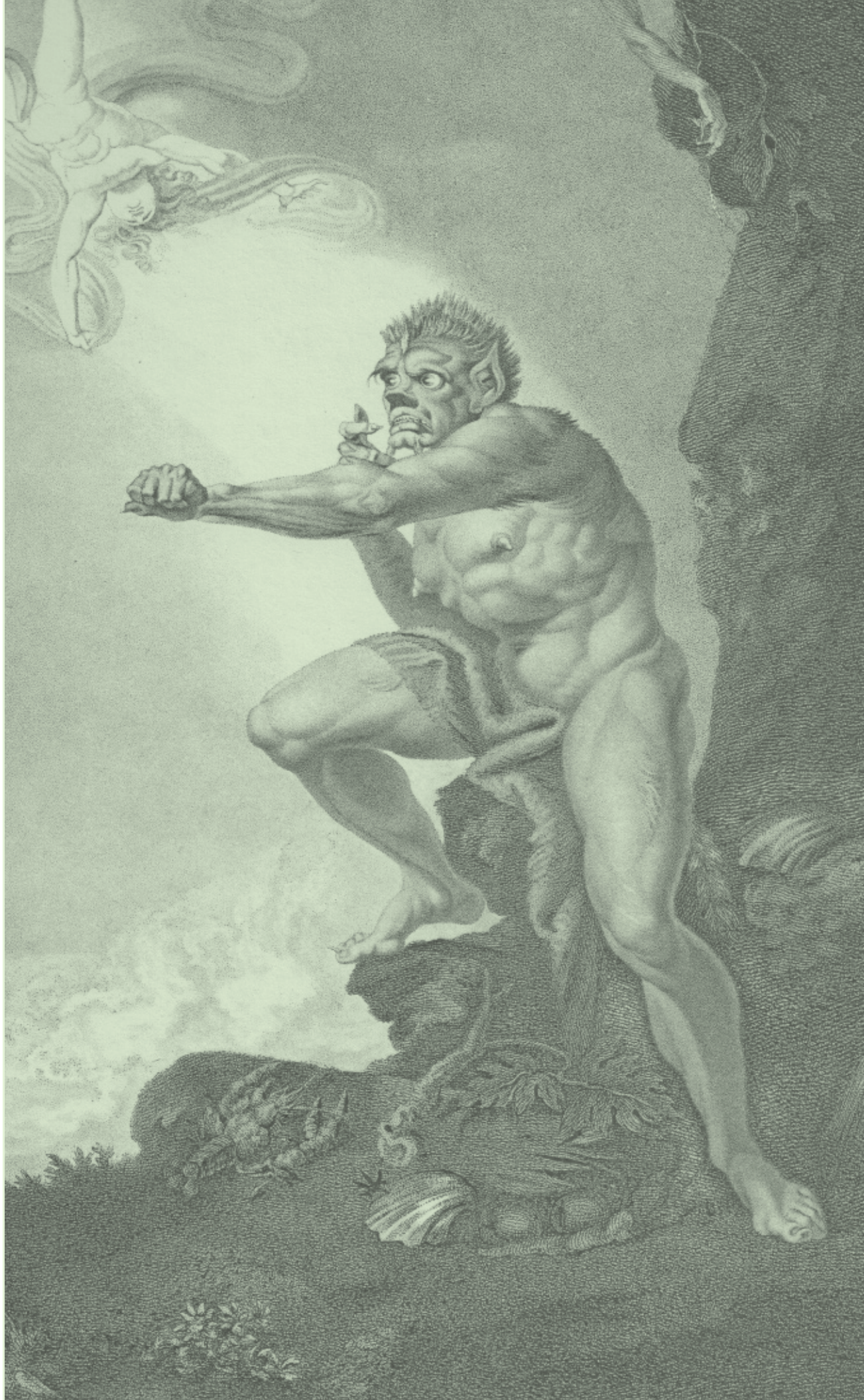


# Caliban in After-Life

music: Gregory W. Brown

text: Todd Hearon

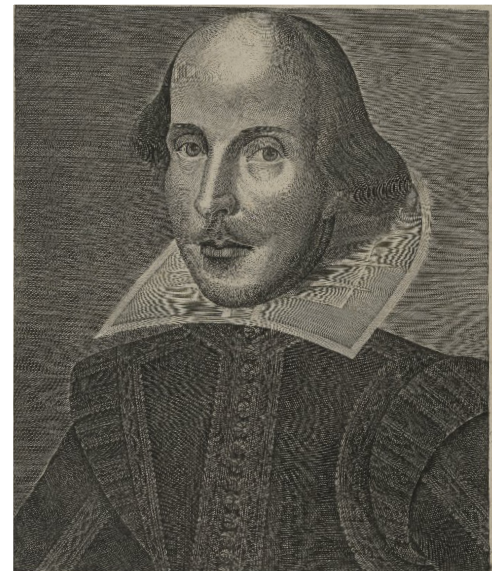




front and back covers:  
Jean-Pierre Simon engraving after  
a painting by Henry Fuseli: *The  
enchanted Island: before the fall of  
Prospero* (1797)

left:  
first page of *The Tempest* from the  
Second Folio (1632)

below:  
frontispiece from the  
Fourth Folio (1685)



*Caliban in After-Life* was first performed at Phillips Exeter Academy's Class of 1945 Library on November 17, 2014, as part of celebration of William Shakespeare. The library's copies of the Second and Fourth Folios were on display during the show.

The performers for the premiere were Mary Hubbell, soprano; Eva Gruesser, violin; and Jon Sakata, piano. The composer is indebted to Eva Gruesser for her guidance in editing the violin part.

"Caliban in After-Life" from the collection *Strange Land* (Crab Orchard Series in Poetry, Southern Illinois University Press) copyright 2010 by Todd Hearon. Used by permission of the author.

# Caliban in After-Life

Gregory W. Brown  
text: Todd Hearon

## Prologue: Moon-Calf

Violin

$\approx 52$  rubato

*mp* *pizz.* *arco* *p* *(l.v.)* *pizz.* *arco* *pp* *(l.v.)* *pizz.* *arco* *mf*

6 *p*

10 *f* *p* *f* *più mosso* *mf* *pizz.*

14 *f* *arco* *pizz.* *arco* *p*

17 *f* *rit.* *quasi-recit.* *f* *rit.* *pp*

Pros - per - o, what hol - low art makes hu - man

22 *mf* *f* *Vexed;  $\approx 68$*

hu - mane?

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24

*f*

Ex - cept - ing one,

*mp*

*mp*

26

I can ac - cept the oth - er,

*mp*

28

*breve*

*mf*

Ex - cept - ing one, I can ac - cept the

*fp*

*mf*

*mp*

30

*mf*

oth - er. Nei - ther a de - i - ty

*p* *mp*

32

*f* *mp*

nor its dog sits court u -

*mp* *fp*

34

*rit.* *f* *quasi-recit.*

pon a question of this sort. So answer, Sor - ce - rer, Con - quer - or, I wait.

*mf* *fp*

*f*

trill slows and coalesces to double stop

40 *rubato*

45

*pizz. arco* *rit.*

## Aria: Wordless

50 *mp*  $\text{♩} \approx 62$

Word-less as I was when you washed up heav-ing brine,

56

in ig - no - rance of pit - y I — pit - ied you, — thin thing the

62 *mf*

salt had scoured. Dry, — you wept — then slept the o-cean out of mind.

*f* *mp* *sim.*

*p* *p* *mp*

68 *p*

When it re - turned, I nest-ed you, — laid you in my lair.

*pp*

74 *mf* parlando (repeat until voice is done) hoarsely

So — was it there, sequestered, out of thirst your tongue put forth my first-heard word? Wa - ter

Caliban in After-Life

79  $\text{♩} \approx 76$ ; Enraged

*f*

What sun could sear, — could

84 *tr*

sear, what sun could sear, What sea - roar,

88

What — sun could — sear, —

*fp*



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91

*mp* *agitato*

*mf*

what sun could sear, sear,

*f* *mp* *mp* *agitato*

Measures 91-94: Vocal line with lyrics "what sun could sear, sear,". Piano accompaniment includes a right-hand part with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a left-hand part with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The tempo is marked *agitato*. Fingerings are indicated for the right hand.

95

sear, what sea - roar

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

Measures 95-98: Vocal line with lyrics "sear, what sea - roar". Piano accompaniment continues with dynamics ranging from *f* to *mp*. The tempo remains *agitato*.

99

will e - rase its ac - id

*mp* *8va*

Measures 99-102: Vocal line with lyrics "will e - rase its ac - id". Piano accompaniment includes a right-hand part with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and a left-hand part with an *8va* (octave) marking. The tempo remains *agitato*.

103

*mp*  
from my ear?

*overbow/distortion*  
*fff*  
*sul tasto*  
*pp*

*f* *p* *f sub.p* *mp*

108

*mf* *poco meno mosso; sweetly*  
Your daugh - ter's laugh - ter as I

*ord.* *mf* *3*

*p* *mf sub.pp* *mf*

113

played the pup, lap - ping ber - ries from her o - pen fist?—

*pizz.*

118

that, Master, was the best — rel-ish I — had had since

125

Moth - er's milk. cold And last.

133

For it, too, found a word in your dread lex - i - con: Vexed; ♩ ≈ 76 *mf* lu -

139

*mf*

bri - cious. Ad - mo - nished,

*pizz.*

*mf*

*pesante*

143

Mi - ran - da wan - dered off. The dog days ceased.

*arco*

*mp* *p* *mf*

*mp* *p* *mf*

148

*mp*

All moon I went on want - ing,

*mp* *f*

*mp* *f*

153

Musical score for measures 153-157. The vocal line begins with a *p* dynamic and the lyrics "all moon I went on want-ing." The piano accompaniment includes *pizz.* and *arco* markings, with dynamics ranging from *p* to *mf*.

**Enraged**

158

Musical score for measures 158-161, marked "Enraged". The vocal line starts with a *f* dynamic and the lyrics "What sun could sear, what sun could sear,". The piano accompaniment features *f* and *mp* dynamics.

162

Musical score for measures 162-165. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "what sun, what". The piano accompaniment includes *mf*, *f*, and *mp* dynamics.

165

sea - roar will e - rase, what sea, e -

*mp*

*f*

*mf*

169

*no breath; no glottal*

*p*

rase, sea, e - rase, [s] e -

*V rough/scratchy*

*mp*

*p*

*V rough/scratchy*

*mp*

# Interlude & Air: *this isle/his islet*

173 Adagio rubato; ♩ ≈ 52

rase?

from the string

*ff*

*p*

*pp*

con ped. liberalmente

Pros - per - o, \_\_\_\_\_ be - fore you the la - goon wombed me. \_\_\_\_\_

*pizz.*

sul pont. arco

Reed - y light

*pizz.*

sul pont. arco

185

sift-ed me, \_\_\_\_\_ in dreams I lay un-named, \_\_\_\_\_

190

*poco più mosso*

al-lu-vial sprite. \_\_\_\_\_ Be-side the tide-pools

*senza vib.* *vib. ord.; lontano; flautando*

*Red.* \* *Red.*

194

I'd bask in the un-asked un-con-scious Ques-tion,

\* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.*



198

fath - om - less \_\_\_\_\_ in spite of

\* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \* Ped.

201

worlds turned up - wards un - der - hand \_\_\_\_\_ that now turn all -

\* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \*

**Agitated; ♩ ≈ 104**

205

— a - gainst me:                      my face at eve - ry sur - face sur - feits of its own, grown ov - er - mon - strous,

\* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \* Ped.                      \*

212

e - ven my moon half - man. My bel - low crawls,

*p*

218

*mp* *allarg.* *ff*

crawls through cliffs, out - choirs the sea's ech - o:

*p* *f* *ff*

Broad; ♩ ≈ 68

224

*pp* *f*

CA - LI - BAN CA - NI - BAL

*arco* *pp* *mfp* *mfp* *mfp*

*pp* *f*

231

*mp* I gnaw my-self, I know. *p* G.P.

*tremolo slowing; senza vib.* *mf* *vib. ord.* *pp* G.P.

*p* *pp* *p* G.P.

### Epilogue & Ire: thing of darkness

238 *p* quasi-recit. *mf* sub. movendo

If you can hear me, Mas-ter, mus-t'ring mu-sic on this

*p* *(lv.)* *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.* *arco* *mp*

243 *f* quasi-recit. *p*

crust of land, this isle, this isle I'll al-ways lie a-li-en on now,

*mp* *p*

247 *mp* *mf*

float — home, my some-time fa-ther, some grain of grace to scour — my skull of

*p* *mf* *f*

251 *p* *pp* *colla voce*

ill, — its mis-er-y, my mem-o-ry. One ounce of the old art, Alchemist, one phial's drop to

*mp* *p* *pp* *colla voce*

255 *ten.* **Measured;  $\text{♩} \approx 60$**

pros - per o - bli - vi - on. in Ca - li - ban in lan - guage, in lan - guage lan -

*f* *p* *pizz.* *p*

260 *quasi-recit. mf*

guish - ing. You drowned your book and sailed. Your chief a-chieve re-

*arco* *f*

264 *mp* *a tempo; measured* *p*

mains my curse: You word-ed me; I can't re - cant, I

*pizz.* *p* *arco* *p*

269 *no breath* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

can't re - cant, re - cant, I can't re - cant my life.

*pizz.*

\* if a breath is needed, please take it here



## Caliban in After-Life

... this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

Prospero, what hollow art  
makes human humane?  
Excepting one, I can accept  
the other. Neither a  
deity nor its dog sits  
court upon a question of  
this sort. So answer,  
Sorcerer. Conqueror,  
I wait.

Wordless as I was when you  
washed up heaving brine, in  
ignorance of pity I  
pitied you, thin thing  
the salt had scoured. Dry,  
you wept then slept the ocean out  
of mind. When it returned,  
I nested you, laid you in  
my lair.

So was it there,  
sequestered, out of thirst  
your tongue put forth my first-  
heard word?

*Water*

What sun could sear,  
what sea-roar will erase  
its acid from my ear?

Your daughter's laughter  
as I played the pup,  
lapping berries from her open  
fist? — that, Master, was the best  
relish I had had since Mother's milk.  
And last. For it, too, found a word  
in your dread lexicon:  
*lubricious*. Admonished,  
Miranda wandered off. The dog  
days ceased. All moon  
I went on wanting.

Prospero, before you the lagoon  
wombed me. Reedy light  
sifted me, in dreams I lay  
unnamed, alluvial sprite.  
Beside the tidepools I'd  
bask in the unmasked  
unconscious Question,  
fathomless in spite  
of worlds turned upwards underhand—  
that now turn all against me: my  
face at every surface  
surfeits on its own, grown  
overmonstrous, even  
my moon half-man.  
My bellow crawls through cliffs,  
outchoirs the sea's echo:  
CALIBAN CANIBAL  
I gnaw myself. I know.

If you can hear me, Master,  
mustered music on this crust  
of land, this isle  
I'll always lie alien on now,  
float home, my sometime father,  
some grain of grace to scour  
my skull of ill, its misery,  
my memory. One ounce  
of the old art, Alchemist, one  
phial's drop to prosper o-  
blivion  
in Caliban  
in language languishing.

You drowned your book and sailed.  
Your chief achieve remains  
my curse: You worded me;  
I can't recant my life.

— Todd Hearon

