

## **SHADOW PLAY**

**Jeff Johnson**

*I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;*

–From *Hamlet*, Act II Scene 2, William Shakespeare

## **PLATO'S CAVE** (Instrumental)

*Anyone who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light.*

– From *The Republic*, Book VII, Plato

## **SOLILOQUY**

*. . . There must have been a moment, at the beginning, where we could have said - no. But somehow we missed it.*

–From *Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead*, Tom Stoppard

*I go on and I don't know whether I'm going to shame or to light and joy. That's the trouble, for everything in the world is a riddle.*

–From *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fedor Dostoevski

Weak heart slows me down.  
Sad shape that I'm in today.  
Someone left me here.  
And it's sad shape that I'm in today.

Tell me,  
What's my line?  
You better dim the lights.  
'Cause I never planned on being on this stage all alone without you.

Someone missed their cue,  
Sad shape that I'm in today,  
Someone left me here,  
And it's bad shape that I'm in today.

## **LET ME GO**

*That vague, crepuscular time, the time of regrets that resemble hopes, of hopes that resemble regrets, when youth has passed, but old age is not yet arrived.*

–From *Father And Sons*, Ivan Turgenev

Say your "goodbye" and I'll fly away to the moon,  
Don't ask me "why?," 'cause I've got to get away soon.  
Just let me dream, 'cause it takes the pain away when I know I could  
be somewhere. . .  
Anywhere.

All of my life I have watched my dreams come and go,  
And all of my life I have tried to learn what you know.  
Still I am young and there may be time for me, time for me to just. . .  
Go somewhere.

I'm beating on the fortress door, I'm crying to the guard.  
I'm bleeding and my bones are broken. I can't believe it's real.  
Well I could leave this great facade, I could sneak out through the back.  
But look up there, they're laughing. Oh I can't believe it's real,  
I want to go somewhere.  
Let me go. . .

Say your "goodbye" and I'll fly away to the moon,  
Don't ask me "why?," 'cause I've got to get away soon,  
Still I am young and there may be time for me, time for me to just . . .

## **BORINAGE**

*A caged bird in spring knows quite well that he might serve some end; he is well aware that there is something for him to do, but he cannot do it. What is it? he does not quite remember. Then some vague ideas occur to him, and he says to himself, "the others build their nests and lay their eggs and bring up their little ones"; and knocks his head against the bars of the cage. But the cage remains, and the bird is maddened by anguish.*

–From a letter to his brother, Theo, Vincent Van Gogh; Borinage, July 1880

All those years and all those tears seem so distant to me,  
And all these fears like millions of mirrors seem to be all I see.

But if only I could be a painter,  
Or maybe I already am.  
'Cause I see that I'm not what I'm supposed to be. . .  
I guess that's what keeps haunting me.

## **PARIS DREAMERS**

*. . .it's been the dream of my life to see Paris, France.*

–From *Our Town*, Act 1, Thornton Wilder

*I know how men in exile feed on dreams of hope.*

–From *Agamemnon*, Aeschylus

If I could get to Paris, I know that it would be,  
So much better than this life. . .it's obvious to me.  
If I could get to anywhere, I know that it would be,  
So much better than before. . .it's very clear to see.

Somedays it's very clear to me.  
Somedays it's not so clear.  
I've seen Paris once before,  
Paris sounds good to me.

Dream, dream she's a dreamer,  
Paris will redeem her.  
Eiffel Tower Baby,  
Maybe, baby , maybe. . .  
You, you might think she seems a little crazy,  
But if you do we'll say your thinking's hazy. . .

Paris Dreamers. . .

It's been the dream of my life to see Paris.

## **THE PLAY**

*The Devil enters the prompter's box and the play is ready to start.*

–From *The Harpy*, Robert Williams Service

Long ago I met you in the Play,  
In the Play we knew just what to say,  
We were told when to move, "Try to make it real smooth."  
It was all that we could handle way back then.

But the Curtain never fell down on the Play,  
And the Characters we acted out remain,  
Though the Show's a success, there are some who want out,  
The Director handles it in his own way,  
And we never see them much more in the Play. . .

You were one of them. Share the secret word. Get me out of here. . .

## **THE PHANTOMS KNOW (SO LONG, ANDROMEDA)**

*. . .and still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But the same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.*

–From *Moby Dick*, Herman Melville

So long, Andromeda,  
But I knew that I would not stay here that long.  
I know it sounds absurd,  
But even you will someday disappear.

So, so long, Andromeda,  
But I knew it would boil down to leaving you,  
Leaving everything that I wanted to embrace. . .  
The things I've spent my whole life working for, living for, dying for. . .

The Ancient Writer knew when he called the human being a Phantom.

The art nouveau lampshade flickers its light across the darkened room.  
A T.V. show is on, but suddenly the screen shows nothing there,  
Something's strange,  
I think that there's Phantoms in this room,  
The Souls of all Mankind that led me here,  
Left me here.

These Phantoms know the meaning, the meaning of the Curse.  
Theses Phantoms know what we'll know, the truth we wished reversed.

The Phantoms know the Curtain falls someday. . .

The Ancient Writer knew when he called the human being a Phantom.

## **DANCER IN THE NIGHT**

*There is strong shadow where there is much light.*

–Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Wake up, wake up you Sleepers.  
Look out into the night.  
Get up, get up you Dreamers,  
The Dancer is in sight. . .

Dancer in the night,  
Dancing in lamplight,  
Silhouetted sight,  
Dancer in the night.

Dance in the night,  
Keeps my hopes alive,  
Darkness turns to light,  
When you're in my sight. . .

## **MY BLUE CAMUS**

*And so I learned that familiar paths traced in the dusk of summer evenings may lead as well to prisons as to innocent, untroubled sleep.*

–From *The Stranger*, Albert Camus

Nobody knows me like I do and I'll never let them know.  
Nobody sees things like I see and I'll never let them see.

'Cause I'm the Stranger,  
Midnight Ranger,  
Skirting danger,  
I'm the Stranger.

Oh what a fool I was back then, and oh what a fool I'm now.  
If only I could go back again and begin again somehow,  
But Quasimodo and I must run to fortify Notre Dame,  
We'll climb up the stairs and ring the bells to warn the entire land.

That I'm the Stranger, Midnight Ranger,  
Skirting danger, I'm the Stranger. . .

Waiting for something,  
Afraid of the one thing,  
The one I think that he knows will change him. . .

## **PENUMBRAE**

*1: a space of partial illumination (as in an eclipse) between the perfect shadow of all sides and the full light. 2: a surrounding or adjoining region in which something exists to a lesser degree.*

*–Webster's Dictionary*

*And for all I can tell, the only difference is that what many see we call a real thing, and what only one sees we call a dream. But things that many see may have no taste or moment in them at all, and things that are shown only to one may be spears and waterspouts of truth from the very depth of truth.*

*–From Till We Have Faces, C.S. Lewis*

Shadow growing longer in this room of mine,  
Shadows on the ceiling in this room of mine.  
And I see that nothing's left to chance in its flickering advance,  
But somehow I thought it never could reach me.

Shadows growing longer in this heart of mine,  
Shadows on the walls of this heart of mine.  
And I see that all the reasons why the seasons should go by so slowly,  
Are that I might live to be.

Shadows growing longer in this life of mine,  
Shadows at the doorstep to this life of mine,  
And I see Him knocking at the Door, but I'm afraid no more,  
For this life is but the shadow of a brighter world,  
So far away,  
A new Creation is unfurled  
Where shadows dance around the New Jerusalem  
At Home at last. . . at Home at last.

*Acta est fabula*

All songs written by Jeff Johnson except "Penumbrae" by Sandy Simpson  
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Musicians -

Jeff Johnson: Piano, keys, vocorder & vocals

Sandy Simpson: Guitars, bass & vocals

Drums & timpani: Brian Brickley

Violin & viola: Paul Patterson

Oregon Bass: David Friesen

Tablas & percussion: Roger Hadley

Flute: Susie May

Pam Mark Hall: Additional backing vocals

Produced by Jeff Johnson & Sandy Simpson

Engineered by Jeff Johnson

Mixed by Jeff Johnson & Sandy Simpson

All sound effects recorded on location by Ark Mobile

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Mastered by John Golden

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Shadow Play (AKD-5473)

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