

A circuit in five movements

Inspired by a trip we took to Oregon
to view the Great American Eclipse of 2017.

Written, performed, and produced by Colin Nicholls
Recorded in a spare room in Marin County, California
Mastered to an average loudness of -14 LUFS

Fender Telecaster, Ovation Balladeer, Yamaha Spanish guitar
Ibanez Roadster Fretless Bass
Modartt Pianoteq; FrozenPlain Mirage; Klevgrand Pipa;
Korg M1; Roland VK-8; Novation PEAK
XLN Addictive Drums 2; Roland SPD-20; Shaker, Tamborine, Handclaps

Thanks to Lisa and Mitchell for the inspiration
Photos (c) 2017 by Mitchell Rodda, used with permission

Design by Colin Nicholls
Copyright (c) Colin Nicholls 2021

PSCDA23

I. Departure

We meet up in Portland, planned for several years
Waiting by the OMSI logo, counting concrete squares
At the curb I see the Tesla, and I meet his charming wife
How little he has changed despite the years and different life

My tripod in the trunk, and my camera by my side
We head due West, and stop to shop provisions for the ride
The Sun is bright unfiltered light, with two days yet to go
Making time, and catching up, with traffic getting slow

West on 18, South on 101
Following the road out to the Sea
Through the village, to the coastal Inn
and the latitude of first totality

We find the exit, and park just up the slope
Second story balconies, a lonely telescope
We walk out to the office, and the ocean breeze is cold
As he hands back the paperwork, I see a flash of gold

With time to play the tourist; a walk to spend the day
I capture them in silhouette, at the pier in Siletz Bay
Pirate cakes, and Tidal Raves; the kiln at Mossy Creek
Sun sets through a wine-glass sea,
where Light and Shadow meet

Monday morning, a wreath of coastal fog
We pack the car and search for clearer skies
Corvallis-Newport highway, East of Eddy Creek
Above the mist, the cars are lining either side

II. Arrival

Slow down, look around to park- there's a space
Time to get the tripod out,
this is the place.

Restless crowd. Faces of excitement all around
On the bank above, they're walking single file,
to higher ground

Sepia; as penumbral light surrounds the hill
The perfect photograph will need tranquility,
and skill

It begins with diamond rings- see the shadow fall...
(quantized flicker twilight making *wayang* of us all)

III. Totality (10:16 am)

In '83 strangers came from overseas
to my home, a fishing town called Tuban.
Nearly noon; yellow light and dusky blue
Under the bed, we hid in fear, as *Kahu* ate the Sun.
Later that day, a *bule* man was kind to me,
and showed me how his camera saved what I could not see.
Totality, now in twenty-seventeen
Unafraid, I think I hear a distant gamelan
The crowd is getting louder, and time can not be stopped.
The LCD before me, I breathe, and take the shot.

IV. Circles (instr.)

V. Departure (reprise)

We journey Eastward, deeper into smoke
Earth is viewing Heaven through an opalescent cloak
Water and Caldera are the Iris and the Lens
Crater Lake is background in a portrait of my friends

Klamath Lake at sunset, we drive into the night
A lullaby of sound from road and tires
In just a few days, I've a trans-Pacific flight
Back to my family, across the Ring of Fire