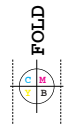


HEAD



Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
 And gaze upon the sea;
 That element may meet thy smile –
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!
 Or trace with thine all idle hand
 In loitering mood upon the sand
 That Earth is now as free!
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
 But one – 'The world was mine!' –
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit poured so widely forth –
 So long obeyed – so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock!
 Foredoomed by God – by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very Fiend's arch mock;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day – there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's – Gaul thine –
 When that immeasurable power

Unsat'd to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame
 Than gathers round Marengo's name
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a King
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest?
 Vain forward child of Empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes – One – the first – the last – the best –
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom Envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!

Lord Byron (1788-1824)

ANDREW FORD (b.1957)

Night and Dreams: the Death of Sigmund Freud for tenor and backing track

1	I	Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder	5'37
2	II	I wonder, do they still play Schubert in Vienna?	9'54
3	III	Drowsing, I hear someone is there	9'11
4	IV	'Drink! Drink! Drink!'	7'05
5	V	A sculptor cleaves a marble block	8'47
6	VI	Anna? Anna, are you there?	10'10
7	VII	There is death	2'00
8	VIII	Gute Ruh, gute Ruh! Thu die Augen zu!	3'50

Gerald English, tenor / narrator
Ingrid Rahlén, backing track playback

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG (1874-1951)

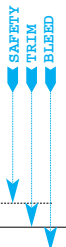
9	Ode to Napoleon, Op. 41	15'51
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Gerald English, reciter
London Sinfonietta
David Atherton

Total timing: 72'41



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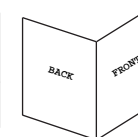
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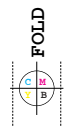


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HEAD



The British tenor Gerald English began his professional career as a founder member of the Deller Consort in 1950. Five years later, he sang for Benjamin Britten in the first London season of Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*, replacing an indisposed Peter Pears. Thus was the nature of his career established: he would make a speciality of very old and very new music. In the 1960s and 1970s, he took part in the Glyndebourne Festival's revivals of Monteverdi's operas under Raymond Leppard, but he also sang in new works by Dallapiccola and Berio, Henze and Tippett, often under the composer's own direction. He worked with conductors such as Ansermet, Ančerl and Abbado, Barbirolli, Beecham, Boult and Boulez. He sang the title role in Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, with the composer conducting, and was the Evangelist in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* in a performance conducted by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

In 1978, Gerald English moved to Melbourne to establish and direct the Opera Studio at the Victorian College of the Arts. Five years later, when I too emigrated to Australia, he was one of the first musicians I met. Because, as a student in England, I had been an admirer of his singing I wanted to suggest that I write him a piece, but was too intimidated to ask. Instead, I wrote him a letter and he replied agreeing to

my proposal with enthusiasm. The piece was a song cycle, *Sacred Places*, to words by the poet Christopher Reid, and I recall at the first performance in August 1986, wishing that I had met the 60-year-old singer rather earlier in his career. It never occurred to me that he would have an Indian summer continuing into the 21st century. In the end, I wrote him twelve pieces, between 1985 and 1999, ranging from song cycles to music-theatre.

It was clear at his 70th birthday concert in November 1995 that Gerald English did not especially want to retire. Most singers bow out well before they reach this particular milestone, and any that are still going probably choose to mark the occasion by revisiting some favourite repertoire. But English opted to sing the first performances of thirteen new works, most of them composed especially for the occasion.

After the concert, I began to discuss with Margaret Morgan the idea of one last big piece for Gerry. It would be a work that he might continue to sing for a few years and so it would need to take into account the fact that tenors in their seventies do not, for example, have an endless supply of top Cs. Margaret suggested a one-man music-theatre piece about Freud, and I immediately agreed, seeing that, apart from anything else, with the addition of a beard,

He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou – from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung –
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.

Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain –
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as Honor dies.
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again –
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem, –
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

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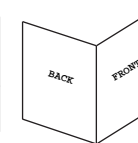
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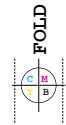


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9

Ode to Napoleon

Music by Arnold Schoenberg
Words by Lord Byron

'Tis done – but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive –
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject – yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned, – power to save, –
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson – it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife –
The earthquake-voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife –
All quelled! – Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbitor of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a Prince – or live a slave –
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke –
Alone – how looked he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger – dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home. –

Gerry would be a dead-ringer for the father of psychoanalysis.

Sigmund Freud left Vienna for London following the Anschluss in 1938, and he died there in September 1939, a few days after his adoptive country had declared war on his homeland. *Night and Dreams* begins shortly before his death. During the hour-long piece, our Freud talks to his audience as though they were visitors to his home, and in the blacked-out interludes receives actual visitors, including Virginia Woolf and his physician, Dr. Schur. In due course we learn that Schur, who has treated Freud's cancer (of the jaw) for more than a decade, has administered his patient a lethal dose of morphine. But in the meantime, Freud subjects his life to scrutiny. Treating his audience as his analyst, Freud takes his own 'talking cure'. And talk he does, his tone chatty and conversational, at least in the early part of the piece, where only the occasional word is sung or declaimed. As the piece continues, the singing increases.

Much of the singing in *Night and Dreams* comes in the form of set pieces. After each interlude Freud tells his dreams in a sequence of five Dream Songs. These are modelled on Schubert Lieder and draw on the imagery of German Romanticism: moonlit forests,

wandering far from home, longing for home and so on. Some of the borrowings are clear enough (the fourth Dream Song is obviously a version of Schubert's *Erkönig*), others less so – the second Dream Song borrows the rhythms and phrase structures of *Du bist die Ruh*, but none of the actual notes. (I recall asking Margaret Morgan if she could make the words of our Dream Songs sound like poor English translations of Schubert's lyrics.)

Schubert's music, indeed, runs through the entire score, prompting melodic fragments here and rhythmic ostinatos there. The studio-created 'backing track', which plays almost continuously, often enough not backing anything but in the foreground of the musical action, consists of piano (Ian Munro), harp (Marshall McGuire) and electroacoustic harp (Alice Giles) together with a range of sound effects and historical recordings, all subjected to varying amounts of computer wizardry. More wizardry was used on the two genuine Schubert songs which Freud listens to at the beginning and end of *Night and Dreams*. These are *Nacht und Träume*, from which we took our title, and 'Des Baches Wiegenlied', the final number in the cycle *Die schöne Müllerin*. Gerald English and Ian Munro recorded them in modern digital sound, before we turned them



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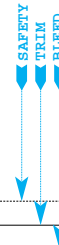
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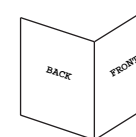
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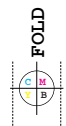


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into crackly old 78s!

Night and Dreams: the Death of Sigmund Freud was jointly commissioned by the Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne festivals (with funding from the Australia Council for the Arts) and was composed in 1999. The first season was at the Adelaide Festival in March 2000, the piece produced by Music Theatre Sydney and directed by George Whaley with sets by Eamon D'Arcy and sound projection by Ingrid Rahlén. The backing track was made in conjunction with ABC Radio's sonic arts program, 'The Listening Room' (produced by Andrew McLennan, engineered by Russell Stapleton), and the present studio recording was made by the same team, following the Adelaide season.

* * *

The recording of Arnold Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, which completes the present disc, was first issued by Decca in 1974, part of the London Sinfonietta's boxed set of the composer's chamber music released to mark his centenary.

Scored for string quartet, piano and reciter, *Ode to Napoleon* continues Schoenberg's use of sprechgesang, the speech-song that had characterised the vocal lines in a number of his works, most famously *Pierrot Lunaire*. In *Ode*

to *Napoleon*, however, the notation is considerably simplified, seeming to demand of the reciter a rather bolder style of delivery.

Schoenberg composed his setting of Byron's ironic ode in 1942, eight years into his American exile. Was he thinking of Hitler? Byron's words were written in 1814, two years after Napoleon's doomed attempt to invade Russia, and now here was Schoenberg setting those same words to music mere months after Hitler's replication of that military disaster. But the parallel ends there. Byron's ode came in response to Napoleon's abdication, whereas in 1942 the idea that Hitler might have 'feet of clay' was still a matter of wishful thinking. Moreover, there was an important difference between Byron's attitude to Napoleon and Schoenberg's to Hitler: as the composer himself pointed out, Byron had once admired Napoleon.

What can be said with confidence is that the two Beethoven allusions in Schoenberg's piece were intentional. At Byron's line, 'The earthquake voice of Victory', Schoenberg refers to the opening of Beethoven's fifth symphony – the rhythm of its first four notes (in Morse code, V for 'Victory'), a wartime call-sign of the BBC – and, at the very end of this twelve-tone work, Schoenberg has his musicians land squarely on

The girl... the girl... the girl. Not Eros, the god of life, but his sister. His sister, the goddess of death. The goddess of death. The silent girl in the mythologies... I have written of her... I forgot. I had chosen to forget. Death.

He gives up the search.

[7]

Freud: There is death. Death of everyone, of everything in its turn. And there is my death. My death. Beyond analysis, beyond reason... Anna? Anna? Doctor Schur? Thanatos, death... Thanatos, son of Night.... Thanatos, brother of Sleep and Dreams.

He reaches to his mouth, to the prosthesis within... He tries to remove it, groans in pain. Then, frenzied, he pulls it out and cries out. As it comes out of his mouth, he coughs, doubling him over with its paroxysm. He gasps at the audience, trying to speak, but his words are unintelligible. He makes his way to the chair and sits, breathless.

[8]

He reaches across to the gramophone and places the needle on the 78 record, now 'Des Baches Wiegenlied' from Die schöne Müllerin. As it plays, he begins to sing along to the music, wordlessly. The lights slowly dim to blackout.

Gute Ruh, gute Ruh! thu die Augen zu!
Wandler, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
Die Treu' ist hier, sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

*Good rest, good rest, close your eyes!
Wanderer, tired one, you are home.
Fidelity is here, you shall lie by me,
Until the sea drinks the brooklet dry.*

Will betten dich kühl auf weichem Pfühl
In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran, was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

*I will bed you cool on a soft pillow,
In the blue crystal room,
Come, come, whatever can lull,
rock and lap my boy to sleep!*

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht! bis alles wacht,
Schlaf aus deine Freude, schlaf aus dein Leid!
Der Vollmond steigt, der Nebel weicht,
Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!

*Good night, good night, until all awake,
Sleep out your joy, sleep out your pain!
The full moon climbs, the mist fades away,
and the heavens above, how wide they are!*

The needle reaches the repeat groove and in the darkness, its clicking winds down to silence.

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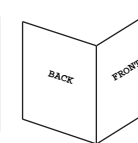


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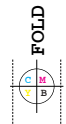


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HEAD



of me was at its height, that religious transference can only lead to apostasy, and I was right. Betrayal. Again, betrayal. And heartbreak.

I've obviously identified with Moses. Does that sound arrogant? Perhaps. But Moses created Judaism; I created psychoanalysis. Moses was destined only to gaze from afar at the promised land, never to reach it. And if I am Moses, who is Carl Gustav Jung? Joshua, who took possession of the promised land? Of course, Jung is a Christian mystic. And me, I'm a godless Jew. I was a fool to hope that he would carry the word of psychoanalysis beyond the Viennese enclave of Jews. But I did dream that our bond would transcend everything.

The dream seems straightforward enough, on the surface. Jung helped create me, create the theories. Then he set upon my destruction. 'Mein Vater, you are but dust!' Yet he relieves my pain in my dream, just as he caused it. My longing for reconciliation, no doubt. The unconscious mind yearns for many impossible things. As do the conscious mind and the heart.

Michelangelo was homosexual. Jung isn't. As he took pains to point out to me when he thought our friendship was becoming too intimate. If the wish of this dream is a deeper friendship between us, it is indeed a futile aspiration. He pulled away from me, leaving me mystified, leaving me hollow.

You know I have cancer. I am dying.

It's in my jaw and palate. It was discovered, oh, twenty years ago. They hid it from me at first, but that couldn't last. And I hid it from myself, because I knew to accept it would mean giving up cigars. Of course I knew the connection. I knew my addiction was killing me. But the unconscious is endlessly cunning in its ability to twist reason so it can have its own way. I have to wear a prosthesis, in here [his mouth]. Dreadful thing. Agony to get it in and out. And the smell... my flesh is rotting. My own dog recoils from me. Cringes, won't come near me. Fetid.

Anna, my daughter, tends me. Always by my side. She always has been. Throughout my illnesses, she's sat by my bed, through the night. I cannot disguise that of all my children, she is my favourite, my dear Anna. She does not recoil.

I've thought about death for so long, theorised about it. The death instinct, the fundamental drive for annihilation that moves us all, in opposition to life, in opposition to Eros. I've expected death for so long, it doesn't trouble me. But to die without dignity, without control. That is a wretched state. Doctor Schur understands that, which is why he agreed to our contract. He was reluctant, but he is a compassionate friend. He was in America when we fled here from Vienna. He rushed to London, when he heard of my need. 'You are but dust...'

me, unlike, say, literature or sculpture. It's probably my rationalism. If I can't understand the reasoning behind a work of art, I can get little pleasure from it. So why do I sit here listening to the gramophone? Perhaps I'm homesick. Schubert – that was Schubert – Schubert was from Vienna. I used to think that Vienna was my prison. Now, it seems, I miss my chains.

I can't hold a tune. Not that it stops me. *Se vuol ballare, Signor Contino.* I like Figaro's defiance. *Se vuol ballare, Signor ...*

No. Well, the household doesn't much appreciate it either. But one of my sisters was musical. When we were children, she played the piano. God, it annoyed me. I couldn't concentrate on my books. All that endless practice. The same thing, over and over. Over and over. Of course, I had my own room. Well, I was the firstborn son. But even so, over and over, the dreadful noise. Plunk plunk plunk. Straight through the walls. I complained to my parents. The piano was taken away. You understand, my studies had to have priority.

[2]

I wonder, do they still play Schubert in Vienna? Can Vienna still sing, with the noose tight around her neck?

Last night, I dreamed ...

First Dreamsong: Fire to the East

*The moonlight on the forest path
Comes glinting through the trees.
Vines and creepers block my way
And trip me to my knees.*

*I look beyond a torrid stream;
I cry out at the sight:
Before me stands my childhood home
Enveloped by the night.*

*The door is closed, the curtains drawn:
My house has been forsaken.
A shadow flickers on the drape,
I see I was mistaken.*

*I cower as a female form
Appears before my eyes.
Her clothes are jet, her skin is white
And silently she cries.*

*I urge the girl to speak to me,
'Why are you so forlorn?'
But she will only shake her head
And point toward the dawn.*

*The light breaks through the forest growth
The leaves turn bloody red.
And then they're gone, the maid, the house,
My isolation in their stead.*

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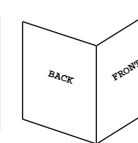
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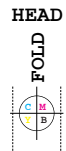
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The Nazis invade even my dreams. So who is this silent girl, hiding in my childhood house? You don't need to answer. It was a rhetorical question. After all, this is my talking cure, while I still have words. While I can still talk at all. And you, my 'psychoanalyst'... you just ... listen. If you're Catholic, you might like to think of this as my confession. Not that I have a soul to save, but it's a nice analogy.

When I was starting out in this business of psychoanalysis, I'd probe and prod my patients, try to direct them where I wanted them to go. I'd speak before I'd listened. But that is not the way... I learned that the unconscious, properly freed of its repressions, would take the analyst and analysand on a journey together, a voyage to the core of the matter. For a while I favoured hypnosis, but other methods are better. Free association... dreams... the meaning of the dreams to be found within the mind and memories of the patient.

Well, then. Is she Vienna, this young woman? Does she weep beneath the stomping feet of the barbarians? Perhaps she regrets opening the door to them. Does she already see her mistake?

Anschluss. Unity. The Viennese are waltzing with the Reich, intoxicated by their mutual love of hating Jews. Who should be surprised by the Austrian embrace of that loathsome rabble? I have known since childhood what Vienna thinks of Jews. We have always been outsiders. And even within Jewry, I've been an outsider, an atheist amongst believers. They trip me to my knees ...

Odd that she doesn't speak, the girl in the house. The light to the east. The sun? Or does something else illuminate me? Bloody red ...Bloody red ... Like fire. Fire. There have been many fires. The fires of Kristallnacht. My books fuel them, along with those of Thomas Mann, of Einstein, of Kafka. Another bonfire of the vanities, like Savonarola's in the fifteenth century. But instead of the carnival masks, the indecent books and pictures that he put to the flame, these are ideas that are being burned. Yes, the writings of Jews, of course, that goes without saying. But really, the works of culture and civilisation are what these brutes burn, what they despise. Words that question. Words that challenge the rule of the mindless mob. Mad times. Mad times.

Dreams are wishes. Wishes, sometimes buried deep, sometimes, on the surface. Dreams rewrite our painful lives under cover of night. The light breaks through the forest growth, the leaves turn bloody red ...

So it *might* be a sunrise, a dawn of hope. Is this the wish the dream fulfils? That sitting here, in this cosy room of my London exile, I'll watch the light of sanity dissolve the darkness of unreason? I don't believe it. Do you? But there is some comfort in dreams.

Blackout. Interlude

Marching storm-troopers, becoming louder as they get closer. They stop abruptly. A loud hammering on the door. Voice: My son. My son. Mein Junge. What is it? I gaze in wonder. My son. The pain he inflicts.

Scene Four

Lights up on Freud holding the small statue of Michelangelo's Moses.

Freud: Have you ever visited Rome? Have you seen this statue? It's Michelangelo's Moses, in the Church of Saint Peter in Chains. I discovered it years ago, and have returned for many pilgrimages. I even wrote a little paper on it. It's fascinating... the precise moment that Michelangelo chose to capture. Previous observers have suggested that Moses is about to spring up in a rage at the sight of the people worshipping an idol, the Golden Calf. He's just come down from Mount Sinai with these, the stone tablets from God, which it's argued he's about to fling down and smash.

A close analysis of the position of the hands, of the tablets and of the beard shows that this is not what this Moses is doing at all. In fact, it's the opposite. He has restrained his wrath and subdued the passion that was about to lead him to destroy the tablets. In a sense, Michelangelo is rewriting the Bible as it was perceived in the Renaissance. It's a plausible reading of Exodus, though. The text is a mess. Michelangelo made good sense of it. And he made good sense of the marble.

Fourth Dreamsong: Moses Unmade

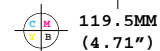
*A sculptor cleaves a marble block,
His chisel cuts into the rock.
Its dust is strewn with every stroke.
The sculpture's freed from its stony cloak.*

*'My son, mein Junge, what is this you hew?'
'My father, mein Vater, a likeness of you.'
The young man is finished, his sculpture complete.
I gaze in wonder and stand at its feet.*

Mein Junge. My son. I called Jung that, once. Carl Jung, my friend, colleague, disciple. He called me his father. We worked together so well, the connection was electric, the ideas sparked between us. I warned him, when his worship

*But still he carves, no longer a sculptor.
He gashes the statue; now he's a butcher.
The blows he makes are against the stone,
Yet the pain he inflicts is only my own.*

*'Mein Vater, my father, you are but dust!
'Mein Junge, my son, you do what you must.'
The dust blew away, and with it the pain,
And left on the floor, merely a stain.*



PAGE 10

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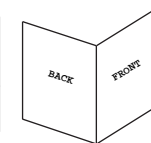
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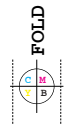
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TITLE: Ford, Schoenberg	SEPARATOR:			Melissa1		
TEMPLATE: UMG_CD_BOOK_SADDLE_JUL00.qxt						



CTP TARGET

HEAD



*I drank the wine with greed and thirst,
A trickle, then a flood.
But soon my tongue confirmed the curse:
This was not wine, but blood.*

*'Drink! Drink! Drink!' he cried,
Grinning at my scowl.
'Friend! Friend! Friend!' he lied,
My sigh became a howl.*

Fliess! Fleeced by Fliess. Again. An intimate friend become mortal enemy. Wilhelm Fliess was an ear, nose and throat specialist. A specialist, at least, in the ear and throat; an obsessive about the nose. I fell under his sway when he came to one of my lectures in 1893. There is no point in denying it: he had me bewitched. He praised me and flattered me and I am ashamed to admit, I succumbed with an uncommon haste. It tasted of ambrosia, of honey, smooth and fine...

Ambrosia gave the gods immortality and that was what Fliess promised me. He would nurture my ideas and promote them, he would ensure that my work survived my death. I had no doubts when I should have had many. The man was a numerologist, a crank. Of course, it was denial. But I hadn't identified that particular psychological process yet. Bad timing. And I hadn't fully developed my theory of transference, but that is what it was. I adored him. I'd have even named my son after him, but at that stage, Martha wisely gave me only daughters.

I had a patient. Emma Eckstein. She was an hysteric and suffered chronic nosebleeds. I suspected that the bleeding was hysterical in origin, but naturally, before treating it with psychoanalysis, I had to be certain there was no physical cause. So I had Fliess examine her. He operated. The haemorrhages became worse, she bled from both the nose and the mouth. A rank smell emanated from her, like the stench of a dead animal. I was despairing, the woman was a wreck. Fliess refused to see a problem. I finally called in another specialist, who pulled out from her nose, half a metre of rancid gauze, which Fliess had left there during the operation. A trickle, then a flood...

Blood poured forth, copious blood. I was immediately sick. She nearly died. But this is not the worst. I protected him. I refused to blame him. I blamed her. I called her our 'incubus' and her haemorrhages I called 'wish bleedings'. Wish bleedings! Her fault, not ours.

It made sense. Oh, it made sense. The nose, with its cavities, with its shape, its images of both male and female genitalia—hysteria is based in sexual dysfunction—displacement from one organ to another is common. But sometimes, a nose is just a nose.

She seemed to forgive me, but I will never forgive myself. Fliess had no regrets, and I am the reason.

'Friend, friend, friend,' he lied... I believed him.

Blackout. Interlude

Marching storm troopers, orders shouted in German.
Voice: Someone is there. Footsteps. I fear for life.

Scene Two

The lights come up, revealing Freud now in another part of the room.

Freud: Leonard and Virginia Woolf were here. I've had many callers since I've arrived in London, some of them quite distinguished. But you know you've attained a special sort of celebrity when the Woolfs come to tea. I've read one or two of Mrs Woolf's novels. They are impressionistic, dreamlike, which is perhaps why she came. They sat there, she with her long, horsy face, and peered at me. I was polite, of course. But all these visitors make me feel like an exhibit in a zoo. Or perhaps a shrine at the end of a pilgrimage. An ancient, crumbling shrine. I courted this fame, I admit it; though some would say that it's infamy I've achieved. Now letters addressed to me with only the words, 'Doctor Freud, London' manage to find their way here. I suppose that's worth something. I write back. I do what I can.

I have also dreamed. I blush to tell you this. But you haven't come here to listen to me dissemble. Besides, the patient should have no secrets from his psychoanalyst. Ideally. So I'll have none from you.

3

Second Dreamsong: Eros Aroused

*Drowsing, I hear
Someone is there.
Footsteps come near,
I blink and stare.*

*Who dares intrude
Upon my rest?
Fair lady, nude,
Sweet, naked breast.
Sweet, naked breast.*

*I let my eyes
Survey her skin.*

*Between her thighs,
Her hand slides in.*

*"Your name?" I gasp.
She shakes her head.
Her arm I grasp,
She comes to bed.
She comes to bed.*

*Our flesh is fire,
Longingly felt.
All is desire,
As one we melt.*

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(4.71")



PAGE 14

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(4.74")

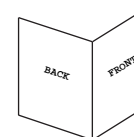


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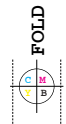


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CTP TARGET

HEAD



Enter her now!
Before I can
I don't know how:
Woman is man,
Woman is man.

Transformed, he stands,
I fear for life.

There in his hands,
He holds a knife.
Dagger, a dart,
The knife-blade's flash,
Plunged in my heart.
The needle's lash,
The needle's lash.

It was difficult to sleep after that. Difficult to relax after being so aroused. Again, the mute girl. I don't know her, she is familiar only from my earlier dream. I cannot even describe her. Only her beauty... such alluring, luminous beauty. She shook my feeble loins into action. No mean feat, these days. And the meaning? It would be easy to read that as simple infantile wish-fulfilment. Or Eros asserts himself. Life asserts itself...

But she turns into a man. This man-girl is a *sammelsmann* ... a *sammelsmann*, a composite. A common element of dreams, when a person carries the features of another, or transforms into someone else. It always has meaning. Everything in dreams has meaning.

The man-girl was also Doctor Schur, my personal physician. He's a good fellow. He fled Austria too.

He was here a little earlier.

Schur charges too little for his ministrations. Far too little. I can afford to pay more! I nag him about that all the time. And he nags me about my cigars.

I suppose that's his job. But he teases me too. I should never have told him that smoking is a substitute for masturbation, the prototype of addiction... You can imagine, he gives me hell. 'How is the wanking going, Sigmund? How many times a day?' I told him, 'My dear Doctor Schur, sometimes, a cigar is just a cigar.'

We are all bisexual. That's not a popular view, of course, but so it goes. My ideas are rarely popular. I myself have felt great love for men, deep, intimate friendships where I gave everything. They all ended in my betrayal. They all flipped from love to hatred.

Woman is man...Woman....

Not Schur, though. Not Doctor Schur. Repressed homosexual desire shows itself in paranoia, but I feel no paranoia about Schur. Gratitude, certainly...even a little fear. Justified fear. But that is all. No desire. He is a friend. And sometimes a friend is just a friend.

So what was I dreaming? A knife, a dart, a needle. An injection. An ejaculation into my flesh. The phallic image is clear. But in this case... in this case, the imagery mightn't be a symbol. Perhaps there is the wish fulfilment. Perhaps...

He pulls out his watch and looks at the time.

Not yet. But Doctor Schur will not betray me.
Sweet, naked breast... Such a vision, that naked, silent, mysterious girl.

Blackout. Interlude

Heavy, loud goose-stepping. A speech by Hitler. Enthusiastic 'Sieg Heils'.
Voice: Blood. Not wine, but blood. A toast. A toast to you and yours. They break into applause.

Scene Three

Lights up.

Freud: Fliess. Fliess. I've dreamed of Fliess. That piteous man has haunted me for years. I'm haunted by my disappointment in him. And in me, for believing in him. I blithely drew him into our circle of psychoanalysts, ignoring the warnings of those I'd always trusted. They saw him for what he was. Divisive, duplicitous, a trader in gossip and lies. I was wiffully blind.

I will tell you my dream. Perhaps there will be revelation, some new ground. Maybe release...

4

Third Dreamsong: A Toast in Blood

'Drink! Drink! Drink!' he cried,
'A toast to you and yours!'
'Friends! Friends! Friends!' he lied,
And broke into applause.

And with a smile familiar,
He pressed on me the wine.
It tasted of ambrosia,
Of honey, smooth and fine.



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PAGE 12

PAGE 13

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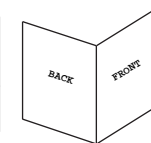
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