

Christine Berl has organized the following program featuring Berg's early works:

- Sieben frühe Lieder
Antonia Lavanne, soprano
Christine Berl, piano
- Sonate für Klavier, Op. 1
Michael Oelbaum, piano
- Vier Lieder, Op. 2
Antonia Lavanne, soprano
Christine Berl, piano
- Streichquartett, Op. 3
Yoko Matsuda, violin
Carol Lieberman, violin
Uri Mayer, viola
Theodore Hoyle, cello
- Vier Stücke für Klarinette und
Klavier, Op. 5
Richard Stoltzman, clarinet
Christine Berl, piano
- Adagio, 2. Satz aus dem
Kammerkonzert
Yoko Matsuda, violin
Richard Stoltzman, clarinet
Christine Berl, piano

This program will be given at the Mannes College of Music on January 22, 1969; at Swarthmore College on February 9; and also (dates as yet undecided) at the Manhattan School of Music, at Queens College of CUNY, and at a concert sponsored by the New York chapter of the International Society for Contemporary Music. Miss Berl would like to hear from anyone interested in sponsoring performances by the group in the New York area.

Research

Paul A. Pisk gave a graduate seminar on the music of Berg and Webern at Boston University during the summer of 1967. Dr. Pisk, who is regularly on the faculty at Washington University in St. Louis, was a student of Schoenberg and a close friend of Berg.

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George Perle gave a graduate seminar on Berg's music at Queens College of the City University of New York this past spring, and next spring will give a course on Berg's operas, which are the subject of a book on which Dr. Perle is now working. Dr. Perle also gave an illustrated lecture on Berg's *Altenberg Lieder* (Opus 4) last April 24 at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts in New York, under joint sponsorship of the Society and the Toscanini Memorial Archives.

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Members' attention is called to the first "official" publication of the Society, an English translation of Berg's "Praktische Anweisungen zur Einstudierung des Wozzeck." This very valuable document, which was first published only after Berg's death (in Willi Reich's 1937 Berg memorial volume), appears for the first time in English in *The Musical Times*, Vol. 109, pp. 518-521 (June 1968). The Society extends here its thanks to Mrs. Helene Berg for granting permission to print the translation.

1903 AND 1904

by Frida Semler Seabury

The following remarkable memoir, the original manuscript of which is in the Library of Congress, comes to the Newsletter from Donald Harris, who is researching Berg documents. Mr. Harris writes:

"In 1903 and 1904 a young Wellesley College undergraduate spent her summers in Austria, living with the Berg family at their estate, the Berghof, on the Ossiachersee in the province of Carinthia. Miss Frida Semler, the young lady in question, became a close friend of Alban

Berg. The five letters which Berg wrote her subsequent to her stay at the Berghof are among the most precious documents available concerning Berg's youth, his studies with Schoenberg, and his thoughts about music, literature, and the arts in general. This memoir, written by Mrs. Mortimer Seabury (the married name of Miss Frida Semler) some fifty years later, is now published for the first time. I want to express*

*[Editor's note] The originals of these letters are now in the Library of Congress; see the listing elsewhere in this Newsletter. Extracts from two of the letters are printed in Willi Reich's *Alban Berg* (Zürich, 1963, pp. 20-23; American edition, New York, 1965, pp. 21-24), and also (with additional excerpts) in the same author's *Alban Berg: Bildnis im Wort* (Zürich, 1959).

my own personal gratitude to Mrs. Seabury for making her documents available to this writer for purposes of publication. It is one of those curious but fascinating quirks of history that a young girl from Boston was to play such an important role in the historian's documentation of such a significant Viennese composer."

The summers I spent at the Berghof are among my freshest memories, because I was so ecstatically happy there — and knew it at the time. I was sixteen — a prim young thing whose reading and acquaintance had been carefully supervised. Left with my friend Nora Kahle at the Bergs' while my father attended to business affairs, I came into a totally new and thrilling world. We lived in a simple farm house, eating our eggs and milk and salads on the open terrace. It seems to me the sun shone all day and the moon was full every night. I was in such perfect physical well-being — so utterly contented that I can remember lying in the deep grass under an apple tree, watching clouds slide over a blue sky, and saying, "You'll never be so happy again." Mine has been a very happy life, but I still think that ecstasy of youth has never been captured again. Those days were packed with joy. I loved the cool smell of morning as we breakfasted outdoors, the long swim in the lake before lunch, the afternoons of music and reading, the evening walk, the talks in the garden in the moonlight with a dripping fountain adding to the sense of peace. Each of these had a perfection of its own.

Let me describe them in turn. Alban and Smaragda, Nora and Mrs. Berg and I, and occasionally other paying guests swam every morning. While we were in the water the mail arrived, and we read our letters floating about. Alban wore black bathing trunks and a black top with sleeves to the wrists. He was a picturesque figure with his thin poet's face, his long front locks that he tossed back in moments of excitement. But he was no mean swimmer in spite of the unusual costume. He swam across the lake several times while I rowed a boat beside him in case he should grow tired (which he never did). The lake must have been over a mile across. Once when we reached the other shore we went to a friend's house for *Jause*. Next day the lady swam over for *Jause* with us, and the day after, spurred by their activities, I swam over while Alban rowed. It took me an hour and fifty minutes. Though I am a very slow swimmer, it was not all my fault, as Alban was any-

thing but a help. He rowed the boat in circles around me and then pretended to have imaginary conversations with a whole lakefull of swimmers. "Ach ja — Frau Gräfin, Sie schwimmen auch zu Besuch auf Frau X — wie nett!" — "Guten Tag, Herr Rittmeister — wie geht es heute Ihre schöne Fräulein Tochter?" I laughed and swallowed water and choked my way to the other shore. These were special swims. Usually we swam only in the mornings before lunch. Lunch, like breakfast, was eaten outdoors. There was always interesting talk — sometimes serious discussions about music or books or politics — and much delightful nonsense. We were all in irrepressible high spirits.

One of us must have read somewhere a phrase, "Was ist der Mensch — ein Nichts!" It may have been in one of the Ibsen plays we read aloud with divided parts. At all events, it became a slogan. At any happening in which it was at all applicable, one of us would say somberly, "Was ist der Mensch!" confident of the resounding reply — "Ein Nichts!" Only young people in the joy of very positive living could have rejoiced so in the mockery of negativism.

Another game might have been called "tact à l'américaine." I had told a story of Mrs. Cleveland when she was mistress of the White House. At a diplomatic dinner the priceless glasses were much admired. Alas, in the midst of the ecstasies over them, an ambassador broke his. There was an infinitesimal pause of dismay. Then Mrs. Cleveland said, "O, don't be distressed. You see, they break at a touch," and tapping a knife against her glass, broke that. (The story never said whether the glass was empty!) The Bergs were not at all impressed with my admiration for the former First Lady's quickness. They greeted the tale with whoops of joy. Soon after, I dropped something — a spoon, I think. At once the Bergs hurled all their own tableware to the floor, beaming graciously at following "American" standards of politeness. I had to be very careful what I dropped or broke, lest I become a target for rolls or radishes.

We were artistic between courses. The inside dough of the brown peasant bread made wonderful clay. We did statues of each other, and funeral monuments were particularly popular, giving as they did an opportunity not only for sculptural effects in the grand manner, but also for jibes at each other's idiosyncrasies.

We used to discuss the last words of great men — whether they planned them long ahead or whether they just happened — Goethe's symbolical "Mehr Licht," etc., and we used to try out various phrases on each other. We little dreamed that what one of us said would one day be so important.

Nora Kahle was at the Berghof only during the first of my two summers. She was a very pretty, well-behaved young girl with an acute case of female adolescent refinement, and the robust humor at table offended her sensibilities. As I was less refined, it did not disturb me, but it did sometimes embarrass me. The Ossachersee seemed surrounded by villas where some prominent opera singer lived in sin with a famous novelist or where a popular playwright shared his days with a glamorous actress not tied to him in any way. The innocent question "Who lives in the yellow house?" would of necessity bring a reply a New York maiden of sixteen hardly expected, but the bald facts were generally couched in picturesque language that made the hearing doubly difficult. In time, I could sense the turn the talk would take as a mariner senses change of weather, and pouring myself a deep glass of milk, I buried myself in that to hide my red cheeks. My little ruse seemed to me so comforting and undetected, but nothing escaped Alban. One day Mrs. Berg asked him about some new arrivals. Alban said, "Well, the truth is — one moment, Mama," and poured me out a huge glass of milk amidst general laughter.

My younger brother spent the summer at the Berghof the year after I left. He was a most puritanical young person of twelve. On one of the evening walks when a famous Wagnerian singer and her playwright companion were of the group, little Herbert insisted on walking twelve paces behind the main party. Solicitously Alban inquired, "Are you tired? Shall we turn back?" "No, I'm not tired," my brother replied gravely. Pressed further as to whether he felt unwell or was bored or what, he replied firmly, "I do not care to walk with that woman. I do not approve of her morals." "That woman" was delighted at young America's smugness.

After lunch Alban continued on whatever composition had engaged him earlier, and late in the afternoon he and Smaragda played or she sang his newest song. He was reading volume after volume of modern poetry to find words for

songs, and he wrote many things that summer that I thought exquisite — among them "Grab-schrift" and a duet, "Viel Träume." When they had tried out Alban's songs they played symphonies in piano-duet arrangement. They were extraordinarily kind to me, who knew so little. I had but to name the composer I wanted and off they dashed. They both read very rapidly, although neither pretended to be a pianist. Those afternoons I sat by the window embroidering, or looking out across the fields as twilight gathered, held in a spell by their music. One felt at the birth of beauty when Smaragda tried a new phrase Alban had just written. It seemed the center of life. The Bergs could take most things lightly, but music was a sacred thing. So it was very funny when occasionally a party came for tea (the place was run like a tearoom) and some guest wandered into the music room and tinkled off second-rate waltzes or set "pieces" — thinking to impress us all.

After the music hour we walked till it became quite dark. Once Alban was reluctant to go because he had some pages of someone's poems he wished to read. Finally he couldn't resist the walk; so he brought a candle and read walking along the road in the dusk until the book was finished, when he said, "So," blew out the candle, popped it in his pocket, and was immediately "with" us. There was no affectation in this or anything else he did. He wanted our company, and he wanted his book — so he contrived to have both.

In the evenings we read Ibsen aloud with divided parts. In 1903 Ibsen was a discovery, and we thrilled over Baumeister Sollness and Hedda and *Ghosts*. It was in the second summer that we all read — not aloud — Schnitzler's *Reigen* and Wedekind's *Erdgeist*. Alban was greatly entertained at the advance I had made in courage from one summer to the next. Coming upon me at breakfast one morning, he found *Erdgeist* open beside my coffee cup. "Mmm— Jungfern lecture," said Alban to his mother. That play, read in his eighteenth year, made such a strong impression that it became the inspiration for his last and most notable work, *Lulu*.

We had one evening with fireworks, when the neighboring peasants serenaded us. "Do you keep them at the barn so they won't be embarrassed?" I asked. "No," said Alban, "So you won't hear the words." In truth the peasants

were a bit casual in word and deed. The daughter of one of them had a baby. "If Seusi says I'm the father, I'll marry her," said a young man. "How should I know?" was Seusi's honest answer.

We had little outside social life — and did not miss it. I contrived a costume composed of as little as possible, that began with a sunburnt, Victorian neck décolletage and ended with bare legs and sandals. In 1903 that was not done. Alban decorated my instep with my initials done in purple ink one day at tea-time — it was to him just an open spot that called for decoration. But weeks later at a dance at the end of the lake a little second-rate Austrian officer introduced himself and told me all about my initials. What a busy garrison it must have been!

The end of the summer was dreadful. To get into a tight high collar, hour-glass stays, and high-button shoes was a constraint every muscle resisted.

I don't know when I was in Vienna with Alban and Smaragda, but that was fun too. Once in midsummer we were given orchestra seats at the opera. Smaragda and Alban generally sat in the gallery, following the score with a flashlight and giving free vent to their opinions on the performance. (I'm not sure the police didn't threaten to eject them at times.) On this occasion they both assumed bored and haughty expressions, and looking about at the empty seats, Alban said, "Alle unsere Freunde sind auf ihren Landgütern—" adding hastily, "—oder in der dritten Gallerie."

We all saw Kainz play Hamlet, and I cried, and Alban's brother Charley said, "Na, Fridl, was hast?", which bit of cheek revived me. Another time we were at some play and when I removed a little blue and beige satin toque Alban said, "Couldn't you introduce me to your milliner? She is obviously a poet." He took such a vivid interest in everything. (And it *was* a nice toque.)

Long steps leading from art galleries or royal palaces were too much for us. Alban always went before us, bowing in kingly fashion to right and left and saying "Mein Volk" to astonished scrubwomen and *Droschke* drivers, occasionally addressing a gracious word over his shoulder to us "Hofdamen!" Whatever the game, one fell instantly into it. "I think it would do those people good to have us know them," Alban or

Smaragda might say — and that meant that when you got up to some particularly pompous mama with a daughter or two, you all bowed low, with utmost gravity and formality. Mother and daughter nudged each other, each sure the other knew us and had rudely forgotten to bow. It gave families something to discuss, we hoped.

Once I dined in an oval dining room at the Bergs'. It had belonged to the mistress of an archduke. The archduke, who evidently got ideas hard when he got them, had had a stucco ceiling made with raised garlands of roses all around and in each garland a scroll saying "Sub Rosa." I could not eat at once. I turned my face up to read every scroll to make sure some other sentiment hadn't crept in. Alban was entertained to see my poor neck going around and around, but only commented, "Ja—verrückt." He was always a most sensitive and responsive companion.

I cannot remember his ever doing a selfish thing or saying an unkind one. Once his brother, the successful businessman from America, descended on us at the Berghof for a vacation. American energy had to have outlets, so Hermann Berg insisted that a long-unused path to the lake must be cleared of brush. It was all very futile, as no one wanted the path and no one ever used it after it was cleared. However, Alban politely cleared brush hour after hour. Then the American brother, who had decidedly overdone it with a city man's frantic attack on the country, went to bed with gruesome rheumatic pains and proved the most irritable of patients. Alban nursed him solicitously while the rest of us raged at this second onslaught on Alban's time and patience.

I used his time and patience heavily during my last three days at the Berghof. An attack of tonsillitis had given me a high fever which made me very lively. On the first day I wrote an act of a play. In the evening Alban came in and I read it aloud, and he gravely criticized. On each of the two succeeding days I wrote another act which I read him in the evening. And that was my last vivid Berghof impression, as I left for America early next morning. That very bad play was performed at Wellesley College that fall, but its only claim on posterity is that it provided one more occasion for the exercise of Alban's kindness and sympathy.