

Berg and Frida Semler

By Donald Harris

In the December 1968 inaugural issue of the Newsletter, we published a memoir by Frida Semler Seabury of the summers which she spent with the Berg family in 1903 and 1904. This memoir was sent to us by Donald Harris who now sends us the following article further elucidating Berg's relationship with Frida Semler by presenting material from their correspondence. The article has been extracted from a paper delivered at the annual meeting of the American Musicological Society, Washington, D.C., November 1976. Although selections from the letters which Berg wrote to Miss Semler have been published by previous biographers, among them Willi Reich and Mosco Carner, the letter which is printed here in its entirety appears for the first time. The author wishes to thank Professor Laurence Lyon of the University of California at Los Angeles for preparing the English translations and Mr. Wayne Shirley of the Library of Congress for providing the copy of Miss Semler's poem "Traum."

In 1903, Alban Berg, one year prior to beginning his studies with Schoenberg and sometime during his eighteenth year, met and corresponded with Miss Frida Semler, sixteen years old, not yet a Wellesley College freshman, but already an inquisitive, sensitive, and intellectually oriented young woman. The reason for their meeting is no more than a chance encounter caused by two isolated circumstances. Alban Berg's mother, upon the death of her husband, Conrad Berg, needed to take in boarders at their summer home, a large white farm house, palatial in its dimensions, located on the Ossiachersee in the southern Austrian province of Carinthia. The house was called the Berghof and its role in Berg's life is well chronicled. Berg adored it, tried to save it after the First World War, was forced to sell, and always cherished the memories he associated with it. In 1900, a significant boarder was Sigmund Freud, who stayed and vacationed at the Berghof with his sister Anna and her American children.¹ They had come to spend a part of the summer. Berg knew well who this illustrious visitor was, and makes more than one reference to Freud in his correspondence with Schoenberg. For present purposes, it is sufficient to note that Freud came to the Berghof to visit the American part of his family. (His sister, Anna Bernays, her husband, and their children resided in New York.) Miss Semler's father made frequent business trips to Europe, often over the summer months when he would be accompanied by his daughter and others of his family. It is possible that Americans had heard of the whereabouts of the Berghof by word of mouth and that different families or travelers passed the word about. It seems doubtful that the Bergs did any public advertising. In any case, the young Miss Semler didn't stay at the Berghof a few days like Freud but two whole summers, in 1903 and 1904.

Even though a paying guest, Miss Semler was more appropriately a member of the family. She also visited with the Bergs at their apartment in Vienna, went to the opera with Alban, and became close to Alban's sister, Smaragda, and his brother, Charley, as well. She describes her summers in a memoir first published in a previous issue of this Newsletter.² This memoir, a six and one half page document, is deposited in the Library of Congress along with five lengthy letters written to Miss Semler by Berg during an eleven month period beginning

in July 1907 and ending in August 1908. The collection, listed under the name of Seabury (Miss Frida Semler was later married to Mr. Mortimer Seabury) also includes three songs in Berg's manuscript, a photograph of Berg at eighteen, the first program of a concert of Schoenberg's students (November 7, 1907), a moving letter from Charley Berg to Mrs. Seabury, dated January 20, 1936, in which he describes Berg's death, and the *New York Times* obituary which Mrs. Seabury saved. With the exception of the memoir, undated but presumably from the period immediately following Berg's death, the Seabury collection is thus divided into two parts, one dealing with the period 1903-1908, and the two documents of 1935-36. There seems to have been no communication between Berg and Mrs. Seabury at any other time of their lives.

In two of his publications on Berg, his biography and his shorter volume of documents and photographs dealing with Berg's life, Willi Reich makes reference to the letters, citing extracts of several of them. This was hardly to do them justice, and the true relationship of Berg to Miss Semler was definitely hidden. Berg poured out his soul to his young companion. He described his feelings on musical and literary subjects with candor and passion, illuminating artistic life in Vienna with penetrating and sensitive vision. Berg kept up an extensive correspondence throughout most of his life with two friends, Paul Hohenberg and Hermann Watznauer, which dwarf the short correspondence with Miss Semler. Yet neither of these two collections is as moving as are the four letters which Berg wrote during his twenty-second year, to keep his American friend informed of what was taking place culturally in Europe. As documentary evidence of the frame of mind of Arnold Schoenberg's students, the avant-garde of the early 1900's who set the taste for the next seventy-five years, they are remarkable evidence.

Prior to her death, November 2, 1974, Miss Semler corresponded almost yearly with me, occasionally making comments on material from the letters or coming up with a further reminiscence. She was particularly interested in the three songs which Berg had given her. One was dedicated to her, a duet entitled "Viel Träume," another written to a poem by Miss Semler herself, entitled "Traum." In the letter which follows, Berg refers to a play which she wrote. It was entitled *The Governor's Lady* and was performed during the academic year 1904-05 while Miss Semler was a freshman at Wellesley.

Although the play appears to be lost and, in Miss Semler's terms, happily so, two poems of Frida Semler were published in *Harper's Monthly*, April and July, 1906. Although hardly remarkable, they are precocious, as was Berg's music, and are certainly of the same vintage as Berg's early unpublished songs. Clearly they indicate the affinity of interest which could develop between two such sensitive and artistically oriented young people.

Berg's music of the time, prior to his intensive studies with Schoenberg, and Miss Semler's poems are, of course, late romantic gestures by two students attempting to assimilate the influence of the late nineteenth century while just awakening to the disruptive influences of the twentieth. Their originality is therefore less important than the spirit which they represent. For this reason, those who look for counterparts to the Seven Early Songs or the *Lieder*, Opus 2, will be unfortunately disappointed. They are student works, most definitely, influenced by Brahms, Wolf, Schumann, and others. The true Alban Berg was yet to come. His artistic competence in 1903 was, however, closely paralleled in the following two texts by Miss Semler:

OF LOVE

They sing of love who never won his grace;
On harp and lute
They vaunt the glories of his dwelling-place.
They who are in his presence, — face to face
Are stricken mute.³

LARGESS

Life gave me once a little perfect hour,
And then, repenting of the mood that spent
So much on one whilst others joyless went,
Withdrew her hand.

Since then in giftless silence life has past,
Beyond her bounty I have stood, outcast; —
I understand, —
Life gave me once a little perfect hour.⁴

The first letter of Berg to Miss Semler dates from the end of July, 1907. It contains nineteen handwritten pages, beginning with neat precise handwriting and small letters, gradually giving way to large sloppy letters which become more and more difficult to read. This became a pattern in a good deal of his correspondence. It made Schoenberg sharply critical, and he more than once reprimanded Berg, requesting that he write shorter, more concise letters. Fortunately, this advice was rarely heeded. Berg was not wont to leave anything out. His style was effusive and given to redundancy and repetition, as if he was fearful of being misunderstood. His thought, however, was rarely unclear.

O, Miss Frida, your long and dear letter to Smaragda made me so happy. When it arrived it gave me a new lease on life. I felt renewed strength and a sensation of ineffable joy. But let me begin at the beginning with myself, Miss Frida, no matter how egotistical it may seem. About a year ago when you left the Berghof, full of hope for the future, I accompanied you in thought to your beloved country. I felt a sense of pride when I imagined that a spiritual bridge would stretch out between us, over and above the immense ocean, to enable us to continue the charming conversations of the Berghof. I thought, in fact, that having so ardently shared your thoughts and interests, having penetrated them so deeply and vividly, that I had obtained certain rights to continue being the recipient of your confidence. I was so proud, for example, that you, Miss Frida, honored me by speaking of your play, discussing its contents with me before undertaking the final draft, reading it to me, translating it — once you had finished. I was so proud that all during the autumn and winter I waited with joy to receive the text — for you promised it to me!!!!!! And now imagine that disappointment which I felt after so many weeks, and such a long wait, with no news at all. I know that you will think me merely a "sentimental European," and perhaps you are right, Miss Frida. Do I have the right to expect so much, when I was merely interested in your play? Therefore I remained silent, and I was a little ashamed of myself as well. But secretly I thought of you, Miss Frida, as I always had, full of esteem and respectful admiration. Finally your letter arrived, and I see that you have not changed. Only Frida, my friend from the Berghof, could write such words — full of enormous melancholy desire, but of a mind occupied by sacred ideals — yet an open mind eager to be exposed to whatever is happening in the world.

My innermost feelings have not betrayed me. I feel that the name which I gave you previously is just as appropriate now as before, Miss Frida. You are "the rosebush lying alone upon a field of desolate death." You know what I mean by that, Miss Frida. You know that I have always held you in higher esteem than other American girls, who basically are nothing more than plain, simple college girls with their heads stuffed with just about every kind of human knowledge imaginable. For this reason alone, I admire you, for your zeal, your talents so worthy of admiration which place you among the best at your college, but more particularly for your personality which far outdistances your compatriots, in fact — why not say it frankly — which places you above the most noble representatives of your sex (as Altenberg would have said). I know that this could seem to you nothing but vain flattery. It is nothing of the sort. It is a question of experience. I think, and I know that I am not wrong, that I know human nature in general, and the feminine soul in particular. This knowledge I have learned more from literature than from personal experience, yet even though it would seem that I am too young to speak in this manner, I can affirm that I have never made a mistake. Quite to the contrary, my intuition has always been correct. For this reason I beg of you to accept calmly and without objection, Miss Frida, that I express myself so freely. And do not hold me any grudge that I do so without having asked your permission. I feel ever so much better to have said everything since these thoughts have weighed upon me for several years. I want nothing more than to speak to you frankly. Now it is done. Pardon.

You have asked me in your letter, Miss Frida, how my music has been developing. This year I finished my counterpoint studies with Schoenberg, and I am happy that he seems to be satisfied — as I learned by chance. Next autumn I will begin in his composition class. This summer I must work very hard, on the one hand trying to compose (I am working on a piano sonata), and on the other redoing counterpoint exercises (six to eight part choruses and a fugue with three subjects for string quintet and piano accompaniment). This work makes me very happy and gives me great joy — which is indispensable — without joy nothing would be possible. It is true that Schoenberg's immense culture provides a grandiose overview of all the literature of music, thus providing the possibility of true appreciation. One needs this since most of the compositions written today which are praised in the press and by the general public tend only to corrupt good taste all too easily. What is really good is only recognized as such much later — if occasionally it is otherwise, it is only because it is considered fashionable. The general public is really no further than Wagner, who seems to represent what is normally considered good taste. It appreciates Wagner's predecessors such as Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, only because it would be shameful not to do so. But I would hate to see the profound boredom in the souls of all those who enthusiastically applaud a concerto of Bach, one of the last quartets of Beethoven, or even an aria or minuet of Mozart. Understanding — or precisely lack of understanding — of the public towards the music of Brahms clearly proves the point, Brahms who in his own way — with his songs, his

composition for piano, his *chamber music*, even in his symphonies and mass — has certainly created works equally as important as those of Wagner in the field of opera. And yet, Brahms bores the public profoundly and they fear to admit it. He shares the lot of Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, etc. In other words, the public pretends to be enthusiastic!! Already ten years ago Richard Strauss coined the words "*Versumpfter Wagnerianer*" (Wagnerian with blinders), which he described as the most dangerous enemy of music, more dangerous than that race which only asks for classics of the standard repertory. He refers to those who in speaking of a new work always say "Obviously, we other Wagnerians, we are modern and cannot be accused of clinging to the older classics (after all we introduced the public to Hugo Wolf and Bruckner and made them understand it) — but" and then after this introduction carefully articulated nothing is easier than to bring the fatal wound to vilify (kill off) any true *innovator*, no matter how great and important he may be. The public falls with pleasure into the trap because they are as blind and ignorant as the imitator or dabbler whose scores are poor imitations of Wagner. Even the greatest of living composers, Richard Strauss, has suffered and suffers still from everything new he writes.

The success of *Salome* is not a real success either. I met yesterday an imperial counselor (I hesitate to call him a *man*) who stubbornly insisted that Strauss wrote the opera solely to pull the wool over the public's eyes in order to see whether or not they would take him seriously. I wanted to speak of the sacred content of any work of art but when I heard what he said it made me sick to my stomach and I left. Alas our civilized world is full of such imperial counselors. Richard Strauss, Mahler, Pfitzner, and even Max Reger nevertheless are relatively well considered by the public and the press — because they follow in Wagner's footsteps and only occasionally or sporadically participate in the true evolution of music, evolution from purely homophonic as it was principally and almost without exception from Mozart and Haydn until Wagner to a polyphonic music as was the case several centuries ago culminating at that time with the style of Sebastian Bach. I do not refer here to a step backwards. I refer to a method of unifying art in the most profound sense of the word with contemporary resources. This evolution is found by tracing a common strain throughout the history of music; from the last quartets of Beethoven (especially the *Grosse Fugue*) to the chamber music of Brahms and certain parts of Wagner's *Ring Cycle*, *Meistersinger* and *Tristan*, where several themes are played simultaneously — several motifs are superimposed in order to create the most marvelous of effects — to arrive finally at our great modern composers where this phenomenon is more and more frequent, always more magnificent, reaching finally its summit with Schoenberg, at least its summit until now, its degree of greatest complexity. How I would love to see you here at the Berghof, Miss Frida, as so often in the past. How I would like to express to you what remains silent in my letter. How I would like to sing *Salome* for you, now that I know it so well in all its details, until you yourself would be enchanted and love its beauties with all your heart. And then the new symphonies of Mahler and finally the magnificent songs of

Schoenberg. I am certain that you would react as I as well as my friends, that you would be transported. You think perhaps that I speak in this manner simply because I am Schoenberg's student. No, not at all. I would speak in exactly the same way even if I had never met him. Certainly his compositions are more difficult than anything written previously, and one cannot understand them or enjoy them without having listened many times. But afterwards one's joy is inexpressible. The reception of his compositions during three concerts this year made them musical events of the greatest importance. The lieder recital given by important singers from the opera was the best received. The success was grand, the opposition feeble. But the string quartet interpreted by the Rosé quartet was more problematic and aroused passions. This magnificent composition which lasts one hour and is played without interruption was followed by great applause and wild protestation. I saw one of the detractors arrested by the police and he had to leave the hall. But the worst was the performance of the chamber symphony for fifteen soloists. From the beginning, part of the audience began to laugh, many spoke in loud voices, got up, noisily left the hall. Once the concert was over they began to make even more noise, some applauding, others shaking their fists or stomping with enthusiasm. It was fascinating, and I shall never forget it.

Certainly a great deal of time will pass before Schoenberg will be as well known as Strauss, but the day will come and Americans will see it as well. It takes a great deal of love and joy; understanding does not come without effort. Mahler felt this way also. He came to all three concerts and heard with pleasure all the rehearsals. Fifteen of the most eminent musicians of the opera, Mahler, Schoenberg, a few other conductors from the opera, and with myself, a few students of Schoenberg.

Schoenberg's quartet which I heard once again in Dresden had greater success there at the Festival, although with the exception of the quartet and *Salome* there was nothing else interesting on the program. During the spring I heard *Salome* six times in Vienna. It was splendid. It had to be given by a foreign company since it was forbidden to be presented by our opera.

But after this wonderful musical year, I must announce to you some sad news, Miss Frida. The Viennese have finally succeeded in chasing Mahler away. It will be impossible to find a successor of his value because Mahler is simply *irreplaceable*. Even Strauss, who evidently is not thinking of coming to Vienna, cannot attain Mahler's genius, especially as a conductor of opera, particularly the operas of Mozart and other classics, although less so when it is a question of modern operas as those of Wagner. What will finally happen. All real music lovers regret Mahler's departure from the opera. But the crowd, run of the mill people, musical idiots, critics, they all rejoice in their exploit, to have covered with mud the greatest musician of the century to such an extent that he had to yield to their pressure, disgusted and repudiated. For the rest of the world it's a real chance. Mahler will be able to live well with his pension and his invitations to conduct abroad. He has been engaged by Conried for three years to conduct in America, principally *Parsifal*

and *Salome*. Oh, how it will be magnificent, Miss Frida. I beg of you, listen to these operas, it will be easier for me to support the loss of Mahler. If he conducts other things, an opera of Mozart or his own symphonies, please go. You will find the experience of your life, something never to be equaled. When I think of the performance of his Sixth Symphony this year, of that divine alpine atmosphere when suddenly one hears the bells of some far away flock of sheep, I am reminded of our own wonderful excursion on the Dobrac. At that time late in the evening while crossing the plain we heard in the distance the sound of a flock floating across the mist of the hour. But for such beauty the Viennese have no use but an ironic and disdainful smile. They will only be happy when our opera has become a scene of operetta and our philharmonic nothing but beer hall concerts. It could happen, a first step is on its way — *Prosit*.

Now enough, too much. I have let myself go too far, and I have bored you for hours. For this reason I will not speak of literature today, perhaps another time if you permit — I will tell you everything which is happening in Europe both in literature and in the theater.

So good-bye Miss Frida. Please excuse the length of this letter, my difficult to read handwriting, its bad presentation, and especially my too great sincerity.

I kiss your hand with greatest respect.

P.S. I enclose the three songs in old French. Unhappily I have found harmonized but the first two and I am unable to recognize the rhythm of the third in the notation you sent. I can only send them in this manner.

The fact that Miss Semler lived so far away from Berg, whereas Hohenberg and Watznauer were fellow Viennese and therefore privy to what was taking place in Berg's life, meant that she alone was the recipient of information so helpful to our understanding of the period as that contained in this first letter which Berg wrote to her. In the other four letters dated respectively Summer 1907, November 19, 1907, January 1, 1908, and August 27, 1908, Berg discussed literature — principally Wedekind, Ibsen, and Oscar Wilde. He also dealt extensively with the first concert of Schoenberg's composition class at which his own piano sonata was premiered. And, of course, he dealt at greater length with Mahler's departure, his replacement by Weingartner, and what works Miss Semler should hear Mahler conduct in New York. There were moments of *petite histoire* as well. Berg spoke against too much physical exercise such as Americans were prone to undertake. He advised Miss Semler against playing tennis and suggested that the game of "diabolo" was more lady-like. He himself enjoyed it and encouraged Miss Semler to cast away the "vulgar racket and abandon violent movements." In no case was there any reference to any romantic intention on Berg's part, and I believe that we should trust Miss Semler in her assertion that their relationship was purely platonic.

Berg would discuss sensuality in literature which Miss Semler at first found shocking. He proclaimed Wedekind to be the chief representative of this tendency,

which he considered the most important movement in contemporary literature. Wedekind is mentioned as much as Mahler and Schoenberg throughout the correspondence. There were, in Berg's view, three essential ingredients to Miss Semler's or anyone's understanding of the important movements in contemporary art. Sensuality, however, was but a literary movement to Miss Semler, who recalled how "bewildering" she must have been to the Bergs since she was considered by them to be "puritanical" yet so absorbed by Wedekind that she enjoyed reading him aloud. Berg would tease her. "*Jungfern Lecture*" (spinster reading) he would say. But in his letters he was more serious:

Let us discuss literature a bit: Wedekind and the new school — in modern works the accent is on sensuality. You will have understood it, Miss Frida, such a tendency is found in all new art. And this is the way it should be. We finally have recognized our error: sensuality is not a weakness, nor is it a loosening of our own free will, but rather a strengthening of our entire being, a force which is within us. (November 19, 1907).

He also spoke of Oscar Wilde in equally serious terms:

I want to speak of something else, of my joy to find you such a fervent admirer of Wilde — not only because I have always respected your judgement, but also because it has freed you from the ridiculous prudishness which one finds among your compatriots, also among the English and the Germans — all of whom not only let him (Wilde) perish during their lifetimes, this divine poet who because of what was considered to be a vice (as the Boeotians would call everything beyond their simple encrusted beliefs), but who continue to throw stones at him today. This ill-natured back-biting will serve no purpose: works such as the *Portrait of Dorian Gray* and *Salome* have in spite of everything an eternal value. You see, Miss Frida, this eternal value, this sacred character is inherent to the work of Wilde, but it is lacking in the work of Bernard Shaw. In sum, I find that since Ibsen a great part of literature evolves in the wrong direction. (late summer, 1907)

Perhaps more astonishing than Berg's musical ideas were his thoughts and insights into literature. Although one could surmise that Schoenberg would have helped in formulating his musical convictions, Berg's literary tastes seem even more incredible in the light of Schoenberg's literary hesitations. Schoenberg presumably would not have shared the same enthusiasm for Wedekind or Wilde, neither of whom were in the same moral or ethical vein as would have interested the composer of *Moses und Aron*. Berg remained convinced of his literary convictions in spite of this. Sensuality was to be that which distinguished his music the most from that of his teacher — the quality which in fact most characterized his music. If it was already a clear philosophical position in 1907, it hardly seems unexpected that it would continue throughout his life, culminating in *Lulu*, his most sensual of masterpieces.

Returning for a moment to the first letter and to strictly musical questions, several other observations ought perhaps to be made. One is reminded of the "Credo" which Berg published almost twenty-five years later in 1930.⁵ Here Berg again compares Schoenberg to Bach, as the culmination of harmonic and contrapuntal thought in their respective periods. The consistency in

Berg's thought is remarkable, particularly regarding Schoenberg and his role in the evolution of music at this early stage of their relationship.

The three concerts of Schoenberg's music to which Berg refers took place in early 1907. *Salome* dates from 1905. Berg heard, therefore, during a very short period, the premieres of Schoenberg's First String Quartet and Chamber Symphony, Strauss' *Salome*, and Mahler's Sixth Symphony. More important, he was able to attend rehearsals in each case, attend subsequent performances when they were held, and was able to study the scores in detail. What more precious and enviable education would be possible for a young composer? It was surely an almost unique series of incidents in the history of music, which must have made as deep an impression upon Berg's taste and judgement as did his studies with Schoenberg. One wonders nevertheless which of Berg's opinions were his own, and which emanated more or less directly from Schoenberg. Strauss, for example, became known later on as a successful Mozart conductor, at least in Vienna. Here this seems to be controversial. Yet Strauss is referred to as the greatest of living composers, a role which Schoenberg would take on in Berg's mind only a few short years later. Likewise, Berg's insights into the music of Brahms are clearly echoed in Schoenberg's writings, significantly in his 1933 essay on "Brahms the Progressive." It would seem almost inconceivable that Schoenberg would not have communicated some of his thoughts on Brahms, and for that matter Wagner, to his young student. Berg's faith that Schoenberg would become as well known as Strauss was already the faith of the disciple, and this is appropriately underlined throughout the letter whether when placing Schoenberg's music in historical context or when expressing joy at Schoenberg's approval of his counterpoint exercises. Berg would have no trouble therefore in accepting what Schoenberg believed regarding purely musical questions. In future correspondence, there is hardly a mention of Strauss and never the slightest reference to his being the "greatest of living composers." Schoenberg and Berg remained consistent in their fidelity to Mahler but quickly abandoned their ideological relationship to the composer of *Salome*.

The song, "Traum," with a text by Miss Semler, was written originally in German, showing the extent of Miss Semler's culture. Musically, it represents the only example of the artistic collaboration between them both. Interestingly enough, Miss Semler recalled the summer when Berg composed the music. She wrote that she would have preferred that he set one of the poems later published in *Harper's* but that Alban preferred this poem. The influence in the song is not yet Schoenberg, at least not markedly so, and not at all Strauss. It seems to come directly from Mahler, via Hugo Wolf and Brahms, containing similar interweaving of simple and almost naively direct melody with occasional harmonic surprises, unexpected resolutions, and varying phrase lengths. Parts are successful, other parts less so, yet all is derivative, understandably so, since Berg was not yet a student of Schoenberg when this song was written. It could have been one of those that Schoenberg saw when he decided to accept Berg as a student. It is certainly in this spirit that words and music ought both to be considered now. The text is as follows:

TRAUM

Der Mondschein lag auf dem Wasser,
Und eigen des Windes Gesang.
Ein Lied wie die flehende Seele,
So traurig und tief war der Klang.
Ich hörte in ihm Deine Stimme,
Du sprachst mit unendlichem Weh
Die Worte wie einst mir am Abend:
"Du Einzig-Geliebte, Adieu!"
Da strahlte mir wonnig im Herzen
Ein Traum von unendlichem Glück
Es schien mir als wolltest Du sagen:
"Bald komm' ich auf ewig zurück!"
Der Mondschein lag auf dem Wasser,
Man hörte den Wind nun kaum
Auf tränenbefeuchtetem Kissen
Erwacht' ich . . . es war nur ein Traum.
Geliebter, es können die Welten
des Tages Mich trennen von Dir
Mein Trost sind die herrlichen Nächte,
Im Traume gehörst Du ganz mir.

¹Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (New York: Basic Books, 1953), pp. 336-337.

²Frida Semler Seabury, "1903 and 1904," *The International Alban Berg Society Newsletter* Number 1 (December 1968): 3-6.

³Frida Semler, "Of Love," *Harper's Monthly Magazine* 112 (April 1906): 767.

⁴Idem, "Largess," *Harper's Monthly Magazine* 113 (July 1906): 310.

⁵Alban Berg, "Credo," *Die Musik* 22 (1930): 265.