



HINDEMITH: WILL HIS TIME COME? AGAIN?

In the 1930's, the options were open. For the "progressives," there was Schönberg—not one Schönberg, in fact, but two: the uncompromising 12-toner of the Third and Fourth Quartets or the Violin Concerto, and the homophonically conciliatory author of "Kol Nidrei" or the Organ Variations. For the neo-classicists, there was Stravinsky, who, during the decade, turned in the Symphony of Psalms, "Perséphone," and the Symphony in C. And for those who elected to avoid the more extreme disputes of doctrine and dogma, a generous supply of middle-of-the-road alternatives was available: folkloristic neodysty (Bartók), folkloristic tonality (Copland), post-romantic symphonic pessimism (Pfitzner, Schmidt, Berg—yes, yes, I know, an odd bracket), post-romantic symphonic optimism (Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Webern), American eclecticism (Harris, Hanson), English isolationism (Vaughan Williams), Francophilic pragmatism (Ravel, Stravinsky), Francophilic idealism (Messiaen), Germanic pragmatism (Chab. Borch), Germanic idealism (Webern) and, lest we forget, the coping, and well-high unapproachable, legend, Richard Strauss, whose last years lay both far behind and, though no one guessed it at the time, just ahead.

Well, I dubble labels and lists, and this one, like most, is full of holes, hunches, and half-truths: the reader is invited to submit his own, send no labels—all entries judged on merit, penmanship and catholicity of outlook. But, despite the fact that, in the 1930's, Paul Hindemith's reputation reached its zenith, and his place among the middle-of-the-readers enumerated above seemed secure, I've omitted his name from my list because I simply have no idea where to place him on it: Germanic pragmatist? Maybe. But a man who devoted a good portion of his last years to a reconstruction of his own early output is surely something more than a pragmatist: Germanic idealist? Hardly. He did, after all, set out to supply each member of the wind choir with its very own sonata, and saw no reason to exempt the tuba. (One can't imagine Webern dabbling in that project.)

In a sense, indeed, Webern provides a yardstick—an example of everything that Hindemith was not.

	WEBERN	HINDEMITH
OUTPUT	Minimum	Maximum
	pragmatism	pragmatism
FORMAL SCHEMATICS	Material-derived	Materially
	and/or binary	indifferent and/or
	preference	ternary preference
HARMONIC BEARING	Non-tonal	Quasi-tonal
TEXTURAL DENSITY	Parasititious	Pointillist
CONTRAPUNTAL BEARING	Canons preferred	Fugues preferred
RHYTHMIC INCLINATION	Asymmetry	Symmetry
INSTRUMENTAL PREFERENCE	Chamber groups	Plays the field
PROFILE RE		
CONTEMPORARIES	Low	High
SUBSEQUENT INFLUENCE	Incalculable	Negligible

It's the last two categories that, as of this date, make the difference. While alive, Webern was of interest only to colleagues; his posthumous canonization was primarily an acknowledgment of the ideas engendered by his work and only secondarily attributable to the works per se. (N.B. to G.G.—the under "Controversial and post-romantic symphonic optimism" Hindemith, on the other hand, always had a public—not, perhaps, the sort of public that would turn up pre-sold for the premiere of a Shostakovich Symphony, no matter the health. Hindemith's last effort might have suffered via Prokofiev and the President, not the

HINDEMITH: THE PIANO

SONATAS (Complete)

GLENN GOULD, Piano

Side 1

FIRST PIANO SONATA

I—Ruhig bewegt

II—Zuversicht eines sehr

langsamem Marsch

III—Lebhaft

IV—Ruhig bewegt

V—Lebhaft

Side 2

SECOND PIANO SONATA

I—Mäßig schnell

II—Lebhaft

III—Sehr langsam—Bewegt (Rondo)

THIRD PIANO SONATA

I—Ruhig bewegt

II—Sehr lebhaft

III—Mäßig schnell

IV—Lebhaft

V—Lebhaft

The selections are ASCAP.

sort that would attend at the Royal Albert while Sir Adrian had a go at R.V.W.'s new opus, secure in the knowledge that even if "The Fourth" did only good breeding and voice-leading, as the occasion decreed, the chap is one of us—what—odd, given that Nietzsche Waives the Rules. (N.B. to G.G.—file under "Potential Puns" and prepare defensive postures.)

But Hindemith's will not a public motivated by nostalgia, and, only indirectly, by ideology. Rather, it turned to him, I suspect, with the not unrealistic expectation that, in a musical milieu rife with dogmatic dissent, he would consistently provide—to quote one of his own favorite terms of approbation—a climate of intellectual "repose." And this, over an extraordinarily productive career, he tried to do. In fact, as his career drew to a close, Hindemith drew consistency around him like a lima-bean.

The free-wheeling dissonance of his work in the 1920's—that abrasive harmonic arrogance that can be sampled at its ardent best in such efforts as the "Kammermusik" for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 36, No. 3 (1925)—gone way, in the 1930's, to an almost self-afflicting determination to bring dissonance to heel in the interests of structural cohesion. Not that Hindemith was ever to become a dissonance-to-quietude approach to chromatic resource was the key to both the vertical and horizontal conceits of his style from the mid-1930's on—but he did, nonetheless, meticulously chord structures according to their dissonant yield and attribute to each a gravitational intent that discounted the romantic and post-romantic concept of the root as a psychologically perceptible, but not necessarily, physically demonstrable presence.

Hindemith's method, which endowed his later works with idiomatic consistency (few musicians provide such instant giveaways for the "Who's the eccentric?" queries of Twenty Questions), was fundamentally phenomenological. "I vibrate, therefore, I am," might well have been his motto. And, as a result, in direct proportion to his progress toward idiomatic confidence and stylistic identity, his work was somehow diminished by the systematic exclusion of all that was ambiguous, ambivalent or otherwise resistant to analysis. The two versions of his epic song-cycle "Das Marienleben" provide different illustrations: Draft 1 (1922) is a passionate, if occasionally untidy, masterpiece; Draft 2 (1948) is a sober, indeed, impeccable revision that approaches its subject with healthy respect in lieu of ecstatic devotion.

In any event, once Robert Craft forged the Stravinsky-Schönberg axis in the 1950's, and the eclecticism of the 1960's alleviated the austere seriousness of the previous decade, the futures market in Hindemithian repose was struck by panic selling. To be sure, a handful of his works have held their place in the repertory—the "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl Maria von Weber," the "Concert Music for Brass and Strings," and, above all, the magnificent Hephyle drawn from his opera "Mutter der Mäler."

But the bulk of his output turns up nowadays on student programs

How many other major figures indulged the aspirations of tuba virtuosos? (again recalls the list of whistles blown in rehearsal—conservative and Hindemith now seems in contention for the spot previously reserved for Rheinberger and S. Karg-Elert, or, on the occasion of archival projects "I'll see it we can get all of them on one disc"), like his one.

And that's a pity! Because even though some of the clichés offered as comment on his work ("more fun to play than to listen to," "always competent, rarely inspired") contain a modicum of truth, the works themselves are possessed of a validity that ultimately renders such comment irrelevant. They are well made; they do contain, on occasion, chapters with banefully anticipatable plot-lines, paragraphs, even pages, in which musical characterizations are drawn not only sympathetically and insightfully but with an ascetic commitment to detail that suggests the medieval motif of ritual and ecstasy.

In Hindemith's work, to be sure, ecstasy is a commodity most frequently purveyed by fugat situations—the finale to the Third Piano Sonata being perhaps the most conspicuous example this album provides. On occasion, as in the outer segments of the marcia funebre from the First Piano Sonata, Hindemith's slow movements attain a comparable intensity. Even here, however, one can, to adapt the logic of tape-editing, see the splices going through—the central episode of the movement, though it undoubtedly measures up to Hindemith's personal yardstick of chord-group fluctuation, guide-tone orientation, and melodic diversification, behaves rather like the new boy on the block, unsure as to whether one can, or should, make friends with the kids near the door. A similar gauge is evidenced by the otherwise beautifully structured adagio of the Third Sonata in which, on a secondary episode and for no apparent reason, Hindemith previews, note for note and at approximately half tempo, 24% of the score!

For Hindemith, however, and by his own admission, the ritual of craft preceded the vision of the creative idea. In this regard, it's perhaps instructive to think of Hindemith as the obverse of Scriabin, a composer for whom reason was the behest of ecstatic experience. And, Hindemith, like other composers with similar priorities—Sweelinck, Telemann, Reger, Moszkowski—will, I suspect, be the subject of many revivals and many attempts at re-evaluation. Whatever the verdicts of future generations, they will have to reckon with a composer of prodigious gifts, a composer who, in many ways, embodied the *fin de siècle* stylistic dilemma of his era, but who, in his anxiety to validate his syntax, to propagate his theorems, sometimes permitted those priorities to divert his attention from the goal he so often acknowledged and which, when properly adduced, is the true amalgam of ecstasy and reason—repose.

—Glenn Gould

Engineering: Fred Platt, Ken Wardner, Milton Charle
 (shown of Cereus and/or not) 1975/1976/1977/1978/1979/1980/1981/1982/1983/1984/1985/1986/1987/1988/1989/1990/1991/1992/1993/1994/1995/1996/1997/1998/1999/2000/2001/2002/2003/2004/2005/2006/2007/2008/2009/2010/2011/2012/2013/2014/2015/2016/2017/2018/2019/2020/2021/2022/2023/2024/2025/2026/2027/2028/2029/2030/2031/2032/2033/2034/2035/2036/2037/2038/2039/2040/2041/2042/2043/2044/2045/2046/2047/2048/2049/2050/2051/2052/2053/2054/2055/2056/2057/2058/2059/2060/2061/2062/2063/2064/2065/2066/2067/2068/2069/2070/2071/2072/2073/2074/2075/2076/2077/2078/2079/2080/2081/2082/2083/2084/2085/2086/2087/2088/2089/2090/2091/2092/2093/2094/2095/2096/2097/2098/2099/2100/2101/2102/2103/2104/2105/2106/2107/2108/2109/2110/2111/2112/2113/2114/2115/2116/2117/2118/2119/2120/2121/2122/2123/2124/2125/2126/2127/2128/2129/2130/2131/2132/2133/2134/2135/2136/2137/2138/2139/2140/2141/2142/2143/2144/2145/2146/2147/2148/2149/2150/2151/2152/2153/2154/2155/2156/2157/2158/2159/2160/2161/2162/2163/2164/2165/2166/2167/2168/2169/2170/2171/2172/2173/2174/2175/2176/2177/2178/2179/2180/2181/2182/2183/2184/2185/2186/2187/2188/2189/2190/2191/2192/2193/2194/2195/2196/2197/2198/2199/2200/2201/2202/2203/2204/2205/2206/2207/2208/2209/2210/2211/2212/2213/2214/2215/2216/2217/2218/2219/2220/2221/2222/2223/2224/2225/2226/2227/2228/2229/2230/2231/2232/2233/2234/2235/2236/2237/2238/2239/2240/2241/2242/2243/2244/2245/2246/2247/2248/2249/2250/2251/2252/2253/2254/2255/2256/2257/2258/2259/2260/2261/2262/2263/2264/2265/2266/2267/2268/2269/2270/2271/2272/2273/2274/2275/2276/2277/2278/2279/2280/2281/2282/2283/2284/2285/2286/2287/2288/2289/2290/2291/2292/2293/2294/2295/2296/2297/2298/2299/2300/2301/2302/2303/2304/2305/2306/2307/2308/2309/2310/2311/2312/2313/2314/2315/2316/2317/2318/2319/2320/2321/2322/2323/2324/2325/2326/2327/2328/2329/2330/2331/2332/2333/2334/2335/2336/2337/2338/2339/2340/2341/2342/2343/2344/2345/2346/2347/2348/2349/2350/2351/2352/2353/2354/2355/2356/2357/2358/2359/2360/2361/2362/2363/2364/2365/2366/2367/2368/2369/2370/2371/2372/2373/2374/2375/2376/2377/2378/2379/2380/2381/2382/2383/2384/2385/2386/2387/2388/2389/2390/2391/2392/2393/2394/2395/2396/2397/2398/2399/2400/2401/2402/2403/2404/2405/2406/2407/2408/2409/2410/2411/2412/2413/2414/2415/2416/2417/2418/2419/2420/2421/2422/2423/2424/2425/2426/2427/2428/2429/2430/2431/2432/2433/2434/2435/2436/2437/2438/2439/2440/2441/2442/2443/2444/2445/2446/2447/2448/2449/2450/2451/2452/2453/2454/2455/2456/2457/2458/2459/2460/2461/2462/2463/2464/2465/2466/2467/2468/2469/2470/2471/2472/2473/2474/2475/2476/2477/2478/2479/2480/2481/2482/2483/2484/2485/2486/2487/2488/2489/2490/2491/2492/2493/2494/2495/2496/2497/2498/2499/2500/2501/2502/2503/2504/2505/2506/2507/2508/2509/2510/2511/2512/2513/2514/2515/2516/2517/2518/2519/2520/2521/2522/2523/2524/2525/2526/2527/2528/2529/2530/2531/2532/2533/2534/2535/2536/2537/2538/2539/2540/2541/2542/2543/2544/2545/2546/2547/2548/2549/2550/2551/2552/2553/2554/2555/2556/2557/2558/2559/2560/2561/2562/2563/2564/2565/2566/2567/2568/2569/2570/2571/2572/2573/2574/2575/2576/2577/2578/2579/2580/2581/2582/2583/2584/2585/2586/2587/2588/2589/2590/2591/2592/2593/2594/2595/2596/2597/2598/2599/2600/2601/2602/2603/2604/2605/2606/2607/2608/2609/2610/2611/2612/2613/2614/2615/2616/2617/2618/2619/2620/2621/2622/2623/2624/2625/2626/2627/2628/2629/2630/2631/2632/2633/2634/2635/2636/2637/2638/2639/2640/2641/2642/2643/2644/2645/2646/2647/2648/2649/2650/2651/2652/2653/2654/2655/2656/2657/2658/2659/2660/2661/2662/2663/2664/2665/2666/2667/2668/2669/2670/2671/2672/2673/2674/2675/2676/2677/2678/2679/2680/2681/2682/2683/2684/2685/2686/2687/2688/2689/2690/2691/2692/2693/2694/2695/2696/2697/2698/2699/2700/2701/2702/2703/2704/2705/2706/2707/2708/2709/2710/2711/2712/2713/2714/2715/2716/2717/2718/2719/2720/2721/2722/2723/2724/2725/2726/2727/2728/2729/2730/2731/2732/2733/2734/2735/2736/2737/2738/2739/2740/2741/2742/2743/2744/2745/2746/2747/2748/2749/2750/2751/2752/2753/2754/2755/2756/2757/2758/2759/2760/2761/2762/2763/2764/2765/2766/2767/2768/2769/2770/2771/2772/2773/2774/2775/2776/2777/2778/2779/2780/2781/2782/2783/2784/2785/2786/2787/2788/2789/2790/2791/2792/2793/2794/2795/2796/2797/2798/2799/2800/2801/2802/2803/2804/2805/2806/2807/2808/2809/2810/2811/2812/2813/2814/2815/2816/2817/2818/2819/2820/2821/2822/2823/2824/2825/2826/2827/2828/2829/2830/2831/2832/2833/2834/2835/2836/2837/2838/2839/2840/2841/2842/2843/2844/2845/2846/2847/2848/2849/2850/2851/2852/2853/2854/2855/2856/2857/2858/2859/2860/2861/2862/2863/2864/2865/2866/2867/2868/2869/2870/2871/2872/2873/2874/2875/2876/2877/2878/2879/2880/2881/2882/2883/2884/2885/2886/2887/2888/2889/2890/2891/2892/2893/2894/2895/2896/2897/2898/2899/2900/2901/2902/2903/2904/2905/2906/2907/2908/2909/2910/2911/2912/2913/2914/2915/2916/2917/2918/2919/2920/2921/2922/2923/2924/2925/2926/2927/2928/2929/2930/2931/2932/2933/2934/2935/2936/2937/2938/2939/2940/2941/2942/2943/2944/2945/2946/2947/2948/2949/2950/2951/2952/2953/2954/2955/2956/2957/2958/2959/2960/2961/2962/2963/2964/2965/2966/2967/2968/2969/2970/2971/2972/2973/2974/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Paul Hindemith 1895–1963

Piano Sonata No. 1 “The River Main”

1	I. Ruhig bewegte Viertel	3:26
2	II. Im Zeitmaß eines sehr langsamen Marsches	9:42
3	III. Lebhaft	7:59
4	IV. Ruhig bewegte Viertel, wie im ersten Teil	3:41
5	V. Lebhaft	8:05

Piano Sonata No. 2

6	I. Mäßig schnell	4:08
7	II. Lebhaft	2:12
8	III. Sehr langsam – Ruhig –	2:58
9	Rondo. Bewegt – Langsam	5:41

Piano Sonata No. 3

10	I. Ruhig bewegt	4:16
11	II. Sehr lebhaft	2:31
12	III. Mäßig schnell	6:05
13	IV. Fuge. Lebhaft	5:01

Total Time: 66:04

Glenn Gould piano

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Gould's notes for the LP of the Hindemith Sonatas won a Grammy Award in 1973.

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Hindemith: Will His Time Come? Again?

In the 1930s, the options were open. For the “progressives,” there was Schoenberg – not one Schoenberg, in fact, but two: the uncompromising twelve-toner of the Third and Fourth Quartets or the Violin Concerto, and the harmonically conciliatory author of *Kol Nidre* or the Organ Variations. For the neo-classicists, there was Stravinsky, who, during the decade, turned in the *Symphony of Psalms*, *Perséphone*, and the Symphony in C. And, for those who elected to avoid the more extreme disputes of doctrine and dogma, a generous supply of middle-of-the-road alternatives was available: folkloristic modality (Bartók), folkloristic tonality (Copland), post-romantic symphonic pessimism (Pfitzner, Schmidt, Berg – yes, yes, I know, an odd bracket), post-romantic symphonic optimism (Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Walton), American eclecticism (Harris, Hanson), English isolationism (Vaughan Williams), Francophilic pragmatism (Roussel, Martin), Francophilic idealism (Messiaen), Germanic pragmatism (Orff, Brecht), Germanic idealism (Webern) and, lest we forget, the aging, and well-nigh uncategorizable, legend, Richard Strauss, whose best years lay both far behind and, though no one guessed it at the time, just ahead.

Well, I dislike labels and lists, and this one, like most, is full of holes, hunches, and half-truths (the reader is invited to submit his own; send no labels – all entries judged on neatness, penmanship and catholicity of outlook). But, despite the fact that, in the 1930s, Paul Hindemith’s reputation reached its zenith, and his place among the middle-of-the-roads enumerated above seemed secure, I’ve omitted his name from my list because I simply have no idea where to place him on it. Germanic pragmatism? Maybe. But a man who devoted a good portion of his last years to a reconstruction of his own early output is surely something more than a pragmatist. Germanic idealism? Hardly. He did, after all, set out to supply each member of the wind choir with its very own sonata, and saw no reason to exempt the tuba. (One can’t imagine Webern dabbling in that project!)

In a sense, indeed, Webern provides a yardstick – an example of everything that Hindemith was not.

	<u>WEBERN</u>	<u>HINDEMITH</u>
OUTPUT	<i>Minimum productivity</i>	<i>Maximum productivity</i>
FORMAL SCHEMATICS	<i>Material-derived and/or binary preference</i>	<i>Materially indifferent and/or ternary preference</i>
HARMONIC BEARING	<i>Non-tonal</i>	<i>Quasi-tonal</i>
TEXTURAL DENSITY	<i>Parsimonious pointillism</i>	<i>Value for money</i>
CONTRAPUNTAL BEARING	<i>Canons preferred</i>	<i>Fugues preferred</i>
RHYTHMIC INCLINATION	<i>Asymmetry</i>	<i>Symmetry</i>
INSTRUMENTAL PREFERENCE	<i>Chamber groups</i>	<i>Plays the field</i>
PROFILE (RE CONTEMPORARIES)	<i>Low</i>	<i>High</i>
SUBSEQUENT INFLUENCE	<i>Incalculable</i>	<i>Negligible</i>

It's the last two categories that, as of this date, make the difference. While alive, Webern was of interest only to colleagues; his posthumous canonization was primarily an acknowledgment of the ideas engendered by his work and only secondarily attributable to the works per se. (N.B. to G.G. – file under “Controversial Pronouncements” and prepare defensive posture.) Hindemith, on the other hand, always had a public – not, perhaps, the sort of public that would turn up pre-sold for the première of a Shostakovich symphony, no matter the rebuffs Tovarich Dmitri's last effort might have suffered via *Pravda* and the Praesidium, nor the sort that would attend at the Royal Albert Hall while Sir Adrian had a go at RVW's new opus, secure in the knowledge that even if “the Fourth” did defy good breeding and voice-leading, as the academy decreed, the chap is one of us – what? – and, given that, Nostalgia Waives the Rules. (N.B. to G.G. – file under “Potential Puns” and prepare defensive posture.)

But Hindemith's was not a public motivated by nostalgia, and, only indirectly, by ideology. Rather, it turned to him, I suspect, with the not unrealistic expectation that, in a musical milieu rife with dogmatic dissent, he would consistently provide – to quote one of his own favorite terms of approbation – a climate of intellectual “repose.” And this, over an extraordinarily productive career, he tried to do. In fact, as his career drew to a close, Hindemith drew consistency around him like a Linus-blanket.

The free-wheeling dissonance of his work in the 1920s – that abrasive harmonic arrogance that can be sampled at its strident best in such efforts as the *Kammermusik* for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 36 No. 3 (1925) – gave way, in the 1930s, to an almost self-effacing determination to bring dissonance to heel in the interests of structural cohesion. Not that Hindemith was ever to become a diatonicist – a quite singular approach to chromatic resource was the key to both the vertical and horizontal conceits of his style from the mid-1930s on – but he did, nonetheless, meticulously classify chord-structures according to their dissonant yield and attribute to each a gravitational intent that discounted the romantic and post-romantic concept of the root as a psychologically perceptible, but not necessarily physically demonstrable, presence.

Hindemith's method, which endowed his later works with idiomatic consistency (few musicians provide such instant giveaways for the "Who's the composer?" version of Twenty Questions!), was fundamentally phenomenological. "I vibrate, therefore, I am," might well have been his motto. And, as a result, in direct proportion to his progress toward idiomatic confidence and stylistic identity, his work was somehow diminished by the systematic exclusion of all that was ambiguous, ambivalent or otherwise resistant to analysis. The two versions of his epic song-cycle *Das Marienleben* provide pertinent illustration: Draft 1 (1923) is a passionate, if occasionally untidy, masterpiece; Draft 2 (1948) is a sober, indeed impeccable, revision that approaches its subject with healthy respect in lieu of ecstatic devotion.

In any event, once Robert Craft forged the Stravinsky-Schoenberg axis in the 1950s, and the eclecticism of the 1960s alleviated the austere serialism of the previous decade, the futures market in Hindemithian repose was struck by panic selling. To be sure, a handful of his works have held their place in the repertoire – the *Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Carl Maria von Weber*, the *Concert Music for Brass and Strings*, and, above all, the magnificent triptych drawn from his opera *Mathis der Maler*. But the bulk of his output turns up nowadays on student programs (how many other major figures indulged the aspirations of tuba virtuosi?), organ recitals (the kist-o'-whistles clan is inherently conservative and Hindemith now seems in contention for the spot previously reserved for Rheinberger and S. Karg-Elert), or, on occasion, archival projects ("let's see if we can get all of them on one disc!"), like this one.

And that's a pity! Because, even though some of the clichés offered as comment on his work ("more fun to play than to listen to"; "always competent, rarely inspired") contain a modicum of truth, the works themselves are possessed of a validity that ultimately renders such comment irrelevant. They are well made; they do contain, admittedly amidst chapters with benumbingly anticipatable plot-lines, paragraphs, even pages, in which musical characterizations are drawn not only sympathetically and insightfully but with an ascetic commitment to detail that suggests the medieval mating of ritual and ecstasy.

In Hindemith's work, to be sure, ecstasy is a commodity most frequently purveyed by fugal situations – the finale to the Third Piano Sonata being perhaps the most conspicuous example this album provides. On occasion, as in the outer segments of the *marcia funebre* from the First Piano Sonata, Hindemith's slow movements attain a comparable intensity. Even here, however, one can, to adopt the lingo of tape-editing, see the splices going through – the central episode of the movement, though it undoubtedly measures up to Hindemith's personal yardstick of chord-group fluctuation, guide-tone orientation, and melodic diversification, behaves rather like the new boy on the block, unsure as to whether one can, or should, make friends with the kids next door. A similar gaffe is evidenced by the otherwise beautifully structured adagio of the Third Sonata in which, as a secondary episode and for no apparent reason, Hindemith previews, note for note and at approximately half tempo, twenty-four and a half bars of the scintillating third subject from his up-coming triple-fugue finale. It is a lapse that attests not only to his fondness for contrapuntal mischief but to his not-infrequent miscalculations in stage-management – the miscalculation is not inherently musical but theatrical.

For Hindemith, however, and by his own admission, the ritual of craft preceded the vision of the creative idea. In this regard, it's perhaps instructive to think of Hindemith as the obverse of Scriabin, a composer for whom reason was the by-product of ecstatic experience. And Hindemith, like other composers with similar priorities – Sweelinck, Telemann, Reger, Myaskovsky – will, I suspect, be the subject of many revivals and many attempts at re-evaluation. Whatever the verdicts of future generations, they will have to reckon with a composer of prodigious gifts, a composer who, in many ways, embodied the *fin de siècle* stylistic dilemma of his era, but who, in his anxiety to validate his syntax, to propagate his theorems, sometimes permitted those priorities to divert his attention from the goal he so often acknowledged and which, when properly adduced, is the true amalgam of ecstasy and reason – repose.

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