punctuating the illustration with a running comment, a look of surprise, a shrug or a nod of affirmation. It was as if he, too, were merely listening, only his hands performing the complex compositing of the two works. The only conclusion ever drawn was that the essence of Scriabin always shone through, even when the device smacked of Chopin.

Spending only four sessions to complete the recording of these difficult and unfamiliar works was better than par for the course. Horowitz always recorded quickly, however, spending at the most two hours at a solo session and rarely repeating a selection more than once. After the usual "rejection" period during which test pressings, cover, and annotations were repeatedly submitted on daily telephoned instructions, usually at nine sharp in the evening, the record went to press and Horowitz went to work on Beethoven. There were unknown difficulties ahead, but that bright, cool May day when he started gave no hint of them. They say each new album has its own personal set of problems, and this one began to prove the adage after the first playback that day. Horowitz's comment was: "The sound, it's a little bit lousy," and the rest of the day was consumed in revising the recording technique to eliminate the caustic sound of a new piano. When the middle of October arrived and the recording was just being completed, the album had about involved the whole range of problems. Horowitz brooded over the tempo of the first movement of the Moonlight all summer. He inspected other adagio sostenuto designations throughout Beethoven literature until he found a comparable mood. Finally, he announced one evening, at his summer house in Easthampton, that he would remake the movement, and play it "slowlier." (He had long since unconsciously introduced this word, and now the word "slower" seems a little ineffectual.)

The October recording produced the "slowlier" performance which he described as "so difficult" to play for recording. "In concert, it goes," he added, "but to sustain the tone, keep the accompanying figures even, and hold the thread of musical line—it's a big job."

Two other completely dissimilar areas of interest divided his energies during that summer of 1956: one was a group of Chopin selections to be prepared for the next recording, while the second was an activity with numerous implications—he was composing a concert fantasy on a theme from Bizet's Carmen. Among his other distinctions, he is famous for his pyrotechnical transcriptions of familiar works. They were worked out at the piano, usually not written down even after their comple-

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