WITH HIS RIGHT HAND FLYING high above the keyboard, Artur Rubinstein pounces on a Chopin *étude* with the irrepressible verve and muscular exuberance that make him the most spectacular of contemporary pianists. Rubinstein practices very little but enjoys his own piano playing nearly as much as his most devoted listeners do.

Artur Rubinstein

America's most glamorous piano virtuoso is a Pole, an epicurean and a wit who lives in Hollywood and commutes between hemispheres

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

THE death of Ignace Jan Paderewski seven years ago left in the mind of the average American a terrifying doubt somewhat similar to that created by the retirement of Gene Tunney from the prize ring. It was no longer possible to tell with certainty who was the world's champion pianist. It had been many years, of course, since the long-haired, courtly Pole had shown even a trace of the old virtuosity that had made his name as familiar throughout the U.S. as those of Houdini and Buffalo Bill. There were even, in more critical musical circles, people who had doubted his absolute pre-eminence among pianists of the day. Josef Hofmann and the late Sergei Rachmaninoff were both prodigious virtuosos who could equal many of his feats and surpass some; the late Moriz Rosenthal had a far more scintillating technique. But there was something about Paderewski that symbolized the common man's dream of what a great concert artist should be. He was not only a great pianist. He traveled in a private Pullman with a retinue of servants. He was a superb showman, a gourmet, a man of the world, a confidant of princes, a diplomat and a premier of Poland. When "Paderoosky" sat down aristocratically before his Steinway his public felt that it was witnessing a rite rather than a recital, a noble tradition rather than a professional craft, a heroic and civilizing spectacle rather than just another evening of piano playing.

Today fashions in pianists have changed. Since virtuosos, like dogs, have a tendency to resemble their masters, the aristocrat of the keyboard who was the ward of princes has given place to the businesslike virtuoso who is the ward of bank presidents and concert corporations. The big names of the pianistic world are now apt to look like businessmen, doctors and lawyers and to treat their art as a skilled profession rather than a poetic ritual. Most of these big names possess a technical efficiency that would put many of the oldtime virtuosos of Paderewski's era to shame. Vladimir Horowitz, who has a personality like a neurotic steel spring, plays the piano with a digital mechanism probably unequaled for sheer dash and brilliance in the memories of the oldest contemporary critics. Artur Schnabel, who resembles a Viennese psychiatrist, plays Beethoven and Mozart with a scholarship that is scientifically impeccable. Rudolf Serkin, who looks like a worried college professor, plays everything from Beethoven to Liszt with the same cerebral uniformity. Walter Gieseking, a man of prodigious equipment whose achievements with Bach and Debussy are probably unequaled in this generation, grunts and heaves at the piano like a hippopotamus in labor. Myra Hess plays as beautifully as the best of her male competitors and looks like a handsome, middle-aged British social worker. Jose Iturbi resembles an affable and prosperous ad salesman. When he takes time off from being a movie actor and a guest conductor, he is a pianist of élan and brilliance. The man who approaches closest to the Paderewskian ideal of virtuosity, showmanship and glamour, however, is another Pole whose name is Artur Rubinstein.

Merely as a spectacle Rubinstein is impressive. As he bounds onto the stage he has the strange metallic look of an impassive Oriental idol about to be involved in some sinister, cabalistic, ritual. His stocky body is surmounted by an enigmatic, mask-like face somewhat resembling that of an anteater. It is topped with a fuzzy fringe of graying hair. When he sits down to play he attacks his piano with great lunges, bouncing his hands off the keyboard until they rise above his rearing scalp. In climaxes he has a tendency to rise higher and higher off the piano stool, pouncing on the keys from a near-standing position. When it is all over he seems lost in a poetic trance from which thunderous applause gradually awakens him. Rubinstein looks the diabolical part of a true virtuoso.

This spectacular visual demonstration is not, of course, what primarily endears him to thousands of American piano fans. They are interested in the magnificent sounds he draws from his instrument. They admire him not so much for any single technical superiority as for a combination of qualities rarely found together in contemporary pianism. Like Horowitz, he can overwhelm an audience with the mere physical excitement induced by extraordinary speed, power and marksmanship. Unlike Horowitz, he is a master of stylistic differentiation and can swing from the hard brilliance of Liszt and the insinuating sentiment of Chopin to the sober profundities of Beethoven, giving each type of music its own particular flavor. He can, when he is in the mood, weave something of Paderewski's magic spell, enthralling his public with the sheer sensual effect of iridescent and beautifully modulated tone.

These qualities, both pianistic and personal, have during the past 10 years given 59-year-old Rubinstein an ascendancy over his rivals that makes his position unique. He averages something in the neighborhood of 150 concerts a year and earns a minimum of $3,500 a concert. His Victor recordings of the Tchaikovsky B Flat Minor and Grieg A Minor concertos have sold in the hundreds of thousands and helped create the national furor for these works that has echoed in the popular records of jazz bands and in Broadway musicals. The total gross sales of his records run to well over a million dollars annually. In Hollywood his fees for odd jobs of dubbing, in various musical movies, have become the talk of the town. On one job with Producer Frank Borzage (the picture, *I've Always Loved You*) he demanded and got $85,000 for three days of off-screen recording, playing Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto. His lofty insistence on such stupendous fees and the independence with which he chooses the pictures he deigns to appear in have only helped to convince movie producers that he is indeed the world's greatest pianist.

Man of the world

THESE rather striking evidences of public esteem are, of course, a tribute to Rubinstein's prowess at the keyboard. But they are also a tribute to a personality that might have stepped out of the more elegant passages of a Tolstoy novel. Artur Rubinstein, like Paderewski, is the flower of an old-world tradition with deep roots in the salons of 19th Century Europe. Unlike most musicians he is a philosopher, a man of the world, a wit, a sybarite, a sophisticated conversationalist and an esthete of discriminating tastes. He can discuss books, painting, contemporary mores or politics as easily as he can the technical details of a sonata. His closest friends are not musicians but authors, politicians, princes, actors and artists. He is equally at home in a Pullman smoker, a transatlantic plane, at an Elsa Maxwell party, a Washington soiree, a gathering of Parisian left-bank existentialists or a royal court. He treats his music not as a solemn craft but as a pleasant adjunct to social intercourse. "I like to win people's hearts," he confesses with old-world gallantry, and whether he does it by way of the keyboard or through his lively powers as a raconteur and man about town, the results are equally impressive.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY of Rubinstein's first big American success was celebrated this winter in New York. Mrs. Rubinstein is at his right.

Artur Rubinstein's home is near Hollywood, a city he likes mainly because of its warm climate and the informality of its social life. But the cosmos he actually inhabits encompasses a far-flung network of auditoriums, railroad stations, landing fields, hotels and dressing rooms scattered over nearly the whole of the civilized world. In some 40 years of continuous touring he has covered something in the neighborhood of 2 million miles. He has had permanent homes in Berlin, Warsaw, Paris, the French Riviera, London and

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OLDTIME GREATS of the world of piano playing were Ignace Jan Paderewski (*top left*), Sergei Rachmaninoff (*top right*), Moriz Rosenthal (*bottom left*) and Josef Hofmann. All are dead except Hofmann, who, at the age of 72, is still a prominent virtuoso. Paderewski was the great idol of the Gay '90s.

RUBINSTEIN CONTINUED

New York. He speaks nine languages with perfect fluency. He has given concerts in practically every country except Tibet and knows Cape Town, Buenos Aires and Shanghai as intimately as the average man knows the streets of his home town. Every year he ranges some part of this vast territory, crossing the paths of a dozen other similar international musical celebrities like Heifetz, Menuhin, Horowitz and Kreisler, all of whom enjey a peculiar international position unknown in politics, science or any other field of art. The expression "citizen of the world" is often loosely applied to confirmed expatriates, diplomats and moderately footloose travelers. It fits Rubinstein like an elegantly tailored suit.

Rubinstein's tastes and ways of thinking reflect his international habitat. He collects old English editions, Hindu sculpture and French cognac according to taste and without the slightest regard for established opinion. His favorite brand of cognac is obscure and exquisite. He discovered it himself after sampling at least half the

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CONTEMPORARY GREATS include Vladimir Horowitz (*top left*), brilliant technician; Myra Hess (*top right*), greatest woman pianist; Artur Schnabel (*bottom left*), a master of Beethoven, and Walter Gieseking (*bottom right*), who has been in Europe since the war but ranks among the world's top performers.

cognacs in France. He smokes cigars made especially for him by the Upmann firm of Havana, which he visits personally on every trip. Between visits to Cuba's capital he enters into lengthy correspondence with the Upmann officials about the quality of each year's tobacco crop. Many men of wealth may practice the art of enjoying themselves with comparable scope, but few with such painstaking care.

Among the elegant appurtenances of his private life, Rubinstein bounces about with childlike delight. The grave, masklike face that gives his concert personality a deceptive appearance of austerity breaks into giggles and illustrative grimaces. His enthusiasms do not permit him to sit still. He flails his arms, scatters the ashes of his cigar, crouches, gesticulates, imitates the mannerisms of people he is talking about, speaks English with a Polish, German, French, Spanish or broad British accent according to the illustrative needs of the moment. "I am an epicurean, right?" he says, as if establishing a point about which there might be some doubt. "I can really cry over a beautiful book with a fine binding." Before his guest has time to express appropriate astonishment, Rubinstein is pulling magnificently bound volumes from his ceiling-high bookcases and is, in fact, close to tears of emotion. His tastes are catholic: a rich old illustrated edition of *Fables* of La Fontaine, James Joyce's *Ulysses* in a limited edition with illustrations by Henri Matisse, a privately printed copy of a recent work by his close friend Thomas Mann inscribed by the author, one of Ambroise Vollard's famous books on modern French painters. "I bought it for $40," he crows gleefully. "I have since been offered $500 for it. Many book dealers," he adds confidentially, "don't know what they have."

"I am 90% interested in women"

HIS study, with a grand piano in one corner and a heartening array of thick rugs and deep upholstery, is full of other mementos—pictures of his lifelong friends, Violinist Paul Kochanski and the eminent Polish composer, Karol Szymanowski; an autographed picture of Toscanini; a picture of himself and Albert Einstein together. "Interesting," he remarks. "Einstein looks like a typical musician and I look like a scientist." His wife enters the room, and he ceremoniously kisses her hand. She is an extremely pretty Polish blonde, about 20 years younger than he, and he obviously regards her with the same connoisseur's enthusiasm he lavishes on his books and paintings. "I am 90% interested in women," he explains. "Doesn't she look dangerous? That's why I married her." Mrs. Rubinstein smiles tolerantly as if she had heard all this before, and calls in the children who are playing outside. The brood is as international as the home's furnishings. Eva, a blonde 15-year-old with a pert, feminine version of the Slavic, iconlike Rubinstein face, was born in Buenos Aires. She wants to be a ballet dancer. Paul, a muscular, quietly masculine boy of 13, was born in Warsaw. Alina, blonde, 3 and obviously Rubinstein's favorite was born in Los Angeles. Wailing outside in a crib is John Arthur, 15 months old. "Nice set, isn't it?" exclaims Rubinstein, beaming. "My wife and I would like to have a set like that regularly every 10 years." Rubinstein rings for a little of his favorite cognac, expatiates on its quality and drifts off to the subject of cooking. He has a wonderful cook—not so good as his wife, he adds hastily with a glance in her direction, but a real artist in the French-Polish tradition. Funny thing is, he picked her up in Nicaragua. Her name is Anita, and she is a full-blooded Nicaraguan Indian. "She doesn't speak a word of English, only Spanish," he adds slyly. "A wise precaution. She can't talk to anybody but my wife and myself. Nobody will ever get her away from us."

Temperamentally Rubinstein is a perfect example of a phenomenon that is growing increasingly rare in the 20th Century society. He is a genuine romantic. He looks at life as a gorgeous, gallant dramatic spectacle in which he himself is one of the chief protagonists. The attitude is implicit in the way he sits at the piano dashing through the glittering runs of a Chopin *étude* as if their dramatic alchemy were more real than what most prosaic people think of as real life. It is implicit in his gregarious elegance, in the purple dressing gowns he lounges in, in the red carnation he almost invariably wears in his button hole, in the extravagance and volume of his conversation. "People are always making conditions for happiness," he says, waving his cigar. "They say, 'If my health were better' or 'If society were better regulated' or 'If I were successful, I would be happy.' Bah! Happiness is never a matter of conditions. It comes from the ability to be happy. We must live fully, and enjoy life fully. Take flowers or women or cigars.

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AT HIS U.S. DEBUT in 1906 Rubinstein, then a shock-haired youth of 16, was panned by critics, who found his playing brilliant but rather superficial.

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Marvelously interesting! I like the company of women. They are always interesting, even if they are not intelligent. Even if they can't do anything but cross their legs, I find that interesting. I like to watch them move. Even loneliness or misfortune or homicide can be interesting. People have been enjoying the murders in Shakespeare's plays for centuries. Yet they deplore murders in real life. Why? I love life without condition. Life means living, not escaping. People go to doctors and say 'What vitamins shall I eat?'" (Here Rubinstein sags into a grotesque picture of abject hypochondria.) "What good are vitamins, I ask you? Eat four lobsters and a pound of caviar. Live! If you are in love with a beautiful blonde with no brains at all, don't be afraid. Marry her. Live!"

This optimistic recipe, which Rubinstein himself apparently follows with complete success, leaves room for few dislikes. But those few are fervent. Rubinstein has always disliked the Germans; so much so that he has systematically refused to play in Germany for more than 30 years. This dislike, as he proudly explains, has nothing whatever to do with Hitler, though Rubinstein is a Jew and was a frequent target of Nazi propaganda. He simply dislikes everything about the German way of life and thought, partly perhaps because he is still a fervent Polish patriot but mainly because Germans are often earnest, systematic, pompous, academic and otherwise entirely unlike Rubinstein. For reasons that are somewhat similar, Rubinstein also dislikes Bolshevism and is a loud and enthusiastic advocate of the immediate atomic-bombing of the Kremlin. With dictatorships that lie in between, he is less drastic. He is a tremendous favorite in Argentina. But he regards the Perón government as a menace to his individualism. Last year in Buenos Aires Rubinstein was engaged for a series of 14 concerts at the Colón Opera House where Perón has ruled that all performances must be broadcast for the benefit of his loyal proletarian *descamisados* (shirtless ones). Rubinstein refused to broadcast on the grounds that so much Rubinstein music over the air would saturate the Argentine demand for his concert appearances. Perón stood firm, so Rubinstein walked out of the Colón and hired a movie theater where there were no broadcasting facilities. Perón gave orders that Rubinstein's piano should not be moved off the boat in Buenos Aires harbor. In desperation Rubinstein telegraphed his manager Sol Hurok, saying that he could not perform without a proper piano. Hurok promptly loaded a grand piano onto a plane and flew it to Argentina in time for the first recital. Perón

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MAKING A MOVIE (*I've Always Loved You*) in Hollywood, Rubinstein plays Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto while his large shadow is thrown on a projection screen used for synchronizing the sound track and the picture.

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was apparently too impressed by this hemisphere-girdling operation to make any further difficulties. Rubinstein played in the movie theater, and practically all Buenos Aires except Perón came to cheer.

Recently Rubinstein has made several appearances as a guest artist on the radio program, *Information Please*. Curiously, the questions that got the most impressive answers from the Rubinstein mind were not about music but about the genealogy of European nobility. With the accuracy of an *Almanach de Gotha*, he traced royal lineages, morganatic marriages and the minutest details of aristocratic blood relationships. His immense familiarity with this rather exotic field of knowledge surprised many of his listeners. Actually it was part and parcel of his equipment as an old-fashioned, romantic virtuoso. Like Paderewski before him, Rubinstein thinks of himself not as a technician but as a personality. His job as a virtuoso is partly piano playing, but it also involves a knowledge of people similar to that cultivated by professional politicians. In Rubinstein's youth ignorance of Europe's noble families (who were the main supporters of music) might have been fatal to a rising concert artist's career. Rubinstein has been personally acquainted with at least half a dozen kings and queens, with an army of lesser nobility and with stupendous numbers of statesmen, authors, intellectuals and socialites of every possible variety and nationality. This acquaintance started among the homeless aristocrats of his native Poland, swept through what was left of the royal courts of Europe, broadened later to include an incredible array of American industrialists, African diamond merchants, Brazilian millionaires and Argentine beef barons. It extends from Novelist Henry James to Novelist Ernest Hemingway, from Kaiser Wilhelm's mistress to Elsa Maxwell, from the Duke of Windsor to Danny Kaye.

The record of this remarkably gregarious existence usually begins

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with an anecdote in which Artur Rubinstein, aged 6, plays a private audition for a famous Polish violinist named Bronislaw Hubermann, aged 12. As the infant pianist climbs down from the piano stool at the end of his performance, the 12-year-old violinist solemnly pats him on the shoulder. "You have talent," says he. "Work hard, my child, and you will go far." The incident took place in Lodz, Poland, then an outpost of Czar Nicholas' Russian empire, where Rubinstein's father was the proprietor of a prosperous hand-loom factory. There were other incidents. Rubinstein *père* wanted his son, the youngest of seven children, to be a violinist and was only dissuaded from this desire when Rubinstein *fils* smashed his violin to bits by trampling on it. Two years later the 8-year-old pianist had already embarked on a life of travel. He went to Berlin to study with a bearded piano teacher named Karl Heinrich Barth who, by a process of unremitting bullying and insult, gave him the only sizable amount of piano instruction he ever received. Barth also tried to teach his 8-year-old pupil to smoke cigarets, an experiment that ended obliquely in a lifelong exclusive addiction to cigars. At 11 Rubinstein was ready for his first professional appearances as a concert artist. He began the travels that later carried him over Europe on a large assortment of false passports. The idea was to conceal his real identity from officialdom in order to avoid military service in the Russian army which, as a patriotic Pole, Rubinstein regarded as the tool of a foreign oppressor. At 15 he took up residence in Paris. At this still tender age he made his first acquaintance with alcohol, systematically attempting to drink himself to death on a combination of vodka and champagne. The cause was an unrequited love affair, the result one of the most colossal *Katzenjammers* ever recorded. He was in bed for a week. "I wasn't drunk," he complains, "just sick. I have never in my life been able to get drunk. I have always envied people who can."

At 16 Rubinstein embarked for New York, where the critics admitted his "colossal technique" but otherwise treated him with considerable coolness. One interviewer, however, noted the somewhat frightening fact that the 16-year-old pianist had "the wit of a *boulevardier*." As Rubinstein today looks back on this first American appearance, he is inclined to agree with the critics. "I wasn't too good," he admits. "The fact is, I didn't become a good pianist until I married at 43. I didn't mind for myself but I hated to have my children grow up and hear that papa was a second-rate pianist. So, for the first time in my life I really worked hard." He was good enough, however, to fill plenty of international concert auditoriums up to the outbreak of World War I, which found him stranded in London. He tried to join the Polish foreign legion but finally wound up as a translator at French general headquarters, where his knowledge of languages turned out to be very useful. Midway in the war he was relieved of his military duties and went to Spain.

The hero of Spain

LIKE many a northern European, Rubinstein had always thought of Spain as the most romantic spot on earth. Spain reciprocated by treating Rubinstein as if he were its favorite bullfighter. His concerts sold out from San Sebastian to Madrid. Cheering throngs followed him wherever he went. King Alfonso sought his company and involved him in long conversations on the enormous advantages a pianist's life has over a king's. He even went so far as to get Rubinstein another bogus Polish passport on which he managed to undertake his first phenomenally successful tour of South America. The Pole Rubinstein became the great pianist of the Latin world.

In the period between the wars Rubinstein was the toast of international European cafe society. He commuted from London and Paris to Italy and the French Riviera continuously surrounded by a retinue of notables which included Muriel Draper (mother of Dancer Paul Draper), H. G. Wells, Norman Douglas, Gertrude Stein and Communist John Reed. He played for money and for fun, often sat up all night at the keyboard, lived from hand to mouth in a continual oscillation between indigence and elegant revelry. Financially flush after a successful tour, he would blow his entire earnings in a few weeks in Paris or Monte Carlo. "Actually, I led a dreadful life," he muses today. But it was not all champagne and skittles. In Paris, hanging around the fringes of the Diaghilev ballet (then the cultural center of the *avant garde* intellectuals), he met and helped propagandize for composers like Ravel and Albéniz. In London, as in practically every other place but America, Rubinstein was hailed as one of the world's supreme concert artists. His Chopin recordings, later reissued on this side of the Atlantic by Victor, were heard wherever discriminating people had a phonograph. But few American concertgoers remembered who he was, and Rubinstein,

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AT AN ELSA MAXWELL PARTY Rubinstein plays accordion in impromptu quartet with (*left to right*) Greer Garson, Danny Kaye and Cesar Romero.

RUBINSTEIN CONTINUED

still a little piqued by the coolness of the New York critics, never bothered to cultivate his American reputation.

Rubinstein's spectacular American success, in fact, dates only from 1937 when the New York impresario, Sol Hurok, always on the lookout for sensational European imports, persuaded him to make another try for U.S. popularity. The Rubinstein who came to the U.S. in 1937 was a very different figure from the glib wonder boy of 1906. He started his American tour with a dynamic performance of the famous Tchaikovsky B Flat Minor Piano Concerto that startled the U.S. pianistic world into the realization that its idols, Hofmann, Horowitz and Rachmaninoff, had a formidable rival. Tremendously enthusiastic press notices caused an immediate doubling of his American concert engagements. He also promptly doubled his fees. In that year Rubinstein played his all-time record of 162 concerts in cities scattered from Sydney, Australia to Amsterdam. Seventeen of these concerts were given in America. He returned to the U.S. every year after that, and in 1940, seeing unsettled times ahead for Europe, transferred his permanent address from Paris to California.

Rubinstein has been an American citizen since 1946 and his American patriotism sounds as fervent as the piety of a religious convert. "I can't eat hot dogs," he apologizes. "I ate one once, and my face swelled up to twice its size. You realize, I can't afford to have anything happen to my face. It's bad enough as it is. But Americans are so modest about their country and their culture. They have the best symphony orchestras in the world. In France I can manage to attract a crowd for a few Paris concerts. In the provinces there is simply no public. Here I can fill halls over and over again in places like San Jose, Calif., and in the big cities the interest in music is simply insatiable. Marvelously interesting!"

The cultural migration

RUBINSTEIN'S fervent Americanism is not based entirely on his fabulous success here, or on his admiration for America's musical appetite. Like nearly all the celebrated international virtuosos of his type, Rubinstein has become part of a vast cultural migration which has found America the one place in the world that still offers a reasonable combination of political stability and civilized tradition. His lifelong hatred of the Germans was given gruesome point during the days of Hitler when the Nazis circulated his picture as that of the prototypical international Jew and later wiped out his entire family during the invasion of Poland. Rubinstein speaks of these harrowing events today without any particular emotion. He had always expected the Germans to do something of the sort. "They even called my 100% blonde Aryan wife Jewish," he remarks morosely.

As a staple ingredient of America's musical life, Rubinstein has pursued his way with what he regards as typical American independence. He doesn't particularly like the company of other musicians. "Too many pianists today have the personality of bank clerks," he explains. He regards the fabulous abilities of Arturo Toscanini with detached critical admiration. The British-born Pole,

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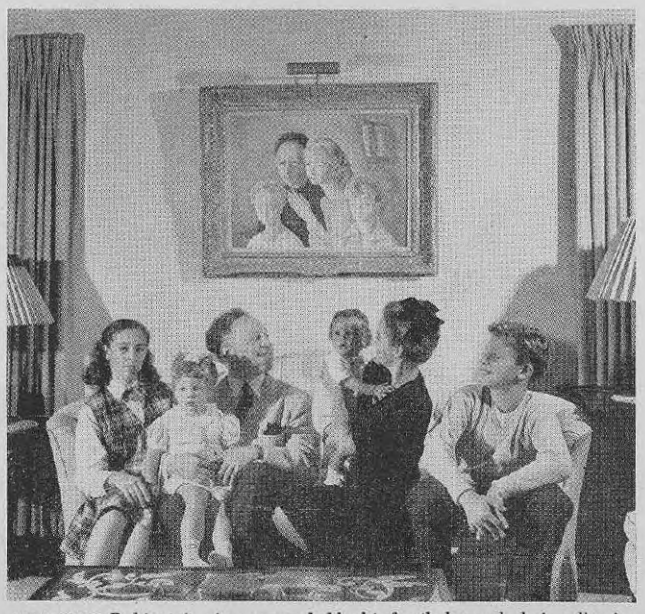
Leopold Stokowski, moves him to frequent hilarity. "He is losing his hair faster than I am," he notes gleefully. On a recent movie dubbing job with Frank Borzage, Rubinstein threatened to quit because he disapproved of a musical character on the screen. The character, an irate conductor and piano teacher who deliberately ruined his pupil's performance by drowning her out with the orchestra at her debut, seemed to Rubinstein simply unthinkable. "After all," argued Rubinstein, "he is a great artist. No matter how jealous of his pupil he was, he wouldn't deliberately ruin her concert." A few weeks later Rubinstein suddenly withdrew his objections. "The sequence I criticized is entirely believable," he admitted. "What made you change your mind?" asked Borzage. "Well," answered Rubinstein, "the fact is, I made a recording last night with a leading conductor. It is quite believable. It happened to me."

In his numerous Hollywood ventures Rubinstein has always acted warily, trying his best to preserve the dignity of his art. Unlike most musicians who achieve movie success, he has never permitted his movie engagements to interfere in the slightest with his more artistically important and less remunerative activities as a concert artist. The greatest artistic crimes of musical movies arise, he thinks, from mixing the categories of classical music and popular entertainment, and his case is pretty clear. Jose Iturbi plays boogie-woogie. Lauritz Melchior sings popular songs. Both jobs could be done much better by popular entertainers. Meanwhile Hollywood seldom has any place for the type of music in which Iturbi and Melchior excel. Bing Crosby is lumped in the Hollywood mind with Lily Pons, Oscar Levant with Toscanini. The test of ability is not critical discernment but box office. When the movie *Carnegie Hall* was made with Rubinstein's help, Producer Boris Morros threw a great introductory dinner to which he invited Rubinstein and other artistic dignitaries. Later Morros rose and made a glowing speech about the artistic triumph he expected to produce. "We have Rubinstein, Lily Pons, Pinza, Rodzinski, great pianists, great singers, great conductors, great music—all in one picture," he boasted magnificently. "It's going to make artistic history!" "Pooh!" mumbled Rubinstein, who hadn't seen the script, "I'll bet it all ends up with Harry James playing the trumpet." "Well," admitted Morros, somewhat crestfallen, "as a matter of fact, it does. But only for three minutes!"

Though he may criticize the movies' musical taste, Rubinstein is quick to realize the enormous scope Hollywood offers for the popularization of good piano playing, and good piano playing is the thing that interests him more than anything else in life. As a matter of record, heavy income taxes have so reduced his earning power that he is making less money on his enormous concert tours today at the height of his fame than he made as a rising concert virtuoso 15 years ago. But this is merely a matter of dull economics, and to a true romantic like Rubinstein economics are a subsidiary worry. "You mustn't tell my manager, Mr. Hurok," he confides, smiling, "but the fact is, I would go on giving piano recitals just for the fun of it whether I got paid or not."



AT HOME Rubinstein sits surrounded by his family beneath their collective portrait painted by Moise Kisling before the birth of two youngest children.