By MARY CAMPBELL
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A fan tells pianist Arthur Rubinstein that he will never get the sight of him, on the stage, taking the lid off exactly on the piano bench, stage light making his hair silver, and then Rubinstein lifting both his arms up high, holding them there for a moment, and bringing them dramatically down to the piano. "I think you're a master," the fan says. "I'm glad you remember that as a dramatic moment," Rubinstein says, but you know the reason another reason.

"If you want to be very cautious and never to strike a wrong note, you push the keys. You keep your fingers very close to the keys. It gives a very quiet effect. But I don't like that. I was taught from the beginning to make a big impact on the keys, you get a soft sound even if you make the greatest impact. But in the world there is risk involved.

Rubinstein had said, one time before, that he never liked to come up with new ideas of phrasing during a concert rather than doing it at the time he was composing the piece, because each concert de-serves "at least one dead fresh blood." Laurence Olivier has said that nothing is really interesting in theater unless the actor, in some degree, risks sudden death, another way of stating Rubinstein's philosophy.

"My name is, Anton Rubinstein, a pianist who was a rival of Liszt, was famous for playing more wrong notes than right notes in a concert. There was a saying that he could make another concert of his wrong notes. Yet nobody objected, because the impact was so musical and so great.

"There is a story, not very nice, but so vivid in my way of thinking. Convert the words of his life he was giving a concert in St. Petersburg, the 'Appassion- atiotes' of Beethoven. As the time was coming, he was called to me, was young, who those who had been present played it as never before, something about Liszt, about Chopin. They didn't believe; pupils were sitting on the edge of their seats. When he reached the last note of the big staccato at the end, his hands became still and he couldn't do it.

"A minor pianist would somehow get lost at the end, would something. But he couldn't stand it. He stood drooping the lid with a great noise, and walked away. He got the greatest ovation of his life. It's something like a seduction, a man who would go head off a marvelous torso he had mad, if the head wasn't good enough and the torso lived. It is real art.

Rubinstein praises recordings in several ways, one that he was right about recordings.

"When I'm playing, I don't hear what I'm playing. I hear what I want to hear. I want to give something even if I never do it for the objective listen- er, not for me."

"Then you hear a recording. What kind of flat I do? That isn't this kind; here is too; that is too soft. I learn.

I can only learn from you and you yourself. It's something between con- ducor and pianist, and you are the conductor."

The pianist, 88 on Jan. 28, ad- mits that in the 1930s he felt that records would cut down the concert-going audience, the '50s people in America ages 17 to 25 would rather go to jail than be seen at a concert.

And the tired businessman wouldn't want to go to a club or to a concert. Suddenly as he sat there playing bridge a record would play a record of a Tchaik- eski concert, right in the middle of a hot symphony conductor? Oh, I would like to

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN

hear that man in person. Records brought us millions of people to concerts. There are already more concerts now than years ago.

We don't play for an easier public than men. A woman will tell me, 'I heard your concert, but I wanted to cry.' She says it to the emotional impact. I hear from men, 'I don't go to concerts because I didn't learn music and I don't know much about it.' I say, 'You don't need to know anything about it. You just like it.'

'We don't play for people who know music. If, in a hall of 3,000 there are 25 real music- lovers, it's a wonderful night."

Rubinstein will record Beethoven's last three con- certo's or maybe all five, with Daniel Barenboim conducting. Told that he has won a prize in Japan for a recording of three Brahms trios and the Schu- man with Buchbinder and made with cellist Pierre Feurrier and singer Billy Holiday. Rubin- stein says their record of the Schuman is of a high order. Summer is even better. His most recent record on RCA, for example, the Chopin Polonaise, made in 1949, is two Fare piano quar- ter time. Rubinstein, as he played, Quarter, out in November.

Rubinstein has said that he never recorded with conductor Georg Shelly. They were never in the same room. That is one of the things I never heard. A conductor is a musician. What a chance I missed. It's really sad.

Last summer, Rubinstein felt a pain and thought he had an attack, but after a month's rest it was over. After six months he was fine. Then I discovered he had bile duct cancer, a rare case of cancer. I put me into an intense frame of mind and humor. I became a painter, started to sketch, it was an acidity and if I get nerves it causes certain pain. The whole thing is to keep from getting nervous.

I don't want to talk about wrong things. I don't go on tours of concerts in America. For many, many years I was giving 100 concerts a year and now I have the wish to do that any more. Now I prem- ise a few concerts, always with the permission in the contract that I can cancel them three weeks in advance. It's horrible, cancelling at the last minute.

The Rubinstein's are the International Cultural Center, where they live most of the time, to see their four children and grandchildren, for concerts with the Los Angeles New Philharmonics and for Rubinstein to go to Stanford University for a study of man. There will be five No- bel Prize winners there, studying my mind to see why it still works at my age and how I'll get that way. I'm very interested in that, too.

Mr. Rubinstein looks around the New York restaurant first he

frequented in 1939 and says that he is pleased that he still enjoys food and a good cigar and is one of those lucky people who has no need of drink, drugs or gambling.

Mrs. Rubinstein says that when they entertain at home "we sometimes forgets to serve wine. "Then halfway through the meal, I get, you know, quick. "The French get very nervous if they don't get wine店加盟 and this is a photograph's delight."

Rubinstein is also glad that he doesn't have to be a 9 to 5 office worker, because "of my art, if you want to call that the Rubensteins were a pleasure, concerts give you time and the rest of the time I was free to go to a museum or read a book or (Rubinstein didn't marry) until he was 45 to fall in love."

This is accompanied as is all that Rubinstein calls "my chatter," with the many facial expressions which have marked him a photographer's delight.

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