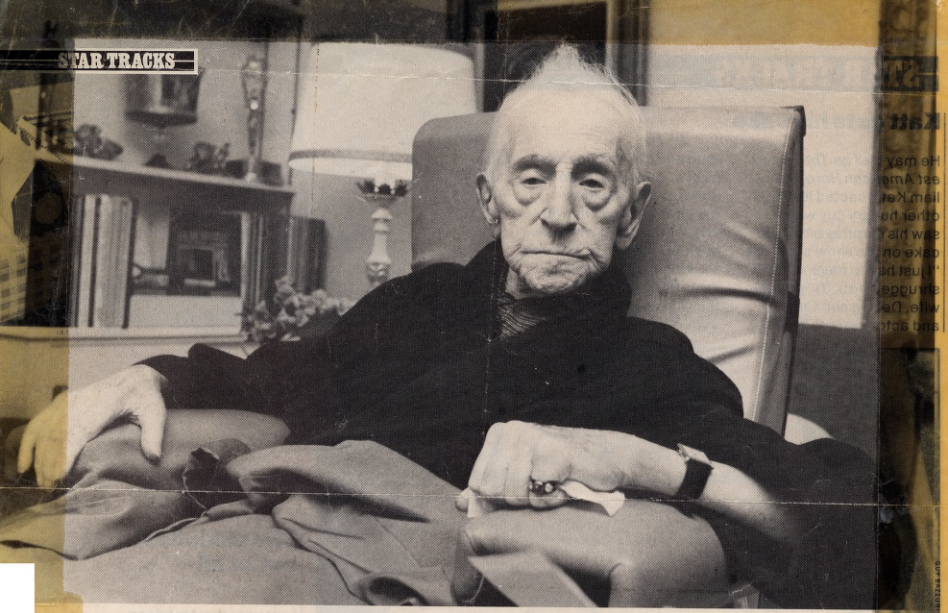

At 95, Arthur Rubinstein's still keyed up

His hair is sparse, his eyesight and hearing are failing, yet the mind and memory of Arthur Rubinstein are as sharp as ever. For his 95th birthday, the legendary pianist gamely blew out nine big candles and five small ones and received guests in his Geneva apartment. "There were cables and phone calls from every part of the world," enthused Rubinstein, "even people who bothered to come here just to shake my hand." Among the many who paid homage in person was Nela, 72, Rubinstein's wife of 50 years and mother of his four children, who lives in Paris. Throughout the day his British secretary and constant companion for the past four years, Annabelle Whitestone, 40ish, was by his side. "What good are vitamins?" Rubinstein once asked. "Eat four lobsters and a pound of caviar, and if you are in love with a beautiful blonde—live!" Fair-haired Annabelle reads to him, and, aided by earphones, Arthur listens to classical cassettes when not viewing videotaped concerts on TV. "I sit very close," he reports, "so I can see the way the orchestra plays the music I hear." Reflecting on his advanced years, the Polish-born Rubinstein says he has but one regret—not having moved to his "true country," Israel. Finally, he is considering a second sequel to his autobiography, *My Young Years*. Says Rubinstein, "I had not realized I would be living so long, so I wrote the book much too early—when I was still a young man of 78."

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