

tion. She announced that not only had she never read this famous and popular Andalusian novel about a beautiful widow who entices a young seminarian to the wrong side of the altar; but, she said, she had no intention of doing so now. Then she banned the Spanish language from the set: a clause in her contract stipulated that everyone connected with her in the movie speak English. When a lavish bash was held for her in a swank Madrid nightclub, Sarah showed up hours late wearing a white woolly hat. After the Spanish press had denounced her behavior, Sarah denied any malice aforethought. "I love Spain," she said tearfully. "Why is the world trying to make a monster woman out of me?"

"I'm not a drug fiend, I'm not a drunkard, but I am the laziest man I ever met," joked **Artur Rubinstein** just a few days before he gave a marathon concert that included two piano concertos. On his 88th birthday, the last of the great romantics on or off the keyboard celebrated with his children and grandchildren and also gave an elfish performance for some 40 friends gathered to toast him in Manhattan. RCA presented him with a chocolate piano with 88 keys. Purring at the adulation, and twinkling much the way he must have in Paris when he was interrupted during Chopin's *Nocturne in D* by Countess Zamoyska, who sudden-

ly kissed him passionately on the lips, Rubinstein added: "Since 80, I've had the feeling I've been doing nothing but giving encores, and encores have always been the happiest time for me."



RUBINSTEIN—LEE GROSS

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN WITH WIFE & GRANDDAUGHTER