

Zeitschrift: Der Kreis : eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle : revue mensuelle
Band: 23 (1955)
Heft: 8

Artikel: A violinist finds friendship
Autor: [s.n.]
DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-570298>

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. [Mehr erfahren](#)

Conditions d'utilisation

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. [En savoir plus](#)

Terms of use

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. [Find out more](#)

Download PDF: 02.08.2025

ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>

address I had found in his wallet. Numbed in body and spirit I crawled to the mouth of the cave, haunted by that young dead face. In the evening the stretcher bearers found me.

'John, are those accounts ready?' I started and looked round to see Henry's face, streaked with oil, smiling at me from the door of the office. He came over and put his hand on my shoulder, when he saw Carl's picture lying in front of me, on top of the accounts I was to have checked. 'John, I sometimes think that you loved Carl as much as I did. He is our common link, for he and I loved each other in life, and you were able to comfort him when he died.'

It was now three years since I had come home and written to Henry telling him of Carl's death. At his invitation I had gone to spend a weekend with him. We talked well into the night after my arrival, and when I left he asked me to come again soon. However, a week had scarcely gone when I received a letter from him asking me to come down for good as his partner, looking after the administrative side of the business.

Those three years have gone in a flash, three years of hard work to build up a flourishing business. We have been successful in our efforts, but above all we have been successful in building up our own personal happiness. Maybe that's what Carl wanted when he realized he was dying. But he is not dead — his spirit abides with us.

A Violinist finds Friendship

Paganini, aged thirty-two, and disgusted by the squalid aftermath of a female entanglement, wrote to his lawyer, the illustrious Signor Luigi Gulielmo Geremi: «the kiss I send you comes from my heart . . . all the sirens in the world may go to the devil. All I care for is the continuance of your friendship». Two years later, after a long separation, he wrote: «Let me soon have the joy of clasping you to my heart . . . Love me as I love you».

At Placentia he met Lipinsky, a polish Violinist of whom he said: «He hardly ever leaves me, he adores me».

From Warsaw, aged forty-eight he wrote to Geremi: «My heart leapt when I saw your writing . . . I am still a bachelor. It is more than two years since I looked at a woman. My only happiness is the knowledge that you are my faithful friend.»

Later on, having received two wreaths at Strasburg, he said: «I shall keep the more elaborate to place on the head of my friend Geremi».

From London he wrote: «Do not cease to love me. I live only for you and for my son.» Back in Italy, he wrote: «Without you I am a body without a soul», and «I hope to have the happiness of embracing you again — a consolation which may almost be compared to the bliss of lovely and genuine music». Even after Geremi's marriage he wrote: «Amico pregiatissimo — carissimo . . . amatissimo . . ., I beseech you to love me».

To the very end of a tragic life Geremi was indeed faithful to his temperamental friend.

Beuno.

(Paganini: Renée de Saussine).