





















MAY 1876. LONDON.

MY FRIENDS SAY I AM A MISANTHROPE. THEY ARE WRONG. IT IS SIMPLY THAT FOR SOMEONE TO CATCH MY ATTENTION, HE MUST HAVE QUALITIES BEYOND THE ORDINARY.

HE MUST HAVE SOME LITTLE THING THAT MAKES HIM SPECIAL, IF NOT EXCEPTIONAL.

RON JANTSCHER IS ONE OF THEM. HE'S NOT ONLY A CHARMING BOY, BUT ALSO A VIRTUOSO.

HE IS SO POISED, HE MAKES PLAYING THE VIOLIN SEEM EASY. I AM IN A POSITION TO SAY IT IS NOT.

I COULD PRACTICE FOR TEN YEARS, BUT I WOULD NEVER ACHIEVE THIS PERFECTION.

I DON'T ENVY HIM. ON THE CONTRARY, I AM A GOOD AUDIENCE. IT IS BETTER TO ENJOY THE TALENT OF OTHERS THAN TO BE JEALOUS OF IT.

REALLY, THIS KID IS IMPRESSIVE. HE DESERVES THIS OPPORTUNITY.

THAT COMPLIMENT, COMING FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT MUSIC, COULDN'T SOUND MORE HOLLOW.