



*Mozart's house, Vienne, in 1787*

A MELODY RESONATED IN THE WHOLE HOME.

Mozart had been playing the piano since the beginning of the day. He was composing a new symphony, the 39<sup>th</sup>. He was sitting near his piano in the middle of the empty room. There were a lot of papers on the floor. He was very frustrated for not being able to find the perfect music note for the beginning of his new symphony. He couldn't find what he was searching, he tore up his paper in a fit of anger.

Suddenly, Helmut, his butler, told him that someone had just knocked on the door.

- Who is he? Mozart asked,
- He is a young student, called Ludwig van Beethoven, the butler answered.
- Let he come in.

A young man came. He was very impressed and intimidated because of Mozart's reputation. The student bowed before Amadeus Mozart:

- Nice to meet you Sir! Beethoven said.
- Same for me, but let me ask you something: Why are you here?
- I would like to take some harpsichord's lessons with you. I have been sent by my teacher and he told me that you could be a very good master, he said, looking down.

Flattered, Mozart replied:

- Could you show me what you can do ? It would be better for me to assess your level.

Then, Beethoven obeyed him and sat on the piano's stool. He started to play a little tune that he had learnt some time before with his former teacher.

The young student had nimble fingers and they ran over the keys. He was very clever with his hands. The music was sweet and it reminded Mozart of his childhood in Salzburg. He really enjoyed his melody and was moved because he thought about his father who had died three weeks before. That's why he couldn't find inspiration and he fell in a deep sadness. Beethoven saw the sentimental state of the greatest pianist and stopped the music.

- What's going on? Are you okay?

- Hum... Yeah.. Oh.. Not really. I lost my father recently and your music reminds me of old times and happy moments with him.

He spoke with a voice full of emotion:

-I'm sorry...

Beethoven blushed, embarrassed, knowing not what to say. Suddenly, a loud noise resounded in the back of the room.

-Shit!

A grunt rang out. The two pianists turned round quickly and saw Helmut lying on the floor, a cat stuck between his legs, a pile of music scores scattered on the floor. He was very ridiculous and ashamed. Beethoven and Mozart howled with laughter, breaking the sad mood. Now that they were relaxed, they changed topics and started to speak about Beethoven's project. He explained his ambition.

- Well, I'm trying to play good music for one day to be able to introduce myself in front of His Majesty. It's my ultimate goal and then, with his gratitude, maybe I could do lots of concertos! I really will appreciate to be your student because you are as an example for me. I wish I could be

one day as talented as you. This has been my dream since I was five years old.

- Great! You just made my day. I would be happy to help you and to be your teacher. I saw that you had good start and it won't be too difficult for me

- Thank you.

- Come back tomorrow, I will teach you your first true lesson.

Then, days followed on, until Beethoven was ready. He had really improved since their first meeting, now he could play any score without difficulty. His swift improving was the result of his long-term work. He didn't see the time spent with his master. Each day he came for his new lesson and each day he progressed a little more. He really enjoyed Mozart's lessons, they were very good and rewarding but presently they would be an end. Beethoven considered Mozart as his own father and it was mutual. There was

like a family connection between the two pianists. Beethoven was a very good musician and he finally succeeded in giving a concerto for the Majesty. He was on the top of the world; he had his dream in his own hands!

But soon, the year was coming to an end and it was the time to say good-bye. Mozart and Beethoven met for a final lesson. The young pianist had a last personal work that his teacher had given him to prepare at home. He had to create a kind of music he wanted, but with only one instruction to respect: it had to inspire feelings to the listener.

So, Beethoven got ready: he sat on the piano's stool as usual, stretched his fingers and put it on the keyboard of the piano. He took a long breath, closed his eyes and got going. Like his first time with Mozart, his hands danced on the piano. He ran his fingers over the keys and this beautiful

dance created an amazing melody. Beethoven was transcended. He let his creativity express itself and the result was splendid. It was a superb performance.

However, a bad chord slipped into his score: Beethoven did a mistake and played another chord than the right one.

Mozart frowned and appeared to be looking away in the distance.

Suddenly, he told the student:

- Can you play it again, please?
- Why? It wasn't the right one, said Beethoven, confused.
- Yes I know. But it's important, play it again.

Beethoven did it again, not convinced. Then, he looked at his teacher and waited. All of a sudden, Mozart's face lit up. It was the chord!

The teacher looked at his student and said, with a big smile:

- It's the chord! You did the one which I was searching for my new score!

Mozart decided to test it again. He started to play the beginning of his new score. It was the perfect chord! The musician thanked a lot his pupil and composed, with Beethoven's help, all day. He was a valuable assistance.

When the sun set down, more than half of the score had already been done. It was the time for Beethoven and Mozart to say goodbye.

After the departure of Beethoven, Mozart decided to fully play his 39<sup>th</sup> symphony. While he was playing all the memories of his past came out. The happy moment with his friends, the sad moments like the death of his children, a very sad moment for Mozart because he was really devoted to his children and at this time his wife, Constance Weber, was extremely sad and desperate so as a husband and as a father he was very touched.

At the end of the symphony, Mozart saw a painting of his father in a corner of the room. He didn't remember how this painting arrived in his room, probably it was him who brought it when he learned the death of his father. Without further questionings Mozart stood up and took the painting down. Trembling because of emotion, Mozart sat on his chair and detailed delicately the artwork.

A ray of moonlight crossed the window and lit the face of Mozart's father. It was like a sign of God; Mozart would always have the support of his father.

## THE MYSTERY

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born on January the 27 in 1756, in Vienne. Since his childhood, he had learnt playing the piano and violin with his father. When he was 6 years old, he composed his first score. When he was young, Mozart played for the emperor Josef II. He made a long and remarkable career all his life. He composed a lot of symphonies, concertos, operas (like “The Magic Flute” “ The Turkish March” etc.) Mozart certainly gave piano lessons to Beethoven during his life.

Beethoven is a famous German composer; he was born on December the 16 in 1770 in Bonn. He is famous for having composed the 5<sup>th</sup> symphony.

*But did Beethoven really find the missing music note for Mozart’s score ?*



IN THE STYLE OF  
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