

## MOZART'S DESK

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There were some papers caught behind a small drawer in the old roll-top desk I was cleaning out. I pulled out the drawer and removed the papers. As I picked them up, I felt a slight movement in the wooden panel underneath the drawer. Looking closely, I could see that there was a small dust-filled crack around the edges of the panel. I felt around to see if there was some way of removing it. Finding nothing, I moved the wooden panel in different directions with my hand until, suddenly, it dropped about a quarter of an inch and then slid aside, exposing a dark, rectangular compartment. It didn't seem to be more than an inch deep, and the stack of old papers that I carefully removed was less than half that thick. The papers on top were covered with writing that looked to me like German. Underneath were sheets of music.

As I examined the first sheet of music, I saw the name "W. A. Mozart" in the upper right-hand corner. Just below, was the date "1790." "Hey, look what I found!" I shouted to my wife, who was in the next room.

I have always been interested in music. When I was six, my mother began to give me piano lessons. I wasn't exactly a child prodigy, but I did learn to play rather quickly. From then on, names like Bach, Mozart and Beethoven became a natural part of my life. I don't play the piano any longer, but once I taught myself how to play the violin. Unfortunately, I never learned to play it to my satisfaction, and now it gathers dust on a shelf in my study.

This all began when my wife's aunt died and we traveled to Germany to settle her affairs. Since she was the only close relative, it was up to my wife to dispose of her personal belongings. There was a house in Schellenberg, a small town in southern Germany just across the border from Salzburg, Austria. It was during the semester break, so I decided to go along and help out.

"Look at this," I said to my wife, who was now bending over my shoulder as I sat at the desk. "This was in a compartment under the drawer... Do you see that name?"

She agreed that it said "Mozart," and she added that she thought she would be able to read the handwriting on the papers even though it was in an old German script which is no longer used. I begged her to tell me what it said. She said that it seemed to be a letter from Mozart and then sat down to begin a translation.

While my wife worked, I speculated as to how these papers could have been hidden in her aunt's desk. I know that Mozart was born just over the border in Salzburg. Although he spent most of his productive years in Vienna where he died in 1791, his wife, Constanze, eventually moved back to Salzburg where she lived for the rest of her life. I told my wife the only explanation I could think of was that this desk had once belonged to Mozart; then it must have been brought to Salzburg by his wife, and was later somehow acquired by her aunt. She agreed that this was possible, and my theory was at least partially corroborated a moment later when I found an inscription on the back of the desk which read "Anton Steiner, Vienna, 1784." At least the date and the place fit.

Impatient for my wife to be done with the translation, I picked up the sheets of music to examine them more closely. There seemed to be three separate compositions for piano and orchestra. I noticed with surprise that the third movement of each work was incomplete; in each case, there was a gap of approximately ten to fifteen measures where no notes had been written. I pointed this out to my wife, and she said that I would understand when I read the letter, which she was almost finished translating. Finally, she handed me the paper, and I eagerly began to read:

It has been a year since I have known that I would write this letter. Sometimes I *know* things—they come into my mind spontaneously, in the same way that I often compose my music. I have always felt that they came from a divine spirit within myself. It was a long time before I realized that most men do not have the same ability to know things, and I am grateful for this gift. I have been a good Catholic, but I have always felt that there is more to religion than the priests speak about. That is why I joined the Freemasons who helped me explain what I have always believed: that this life is but a small fragment of our total existence, and that our self is, in turn, a fragment of the Divine Spirit which is the foundation of everything that exists. I have tried to express this sense of “divine oneness” in my music, but now I wish to express it in another way. I tried to accomplish this when I buried my starling, but other than a few of my lodge brothers, no one understood. Those who know me will agree that I am not a morbid person, but I have always been aware of death. Many people who were close to me have died, and I know that my own passing will happen sooner than people expect.

I also *know* that death is not the end. When I was nine years old and I was ill with typhus, I had a strange vision. First, I looked down and saw myself in bed, next to the chair where my mother sat. Then, I was moving through a sort of a tunnel, until I saw a light that I knew was God. I felt His love, and He talked to me without words. He told me that I must not fear death, because our life is like a living jewel with many facets—sometimes we are focused in one facet, and then in another. I looked back at my life, as though there was no time as we know it. Finally, I was told that I would have to go back, and then I found myself in my body again. I will always remember that feeling of love, and will I also remember what I was told.

Now that I am coming closer to the time of my death, I want to do something that will bring reassurance and consolation to others. For this reason I wrote my last three symphonies (I am aware that they will be my last) which represent, in turn, the struggle for life, the pain of death, and the joy of rebirth. Now I have composed three parallel works—three piano concertos—which I have copied here, except for a small portion of the third movement. (As always, the entire composition is present in my mind.) Now I will hide them so that they will not be found until some time after I am gone. Then, when I am born again, I will do what no one else can do: I will supply the missing parts so that each work is complete. I will do it so that everyone will know who I am. They will know that death is a transition to another stage of life, and that the purpose of life is to keep on growing until we are once again in harmony with God.

It would not be proper for me to speak of these things now; my words would be empty until I can speak as one who has actually experienced their truth. When I am reborn, my message about the continuity of life will be part of a great Awakening. I am not eager to die—I would that I could live to see my music become widely accepted—but

I will be very glad to see the new age. To the person who finds this letter, I say: Greetings! It has not been revealed to me who you will be, but I am sure that I will know you when I see you again. Until that time, I am truly yours in God:

Wolfgang Amadé Mozart  
Vienna  
June 24, 1790

My first thought when I finished reading the letter was about the responsibility that finding the music had placed on my shoulders. It should be published; but in order to do that, I would have to convince a publisher of its validity. And what about the gaps? Would anyone accept an incomplete piano concerto?

Even more serious from my personal point of view were the strange ideas that were mentioned in the letter. My wife had read some books about a psychic named Edgar Cayce who could tell people about their past lives. She was convinced that it made sense, but I had never really thought seriously about it. I am as religious as the average person—you have to have an explanation for why we're here—but I have always taken a traditional point of view. Now that I had read the letter, I wondered if the whole thing was a hoax, or some sort of crazy joke. Who would believe that some reincarnated Mozart could some day show up and miraculously complete these three concertos?

When I discussed all this with my wife, she felt differently, of course. "I have told you that there is some very strong circumstantial evidence which supports the theory of reincarnation. And besides, it's not your problem whether Mozart ever shows up to finish the music. I think you ought to take it to a publishing house and let them decide. If Mozart actually has been reincarnated . . . well, he said in the letter that he would have a way to prove himself. It will be interesting to see what happens."

I wasn't so sure. However, I couldn't deny that what she had suggested was the most practical thing to do. Two weeks later, when we returned to our home in upstate New York, I had decided on a tentative course of action. A colleague of mine named Daniel Taylor, a pianist at the university where I taught, had formed a small chamber orchestra for the purpose of performing music by Mozart; they called it the Amadeus Ensemble. As far as I knew, he had never recorded with a major record company, but he had gained some local recognition for his performances. I would first get his opinion of the music. Then, if he felt it was justified, I would ask him to help me find a publisher.

When I spoke with him a few days after that, Taylor was at first puzzled, and then intrigued. He began to examine the concertos with great interest until, with some dismay, he discovered the missing parts. I told him that he had better read the translation of the letter to get the full picture.

"This is incredible. . . I mean, fantastic. . . that is. . . , I don't know what to think," he exclaimed when he finished reading. He went to his book shelf and pulled out a biography of Mozart. "There are a couple things that can be verified. Let's check what it says here about his starling, and then there is something else that I want to look for."

In the biography it said that for three years Mozart had kept the bird in the same room where he composed. When it finally died, he wrote a poem to commemorate its passing. “This doesn’t explain everything he meant when he wrote the letter, but it does verify the existence of the starling,” Taylor said. He read several lines for my benefit:

“A fool lies here  
whom I hold dear—  
A starling in the prime  
of his brief time,  
whose doom it was to drain  
death’s bitter pain. . .  
And I will lay  
that he is now on high,  
and from the sky,  
praises me without pay  
in his friendly way. . .”

“Not exactly great poetry,” I commented, “although something may have been lost in the translation. Perhaps he saw the bird as a symbol of our destiny, or something like that.”

“I think I can find something that is a little more helpful than this,” Taylor replied. As he turned to another section of the book, he continued: “Mozart wanted very much to live in England. At one point, he tried to get his father, Leopold, to look after their son, so that he and Constanze would be free to leave Vienna. From what I have read, Leopold was a very straight-laced person with traditional values, and he refused to take the child. In spite of occasional disagreements like this, Mozart cared a great deal for his father. Here. . . this is from a letter when Leopold was very sick; Wolfgang apparently wanted to cheer him up by telling him that death is not something to be feared. Listen to this:”

As death, when we come to consider it clearly, is the true goal of our existence, I have formed during the last few years such close relations with this best and truest friend of mankind, that this image is not only no longer terrifying to me, but is indeed very soothing and consoling! And I thank my God for graciously granting me the opportunity (you know what I mean) of learning that death is the *key* which unlocks the door to our true happiness. I never lie down at night without reflecting that—young as I am—I may not live to see another day. Yet no one of all my acquaintances could say that in company I am morose or disgruntled. For this blessing I daily thank my Creator and wish with all my heart that each one of my fellow creatures could enjoy it. . .

“As I thought,” Taylor commented, “there are several similarities between this letter and the one you discovered. The most obvious is his idea that death is actually something positive and, also, his wish to have others share this belief. Then, there is his statement that he is not a gloomy person, and the fact that he is thinking about his own death. All these similarities speak in favor of the authenticity of the letter you found.”

“What do you suppose he is talking about when he mentions the opportunity to learn about death, and then says that his father will know what he means? That sounds like it must be something they have discussed before.”

“Yes, I agree,” Taylor responded. “I think that his biographers usually assume this is a reference to the fact that his father was also a mason. The masons believe in life after death and also in reincarnation. However, now that I have read the letter you found, I think he may be referring to some sort of “near death” experience that he must have had when he was sick with typhus. Leopold would have known about that, and it certainly fits the experience he describes in the letter.”

“You know about that sort of thing?” I asked, somewhat surprised.

“Oh, yes,” he said with a smile, as if to excuse himself. “Quite a few people have had experiences like the one Mozart talks about. I can loan you a book if you want to read about it. The skeptics say that it is just a hallucination, but then you have to wonder why so many different people had the same hallucination, if in fact that’s what it is.”

“Yes, my wife talks about things like that. But before we get carried away with all these esoteric theories, what do you think about the music? Will anyone ever publish it like that?”

“You mean the missing parts? . . . Yes, I think so. But the first thing we have to do is try to determine if it was actually written by Mozart. Would you let me make a copy? I want to play it of course—I can hardly wait to hear what it sounds like—and there are several people I would like to show it to. It may take a little time.”

For the next several weeks, I had the impression that, other than his teaching, Daniel spent most of his time practicing the concertos. He said that they were indeed parallel to Mozart’s last three symphonies; not only were they written with the same key signature—B flat, G minor, and C major—but the thematic development was also very similar. In his opinion, one could make a convincing argument for the claim that the symphonies and the concertos were all written by the same person. He said that the gaps came right in the middle of the development section of the third movement and, although you could make an educated guess as to what might have been intended, the way it had been cut would make it difficult to write something that matched with what preceded and what followed. You could do it,” he said, “but I doubt that you could convince anyone by making them absolutely certain it was part of the original. The important thing now, though, is to get this music recorded. If the real Mozart is around, he will come forth and give us the missing parts. Then the critics can make their own judgment.”

Not wanting to find out if he considered that a real possibility, I asked if he had heard from the people to whom he had sent a copy of the music. He said that one person had asked for a sample of the paper on which the music and the letter were written. But he was still waiting to hear from them. In the meantime, he said had decided to perform the concertos with his own chamber group.

“It will be another month before we are ready for the concert, but that will give us time to get some publicity. If we can attract enough attention, we will have a better chance to get a recording contract.”

While the preparations for the concert went forward, I took the responsibility for contacting the media. I can't say that the response was always positive, but many people were interested, even before the performance. In the beginning, most of the attention was only local, but the night of the performance I was interviewed by several large, metropolitan newspapers and one television network. Another thing that surprised me was the presence Sir Charles Barrows, the well-known English conductor whose orchestra had already recorded most of Mozart's major works. As we were leaving the concert hall, Sir Charles approached me, and while we were speaking our picture was taken by several photographers. He made it clear by his remarks that his own orchestra would not be able to perform the concertos at this time because of other commitments, but I had the impression that his attitude toward the music was positive. Unfortunately, before I could question him further, I was distracted by a reporter, and when I looked for him again, he had disappeared.

The performance itself seemed to be a total success, and Daniel Taylor was delighted. The reason for the gaps in the music had of course been explained in the program. Each time the orchestra came to one of them, Charles raised his arms and paused for several seconds of total silence before continuing. The effect of the silence was impressive, drawing even more attention to the air of mystery that surrounded the music and its origin.

Shortly after the concert, several things happened in rapid succession. Some record companies contacted us with an offer to record the concertos if I would sell them the rights to the original score. One was even willing to let Charles perform them himself. I decided to accept that offer, although I expressed the desire to keep the original letter. They agreed, so the contract was signed.

This was also the point at which I began to receive hate mail. All the attention that the media had given Mozart's letter and the claims for reincarnation had evidently struck a sensitive nerve with certain religious groups. On the one hand, I was accused of having fabricated the whole thing for personal gain and, on the other, I was regarded as a "tool of the devil" who was out to corrupt the true faith. I was dismayed by the violence of the remarks that were directed at me. On several occasions I was actually accosted in the street by someone who had recognized me from my picture in the newspaper. Then, there were also those who were pleased with my discovery and who made me equally uncomfortable with their comments on esoteric and mystical topics. I was asked to speak on Mozart and reincarnation for a local New Age group, and of course I declined. I had to admit that so far the music and the letter seemed to be genuine, but I was not yet ready to accept anything as unorthodox as the theory of reincarnation.

The attack by those who objected to the letter on religious grounds had hardly begun, when I also began to be criticized by an increasingly vehement group of Mozart lovers who refused to accept the new image that my discovery had projected on their idol. This equally negative response reached its level of greatest intensity shortly after the newly-recorded concertos were released. At this point, a music critic from a leading Dallas newspaper set out to prove that I was a fraud. His claim was that I had found the

music of some second-rate imitator of Mozart and then had forged the latter's name on the music, using the equally fraudulent letter to cover up the deception. He claimed to have proof which, he said, would be revealed at the appropriate time. The charges were picked up by the national media, and it seemed that, even though no proof was ever produced, the validity of the music would remain in doubt.

The confusion caused by these attacks was compounded by the appearance of several different composers who claimed to be the reincarnation of Mozart, saying that they had the musical passages which would complete the piano concertos. Two of them were quickly shown to be false when their music was compared to the original. But the third, a relatively unknown composer from Brooklyn with the unlikely name of Idelfonso Giambattista, came forward with some music which seemed to fit the gaps. Shortly after I was attacked by the Dallas critic, a Japanese compact disc company recorded the three concertos with the Giambattista additions; however their acceptance was far from universal. Daniel Taylor was outraged when he heard the new version of the concertos.

"Oh, that's clever, real clever, but false as hell!" He exclaimed indignantly. "Giambattista made it fit all right, but anyone with an ounce of discrimination can tell that he is not Mozart."

Several days later, Taylor burst into my office, triumphantly waving a foreign air-mail letter. "Here's our proof," he said. "They finally sent me the results of the paper analysis from Frankfurt. According to this, they have established beyond any doubt that the paper from the music and the letter is identical to that on which Mozart copied his last three symphonies."

"Thank God!" I said. "Now maybe the news media will get off my back."

"And that's not all," he continued. "They have sent the results to our publisher so that they can publicize them, and an article will also appear this Sunday in a syndicated German newspaper column."

In the days that followed the report of the paper analysis, other experts spoke out for the first time in support of the concertos I had found. Sir Charles Barrows appeared on a BBC talk show, and in addition to his opinion that the concertos were "vintage Mozart," he expressed the view that, although the Giambattista additions reflected a typical eighteenth century style, it was not that of Mozart. Another well-know pianist recorded the concertos and, to Daniel Taylor's great satisfaction and, I must admit, my own, no effort was made to fill the gaps, which were left as a moment of silence like he had done in the first recording.

Finally, it reached a point where a year had passed since my discovery of the music, and it began to look as though no further claims would be made regarding the rebirth of Mozart. Thanks to the attention brought by the recording of the concertos, Daniel Taylor was able to leave his teaching position at the university for a more lucrative profession as a concert pianist. I was very glad of his success, but I missed his company since we had become good friends as a result of our mutual interest in the fate of the concertos. Before he left, he urged me to drop my negative attitude toward the idea of living more than once.

“Your wife is right,” he insisted. “Once you really understand how reincarnation works, you’ll see how meaningful it is. No one says you have to give up your traditional religious beliefs. Some of us feel that all religions have the same basic principles and that, when you get past the rituals and the dogmas, they are all saying essentially the same thing. Besides, how much sense does it make to think that our whole existence in eternity would depend on what we do in one short lifetime? Based on the way things are going now, how many people do you see around you who seem like they are going to make it to heaven? Not very many, I’ll bet. And do you really think that a loving God would condemn all those people to burn in hell forever? Or would He give them another chance? Because of the natural law that you reap what you sow—call it karma, or whatever you like—nobody gets away with anything, but you always have another chance. You don’t have to take my word for it; keep looking and find out for yourself.”

After he left, I did read a book on comparative religion, which I found rather dry, but nonetheless intriguing. Somewhat embarrassed because of my past resistance to these ideas which I had not kept secret, I began to read a popular book on reincarnation. I was a long way from being totally convinced, but once I began to understand more about how reincarnation and karma worked, it did make some sense. It also answered some of my questions about religion for which I had never found a satisfactory answer.

That summer, approximately a year and a half after I had found the music, I received an unexpected telephone call from Sir Charles Barrows who said that he would like to see me. He was passing through on his way to Minneapolis, he said, and since the opportunity presented itself, he would like to discuss several things that he hadn’t been able to mention at our earlier meeting. Somewhat mystified, I agreed, giving him directions so that he could find where I live.

Charles Barrows had always been one of my favorite conductors. At times his tempos were a little too fast for my taste, but in spite of that he was able to infuse his music with a vitality that was often lacking in other conductors. Besides his musical ability, he had also impressed me as a remarkable human being. Based on our short conversation, and on several occasions when I had seen him on TV, I found him to be a charming person who would be easy to talk to. Although he must be in his sixties, he still seemed quite young. He had a cheerful, expressive face, with penetrating blue eyes.

When he arrived, I ushered him into my study, and after we had exchanged the usual social amenities, he didn’t wait to mention my discovery of the music. “So how did you feel when you discovered the secret compartment in the desk?” he asked.

I was rather surprised when he mentioned the secret compartment. Thinking back, I was sure that I had described how I found the music, but I didn’t remember ever mentioning that part of my discovery in public. Nevertheless, I told him how I had found the compartment when I cleaned out the drawer behind the roll-top portion of the desk.

“It is a handsome piece of furniture,” he said, gesturing toward the desk which was now sitting in the corner of my study. “Do you believe in coincidence, by the way?”

“I don’t know. . . I’ve often felt that there are connections between things which we can’t explain.”



“Yes, indeed,” he agreed. “Did you ever wonder why it was you that found the music and not your wife’s aunt, or someone else?”

“No, not really. . . Are you suggesting that I was meant to find it?”

“Perhaps. I see that you have a large collection of classical music in your house” he said, changing the subject.

“Yes, including quite a few of your recordings, as a matter of fact.”

“Do you happen to have the last CD that we made of Mozart’s symphonies?”

Going to the shelf, I pulled it out and handed it to him. He looked at it for a moment, and then handed it back to me.

“Do you notice anything unusual about it?” he asked.

On the front of the CD there was a collage of pictures, including a painting of Mozart as well as a photograph of Sir Charles. “Well, that’s a good picture of you,” I answered. Without knowing what else to say, I added rather lamely, “Your nose has the same shape as Mozart’s.”

“Is it only the nose that is similar?”

“Now that you mention it, there is a certain resemblance between your photo and the portrait of Mozart next to it. But wait. . . Are you suggesting that the similarity is not a coincidence?”

“Would you like to have me show you the combination that opens the secret compartment?” he asked with a smile, and he walked over to the desk and pulled open the drawer. Placing his hand on the wooden under-panel, he moved it several times until it slid smoothly aside, leaving the now empty compartment open.

“You? . . . You were Mozart?” I asked incredulously.

“I don’t remember everything,” he replied. “When I was a child, the memory was greater. But I never forgot about the music, and the things connected with it.”

“I always thought that people who claimed to remember they had lived before were some kind of crackpots, or that they were on a foolish ego-trip, claiming that they were some famous person from the past.”

“It has sometimes looked that way,” he admitted. “But some very good studies have been made—like those of Professor Ian Stevenson, for instance—which have connected memories of a past life with actual places and real events.”

“Say, wait a minute. . . In the letter you said that you would know the person who found it.”

Looking directly into my eyes, he said, “Yes, you were my father, Leopold Mozart. I see that you haven’t lost your interest in the violin,” he said, gesturing toward the instrument that was on the shelf next to my chair. “You wrote a book about how to play it which was very well-known at the time.”

It is impossible to describe the confused flood of emotions that overwhelmed me when I heard his words. Familiarity and longing were mixed with a sense of embarrassment and scorn. Part of me was indignant and judgmental, while another part felt that this was the most natural thing in the world.

“Wow, this is a little too much for me!” I objected. “But if we have lived before, why don’t we all remember? Why is it that you remember some things, and I don’t?”

“The conscious mind has forgotten, but there is part of us that retains the knowledge of the whole self. Where there are strong emotional ties, *deja vu* memories of a past life may be possible; that would explain the cases of spontaneous recall that you hear about from time to time. I think that people who have reached a high degree of spiritual development, like certain Tibetan lamas, can also remember. But there seems to be a defense mechanism that keeps us from remembering until we are able to handle the memories, except when there is a particular need, or a strong sense of purpose.”

“So how did you feel all this time, knowing that you were, well, different from other people?”

“As I said, some people do remember. But, yes, it was difficult when I was growing up, so I soon learned not to talk about it. Sometimes I wanted very much to forget. But then, other times, I felt an inner certainty that I could not ignore.”

“Don’t you sometimes feel rather unnatural, or even sinful? After the concertos were published, some of the people who wrote to me were convinced that I was an evil person.”

“Those who are quick to see evil in others are often struggling with their own imperfections,” he replied. “No, I have always considered myself a spiritual person. My purpose has been to help people, not to harm them.”

As he said that, I realized that he was sincere. He might have been deluded or misguided, but he certainly did not appear to be a person who was out to glorify himself. Quite the contrary; he seemed to be a very self-contained person.

“But if you were Mozart,” I asked, “why didn’t you say so before this?”

“Yes that is what I came to discuss with you. I haven’t spoken out yet for essentially the same reason that I was silent when I wrote the letter. Unfortunately, the time is still not right. It is much closer now, but certain things must happen first.”

“You mean because there is still not enough acceptance of reincarnation?”

“Yes, that is part of the reason. There is a certain mental climate, when new ideas are most effective. Many things have changed in fact. Ideas are evolving; new choices are being made. Perhaps in a few years. . .”

“But how will you know? Is there something in particular that must happen?”

“No, there is nothing specific. It is difficult for me to explain logically. But I will know when the time comes.”

“What about the music? Do you have the passages to complete the concertos?”

“Yes, that was done long ago. I remembered the concertos—not all at once, but they came to me little by little, until they were complete. As a matter of fact, the missing parts are included in an exercise in musical composition which I published several years ago. When they are finally revealed, it will be clear that they were written before you found the music. It will also be obvious that I was the one who composed the concertos, and that I lived before.”

As he continued talking, he told me that he had chosen his present career so that he could be in a position to do whatever was necessary for his original plan to be brought

to fruition. He also informed me that the only other person whom he recognized in connection with the music was Idelfonso Giambattista. He said that Giambattista was Antonio Salieri, the powerful court composer who had mistreated Mozart out of envy for his creative ability. I asked him about the rumor that he had been poisoned by Salieri.

“I am sure that on several occasions he might have wished to do that,” he replied with a smile, “but, no, that is not what happened. In the part of myself that mattered, I was prepared to die. Once we come to understand, we know that death is not the end, and that it is always our own choice, no matter what form it may take.”

Later as he was leaving, it hit me that I was saying good-bye to the person who supposedly had once been my own son. For a moment, I had a glimpse of all the staggering possibilities that were hidden in the unknown corners of my existence. If this man had been related to me in a former life, what about other people I know? My wife, my parents, my friends. . . had I also known them before? Did my life extend, not only beyond the moment of my death, but also in the opposite direction, before I was born? I was still hesitant to accept that idea, but in view of the startling revelations I had just received, I was beginning to accept the possibility that they might be real.

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So this is as far as things can progress for now. Some of my questions about life have been answered, but it seems that the rest of the world will have to wait until Sir Charles Barrows feels that the time has come for him to reveal his secret. Although I still have mixed feelings about what happened, I now have a sense of direction and purpose that wasn't there before. But at the same time, I sometimes feel a sense of loss, as though a part of myself is missing. If what Mozart said about a new awakening is true, maybe it won't always be like that. In the meantime, I will do what I can to learn more about these new ideas. Perhaps I will even start to play the violin again.

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