

# *The Mozart Files*

In 1791 he died....  
This year he came back!

By  
Michael Edward Kollins



When Mozart, the CIA, 2 renegade psychic investigators,  
The heiress to the Gummy Bear fortune and  
Georgio Armani's top female designer all meet up in  
Portofino, Italy for the annual Classical Music Competition,  
things are about to go sideways..Big Time!

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Michael Edward Kollins

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*Thanks for downloading this sample of the "Mozart "Files!  
I have personally edited this small review to give my  
readers a taste of how the story unfolds..Thanks again  
and remember you can get the full copy delivered to the  
e-reader format of choice or we can mail the actual  
glossy, large format paperback book.*

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "M. Keen" with a stylized flourish at the end.

## DEDICATION

This little novel has been a long time in coming and has been inspired and read by many friends and family members. So let me thank the following for their love and support:

My sons Chris and Jesse Kollins for being there all the time, Toni De Noune for always laughing at my characters, Joani Stewart for always saying 'just finish writing it before editing it!' Wayne McGuire for being a true believer in all things Mick and my grandchildren, Kyla Rose, McKenzie Raina and Marley Michael for sharing my blood. Thank you all...I love you.

Mick Kollins  
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

“Neither a lofty degree of intelligence nor imagination nor both together go to the making of genius. Love, love, love, that is the soul of genius.”

— Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

## Chapter 1

The spirit of Mozart rose slowly through the sidewalk grate as people walked on, unaware of the phenomenon taking place. Austria was experiencing one of the coldest winters in history as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart reappeared... in the flesh, in Salzburg his original place of birth. The city was now a free state within the confines of the newly emerged Republic and everywhere people were taking advantage of the new Internet trading policy...free enterprise gone rampant...'Blade Runner' meets Microsoft'. 5000 miles away in Havana del Norte, the newly created city/state in what used to be South Florida and Miami, Max "The Seminole" Weinstein leaned across the bed, picked up the phone and dialed a number in Los Angeles.

The Psychic Institute of the Arts was located on a plateau above the orange groves of Southern

California. Built in 1989, it was an immediate success with the rich and eccentric.

If anyone in the world knew how to deal with an apparition the magnitude of Mozart it was Bob Fella. He had founded the Institute based on a bizarre series of coincidences that supposedly happened to him while living in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. He claims to have been abducted by alien beings from a water based planet in orbit around the second sun of Sirius, the giant star. Bob picked up the phone.

"Hello..., "Bob..that you?", Max wasn't quite sure if it was Bob as everyone sounded the same to him on the phone. "Yes it's me....that you Max?" "Yup" "So what's up?"... "Mozart! The file just came through." "You're kidding, where?" "Salzburg" "How strong on the meter did it register?" Bob was excited..this was big and real! "It's registering a nine point six!" This is huge Max "I can meet you in London. Say 18

hours?", "Perfect, I'll book a suite in at the Carleton...later Max".

Max laid the phone down and rolled out of the enormous water bed. Through the window, Miami's Biscayne Bay was the color of a cats eyes, green and gray. Max Weinstein was named after Osceola Tiger Jim, a famous Florida Seminole Indian alligator wrestler, the only thing they had in common was that they were both grossly overweight.

Max reached for the bag of Gummy Bears next to the bed and gulped down a handful as he playfully swatted the ass of a voluptuous middle age woman lying across the huge water-bed. Gail Torville was a legitimate thoroughbred. Kentucky born and raised, she had been living for the past two years in Florence, Italy working as a covert agent for the CIA. The CIA and NSA, in conjunction with Stanford University, were involved in the scientific study of



parapsychological phenomena that had been going on for more than two decades. Her specialty was 'Remote Viewing', the ability of a person to describe a remote geographical location or incident thousands of miles from their actual physical location. "Owww!", she snorted as the scourge of consciousness made its ugly way to her brain. She retched as she started to recall the events of the last 12 hours. She screamed under the pillow.

Ever since Max and Bob contacted the spirit of John Lennon through an old wooden Ouija board and then proceeded to publish their 'dialog', the US government had been very interested in Max and Bob. The upper echelon at the Pentagon were already aware of the work the Russians were doing with Remote Viewing, ESP and Kirlian photography. They didn't want to be left behind. Gail had been keeping a dossier on the both of them since she graduated from Vassar and was hired by the CIA. It

was on the airplane halfway to Havana Del Norte that she realized that she might have to screw Max to get the information she needed. She hated this part. Max knew she was with the CIA right from the start and was using her...for only one reason...her uncanny ability in bed. Max honestly believed that he was really screwing the US government more than he was screwing her.

## CHAPTER 2..

Max and Bob started the "CHANNEL CHANNEL" in late 2001..right after the attacks on "911" Max knew it would be perfect timing .. it was a big hit right from the start. Cable TV had been deregulated and anyone with a sponsor could get 'on the air'. Max got a friend of his who owned a chain of 'new age' bookstores to sponsor the first few shows...the rest as they say was history. The premise was a piece of cake...Bob got together a handful of his weirdest

friends who were trance mediums and he put them in front of a camera. The viewer at home only had to pick up the phone, dial the 800 number, punch in his credit card number and wait. The first available 'Channel-er' would be put through to the viewer and 'live' TV channeling became a reality.

The money flowed like water. They had guest mediums...Shirley MacLain, Jeanne Dixon and Uri Geller. Not only were spoons bent from Maine to California, but the minds of America itself were twisted beyond recognition. The FCC was incensed, the ratings soared and Max and Bob made the cover of Time, Newsweek, Rolling Stone and...a ton of money.

Everything was going great until the one night one of the 'Channel-ers' started channeling GOD! God said He was really pissed at how things had been going and was going to destroy the entire planet...in 3 days,

on June 9th!

All across America everyone saw 'Gideon' whose real name was Ritchie Mertz, become like the character from 'The Exorcist'. He twisted his entire head around and started to spit up what seemed to be pea soup. His voice was so piercing it could have shattered crystal. God had had it, enough was enough...the Jews, the Arabs, child porno stars, mass murders on school campuses, drugs, endless wars, the worshipping of money...God was pissed and America was at the top of his hit list. What followed was worse than what Orson Wells did in the 30's with War of the Worlds on radio!

The 101 Freeway in California was bumper to bumper from San Francisco to San Diego. The President finally had to appear on national TV to quell the nightmare. Max and Bob became instant legends...and instant fugitives...the IRS especially

needed to see them!

They were smuggled out of the country to the South Pacific and lived for 3 years disguised as Mormon missionaries in Samoa while the Channel Channel's money gained interest in a Swiss bank account.

When the *Mozart File* came in Max and Bob were living back in the States under assumed names...down to their last dime. Somehow they needed to get to the money in their account in Switzerland.

### CHAPTER 3

Five thousand miles away in Salzburg, Amadeus, now completely in the flesh, huddled in a dark and wind swept alley and felt his bones creak and his skin once again sting from the bitter Austrian winter wind.

For a moment he wasn't sure if he liked what was happening but he knew there was some unfinished business he needed to take care of. He stepped out from the darkness and joined the ocean of the living...once again.

Everything was so different, so fast, so full of light. The carriages were like iron beasts, roaring down the smooth streets. The shops all glowed with a supernatural brilliance he had never before seen. Above him metal birds screeched across the night sky howling like banshees.

"Oh this carnal world, this earthly domain", the thought of being incarnated back into the flesh sent shivers up his spine. Mozart knew he must complete his unfinished Concerto...but he needed someone or something, a living being...he needed to be in love again for the masterpiece to come through. As he pulled his collar up against the frigid wind and

turned left into Munchen Strasse he thought, "I really need to get somewhere warmer...maybe Italy...Portofino is very nice this time of year".

*Excerpt from Chapter 4...*

At the same moment that Max walked to the gate in Miami, to fly to London, his partner Bob Fella eased back on the controls of the Lear jet and nodded to his young co-pilot to take the plane to the assigned altitude of 31,000 feet. Behind him sat Ms. Lisse Halstrumm 71, heiress to a fortune estimated at over 750 million dollars. Lisse was the only child of Heinrich Halstrumm. the man who invented Gummy Bears.

Max had introduced Bob and Lisse at the "Seth Channeling Convention" in Miami Beach. The two of them had become close friends and Lisse had enrolled immediately at the Psychic Institute to get her 'degree in channeling'. Quickly becoming one of

the foremost mediums and experts in "Remote Viewing" in the U.S. She had acquired top level security clearances from the US government...she was the real deal. It was Lisse who had first 'made contact' with Amadeus just a few months ago.

Lisse and Bob were both stunned when Lisse began playing a fiery portion of an unknown Concerto at Colton's Discount Pianos at the Valencia Mall. A crowd quickly grew around her as she pounded out the melody, continually throwing her head back. Bob knew something was up and tried to speak to her. she responded in colloquial German. "Ach du Lieber!".

"I really think we should go to Florence not Salzberg!", Lisse said as she sipped her Campari and soda inside the Lear jet. "It's a known fact that Mozart spent his summers in Italy and the Tuscany area Florence was one of his favorite places." The Lear's



engines were barely audible as they began their decent into Heathrow airport. Bob thought for a moment as he cut back the power on the private jet, "You might be right Lisse, but my bet is that he'll go back to his hometown in Salzburg and try and find someone there." Since that one time at the Piano store, Lisse had been unable to contact Amadeus again. She desperately wanted to be the one Mozart would come through. It would make her one of the most recognized woman in the rarefied New Age world she inhabited.

As Max, Bob, Gail and Lisse all made their way across the Atlantic looking for Amadeus, Mozart himself took his seat on the train from Salzburg to Milan as he made his way to the seaside village of Portofino on the Italian Riviera. Wolfgang thought how life always seemed to share an incredible beauty mixed with an immense sorrow. Artists lived this reality through their art...the sounds, the smells, the

colors. He needed to feel this again, to open his heart to this world of pain and beauty. He had always loved the Italian Riviera...the color of the Mediterranean Sea, sparkling like sapphires and diamonds in the afternoon sun, the crispness of the cold white wine, the smell of the pasta and fishing boats, the feel of the cobblestone streets under his feet. "Good evening Herr Doctor". As Mozart looked up he saw a breathtaking sight. A woman of such striking beauty he almost gasped out loud. "Doctor? What makes you think I am a doctor? I do not have a black medical bag or a sign on my waistcoat? The train started to pull out of the station as the woman seated herself across from him and smiled warmly. "No you do not have a bag or a sign, it's just that you look like a doctor to me. Maybe it's those very Renaissance style of clothes you're wearing. She laughed easily. "I apologize if I've offended you, but it just came out. You looked like my idea of a doctor

for a moment. Someone who cares about people, who understands life, who knows things that the rest of us do not. She paused seductively, "do you know things like this?" The woman looked to be in her late 30's. Maybe Italian or Spanish he thought, the color of her skin was like honey, her eyes were like black marble, and her hair was piled up on her head underneath a wide brimmed sun hat. He smiled back at her, "Yes, sometimes I do know these things and no I am not a Doctor, well not in the medical profession. I am a Composer and Conductor ..I like to think I can heal people through my music". "Well then", she said, "you are a doctor..a Doctor of Music and... I am right!". She extended her hand, "I am Katarina D'Auberge from Portofino...and you are?" "Wolfe, I am from Salzburg and you may call me Doctor!" They both laughed as the train passed through the Austrian countryside. Katarina told him she worked in Milan for Giorgio Armani as a designer of

women's fashions, and she was going to visit her grandfather in Portofino. Her grandfather Michaelangelo D'Auberge had raised her by himself. He was quite old now and he needed to tell her certain things before he passed on to the other side. Mozart chuckled to himself and thought how there really are no accidents...considering both of them are going to Portofino. He wondered how this beautiful young woman would play a role in his unfolding drama.

### *Excerpt from Chapter 5*

Grandfather D'Auberge sat comfortably in his old wicker rocking chair looking out at the magnificent blue Mediterranean that surrounded the seaside village of Portofino, Italy. Puffy white clouds drifted overhead as a small cadre of fishing boats headed out to sea...much like they did each day for a thousand

years before. Across the narrow inlet of the bay he could see the shop keepers preparing for the day's business, sweeping the walkways in front of their stores, their white aprons a stark contrast to the multi-layered pastel colors of the buildings. A flock of gulls wheeled and screeched in the crisp morning sky for the few scraps of food thrown to them by a local merchant. Michelangelo D'Auberge, 68, reached for his strong espresso coffee, his third cup of the morning, and held a clear picture of his granddaughter in his mind.

Theirs was an exceptionally unique relationship. His only daughter, Micalina had become pregnant out of wedlock and was determined to have the child without the help of a man. She had moved in with her father in Portofino and together they prepared for the birth of the child. During delivery there were serious complications and Micalina , at age 23, died giving birth to her only daughter. For Michelangelo,

himself a widower, the pain and grief were unbearable. He immediately named the baby girl Katarina, after his own great great grandmother, hired a wet nurse and proceeded to raise the child himself. The young Katarina possessed certain qualities that sometimes made her grandfather uncomfortable...it was as if she was a small exact version of her great great grandmother... certain things that she said, the way she liked to wear her hair a special way, the mannerisms..it was chillingly uncanny. It was these thoughts and feelings that prompted the old man to seek the council of a well known local psychic, Anastasia Catania.

*Well I hope you liked this small sample...now you can BUY THE BOOK! (350pp Large Format Glossy Paperback 6" x 9" or download for any e-reader Kindle etc.)*

***<http://www.virginislandsdesigngroup.com/mozartfiles>***

*Thanks,*

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Mick Kollins', with a stylized flourish at the end.

**Mick Kollins, St. Thomas, USVI**