

All R. Artist 64

Chapter 64: Piano Lesson

After spending a few days at the company, the winter vacation officially ended. Schools and universities gradually started a new semester, naturally including the Qin Continent Art Academy.

Temporarily stopping his work.

Lin Yuan returned to campus life.

in this new semester, there was an additional major course on Lin Yuan's schedule, which was quite friendly to him

Piano lessons.

While students in the composition department do not need to master all instruments, a certain level of understanding is indispensable, and the piano just happens to be an important instrument that the composition department comes into contact with.

In the school, Lin Yuan was undeniably a good student.

Although the system said that Lin Yuan's piano skills were at a professional level, Lin Yuan still obediently attended the piano class.

Not only for the credits, but because last time someone said that Lin Yuan's piano skills were subpar, so he thought he might take this opportunity to improve.

"Ladies and gentlemen."

The piano teacher was a man, not very tall, but very handsome. He had a long braid, presenting an artistic style, and set a bad example for the students

The school clearly did not encourage students to have long hair.

“You are all composition students from Qin Art. Most of you should have a basic understanding of the piano, and even a good grasp of it. So hearing that there’s an additional piano course this semester, many of you might be unable to resist the urge to show off your skills in front of your classmates, right?”

Those were the opening remarks of the piano teacher’s first class.

Just one sentence touched the hearts of many people in the class.

Then he introduced himself: “My name is Huang Benyu, you can call me Mr. Huang, and I’ll be your piano teacher.”

Fifty students in the class applauded.

Huang Benyu gave a slight smile: “Every year, the students in the composing department think they are very good in the first piano lesson. Put away those thoughts. Just because you have some piano foundation doesn’t mean you can take my class lightly. Aside from Gu Xi whom I think I can’t reach, all other students should learn earnestly, because you all still have a long way to go!”

This was a show of authority.

Huang Benyu sat lazily on the chair: “You studied the theory last semester. In this class, we will learn a piece. Let’s start with something relatively simple, and fulfill some people’s desire to show off. You all know Qin Melody1, right?”

The students nodded.

Most people start learning piano with similar songs, and “Qin Melody” is a fairly classic piece for beginners.

“Excellent.”

Huang Benyu casually said, “Let’s start by selecting someone to play the ‘Qin Melody1. You want to show off, don’t you? Here’s your chance.”

Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh!

A bunch of people raised their hands.

Huang Benyu curled the corner of his mouth; he enjoyed this kind of eagerness from students wanting to be a bad example. This was an old routine he always played before teaching new students

Select a student who thinks he is good at piano.

After the student finishes playing and prepares to enjoy the admiration of the classmates, he would critique every error from a professional angle, brutally hitting the student's confidence, letting these students understand that their skills are not as high as they think.

Tsk, tsk.

Just look at how excited this bunch is.

Their adrenaline and hormones must be over the top, right?

They're just like how I was when I was young. They all probably have the idea to show off in front of their classmates, especially those students in the first row, all raising their hands....

Huh?

Huang Benyu suddenly noticed that among the students in the first row, there was one who did not raise his hand?

Huang Benyu looked at Lin Yuan, who stood out for his not raising hand' and the fact that he was more good-looking.

Not raising your hand is the anti-routing?

Such a smart but mistaken kid, I'll choose you to be the unlucky one, Huang Benyu looked at Lin Yuan who did not raise his hand: "Do you know how to play it?"

Lin Yuan said, "A little."

As expected, it's the anti-routine, clearly knowing how to play but not raising hands, when everyone else is raising their hands, you stand out for not doing so, you've successfully caught my attention.

Huang Benyu said, "Then you come and try it?"

"Okay."

Lin Yuan reluctantly got up.

He found this teacher very strange, about eighty percent of the class raised their hands, yet he insisted on letting him, who didn't raise his hand, go up.

"Eh."

The other students, seeing that they were not chosen, lowered their hands somewhat disappointed.

Lin Yuan sat at the piano.

He had learned "Qin Melody" so he actually knew how to play it. However, this song has many versions. Since the teacher did not specify a version, Lin Yuan simply chose a version he liked.

The five fingers spread wide.

The right hand struck the key.

The first chord resounded heavily, strong and forceful, as Lin Yuan's left hand followed, his ten fingers leaping over the piano keys.

“A rearranged version of ‘Qin Melody ?”

Huang Benyu arched an eyebrow, Lin Yuan had chosen a version with high difficulty among the countless versions of this piece, a version, which even he himself did not dare to guarantee he could play well.

Lin Yuan was immersed in the performance.

The flowing notes, like arrows dancing in the sky, were not at all abrupt amidst the clear contrasts of loud and soft tones, and the round, deep tones that were interspersed.

Huang Benyu's expression gradually changed.

As the piece reached the tenth measure, the music under Lin Yuan's fingers displayed amazing elasticity, with hardly any false notes. There were some Sticky notes in the middle, but Huang Benyu knew that he could not avoid these occasional sticky notes either.

Mature performance techniques...

The small notes under Lin Yuan's treatment were incredibly delicate, the clear musical phrases and perfect outlining of the motif brilliantly interpreted the musical idea.

Not just Huang Benyu.

The students seated in the lecture hall also couldn't help but widen their eyes, with some of the girls looking at Lin Yuan, their eyes slightly hazy.

“The final passage.”

When a certain long note sounded, the students who were familiar with this piece felt it simultaneously. This was the ending of the song, also the most emotional part of the piece.

Reluctance.

Regret.

Through the keys, the emotions were conveyed. Lin Yuan's arms moved back and forth, at an extremely fast pace. His fingers hit the keys almost in an impact mode then ended the piece with a mournful tone.

The body sat straight.

Lin Yuan finished playing.

Anyone with a little understanding of the piano would know how amazing Lin Yuan's performance just now was. Everyone applauded, and Huang Benyu couldn't help but stand up, his mind a little confused.

What?

What the hell is this?

You call this a little skill?

Is this what your little' looks like?

it's hard to be a teacher at Qin Art!

There's already Gu Xi, who never attends his piano class, yet he still needs to award credits. He's a rare piano prodigy who has performed on the Golden Hall, which Huang has always wished for

Although it's not good to say this, Huang Benyu actually doesn't want Gu Xi to attend his class, because whenever Gu Xi is in the audience, he always fears that the former will suddenly stand up to teach him how to play the piano.

How did another monster student pop up now?

His skill is in no way inferior to mine!

How7 will I teach this piano class in the future?

After the applause subsided.

in the silent classroom, Huang Benyu swallowed hard, then coughed and laughed, “If you all are at this level now7, then I will go to the principal’s office in the neighboring teaching building and resign immediately.”

The crowd burst into laughter.

Huang Benyu asked Lin Yuan, “What’s your name?”

“Lin Yuan.”

“Who did you learn piano from?”

“My mom,” Lin Yuan lied calmly.

Huang Benyu’s attitude changed significantly, “Which master is your mother?”

At this moment, the names of numerous current piano masters who have performed at the Golden Hall appeared in his mind.

After thinking for a moment, Lin Yuan replied, “The music teacher of the third class in the fourth grade of Yongning Village s Hope Elementary School..”