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Sam The Messiah Man
Version of December 2013

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5 A.M.: the early morning of December 15, 1985. Frosty and still. Walking about the living-room in his bedclothes *Sam Goldberg, violinist*, vacantly absorbed the miraculous snow-flake ballets descending from the high heavens to their earthly melt. Gazing through the tall French windows of his stately house in Concord, Massachusetts, Sam watched the streetlights flicker and go out. Plenty of time remained before he would be going down through the basement to the garage to warm up the car.

The drive to Logan Airport to catch the plane to Denver would begin at 7:30 . After arranging to park his car there for 10 days, he would board the flight to Denver. He was expected there before noon (local time) to preside over a performance of Handel's *Messiah* with the Colorado Symphony Orchestra.

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"Breakfast is ready, Sam!"

"Be there in a minute, Sharon!" Sam returned to the bathroom and washed up at the sink. The heavy demand for his talents would keep him in the West for the next eight days. Then he was due back in the Boston area for the Christmas day concert with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He and Sharon looked forward to spending the rest of that day with their 3 children, Abe, Simon and Rebecca, all grown to maturity with their own families and concerns. He'd already reserved a table for the family at an upscale kosher restaurant in Brookline.

A brief respite! *After* Christmas, Sam wasn't expected home again until January 11th. The interim would send him trekking through snowstorms to engagements across the country and a few in Canada and England.

Sam dried his face with a towel, threw on a bathrobe and slippers, and shuffled into the dining-room. Walking to the fireplace he paused to adjust the Hanukah decorations on the mantelpiece. Once again he compared his watch with the reading from a small pendulum clock: 5:30 AM.

As he lowered himself into a chair at the dinner table, Sam emitted a fervent sigh of contentment. The aroma of coffee and

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clatter of dishware signaled Sharon's imminent arrival. While he waited, Sam re-lived (as he was so fond of doing) graduation , in June of 1946, at the top of his class at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, when so many honors had been heaped upon him. He chuckled at the high hopes that teachers, family and fellow students alike had placed in him, and simpered as he contemplated, once more, *the cleverness with which he had disappointed them all !!*

Even Sam could not resist dropping a few tears as the faces of the teachers beloved of his youth rose up again before his mind's eye: kind, dumpy and wise Professor Baumgartner, chairman of Violin ; the brilliant, exquisitely groomed Professor Spinelli: Composition; Professor Lutoslowski, always in a hurry, never on time: Piano. Sam's laugh combined a mixture of sympathy and scorn!

Each and every one) would work like a HORSE at the plough and *Starve For ART!* But HE (*Sam Goldberg, violinist!*) had – forever laid to rest their old-fogey European Conservatory foolishness! *HE had done the UNFORGIVABLE! and THRIVED!* Sam shook a fist.

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Sam's plan to retire in 5 years had already been laid out to the last detail. It would bring to an end a very successful, in fact extraordinary career. Age had not mistreated him. He was in good health for a man in his 60's, a bit overweight, his glasses stronger , his hearing unimpaired. The tonsure of silver hair stretching behind his ears and around the back of his head only added further distinction to his standing as a respected senior musician.

Sharon, sad and unsmiling (she rarely was anything else) came in from the kitchen dragging a cart holding cereal, coffee and eggs.

"*Like Jascha Heifetz!*" - Sam cried, talking out loud to himself - "*like Jascha Heifetz!*" He was reminding himself that he lived like a celebrity through doing the bare minimum of work.

" I probably earn more money , I bet you", he gloated , " in *real* dollars, than Baumgartner, Spinelli and Lutoslawski ever did - all put together !...And in America!" he cackled, so loudly that even Sharon, who had lost most of her hearing over the decade, could hear him:

" *MONEY'S where it's AT! MONEY'S WHAT COUNTS!* "

"Eat up, Sam", Sharon chided, "... you have to leave soon. "

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His smug reflections continued in silence : "*What was my secret of success?*" It was not the first time he'd asked himself this essentially rhetorical question: "*CLEVERNESS ! And, well ... A TOTAL LACK OF AMBITION ... Then ... A HARD-NOSED PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE!A capacity for realism ! Far beyond that of any musician I know about.*"

"Sam! Sam! ", he congratulated himself, "You've got that primitive grasp on the verities of life that puts *you* in the company of the likes of the Rockefellers, Vanderbilts , Gettys" And he smirked.

Sharon watched him with concern. He didn't realize that he was getting old, but to her the symptoms were obvious. It worried her that he might not even make it through this season. When he settled in again, sometime after January 11th, she was going to pressure him into retiring *right away* . They *had* enough money; it was only force of habit that kept him at an occupation that was no longer required of him.

...Or was he ... perhaps ... being driven by something else ? Some personal demon ... perhaps... some inner compulsion. No one understands what motivates an artist. She certainly didn't understand Sam, and she'd been married to him for 32 years.

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Within his first year as a student Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia in 1943, Sam already understood that the listening public has rejected most of the classical music written in the 20th century. As he told his doctor:

“You couldn’t feed a synagogue rat on the income from contemporary music!”

By his third year at Curtis he'd realized that concert audiences have little use for most of the traditional classical repertoire as well. How often did one see announcement of *Schumann's* Violin Concerto on a poster outside of a symphony hall? *Salieri's* operas? *Hummel's* piano concertos? The String Quartets of *Mendelssohn* ? Any symphony of Dvorcak's except the New World ?

It was patently obvious that the audiences at classical music concerts , by and large, only want to hear a small number of established masterpieces *played over and over again in exactly the same way* .

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The reality was enough to dampen the spirits of any aspiring artist, one still young enough to think of a career in music as a lifelong adventure.

Popular music was an alternative of course, yet it held no appeal for him: "Why", Sam argued, "should I devote my artistic life to playing music I don't like?"

Indeed, for a short time, Sam considered dropping out of the Conservatory altogether and enrolling in one of Philadelphia's world famous medical schools.

Then Sam's imagination went to work, and in due course he discovered a silver lining within the dark cloud of professional classical music.

Any qualified musician, through mastering a few shrewdly chosen well-worn standards (the "war-horses") could forever afterwards chuck out the sentimental garbage about snubbing the Philistines, shocking the *bourgeoisie* , suffering in garrets and working for nothing!, and live out his allotted span of days surrounded by all the trappings of comfort and wealth. The promotional work involved would be more in the nature of a hobby: cultivating the agents, institutions and grateful audiences

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that would reward him handsomely for the dependable and undeviating rendition of the *tried-and-trusted* .

For his senior honors recital at the Curtis Institute of Music in May of 1946 , Sam played the Paganini Concerto in E^b , the Wieniawski Concerto in D minor and the Bartok Unaccompanied Violin Sonata. Technically, these are among the most fiendishly difficult pieces ever written for the violin. He was never to play them again. By graduation day, Sam had narrowed down the list of pieces he intended to play *for the rest of his life*, to a single indestructible paradigm: *the first violin part of the orchestral score of Handel's Messiah* , a piece of music technically accessible to any talented elementary school student after a few years of study of the celebrated Suzuki violin method .

Here it is important to note that, for accomplished musicians, there *are* no easy pieces in the classical repertoire. Mozart's violin concertos are an excellent example. There is little in them to appeal to the virtuoso. They lack all the gymnastic tricks one finds in the concertos by Paganini , Tschaikowky or Sibelius; yet they aren't any easier to perform in public. A Mozart concerto is a guarantee for any performer of total exposure on every single note. He deliberately avoids using any of the gimmicks – popularized by

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Vivaldi, Tartini and others - that make the facile appear complicated. One finds in them no displays of brilliant effects that could be used to effectively cover up faulty intonation, bad phrasing or poor musicianship.

What applies to Mozart is also true of Handel. Even so simple a score as the first violin part of Handel's Messiah will resound, when played by a musician at Sam's level, as far above the renditions of your generic orchestra violinist, as the ravishing bouquet of vintage Chateau-Laffite Rothschild wine will soar above the sour aftertaste of "Gallo Re"!!

Sam therefore devoted 4 years, from 1947 to 1950, to the attainment of absolute mastery of the Messiah score. Every note, every tempo, every dynamic was committed to memory, bowings and fingerings constantly upgraded and revised (and in fact such experimentation with minor technical details continued all through his career.) He bought all the recordings; studied the musicologists; analyzed the entire Messiah score – not just the violin parts – theoretically, historically and artistically. Ultimately he knew every note of every part of the Messiah score , orchestra, chorus, and vocal soloists as thoroughly as the world's finest conductors.

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During these years it took him to acquire this proficiency Sam supported himself by freelancing. Several orchestras wanted to make him their permanent concertmaster. He turned them all down; he *knew* what he wanted. Eventually he was able to convince all the prime movers in the music industry that his presence on the stage as Messiah concertmaster galvanized orchestras and audiences in a way that no-one had ever imagined possible.

Mind you, this was a young man, still in his twenties. Once he started playing, everything came together; the effect was dazzling . Musicians, bored to tears through having played the Messiah a hundred times over, suddenly discovered new excitement in its pages. To watch Sam at the helm was to be witness to a revelation! What orchestral sound gained in homogeneity, sophistication and style was truly incredible . Conductors were known to comment that Sam's presence on stage made them superfluous: he knew the score so much better than they did!

By the early 50's , Sam could -and did- call the shots. He never played anything but this one piece, even for pleasure, even in his own home; never accepted a position lower than concertmaster; never gave interviews; or solo recitals; or lessons.

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(He did, however, love to give autographs. Sam appeared to revel in being seen as something of a character). In 1963, a few days before the Kennedy assassination, his combined bank accounts passed the million dollar mark. Financial insecurity henceforth became a thing of the past; while wise investments protected his old age. By his own lights his crowning achievement had been the creation of a brand new profession within music: roving Messiah concertmaster!

The basic routine that had evolved over the 50's would serve him for the rest of his career. For most January to mid- March, and the 6 months from May to November , Sam's fingers did not so much as graze the strings of either of his two prized Old Italian Masters violins. His Guarnarius, purchased during a sudden drop in the market for old instruments, was appraised in the 80's at \$2 million. Two weeks' steady training in November, and again in March, sufficed for the cruel workloads of Christmas and Easter.

Between Thanksgiving and Twelfth Night and again for one month around Easter holidays (we're speaking of a maximum of 80 days) *Sam slogged over 150 gigs!* By the mid-70's his fees were averaging \$3000 per concert, while his yearly income was never less than \$500,000. And rising with inflation!

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Sam never disputed his friends and associates when they criticized him for having no ambition. He had no more desire to be super-rich than he did to be a great violinist. His goal in life, oft proclaimed with fatuous unctiousness to friend, family and associate as "Sam's practical philosophy", was to do as little work as possible, yet live like royalty. It just happened to be the case, that this intention had, over 4 decades, translated itself into three months of back-breaking labor followed by nine months of delicious hibernation.

Sam was enormously proud of himself, and there is no doubt that he ought to be given credit for shrewdness: if there is one musical masterpiece that the world will continue to demand to after a billion replays, it is Handel's Messiah. Handel's Messiah will outlast McDonald's hamburgers. Sam's nest-egg was indestructible as long as Christianity remained a force on this planet; nor was he about to lose any sleep, worrying about the possibility of its sudden demise.

Of course, after 40 years in the music profession Sam hardly needed to hustle. Within the world of the performing arts everyone knew him as "Sam, the Messiah Man". Many anecdotes about him were in circulation. One of them, which is probably

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apocryphal, centers on a New York booking agency. Every year shortly before 11 AM on the third Monday in September, the entire staff gathers around the telephone. As they wait they place bets on the exact minute when Sam's call will come over the line. Sam always calls between 11 and 11:15. In the first ten years (so the story goes) he introduced himself with *"Hello. This is Sam. What's the Messiah been up to?"* Then he drops the *"This is Sam"* bit. Finally, after a decade or so , somebody picks up the receiver and barks, (to the tune of "Yes, we have no bananas") "Messiahs for Hire, Incorporated!"

Trade humor.

Christmas Day in Boston, 1985. The Messiah concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was scheduled for the 3 o'clock matinee. A steady snowfall had begun early in the afternoon, the wind was high, the day bitterly cold . At 2 PM , true to form, Sam Goldberg's Lincoln Continental pulled up in front of the stage entrance on the north side of Symphony Hall. He stepped swiftly out the front door, retrieved his instrument case from the back seat

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, then handed the keys to the doorman to park the car in a lot on the other side of Massachusetts Avenue.

The previous 24 hours had strained even Sam's resources to the utmost. The ordeal had begun the day before with a flight from Denver to St. Louis to perform at a gigantic midnight mass concluding an Evangelical Congress at the St. Louis Convention Center. What sleep he'd been able to get that night had been done on the plane: immediately after the concert in St. Louis he'd flown to New York, arriving at La Guardia Airport in time to preside over a 9 AM Messiah concert at Columbia University's Union Theological Seminary.

His brother, a rabbi on the faculty, had been sitting in the audience. Although everyone else stood up during the Hallelujah Chorus, he'd remained seated. This breach of protocol may have reflected religious scruples, or, more likely, had been intended as a criticism of Sam's way of life. He couldn't wait around to find out: a chartered limousine took him to Newark Airport; there he boarded the 45-minute Continental Airlines shuttle to Boston. Sam had raced his car from Logan Airport through heavy Christmas Day traffic to get to Symphony Hall on time.

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Nor did his commitment end with this matinee performance: at 1 A.M. that night another flight was booked to take him back to Chicago. Then onwards to Detroit and Ann Arbor, Michigan, and St. Paul, Minnesota: 8 engagements in all, between December 24th and 27th!

A vortex of snow whirled like a tower in his wake, as Sam hurried through the stage entrance of Symphony Hall. A doorman cleared the way; Sam returned no greetings. During the holiday season one could not have uncovered so much as a mustard seed of benevolence in his calculating heart: *these were the most lucrative days of the year* . From the long travail beginning with the midnight mass the night before, and ending with a guest appearance with Pinchas Zuckerman's chamber orchestra in St. Paul, Sam raked in *thirty thousand dollars* ! At the 1985 Consumer Price Index!

We interrupt this narrative to recall the list of principles that make up what Sam referred to as his "practical philosophy" :

**No Ambition
Good Contacts
Precision Scheduling
Unrivalled Excellence ; and**

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A Hard-Nosed Philosophy of Life!

Sam deposited his hat, coat, scarf and gloves in the cloakroom, then dashed into the Men's Room for some quick grooming. Within 15 minutes of his arrival he was in the wings, pacing the musician's lounge. The priceless Guarnerius violin was withdrawn from its case, the strings tuned, the bow tightened, the hair rosined. Warming up with scales or passage-work hardly seemed necessary: had he not already played the score *twice over* in less than 16 hours? Nor did he need to review the slight variants in the editions employed in St. Louis, New York and Boston: Sam knew them all.

A droll recording of the serenade from Don Giovanni, played on chimes and broadcast on loudspeakers throughout Symphony Hall, recalled the audience to its seats. The din of conversation subsided as the musicians began walking onto the stage in small groups. As the lights dimmed, Sam entered through the curtains at the left, followed by the Japanese conductor, Seiji Ozawa, now in his 14th year as permanent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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With the consummate stage presence of a veteran of 4 decades of public service Sam returned the applause from an eager audience by a deep bow at the waist. He placed a thin handkerchief on his left shoulder. His ear picked up the ambiguous "concert A" from the oboe. Following minute adjustments on his strings, he transmitted the ground pitch to the rest of the orchestra. Fans waved to him from the darkened auditorium. Turning to face them, Sam winked!

Once comfortably installed in the concertmaster's chair, Sam's gaze casually roamed over the ranges of sentimental pseudo-Greek decorative *bas-reliefs* along the edges of the ceiling. He remembered reading how Isadora Duncan had behaved at the time of *her* disastrous appearance in Symphony Hall in 1922. Ripping open her blouse to expose her bare breasts, she'd pointed to these same sculptures and cried to an astonished audience:

"You!... You worship plaster Gods!"

To himself Sam thought, "I wonder how much *she* left in *her* bank account?" And he *smirked*.

Orchestra musicians treasure their ancient jokes: one of them tells of a viola player who dreams that he's sitting in an orchestra,

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playing the Brahms Requiem. Waking up he finds himself sitting an orchestra, playing the Brahms Requiem!

But 40 years of conditioning had placed Sam far beyond the protagonist of this dour anecdote , far beyond either dreaming or sleeping, trance or even hypnosis . Sam's mental state was closer to that of the workers on automobile assembly lines who condition themselves to totally block out their minds while on the job. One might indeed characterize Sam as someone who, to a consummate degree, had fashioned himself into the perfect artifact of modern capitalism : a technician ridiculously over-trained for the production of a single absurdly specialized task.

One is therefore in a position to appreciate his distress when, beginning with the fugue that enters midway through the Overture, Sam acknowledged the encroachment of a relentless , annoying yet strangely fascinating train of thought. This time, despite his many years of conditioning, his mind *refused* to shut down on command. With an obstinate energy that caught him off balance, he found himself picking up and pursuing a meditation that had begun the night before in St. Louis while waiting out an endless peroration on Divine Intervention and the Virgin Birth. By the time of the entry of the first tenor recitative , *Comfort Ye My*

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People , a host of nagging reflections had swollen to the proportions of an obsession. Incredibly, no noticeable effects were apparent in his playing. Blindfolded, drugged, even comatose, Sam could still churn out a Messiah without fault or blemish. And this is what Sam was thinking:

Now, you take this man, Jesus. Just a man, mind you.
Remember: just- a – Man! I' m a Jew, (they don't let you forget it)
.... You're never going to get me to believe the Christians' "Son of God" cockamamie ... Between you, me and the metronome ,
believing in God is already a crock, if you know what I mean. I've never met anyone who ever made a dime crying Hallelujah and crawling before an old man with a beard , begging for forgiveness
..... So! I' m a lousy Jew, too , all right? So why should I worry about his so-called Son , I ask you?But you know, his birth was a good thing for me Hey ! I' ve made a fat income from it all my life... and, look at it this way ... l It's funny when you think about it, but Christmas carols are like a kind of soup kitchen for jazz musicians ... for musicians in generalLook, even a street musician can earn a living over Christmas! and his death (Jesus that is) gave us Easter, too, a real blessing , a mitzvah! ... And, as a matter of fact, the goyim (Forgive me, no offense

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intended !) consider his Death more important than his Birth, otherwise there wouldn't be any religion... and , say, when you really come down to it.. , Sam reflected, with a disturbing momentum that caught him off guard:

....The way this man, Jesus, died, couldn't have been an accident He was just a man, remember; just a man a man, not God ... how does it go? " for the Holy Scriptures say that He rose up in the flesh and appeared to his disciples after 3 days.....and they believed in Him.....and again on the road to Emmaus...and only doubting Thomas refused to believe...until he touched the wounds (?) (what utter rubbish!). Then the early Christians went out into the desert, lived like hermits...and the martyrs were persecuted by Rome... which eventually acknowledges Christianity as its state religion...and it takes root in the two Empires, East and West The collapse of the Roman Empire ushers in the Dark Ages and the Christian Faith (with a little help from Charlemagne) conquers Europe.... ultimately it spreads all over the world ..."

Startled, Sam shook his head as if waking from a dream :
How did I get onto this? Yet he soon fell back into the same train of thought : "... fast track to the 18th century. George , the German monarch invited into England, brings Handel with him Of

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course Handel conquers the musical world ... and King George the First commissions The Messiah (or maybe it was George the Second I don't think it was George the Third, that's the American Revolution) ... what do I know? I'm not a musicologist! I'm not even a violinist when you come down to it, or rather I'm a funny kind of violinist).. so that millions of Christians around the world would flock to performances of the Messiah at Christmas and Easter, year after year for centuries, so that I, Sam Goldberg , could draw a guaranteed income for forty years , without having to learn a single God-damned new piece of music ! ..or pretend that I really enjoy living like an artist, that is to say like a dog , or be forced against my will to be creative, or show initiative, or invent some kind of ambition in this miserable! Cut-throat! Ruthless! Vicious! Wretched! Rat Race of a World!!!"

Sam's violin obbligato, composed by himself 30 years earlier to accompany the alto aria " *He Was Despised And Rejected, A Man of Sorrows And Acquainted With Grief* " , was always the high point of his concerts. Over the years Sam had built up a loyal following that attended them solely to be transported by the

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sound of his lyric violin sobbing above the vocalist. As he began to draw the soft strains that raised the illusion of an amber glow over the trembling strings, Sam could scarcely restrain himself from crying out:

" What all of this means is that Christ died for me - for me alone ! Christ had to die so that Sam Goldberg, violinist, could live!!"

Like the sun emerging from the edge of a vanishing storm-cloud, Sam's stiff grimace crinkled across his face. Smug satisfaction rippled from ear to ear. He admired the cleverness he'd shown in reaching this conclusion. It was time once again to hew the line: his special relationship to Christ could be debated in his 9 months of leisure. Calling upon almost half a century of conditioning , Sam once again totally emptied out his mind.

Yet: with an upsurge of mounting horror Sam found himself, *for the first time in all his days as a Messiah concertmaster,* thinking about the *meaning* of the words written in the libretto!

"..... He was despised and rejected, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief..."

Responding to a strange agony moving through the depths of his interior oppression, Sam moaned softly to himself:

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."...I, too, am acquainted with grief!...Didn't Judy, my daughter, die in a car accident when she was only 15? ...And when my mother died while I was on tour, I couldn't miss even a single day to be at her bedside. ...It didn't matter that I loved her as much as any son can love a mother ... she had to die alone !...And the doctors say there's trouble with my heart...They'll soak me for all the money I ever made , then throw my body into an unmarked grave.....like Mozart!... And property values are dropping in Concord too many ethnics, like Sharon and me. We'll have to move - in our 70's !And Sharon, I know she doesn't love me, I've known it for many years...."

Sam wept copiously. Engrossed in their work, none of the musicians seated at the adjacent stands paid him any attention,

"..Despised...Rejected.. Rejected of Men! That describes me exactly, just as it did that man , Jesus...' He gave his face to the smiters!' And Oh, don't I know what that means! I know how they all hate me! Me , Sam Goldberg, the Messiah Man !! because I graduated at the top of my class, and got rich through mastering a single score and playing it for the rest of my career! Oh they hate me all right! "

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Like a moth returning to the scorching flame , his mind feasted obsessively on its torment :

"...I am Sam Goldberg, the Messiah Man, despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! Behold and see, if there be any sorrow, like unto my sorrow !! ..."

By a powerful effort of will Sam managed to pull himself together. Anyone observing him at that moment would have recognized that he was in the grips of a major emotional crisis. But why should anyone have suspected that something was amiss ? Although he was sitting at the front desk, the audience couldn't see his face very well. The other musicians were too busy. His violin playing was, if possible, above even his normal standard of flawless perfection.

Yet somewhere in the middle of the chorus that begins , "*The Lord Gave The Word* " , there came that irrevocable moment when the deep truth he'd sought through these two long hours of misery exploded into consciousness, when Sam's suffering psyche was rent by the force of a grandiose revelation: It happened at the end of a long interior discourse that went something like this :

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".....Jesus was a Man of Sorrows... I, too, am a Man of Sorrows...Jesus has been called 'The Messiah' I am called 'The Messiah Man'...and Jesus died for Sam Goldberg alone , so that Sam Goldberg could live!

*...What does this mean? ... What can this possibly mean ?
HmmmJesus was born (Behold, a Virgin shall conceive !)
...Jesus preached to the multitudes; those who had ears to hear, heard ; all others understood not ...He healed the lame and the blind, raised the dead....He suffered and died on the Cross , the Prince of Peace... Afterwards his disciples proclaimed the teachings of their beloved Rabbi ...What happened next? The Temple in Jerusalem destroyed by the Romans in 70 AD ...the Jews were dispersed, my ancestors among them... Miraculously, Constantine, the Roman Emperor, converts to Christianity when was that A.D..... 336... Then the controversies, the schisms, the persecution of heretics, the long line of Popes... Feudalism, the Middle Age, death and destruction everywhere Yer at the same time, creation of our magnificent European classical music! ... which develops, very slowly ,under the patronage of the Roman church..... until the Protestant Reformation in the 16th century ... Luther, Calvin... the Church of England, Henry the Eight ,... Queen Elizabeth! The golden*

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age of English music and letters.... Until Cromwell and the Puritans ruin music in England...Then the Restoration chases out the Puritans and brings music back into the churches ... What next? William of Orange, the Dutch invasion ... The Glorious Revolution! ...1688 Starting in the 18th century, Parliament offers the English crown to Georg Ludwig, Elector of Hanover ...He orders Georg Friedrich Handel to join him in 17...12 who composes the Messiah in ... 1741 ! Which is performed for the first time in Dublin, Ireland, on April 13th 1742!! It all holds together ; Amazing "

Bewildered, Sam paused. Blind instinct alone kept him at the violin, while his mind raced ahead:

"....Mozart arranges the score for large orchestraa Messiah cult evolves around Christmas and Easter, along with evergreen trees, wreathes, bunnies, turkeys,cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, reindeer, Santa Claus! ... To the sole end that Sam Goldberg,violinist, also a Jew, could! Know! Fullness! of LIFE!! "

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There was not a minute to be lost. As the Hallelujah Chorus burst over Symphony Hall , Sam sprang to his feet, strode to the front of the stage, and cried:

" I! am Jesus Christ! I! Sam Goldberg (violinist) , am God's! own! Son ! God so loved the world that he sent *me* , Sam Goldberg (violinist) , his only begotten **So!**, so that Ye! might know! **ETERNAL LIFE!!** "

On its feet, bellowing out the Hallelujah Chorus at the top of its lungs, the audience saw little of this . But Sam's wild antics were being played out in full view of the entire Boston Symphony Orchestra . Seiji Ozawa indicated to the startled musicians that they should continue to go on playing as if nothing were the matter. In his 35 years as a conductor, he'd dealt with every kind of crisis . He paused just long enough to bend down to the principal cellist and instruct him to rush offstage, alert the security guards and telephone for an ambulance. The curtains would come down and Sam hustled off stage at the end of the Hallelujah Chorus. For the moment there was nothing to be done : Sam had to be allowed to rave at liberty.

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Seiji Ozawa reflected that his father , a devout Buddhist, would have provided the apt proverb. " *They all crack up in this racket!*" , he murmured, bitterly, under his breath in Japanese, " *Each in his own way, sooner or later, they All – Go- Down!!*"
