

Six

(A man in his fifties, JOHANN CHRISTOPH GRAUPNER, alone, in a pool of light. He wears a traveling cloak.)

GRAUPNER

Leipzig. June, 1722.

Doctor Schultz:

Throughout my journey from Darmstadt, I spoke aloud to myself the optimistic incantations you suggested. "I am important to those who are important to me." And: "I am beloved by those whose love matters." But they were empty in my mouth, and, at last, after hundreds of repetitions, the carriage driver begged me to be quiet.

I know, and you have repeatedly assured me, that I, Johann Christoph Graupner, ought to count myself lucky to have such a name and reputation. Which is to say, a name so recognizable that many people think they have heard of me, without being quite sure, and a reputation as the second-greatest organist in Germany. But my hope is that here, at last, it shall be different. That I shall surpass my nemesis, and be the most revered of all. My devotion to Calvinism allows me to accept nothing less.