

The Gift Horse

Jordan: I met a man last week. We were in Munich, some kind of cultural exchange thing with the city of Munich and New York. I have this terrific solo, a new composition very cutting edge, very grand... The music swells, and there's a hush, and I come in under a light kind of staccato refrain that the piccolos start and the marimba picks up. I don't echo it though, it's a new melody that I introduce...really very ethereal, and sooo beautiful. Anyway I was coming down off of this post-performance buzz that I get sometimes, hanging out with some woodwind friends of mine in this Chinese restaurant down the street from the hotel. Oh and can I just say, that in place where the people are super white, like translucently white, I get a lot of attention. I get really popular with the men. Which was great fun the first time, OK the first few times, but became tiresome, because you can only be a country's collective sexual fantasy for so long. So, I'm sitting here, in Munich, eating the best Chinese food I've had since China, when this deep voice behind me says, "You're an incredibly gifted musician and you're beautiful." And I'm pretty flattered but still trying to figure out if I'm up to having saltiness with my soy sauce, if you know what I mean, when this gorgeous black man sits down across from me, introduces himself to my friend, the very chic, very gay, very very Nordic oboist on my right and the very sweet and protective Filipino clarinetist on my left, we and about six others comprise the "color contingent," OK, oboe man's an honorary member... I've digressed. His name is James. He was "in town" on business, don't know what that is yet, he lives in New York, loves the Philharmonic, has admired my work for some time, and and is just so damn handsome. Handsome like super-fine...like sooo beautiful it really kind of scared me. So, we have a date. Because he told me I'm talented.