

Actually, my name is Laurie, and I was born on October 13, 1955 in Manhattan. I've lived here my whole life, except for 4 years at a small college south of Philadelphia. My paternal grandparents emigrated from Minsk and Pinsk in the first five years of the 20th century---he became a peddler on the Lower East Side while grandma studied socialist thought and economics and ended up years later as a lecturer in political history. She was an avid Socialist until she learned what Stalin was really like, and maintained a personal friendship with Nina Kruschev for many years. She was also the founder of the Emma Lazarus Society, and made the best stuffed cabbage in raisin sauce this side of the Urals. Grandpa ended up owning a small business and quietly supported everything his wife stood for. {Their younger son, my father, was an economist and head of labor relations for DC 37, AFSCME (the NYC municipal employees' union) until he died when I was 16. Mom went back to school at that point and got a masters in library science and is now head honcho at the medical library at Albert Einstein Medical Center of Yeshiva University. I have a younger brother, Matt, who designs LANS and other hardware stuff for AT&T or NCR, depending upon what day it is,,,he's an electrical engineer and works the press room at every Democratic convention he can persuade to let him past the gates...a true political junkie. The only juicy stuff about my family is that my uncle, who was widowed 5 years ago at age 65, just remarried a 24 year old girl he met in Russia---she was his interpreter---and let me TELL you how that didn't go over too well with most of the family. It's only a 45 year age difference. . . sheesh! ! ! What's the fuss all about if he's happy?

Ok. . . so a little about me, now that you have the context. I live in the far west of Greenwich Village right by the Hudson River, and I'm a lawyer, I love dogs and budgies and sci=fi and . . .surprise. . . singing. I quit smoking after 25 years on May 23, 1993 at 4:11 pm. I have been on 3 tv shows: Wonderama, a kid's show where I lost every game I played, starting a lifelong trend, and the Merv Griffin Show, where I was interviewed because of a letter I wrote to Caroline Kennedy after JFK was assassinated, and a local version of College Bowl for high school teams called It's Academic. Lost that one too. I was unceremoniously kicked out of public school on the Lower East Side of Manhattan in first grade for talking out of turn and generally misbehaving. I ended up at a very liberal private school in Greenwich Village . . . a lab school for the Bank St College of Education. Went to school with children of Belafonte, Dylan. . . and there were lots of broken homes. . . smoked my first joint at age 11 . . . got myself invited to John Sebastian's place on Perry Street (remember the Spoonful?) for a party at age 13. . . hung out for a year or so with Adam Arkin . . . (yes folks, I actually have kissed Dr Aaron Shutt).. . took lessons in astronomy at the Hayden Planetarium, and generally had a blast growing up in NYC. I went to summer camp at

Shaker Village in the Berkshires and at Bucks Rock in New Milford, CT. I ran around Central Park with my friends and studied life drawing at the Art Students League. I cannot draw to save anyone's life, but a boy I liked was in the class, so I whined until my mom gave in and let me sign up. I helped my dad run for the State legislature (he lost). I met Bobby Kennedy. I had a 2 am curfew and lenient parents. . . .and thankfully, never did anything REALLY dangerous. . . sorta. I went to the High School of Music & Art in Manhattan (remember "Fame"?) where I studied voice. Spent my high school years protesting Vietnam, mourning Kent State and generally raising hell while singing Handel oratorios in chorus. . . . performed in the premiere of Bernstein's "Mass" at the Kennedy Center and at my high school graduation, our chorus sang the Ode to Joy from Beethoven's Ninth on stage at Carnegie Hall. I was only busted once. . . .for ripping a Peter Max poster off an IRT subway train and refusing to hand it over to the cop who popped me. It's OK though, I gave him the name and address of Ilene Goldberg, my worst enemy in high school, so I guess SHE ended up in juvenile hall !! After dealing with the insanity of NYC in the late 60s and early 70s, I decided to go to a non-partying college so I could straighten out my act, so to speak. I then spent 4 miserable years on Amtrak running home from Philly to NYC every weekend to get out of a boring prison called Swarthmore. I double-majored in anthropology and music, was the women's pinball champ for 2 years, never entered the library except to get quarters for pinball and was a rock DJ on the college FM station. Got to do a choral performance of Mahler's 3rd Symphony at the Philadelphia Academy of Music and again at Carnegie Hall on a tour with Zubin Mehta and the LA Philharmonic, which was incredibly exciting. . . . Interviewed Springsteen in '73 on the radio. . . . just before he hit nationally. Bummed around Europe in the summers, so as to get as far away from Swarthmore as possible. One night at a frat party (yeah, I did end up at a FEW parties), I heard some friends talking about leaving so they could get up early to take the LSATs. Never one to ignore a challenge, I decided to take the LSATs as a walk-in registrant on a major hangover with zip preparation. Did lousy and decided, at that point, that I HAD to become a lawyer. A whim at a frat party turned into my career. . . weird. So, I took it again, went to law school, and ended up working for a long time for a guy named Reginald Lewis, who singlehandedly did a \$900 million leveraged buyout of Beatrice Foods and became the richest African American in the USA. . . and then I worked for a 400 lawyer firm for 5 years, which was sheer hell, and now

I'm at a much more humane firm doing a lot of real estate work. . . and here I am approaching 40 and still think life is a big game. Being a lawyer/semi-pro singer/full time NYC survival specialist is a good life, but I wish I had a kid. I was in a serious relationship 15 years ago, but he died, in a horrific urban crime episode in DC that is too sad to

discuss, and I haven't really been serious about anyone since then. . .which is OK most of the time. About ten years ago. I became a Unitarian , and while I am not as active in church activities as I once was, my singing takes up a lot of my free time (and you guys get a lot of that time too!!!). Anyway, I try and find humor in whatever nooks and crannies I fall into.....(S meepmeep, and I think it's time to go wedge into Psychic Trivia.!