

SOUNDTRACK STORY 3. MY LIFE IN NYC

As a performer in NYC there was basically two modes of transportation I used. I loved to walk. Traffic was a given. Honking of horns...#1 I lived in several apartments over the 7 years. On Amsterdam and 97th, I usually got followed home by some Spanish dude looking and my key never opened the door fast enough. While performing downtown in Tony and Tina's wedding, I used to ride the subway.....train #2 doing my makeup and nails.....for 8 shows a week.

I moved to Central Park and 106th street right across from an entrance to the park. It was weird how in the street by the entrance you could hear the subway underground and the birds chirping flute for bird sounds...#3 at the same time. but that's NYC. It was nice to be there, so pretty. Every season I enjoyed the nature from my window....There was something mysterious and magical about the park (CHIMES CUE #8...TRACK #8 represent mystery and wind) because it wasn't a popular area, it was quiet there. I used to walk and think. (The workings of the mind are also represented by the chimes.)

Anyway, back to the subway where I did 90% of my traveling, had a enormous black woman come up to me and put me in a head lock and said, "I'm going to stomp you flat, girl, I'm going to stomp you flat". Being street smart and agile at the time, I ran my ass out of that subway station. Drums for the grip and running and bumping into people while getting the hell out of there.

So back to my apartment. Life would have been a lot less stressful if I had roommates that paid their rent. I gave up on that and took in four stray cats... one at a time to keep me company. Since they were not able to participate in the household expenses, I unfortunately had to find homes for all of them because I decided to leave NYC. I had met someone when I worked in a show called NUNSENSE (choral ahs of the god of LOVE no pun intended...#5 ...and having a long distance relationship was taxing. So I started planning my departure.

This was not an easy decision to make. I was looking for a sign that I was making the right choice. So one night, on my way home from work, another subway episode transpired. This time a skinny, scrawny, but young black girl, decides to play with a large knife while standing in the subway car. She was not as close as the one who decided to give me a hug, but she did freak out the entire car of people who just started to her wondering what the hell was going to happen. We were all wondering how to get away from her. She was like holding it and at any minute, she could have decided to stab someone. The tension built (scrothing like psycho sounds...6) until thankfully, I got off and my mind stopped needing to create worst case scenarios. Luckily nothing happened as you may notice, I'm still alive. But that defining moment was it for me. I had had it. I was done!

So I packed up and left NYC airplane take off 7 only to move to misery (pun intended). Really it was Missouri. Ugh. This painful experience (original cue number #8 now overdubbed with track #7) brought me right back on another flight 6 months later to the sound I knew well. I sacrificed my entire career for love and ended up right back where I started.....But it made me who I am today: a city girl who finally settled into the life of Long Island Suburbia. However, when I go into the city, I still walk the crowded streets, take the subway and go to the park. (horn honking and subway sounds repeated!!! All sounds overdubbed to end with subway fading.) I know I am a part of NYC. I belong there.