

DRIVING SIDEWAYS

The Bodacious Autobiography

Of

Gail Chasin



A drawing of my eyes in the Tree of Life

By Snowy Owl Woman, Phyllis Gordon

WITH LOVE AND APPRECIATION

To my late mother, Blanche ~ thank you for being the most incredible, supportive, generous, humorous, creative, reliable, authentic, beautiful and fun person I've ever met. I learned from the knee of a goddess – my rock.



To my late father, Norman ~ thank you for giving me life and for doing the best you could with what you had. No matter what, you will always be my hero.



To my late Maternal Grandparents, Albert and Anna
whom I felt completely loved by.

To Diana Visco – my little soul sister, who's been there through all of it and has saved my ass repeatedly over 4 decades.



To my late best friend, Heather Thurston, whom I miss and can't wait to see again.



DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to Maurine and Rick McCleskey. I can only refer to them as angels. I've never met such incredible people on so many levels of wonderfulness. They literally

save my life repeatedly in so many ways every day and I love



them like family.

Forward

I never in a million years realized how huge of an undertaking it was to write about my life... recalling how much fun and all the chaotic jams I got into – some interesting and some dangerous... some of it totally unbelievable. It's been decades in the making. I wasn't able to afford a few thousand dollars for someone to edit this, so I did everything myself and that's why it took so long to finish. But here it is!

These are things that made my life unusual, open, exciting, and just exactly what it was and still is – unique. Writing one's autobiography is similar to going through intense therapy. Sometimes it hurts, sometimes it's deep and sometimes it's funny, but it all led me to finding out more about myself and taking responsibility for my own existence. There is nothing more fulfilling than bringing one's own spiritual life full circle and receiving closure, owning what you've done or haven't done. It's the best growth a soul could experience.

VOCAL INFLUENCES

Mahalia Jackson

Miriam Makeba

Linda Rondstadt

Billie Holliday

Eva Cassidy

Joni Mitchell

Tom Waits

Joan Baez

Etta James

FOLKS I'VE MET, WORKED WITH AND FRIENDS

Felix Cavaliere

Tommy Cash

William Sadler

Ronnie Cox

William Forsythe

Danny Glover

Warren Haynes

Randall “Tex” Cobb

Dolly Parton

Stella Parton

Vince Gill

Cheech Marin

Rocky Burnette

Billy Burnette

Dorsey Burnette

Peter Ustinov

Debbie Reynolds

Ben Vereen

The Funk Brothers – Bob Babbitt

Lou Rawls

Chuck Barris

Rick Durrett

Hugh Reilly

Riders in the Sky

Chuck Barris

PROJECTS

Entertainers Against Hunger with Emmy Lou Harris/Randy Travis

Hands Across America with Randall "Tex" Cobb/Judy Collins

Nashville Music Association Spotlight Showcase with Becky Hobbs

Writer of International Theme Song for Hepatitis C Awareness entitled *Kill the Dragon*

TELEVISION

Two-time Gong Show winner (Chasin Shooter) and two guest performances

Nashville RFD

Creative Nashville

The Noon Show (Nashville)

Channel 4 Magazine (Nashville)

The Teddy Bart Show (Nashville)

Mitmach un Dusseldorf (Germany's version of the Tonight Show) (Germany)

Inside Out – acted in a film that won the 2002 Laguna Beach Film Festival

Gail translated and recorded a few Crystal Gayle's songs for her in French and in her key through International Translation Services, CEO Leslie Grainger-Hayes (Nashville)

Was in a few B movies performing either with a band in the background or a walk on and off the set (local filmmakers)

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WHAT DO PEOPLE SAY?

"One of the most mesmerizing and soulful performers who has worked in Music City." ~ Robert K. Oermann
(Nashville Music Critic)

"One of those performers who should be a household name." ~ Alan Mariochi (Entertainment Magazine/Laughlin, Nevada)

"Chasin is a poignant lyricist as well as a great singer." ~ Jennifer Layton, Indie Music, Inc.

"Gail Chasin has been gifted with a wonderful healing modality through the use of her" "Gail Chasin sings the songs of a lifetime. A real diva. I've been listening to the CD all weekend. This stuff's great! You and Jim Gordon could be the darlings of the industrial set. It's tuff stuff! I

loved it – I really did!” ~ Jon Pepper/Los Angeles Blues Critic

“Gail taught me how to use my own voice for healing. Coupled with intention, and her unique ability to ‘see’ utilizing the sound of her vocal toning and the way she infuses her music with such passion and depth is astonishing. And she’s taught me to do it for myself! ~ Claire Carey (actress on “Coach”)

“Unseen by the Philistines, appreciated by the illumined and loved by the lucky.” ~ The Late Tom Kelly (Disneyland caricaturist)

“I find Gail’s approach to sound and music very therapeutic and a pleasure to listen to.” ~ Walter Kempler, M.D

“I sincerely hope you enjoyed doing your Vibrational Sound Healing Workshop and Concert as much as we enjoyed having you.” ~ Steve Pastis/ Mensa of Orange County

“Gail has both more creative musical power and mad articulate whimsy than most small nations. She is persistent, dedicated, and self-motivated. She has courage, artistic expression and a heart that holds a huge amount of love. I love and respect her and am proud to say she’s been like a sister to me for over 4 decades. Gail has performed her music all over the world – from California to Tennessee and from Greece to Germany. She is classy yet earthy and has a way of making venues feel like her living room, stamping her own distinctive musical signature on everything

she sings and writes. Making a butter-smooth transition from power vocalist to the sultriest of torch singers, this animated performer's voice, and lyrics will have your ears and heart standing at attention!" ~ Diana Visco, (CEO American Soil, Inc.)

"Gail is a saucy goddess and I've been performing with her on and off for 40 years. She commands the stage and I loved playing with her. I adore her and am constantly in awe of her wisdom and humor." ~ Anni O'Brien (songwriter)

"Gail is really earthy and funky with a great sense of words, rhythm and how to color each note vocally. You embody variety, range and wicked breath control with a sound lover's sense of boundary pushing. Pretty great!" ~ Mimi Seton (world famous artist)

"If not for you, there would be an emptiness in the heart of God. If not for you, your triumphs could not inspire others. You have always made a difference. Thank you for all the wonderful music you gave birth to. Thank you for performing when no one was listening. Thank you for healing broken songs. You have always the beautiful temptress of a songbird and just the mention of your name elicits joy, happiness and a heartfelt smile. Thank you. You are deeply loved".) ~ Rev. Bob Luckin."

ME

I'm basically a lone wolf who really digs intelligent company in small groups. I keep my inner circle tight. I require a lot of alone time. Perhaps it's because I'm an only child.

I am a sponge for information as well as trivia and I have a fascination with the obtuse. I am a magnet for the odd, strange, and out of the ordinary. I've always been drawn to the truth. I respect the rebels, conspiracy theorists - everyone with enough balls to bring something wrong to the light, even if their career or life were at stake. I honor courage and authenticity.

I'm in the last chapter of my life and there's no longer any reason not to tell my story. I have no intention of trying to convince anyone of anything or of getting rich or looking for notoriety. I'm simply telling you what happened to me.

I've made more wrong turns and gone down more wrong-way streets than I can recall. But at every crossroad I asked myself, "If I go this way, it may be an inevitable outcome. But if I go that way - perhaps an alternative route or a street I've never gone down before or a lyric I've never come up with before or missing a potential accident and the inclination and the intuition push me to do it, then I say "what the hell, I'll give it a shot. I have nothing to lose".

I always felt that way. I intuitively knew that someone or something was watching over me and that somehow, I'd always be safe by some unseen force and that's why I took chances and stepped outside the box. It's not a conscious

thing – I just wanted to try everything at least once and drink in all that this life could offer me. It's always been my nature was just my nature to go with the flow to free myself up to do whatever I wanted, knowing I would be fine afterwards.

I'm extremely sound sensitive and require much silence and alone time so that I can think. I'm a thinker. I can entertain myself just thinking. My efforts to stay present and in the moment right here and now, are the thing I work on the

most. I occasionally listen to music but even when I was an active songwriter, I rarely listened to the radio, even in the car. I have enough lyrics and music swimming around in my head already and I still keep a pad and pen in the passenger car seat and bedside.

Just so you know, this book isn't about famous people nor is it a kiss and tell. It's not about my music career or my private life. It's not about sex, drugs, and rock n' roll, conspiracy theories or aliens. It's a little of everything! But it's my life so strap in and enjoy the ride as we go ...

DRIVING SIDEWAYS!

THE HATCHING

It was a hot and sweaty Labor Day in the City of Angels Catholic Hospital in downtown Los Angeles. There was no air conditioning available in 1951, as that was considered a luxury.

I was yanked out of my mother's womb with cold, steel forceps that grabbed me by the face and head. When I came out, I was so distortedly bruised and swollen that I looked more like a filthy rag doll that someone grabbed from a dump than a newborn human baby.

So, on September 3, 1951, at 7:20am Pacific Time I joined the ranks of the living and popped into my avatar. I was born with an extremely red strawberry birthmark (port wine stain) on my right forearm that sat a good three inches higher than the rest of my skin. It was hard to look at. My mother's mom took one look at me and said, "Oh my God, she's beautiful!", while my dad said, "Oh hell, is she gonna stay that way?". Oddly enough, I remember him saying that.

I recently discovered that skin discoloration and birthmarks are a way to see into your last life that been a fire and you're cleansing your karma. In this lifetime.

Medical Stuff

I realize no one wants to hear negative stuff or medical issues, but there is a reason that will connect itself at the end of the book from when I was 6 months old. I was taken to a

doctor who told Mom to apply dry ice to my arm. Upon removal of the ice, my arm bled profusely and the whole thing was highly traumatic. When my mother went to call the doctor the next day, there was no answer at his office, so we drove down there and to her complete dismay, the office was not only closed, but all the furniture was removed. The building was empty. Obviously, he skipped town. Quack Quack.

Three months later, Mom located a retired military doctor by the name of the late Dr. Ian McDonald from Texas now living in California, to see if there was anything that could be done. He was best known for his work with the army utilizing Gold Radium Seeds with a 10-minute life that at the time, was still experimental. He inserted 18 large capsules in and around the area of the damaged arm. These radium inserts the object of this procedure was to lighten the skin tone and lower the height of the birthmark and scar over time.

I am the first infant in the annals of medical history to have this done. Now that I'm in my 70s, it's become a normal skin tone and today medicine uses the same procedure only far more advanced.

GENETICS AND SURVIVAL

Mom's side of the family -the Greek side was emotional, funny, lively, wild, loud, and fun. There was so much love between us all and it was a wonderful feeling. Both Grandpa and Grandma were Greek Jews (very rare), whose family fled

from Spain and traveled through Italy, eventually settling in Greece when the Nazis came through.

One day on a dirt road near a city called Ioannina (pronounced Ya'-nina), my great grandmother and my grandfather who was a child at the time, were in the fields working. The Nazis lined up all the men and boys in the field and shot them. Grandpa's mother had hidden him under her big, black floor-length dress that they used to wear in the fields, and he went undiscovered and survived.

DAD'S SIDE OF THE FAMILY

Like every culture, there comes a time when war was waged on them. In Russia, the Jews were killed with little regard - like swatting flies. My dad's mother was hiding from the Cossacks with her sister and her new-born baby along with a few men under the floorboards of their shack. The baby started to cry when the soldiers were standing directly above them, so Grandma's sister tried to muffle the cries.

They went undiscovered and when the Russians left the house only to find that she had suffocated her child. In a matter of seconds, her hair turned completely white.

MOVING AROUND

When I was about 2 years old, we lived in Culver City, California and I was the little toothless rebel always trying to be tougher than the boys in the neighborhood. After a few years, Dad couldn't find work in Los Angeles. We left Culver

City and headed to Tucson where he could get work through his brother doing construction and design. I was 4 at the time.

SCARLETT STREET

My Mom was the bomb. I was about four years old, and there was a ballgame on TV, and I was tapdancing on the mahogany coffee table to “Take me out to the Ball Game” that they were singing on TV during the game. My father flew up out of his chair in a rage, coming at me. Mom came running in from the kitchen, stood in front of me, spread her skirt wide and said to my dad, “If you ever lay a hand on this child, I’ll leave you”. I loved her so much. She protected me completely. I did get my mouth washed out with soap (with braces no less), but he never hit me or Mom, thank God. But he did have a raging temper.

I had no clue we were poor until one day I walked down the hall towards the kitchen and overheard my folks talking about food and how there wasn’t any. Mom would always take something off her plate and give it to me saying, “I’m full – here you have it”. At that age I didn’t realize she was making sure I had enough food and doing this meant she ate less without considering herself.

One of the best memories of the Scarlett Street house was Mickey and I got to experience Christmas with a tree and everything! It was so cool. Being Jewish and getting a present a day for 8 days was too much for anxious kids like

us, so this rocked our world. We got tons of presents and couldn't have been happier. My first experience with Christmas was amazing. I loved the whole concept and will never forget that day. Today, however, I no longer celebrate holidays whatsoever because they're all based on incorrect information. It's all about money and illusion.

One of my dad's brothers had a construction company in Tucson, where his family lived.

Ours was the first house built in the area. It was also the biggest and the nicest. It was wide open desert and mountains. Later other houses and a school were built. I would hear the occasional hooves of wild horses crossing the desert and even the coyotes howling. Quite dreamy.

Mom and I would be dusting the house, and she would put on Etta James or Ella Fitzgerald and Dinah Washington records while we danced around the house with our dust rags. She made everything fun. I believe that's when I fell in love with the blues.

We had a lot of African and Egyptian art all over the house. Mom was so eclectic, and I guess that's where I got it from. She painted and made mosaics and was always doing something creative. And she gave me piano lessons, which I didn't care for – it just wasn't my instrument. But she was supporting me creatively.

MEDITERRANEAN FEVER

Mom had a rare disease that only about one hundred people in the world had at the time and still isn't recognized.

However, I believe it was toxic shock syndrome from using tampons, which is even worse today. Within minutes and with no warning whatsoever, she would get these 'attacks' that hit hard and fast, landing her in bed with such pain and fever that she'd scream until she went unconscious. Dad had to keep morphine on hand as her episodes occurred constantly – at least monthly and it made it difficult for the folks to plan a trip to go anywhere. I felt despondent and sad watching her go through this when she was such a fantastic human being. She didn't deserve it.

Watching these silent treatments and the yelling between my folks over the years only made my desire for freedom a priority. Being sound sensitive, his yelling shot through me like lightning and disrupted my entire nervous system. That's when I swore, I'd never get married.

Don't get me wrong, I loved my dad, and he loved me to the best of his ability. But I knew about the irreparable damage that screaming at someone can be irreversible traumatization, especially if they didn't deserve it. It's emotional abuse, triggering old traumas and creating new ones.

On a deeper level, ruining someone else's reality with such damaging rage is a responsibility that they aren't capable of

with Autism, Asperger's, PTSD and ADHD. It actually shrinks the hippocampus and other parts of the brain, causing brain damage.

DISNEYLAND

Every kid in the world wants to go to Disneyland. (We didn't realize what a child abductor was back then.) After years of watching Mickey Mouse cartoons and Disney movies every Sunday night, it finally came to fruition. I wanted to go so badly and finally went about a year after they opened. It was the most colorful and exciting place. It was sheer delight. I was 6 then.

I had to use the bathroom. When I came out, there stood Walt Disney himself talking to Lloyd Bridges (from the TV show Sea Hunt) with his two sons, Bo and Jeff, who were my age. I scootched myself into their little circle and listened to their conversation. Finally, Walt acknowledged me and wished me a good time. I didn't smile because I had two missing front teeth, but boy was I happy, I couldn't run back to my folks fast enough to tell them.

When I was in my early 20's, I went back on LSD with my girlfriend and 2 bikers. We were on the Pirates of Caribbean ride, and I stood up in the boat when the ride came to a halt. I heard this voice over the speaker said, "sit down". I don't know how I didn't get thrown out! I sure as hell would not only never go back but would warn parents about missing children there.

VEGAS

Usually, my folks would leave me with Mickey's folks and take a quick two-day trip to Las Vegas for a little getaway if she felt well enough to go. In those days, children were not allowed on the gambling floor, and everybody was dolled up to the nines. Not like today in their plaid shorts, and bellies of cellulite sticking out from under their too tight t-shirts and their chubby little kids stuffing their faces with crap the entire time. No, it was classy all the way.

When I was in my twenties, my Late Godfather, Nick Del Pesco, one of the lawyers for the 'family' back east in the 50's told me a lot of secrets. When the corporations bought the casinos from the mob that's when it all changed. Gone were the true Vegas days.

He also shared with me some of the stories that went on behind the scenes and how he had to stand by and watch some of the family 'business' of 'persuading' someone trying to get secrets – or punishing a betrayer hanging them by meat hooks getting buzzed repeatedly by cattle prods. It's not the same as watching it in a movie. I certainly learned that this world has many worlds within it.

MUSIC

When I was eleven Mom and Dad took a little trip to Mexico and came back with a little acoustic nylon string guitar! I plucked the strings and was enamored. That entire year I stayed in my bedroom teaching myself how to play the guitar, how to change the strings and how to master the callouses on my fingers. I became proficient and then I found myself bored again.

I asked my mom, 'So now what?' She suggested that I try singing along with it. I Did, but I needed to listen back to it to make sure it sounded right. That's when I was given a little reel to reel cassette recorder, and I was able to hear if my notes were on or off. All I did was listen and that's all I did.

I didn't know how to explain flat and sharp yet but that's what I was intuitively looking for...mistakes that were obvious. And when I found one or a note that sounded off, I would stop the tape, go back to that point in the song, and practice those few notes over and over until I made my voice 'act right' in order to achieve the correct pitch. I began to feel like a real musician and started watching guitar players' hands and how they made chords. I was focused on perfecting and controlling each and every vocal nuance to match the word being sung with the appropriate emotion. I wanted people to understand what I was saying. For me it was difficult to understand the lyrics of most songs and I wanted to be understood; hence using clear diction.

BURN BABY, BURN

On one of our trips to California, we stayed with Mickey's folks in Inglewood and one while we were there, my dad had some business to take care of, so we took a trip into Watts to deliver some wigs that had been purchased from my folk's little wig business.

The folks and I climbed into the car and made our way there...but something was off. People were just standing on the streets and on the sidewalks not moving. They looked like zombies! Dad found the building and went in while we waited in the car. No one was smiling or moving. It felt like a trip to the Twilight Zone. It was eerie.

Shortly afterwards, Dad came out and we went back to Inglewood. We walked into the house and began hearing automatic weapons going off and people screaming. We stood outside and saw fire and smoke all over the place, so we ran inside and turned on the television. In total disbelief, we watched the exact same building we were just in on the news, burning to the ground. It became known as the Watts Riots. We got out by the skin of our teeth.

THE POOL

I guess I was around twelve or thirteen...the Sputnik was launched. At that time, Kennedy and Castro were enemies and people were digging shelters in their backyards like

crazy. A few years later, Kennedy was assassinated. It was the only time I ever saw my father cry.

After a family discussion on a shelter vs a swimming pool, we all went for the pool. After all, at least we'd be together if we blew up! And it was a great decision.

Ah, the pool. A place where weekend parties took place on a regular basis through the hot summers. By the time I walked home, I'd drop my books poolside and just jump in with my clothes and sometimes even my shoes still on. It was soooo hot.

Dad built a huge brick barbeque, and we had steak and burgers all the time also he built an overhang called a ramada so we could lounge under it without the direct sunlight hitting us and we entertained friends there. During the summertime, we'd cook out every night.

TEMPLE

I was expected to go to Hebrew school at the temple on Saturdays, but I hated it with a passion. I didn't relate to what I was being taught, I couldn't get a grasp on the language and frankly, I had no interest in spending one of my two weekend days going to yet another school. I was just a duck out of water.

One day, I got up and walked out of the class leaving the teacher asking me where I was going. I just kept walking with no response. I went to the Rabbi's office, an over 6-foot-tall

man with a hovering and intimidating demeanor, and I told him I was leaving and called my mom to come pick me up. I never returned. As a matter of fact, my parents stopped attending altogether, which I now realized wasn't about us, but the fact that they were losing money by my quitting. You see, regular churches pass around a basket. Temples bill you annually instead.

Again, don't get me wrong. I am proud to be Jewish, but I wasn't ready for all the stories at that time, nor did I care. I left never to return. I would also attend various churches with friends, but nothing appealed to me. By the way, my name in Hebrew means Joyful Singer! I only discovered that about a decade ago.

THE PORTRAIT

Mom and I were walking around a little strip mall and passed an artist's store filled with paintings of children. My mother stopped and gasped as right there in the front window was a huge painting of me! I don't know how the artist came across a photo of me, but he did, and it was off the charts stunning. It was all done in chalk and Mom inquired as to the price, which was around \$1,000. But Mom wanted that painting of me so badly that she talked the artist into letting my dad exchange tile work for it. She hung it in our home with great pride, and I was delighted. Other than clothes, my

guitar and dogs, that painting is the only thing I still have



MOUTH UTENSILS

I'd gotten braces when I was eight that stayed in my mouth until I was eleven. I slept with headgear and rubber bands. Every time we sat down to dinner, the meat we ate would pop a steel wire of my braces into my cheek and Mom set the table with a fork, knife, spoon, pliers and a steel file. Pretty funny.

After three years of braces, I was sick of them and decided that the next time I went for another tightening, that I would fake my teeth being straight, so he'd remove them. Sitting in the dentist's chair, he asked me to bite down which I did, only I slid my jaw forward to make my teeth look straight. He was so pleased and took the wires and cemented bands around each tooth off and cleaned them. Relaxed and not paying attention, he asked me to bite down again, only this time, I forgot and bit down normally.

All of a sudden, he started screaming at me for being a rotten child, ran out into the waiting room where my mother was screaming at her at her and began throwing his instruments around the room. When he took me back in, he was physically rough and abusive, and the tightening was so painful that I cried and drooled for four days.

CAMP

When I was 11, Leslie came to Tucson to visit us, and we went to a kid's camp. Neither one of us had ever been to camp, so we discovered this experience together.

The first morning we looked around the grounds and headed for the Olympic sized pool. All the girls in the cabin started jumping into their bathing suits and I had one leg in when I just happened to glance down only to see a scorpion sitting in the crotch of my bottoms. I screamed "Scorpion!" so loud that all the other girls went running out of the cabin. I flung my suit across the room...giving it a little time for the stinging creature to leave. Heart beating like crazy, I examined the bottoms, and it was gone so I slipped it on and headed for the pool with the rest of the girls.

Once I hit the pool, I was swimming like a champ; after all, we had a pool at home, so I was already a dolphin. I was swimming along and I came to the rope that was across the pool and rested my arm on it at the halfway point, when all of a sudden there was a shock that ran through my entire body. Turns out there was a wasp on the underside of the

rope, and it stung me right in the armpit. It was a most righteous pain, and it messed me up for three days.

Horseback riding came every morning at 6am. Mr. Barkey was the horse rancher and guide on the property. His legs were so bowed from a lifetime of riding horses, that you could almost see the invisible horse between them. He would help the girls saddle up and help them up on their horses, but he'd subtly cop a feel from everyone, running his hands over their naughty bits with a booze infused grin. We knew what he was all about, but we'd laugh about it. You just kind of let it roll off your back because we mostly felt bad for the old fart.

Of course, if this happened today, every one of those girls and their parents would have gone to court and sued the guy or decked him. For decades Leslie and I spoke of him and had a good laugh every time. I remember it was so hot that one day after riding, we went to have breakfast, standing and saying a little prayer with everyone, and boom! I passed out in my oatmeal!

After returning from camp six weeks later, I had grown six inches, lost thirty pounds, went into puberty and now my braces were off. I returned home a different kid. My mind had not yet caught up with my body's changes, so I was still climbing trees only now it was in my bikini. All of a sudden, cars full of boys were driving by and whistling and howling

and I really didn't understand why. I hadn't quite put it all together just yet.

MT LEMMON

Barbara and I had been best friends through grammar school, junior high and high school. She lived around the corner from me.

We were always pushing the envelope with something or other but this time it happened when we were fourteen. My parents left for a family gathering on New Year's Eve at Mt. Lemmon, where one of my uncles had a large cabin. Barb and I were bored, and I happened to notice a set of car keys on the bar. So, we decided to take a spin in our second car around the block, not really knowing what I was doing because I had absolutely no driving reflexes yet. I was driving around forty miles an hour in a residential zone and couldn't stop at the stop sign in time, hitting a carload of people with kids. It was a big family. No one was hurt but I totaled my parent's car, and I felt horrible.

My folks retrieved me, and it was a solemn ride home. I knew the shit was going to hit the fan eventually. When we got home, they told me to go to my room. I was truly ashamed of myself because I really knew better. I just made a terrible judgement. About twenty minutes later, there was a knock at my bedroom door and Mom and Dad walked in with a tray. There were cookies and milk with a little flower on it. I was floored. Mom said, "Your father and I have been

talking about this all the way home and we've decided not to punish you. We know you so well that you're punishing yourself more than we could. We love you and know you and raised you to be the good kid and you are. They closed the door behind them and that was the end of it. I sat in shock, and I never stole a car again.

The amount of respect I had for my parents completely changed my life in so many ways that I couldn't help but love and respect them even more. The ties between my mom and I grew even stronger and that guided me through life.

CHARLIE NUMBER ONE

I was hanging out at Bob's drive-through with the rest of some high school friends and saw this sort of handsome guy surrounded by a circle of girls. Out of curiosity, I walked over and listened to their conversations. They were all drooling all over him but to me he just seemed like an overdressed punk who thought too much of himself. He even told me he put crushed beer cans in his boots to look taller. I spoke to him briefly, was unimpressed and went home.

Around a week later, I was walking by the TV when the news came on, and they announced some guy named Charles Schmid (known as the Pied Piper of Tucson in 1966) had been picked up for abducting, torturing, killing, and burying 14 young girls. Close call.

At twelve, I stole my folks' cigarettes and smoked in the alley when they were busy. At thirteen, I started smoking cannabis (we called it pot back then and actually I still do). You could get a huge baggie full of Mexican weed for \$10. But after the Viet Nam war ended, the smoke became incredibly stronger since it was mostly Thai Stick. Soon it was going \$60 for a tiny bit. The 70's changed everything.

I had a close pal who while in the navy in Vietnam, and emptied out one of the shafts that held a bomb and filled it with pot! He gave most of it away but for a good year, we had a blast.

ZAPPA

One day during a weeknight, we knew Frank Zappa was doing a concert. We didn't have the money to get in, so we waited until the concert was over and they were loading up outside. We snagged Jimmy Carl Black, the bass player and as he'd always say, "I'm the Indian of the band" and we got him in the front seat between us (my friend Gayle). He said he was hungry, so we took him to Bob's drive-in and everyone from the concert was there eating. When people realized who was in my car, most of which were at the concert, they started jumping all over the car, chicks taking their tops off and smashing their boobs against my windshield...and after he got his burger, we took off and headed for the hotel that they were staying at. They'd rented the entire fourth floor of

the hotel and my girlfriend and I sat in one of the rooms with the band smoking hash awaiting Frank's arrival.

Then I had to go to the bathroom, and just as I was in the middle of my business, I heard the entire room yell, "Frank"! I was stuck and couldn't get off the pot. I finally came out and asked where he went. They said he was heading down the hall to another floor where his room was and just as I stuck my head out of the door, I saw him get on the elevator Damn it. I was so disappointed. But then again, they had a kilo of hash under the bed, so I just indulged heavily until we left.

HEPATITIS C

The Viet Nam war was in full swing, and soldiers were coming home hooked on heroin and sick in general. There was no Hep C until people started sharing needles and when it was discovered they referred to it as Hepatitis non- Hep A and non- Hep B. Decades later I discovered cirrhosis from Hepatitis lying dormant for over three decades.

One weekend I was at Himmel Park in Tucson. I was in high school by then, enjoying all the hippies. Some guy came up to me with a syringe full of LSD and I went for it. I had no idea about the dangers of sharing needles back then and neither did most Baby Boomers, who now suffer from the same disease – Hepatitis C.

I didn't have a lot of time before I had to be home for curfew so instead of waiting a few hours for the drug to come on, I just shot it, peaked immediately and enjoyed the rest of the night knowing that by the time I got home, I'd be fairly sober again.

TINA

Tina and I became fast and best friends. She was smart and funny, and I adored her. We painted shoes on our feet (flip flops) and went to school wearing crazy clothes. We got into tons of trouble together and had a ball. She turned me on to my first lover and taught me all about sex. We were thick as thieves.

Tie dyed shirts, bangles, chicks in long gypsy skirts, no bras, and guys with their shirts off and long hair dancing in Himmel Park to the band who came to entertain for free every weekend. I began to sit in singing with them, and within a few months, I'd taken over the band.

During the last two years of high school including the following years, I took over three hundred LSD trips. I skated my way through school. I was completely bored, and psychedelics gave me incredible ideas, lots of visual fun and the beginning of a higher consciousness existence. I was a C student because I had no use for most of what was being taught. Who the hell needs to cut up a frog?

One night I indulged in some Orange Sunshine LSD and took a friend's horse out into the desert. I rode out into the sunset and spent the night. Tying the horse to a bush, lit a fire and laid under the stars. It was like the horse, and I had a telepathic conversation while watching the desert shift in the changing light. Every star that the night sky held was like watching diamonds dancing. Not one snake or scorpion came near me. It was unforgettable.

LINDA RONDSTADT

Meanwhile, one night, a bunch of us girls were walking downtown in Tucson and came across a coffeehouse called The Minus One. We went in only to be turned away we were underage. Disappointed, we went outside and cupped our hands against the window to watch what was going on inside and it was packed. I was focused on the stage when I saw a beautiful girl with bare feet and long black hair wearing a long black dress with big hoop earrings, taking the stage while the entire audience went on their feet. She was singing in front of a three-piece band! I thought it was the coolest thing I ever saw. It was Linda Ronstadt and the Stone Ponies. This was just prior to her becoming famous. I didn't realize who she was at the time or how incredibly famous she'd become, but I knew she was two years older than me and went to another high school, and her dad owned Ronstadt's

Hardware. I became a fan and was inspired throughout my 4 decades.

Decades later, I went to see her concert and she remembered me, sending me all the roses she received and asked me backstage. She was lovely.

NO GRADUATION FOR GAILIE

I just wanted to leave Arizona as fast as possible for California after graduation. Not that I cared about graduating whatsoever as it did nothing for me and frankly I could care less but I did it for my parents.

Tina was the only reason I wanted to stay but after she ran away to California, I only went through summer school for a half a credit to appease my folks. I wasn't allowed to show up to graduation because I had to stay in summer school thanks to Mr. Bool, the football coach, history, and geography teacher. I was always cutting up in class and he hated me, so he failed me on purpose.

I later realized school was teaching me all lies, especially history anyway, but it didn't matter to me cuz I was only interested in music and getting the hell out of Tucson. I did my time and stayed behind but right after my 18th birthday, I packed my stuff, and was ready to hit the road. The only thing I enjoyed in high school was music class (which no longer are in school curriculums), typing and English.

THE BIG MOVE

After living in Tucson for 16 years, I was now 18 and my cousin Mickey drove from L.A. in his VW bus to Tucson and gathered me and my stuff up. My folks drove my little red VW bug behind us all the way back to California.

I lived with my mom's mom – my grandmother. Over the next year in her apartment in the Wilshire/Fairfax area and it was mostly a fun time together. She'd cook Greek food, and I'd sit in the kitchen with my guitar and sing to her and we'd laugh. When she went to bed, I'd smoke pot and cigarettes in the bathroom with the old-fashioned window ajar.

I adored her and everything about her - with the exception of one thing – she was a worrier. If I was even two minutes late arriving home, she'd call the police. It became funny but it was getting crazy. Finally, the police stopped taking her calls.

WRONG EXIT

One night, I was headed home from being out and I realized I was running on fumes. It had to have been 3am. I turned off the next exit to look for a gas station. It didn't take me long to realize I'd gotten off in a very unsafe neighborhood, but I also noticed there wasn't an entrance back on to the freeway, so I just stopped at the first gas station I saw.

I got out of car but before I could open my door, this little old black man came running out of the store, shut my door and said breathlessly, "Miss, you need to leave right now. You

see that group of teenagers over there? They haven't spotted you yet and I suggest you go NOW!". And I did. Still not seeing any kind of freeway entrance, I was driving around the neighborhood in the middle of the night looking for a way to exit. It was intense.

That's when I spotted a baby standing on the corner all by itself in just a diaper. Couldn't have been more than three years old - selling dope. I thought I drove into the Twilight Zone. I couldn't believe my eyes.

Then an old lady was walking down the street in and reluctantly, I asked her for directions, and she told me. I drove home very shook up. Close call. I have no idea how I made it home with no gas.

TORRANCE

A year went by, and my folks moved from Tucson to Torrance, about an hour's drive away from Grandma's. I moved in with my folks and they moved Grandma a block away from us so we could keep an eye on her, as she'd begun showing signs of Alzheimer's. A few years later, she walked out of her place and wandered out into the streets in her nightgown during rush hour. Shortly thereafter, my folks put her in a home.

Whenever they'd go to visit her, we found her with feces in her hair, bruises all over her body and one time she was all doped up and passed out while tied to her wheelchair,

leaving her unattended her alone in the parking lot in direct sunlight in 102-degree weather! I know she fell out of bed, too. We were furious! My mouth dropped when I saw this.

We went in to complain but the entire staff acted like they could care less so I didn't say anything because I knew it would make things worse for Grandma. The whole thing was pathetic and, being that my mom was ill most of the time, it just wasn't possible for Grandma to live with us. She passed away not long afterwards and shortly after that, Mickey's mom, my Aunt Estelle, and mom's sister passed away, too. My mother lost her two best friends and had no one to talk to.

DOO BE DOO BE DOO

This cracked me up. One night I had rolled a doobie in my bedroom while living with my folks and was watching TV when Mom opened the door to tell me something. As she's standing there, she starts sniffing the air and says, "Are you burning rope?" I laughed and showed her the joint. We both giggled and then she said, "Well, keep it in the house and not on the street. I don't want you to get in trouble".

Feeling like I could get away with anything because something had my back spiritually. So, this one morning at 3am, I was driving on the 405 freeway, headed back to Torrance from a night in Venice. I had 2 pounds of pot in my trunk, and I was smoking a joint with roaches in the ashtray. The red cherry lights went on and apparently, I was doing 90

mph on the freeway. I took my time pulling over, whilst lowering all the electric windows to get the smoke out of the car and started eating the joint and the roaches. With weed all over my teeth and the cotton mouth locking my lips together, I dared not smile showing teeth. "Where's the fire?!" he asked. I told the cop I had fallen asleep at my cousin's house and was trying to get home so as not to scare my parents with a late hour phone call. He told me to slow down and let me go without a warning. Close call.

VENICE BEACH

Meanwhile, I got a darling little studio apartment in Venice Beach. It was my very first apartment and it was so cool. The pool was ten feet from my door and the yard was always hopping with people. The Pacific Apartments was a great place. Actors, hippies, bikers and all lifestyles lived there, and it was always a party. I turned twenty-two years old, and my birthday party took up the entire property.

One memory that affected me was when I went to the local laundromat. I was about to put my stuff in when I realized there was an old, skinny black man who'd died in there or was put there. I found a new laundromat.

But I loved Venice Beach. It was the first place that I had all to myself. I felt completely free for the first time in my life and had a blast living there. At that time, Venice rocked with old Jewish people, artists, drug dealers and drug dealers and it was completely eclectic. I found it extremely stimulating.

MASSACHUSETTS LIFE INSURANCE

I went to work for a company on Wilshire Boulevard and worked with a girl named Kathy Dreyfuss. She had me over for dinner at her folk's home numerous times and she told me one of her brothers, Ricki, was an aspiring actor. He was so funny and charismatic and I kind of had a little crush on him even though he was a lot shorter than me. She worked in the mail room, and I was in the secretary pool. One night she took me to see him perform at a big play in Hollywood and he had one of the lead parts. He was Richard Dreyfuss.

WHO'S IN THE BATHROOM

I stayed an hour longer than the rest of the building and when I went to the bathroom, I was met with a young man turning off the lights and trying to grab me from under the stall in pitch black. I pushed the door and yelled, and he took off running. I reported it to security and the next day, all the women on every floor got a key to their bathrooms, as they had installed locks. I will never forget that. Not long after that, I quit.

BILL COSBY

Just prior to leaving the insurance company, there was a big old house that had been used in numerous movies and films just next door. As I was leaving, I noticed Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby and a few other actors surrounded by cameras and

crew, so I knew they were doing a film which turned out to be 'Uptown Saturday Night'.

I drove up on the lot, put the top down on my Fiat Spider4 convertible, sat up on the rim and saw Bill walking in my direction, holding his clothes and tennis shoes, with an unlit cigar hanging out of his mouth. I yelled, "Bill! I just saw you in Vegas a few months ago and you were wonderful!" Then, without knowing me, asked me where I was going, and I said home to Venice Beach. He asked if I could drop him at home on my way and I said of course.

After I got home to my little Venice apartment and shut off the car staring at the empty seat next to me where Bill just sat for a half an hour. I said to myself, "Nobody's gonna believe this". So, I never really mentioned it to anyone. Especially since he's been in trouble with women.

JOHN AND MAE LING

I was selling used jeans at a store on Washington Square in Venice. It was 1973, about eleven a.m. on a foggy Sunday, and folks were still home nursing hangovers, so no one was out on the streets yet.

A white Mercedes pulled up. Since the blinds were drawn half-way down, I could only see two sets of feet. One was a woman with stunning shoes on and the other was a man with linen pant legs and gorgeous shoes.

The door opened. My mouth dropped but I hid my shock quickly. Struggling to keep breathing, I realized that I was staring at John Lennon and Mae Ling! They were impeccably dressed, smelled incredible and John's apple cheeks sitting atop of his English white skin and glistening shiny hair topped it all off. I kept my eyes down while thinking how this man has affected the human race with his music and beliefs but there was absolutely no way I was going to ask him for an autograph or any like that out of respect. I'd heard he'd moved into the Marina when he and Yoko broke up for a while but I sure as hell never thought I'd meet him in person. After all, John was my favorite Beatle.

I smiled at him knowing to give them plenty of space and not be a goofy fan. All I said was, "Let me know if I can help you with anything". They both turned and smiled at me. After perusing the store, they turned to leave, John winking at me in gratitude for not invading their privacy. I just sat there like a log until it was time to close. I wondered if anyone would believe me.

SANDY

I had grown close to an Australian girl named Sandy while living in Venice. She was a total hoot. We were always into some kind of fun and trouble. We went to Vegas one weekend and then Sandy got married and had a little girl. She then divorced and moved back to Australia. So, I eventually lost touch with her as we lived our own lives for at least thirty

years. We re-discovered each other on Face Book. It was awesome to reconnect.

TURNING YELLOW

One day while lying out in the sun by the pool for a good three hours, I went inside to check out my tan. Instead, I was all yellow! Even my eyes! After a call to my folks, I wound up in the hospital for a liver biopsy. However, there was no anesthetic and when the doctor took a foot long, thick needle and thrust it into my liver three times, I thought I'd been hit by a Mac truck. I went home after a few days and regained my natural coloring and was feeling better and went on with life.

DIANA

Diana was only 15 but she was smart as hell and she and I moved together into a small apartment across the street from North Hollywood Park. Al Jarreau was our neighbor and a not yet famous singer. We used to throw the frisbee around with him in the park nearby and he was a very sweet and cool guy. All I knew about him then was he had a piano because I'd hear him play every day with his door open from across the street.

Diana would entertain herself by going to Hollywood and wandering into recording studios with a few rolled up joints to meet musicians and one day she brought home Eric

Burden and a pal of his. Eric played our old upright piano as we passed the doobie around.

NIGHTENGALE

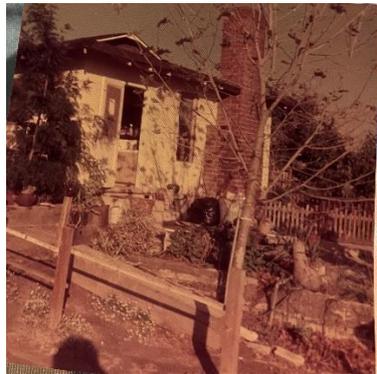


I met some musicians, Steve Aitken and Chris Sarns and we formed a trio called Nightengale. We performed at the Charthouse in the Marina for a year, and I stashed every cent I made. We stayed very busy with gigs, rehearsals and writing sessions.

That gig lasted over a year, and the Late Dennis Wilson from the Beach Boys came and visit with me on my breaks. He was a real sweetheart, but I could tell that something weighed heavy on him. I didn't know it at the time, but he'd been involved with Charles Manson's music and life. A few months later, he drowned in a boat accident and passed away. I was horribly sad. I also later put two and two together and hoped my thoughts were untrue...that he was a target.

CHARLIE NUMBER TWO

One day, I was headed to town from Chatsworth (I'd moved there with my bandmate and roommate, Steve). I was headed out for the day and was going down the dirt road when I saw this hippie-looking guy hitchhiking. It was open country in Box Canyon, and no one was around so I figured he was a neighbor, and I stopped and picked him up.



I mumbled something about it being a gorgeous day, but he was hiding behind his long hair and under a cap and never said two words. He motioned to let him off at the General Store and I stopped and let him out. That was it. I drove off and continued my day.

Two weeks went by, and I happened to be walking by the TV and the news was on. It seems they caught some guy named Manson who was arrested with his entire entourage. When they showed his picture, it was the same guy I picked up hitchhiking! I almost fell down - I couldn't believe it!

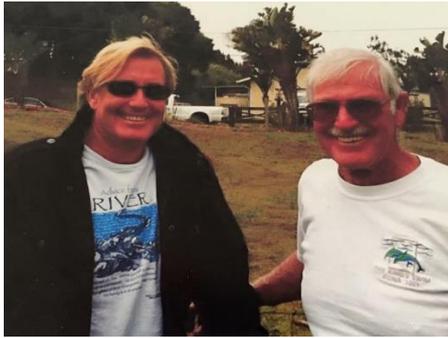
HAWAII

I came down with a very bad flu but kept singing over it until I had no voice left. I went to a voice specialist, was told to not speak or whisper for 3 months so I quit the band and went to visit friends in Hawaii from Venice. The weather there was humid and healing. Janet and Roy got pregnant while living in Venice and then they moved to Kona to have the baby. Since they'd asked me to be their son's Godmother, it was perfect timing, and I flew there to heal my voice and meet the baby boy, Ke'aloa, who found me after he was all grown up and he calls me Godmother. During the time I spent there, which was only planned for a week, I wound up staying an entire month. My voice returned better than ever.



MICHAEL

Roy and Janet wanted me to meet a very close and long-time friend of theirs, Michael Allen, a surfing buddy that was more like family. Mike was special. He was a poet, loved everyone and was a hot little guitar player at 14. Michael was like my little brother. We stayed in touch. A few years later, Mike flew out to the main island and did a gig with me in Hollywood. When they flew back to Hawaii, we lost track of each other for 3 decades.



Mike with his Pops

MAX

I returned to the Valley in Los Angeles and met Max, a 62-year-old man (I was 24) who I was suggested to connect with for my career by a friend. He had been Harry Cohen's editor and right-hand man at Columbia pictures for three or more decades. I was 22 and he was 56 at the time, but we had fun together and became a pair. Yep – nothing more exciting than a pair of defective humans in a relationship. He told me that the casting couch was a real thing and that he had sex with Marilyn Monroe, Kim Novak and many other starlets who wanted to make it in show business.

Well one day I'd had enough and when he went out for the day, I loaded my car up with all my belongings and split.

THE GINGERHOUSE

I landed a gig singing at the Gingerhouse Café in Studio City, a low-key hot spot for the rich and famous and I would walk around serenading the tables.

At one table, one of the women was Tina Cole, a member of the King family who played Robbie's wife on My Three Sons. She and Heather were lifelong friends, and they lived together. Heather and I wound up becoming best friends, a friendship which lasted over three decades until her death in 2017.

Heather invited me over and we went to a huge dinner party. I was seated next to Sharon Gless from the detective show. Everyone there was in the film business. Heather had me bring my guitar and I performed a few songs after dinner, and everyone was praising my talent. It felt good to be recognized by peers.

One of my favorite memories with her was when we were invited to a party. We got all dolled up and went. Little did I realize we were going to Pickfaire, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. We laid poolside and I met many old-time actors that I recognized but couldn't name one. As we were leaving, Pricilla Presley came in with six bodyguards wearing a pair of see through jeans. Kinda weird.

One day Heather and I left Studio City for the day and went to Beverly Hills for lunch. We were walking by these lovely little places and when I looked inside one of them, there sat Cloris Leachman all by herself and the place was empty. I ogled over her brilliance, and she invited us to join her. What an intelligent, funny, sardonic and hip woman – besides the fact she was a brilliant actor. We laughed and hung out for a good hour. Most memorable!

CHASIN SHOOTER

I wanted to connect with Tina, so I drove to Ojai and while I was there, a retired jazz singer who lived next door that Tina knew took me over to meet her. Her houseguest was Ron Shooter, a singer/songwriter and the next thing I knew, we'd moved to North Hollywood in apartments next to each other to form our new band, Chasin Shooter.

Chasin Shooter performed a lot of little clubs and bars and numerous times at the Palomino Club in North Hollywood, usually doing two shows. Lines went around the block. The Hagar Twins opened for us one night.

THE GONG SHOW

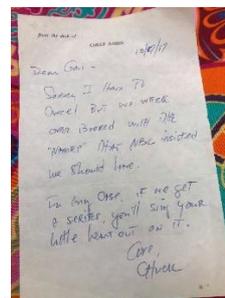
I competed in both the nighttime and the daytime show and won both (the late Pete Gavin my drummer in my band) took mine and Ron had his.

Chuck Barris had us return twice more as guest performers



and that was cool because he and I got along like a house on fire - and I kept getting residual checks for all four appearances for about a year, which was great and he promised I could be in his upcoming movie, The Gong Show.

However, that fizzled because Red Foxx wanted to be in it, so I got bumped. I didn't really care because the movie turned



out to be a flop. Here's the note he wrote to me...

THE PALOMINO CLUB

I met a young good-looking kid who was gushing over my voice. He told me he was in a band called Clover from San Francisco, which didn't ring a bell for me, and back then, I was very striking and sort of full of myself with a big ego. I blew the kid off. It turns out he was Huey Lewis (from Huey Lewis and the News before they changed their name). I coulda kicked myself when I realized that I'd blown an incredible future musical friendship so egotistically. Lesson learned.

Chasin Shooter performed a lot of little clubs and bars and numerous times at the Palomino Club in North Hollywood, usually doing two shows. Lines went around the block. The Hagar Twins opened for us one night.



One evening backstage, I met a young good-looking kid who was gushing over my voice. He told me he was in a band called Clover from San Francisco, which didn't ring a bell for me, and back then, I was very striking and sort of full of myself with a big ego. I blew the kid off. It turns out he was Huey Lewis (from Huey Lewis and the News before they changed their name). I coulda kicked myself when I realized that I'd probably blown an incredible future musical friendship so egotistically. Lesson learned.

NEIL

I met Neil. He was good looking and built like a brick shithouse not to mention charming and very funny. He'd been hitting on me for weeks. I finally agreed to hang out one night and watch TV with him and we wound up in a one-year relationship. Eventually I moved on, but we stayed good friends for over 50 years and are still tight pals today.



ADDICTION MOVES AROUND

I moved to a darling little cottage behind someone's house. One night I was so crazy (this is how addiction moves around

– if it isn't food, it's booze or shopping or sex or gambling...fill in the blank. I went on a sugar binge. When I got in the car, I ripped open the ice cream with my hand and began shoving it in my mouth. I wasn't paying attention to my driving and suddenly I heard Ping. Ping. Ping. I realized that I was knocking off the side mirrors of all the parked cars on the street! Bwahahaha That was the first and last time I ever did such a thing.

THE SUNDANCE SALOON

I used to hang out a lot at the Sundance Saloon in Calabasas where Emmy Lou, Rodney Crowell, Billy and Rocky Burnette would jam and I would sit in, performing with various bands. It was a tiny room that felt intimate, and everyone loved playing and sitting in there.

I remember one winter night when the place was dead, Bob Dylan came walking up out of the dark, leaned over me, peeked in the window with a kind of disappointed grunt that no one was around as I mentioned it was a 'slow night'. In an instant, I absorbed him completely. His pale white skin, the rosy cheeks from the cold, the way the collar on his sweater was tucked under his shoulder length, curly brown hair only inches from me. Then walked off back into the darkness. No smile – just a head nod. Not particularly friendly.

One summer evening, a very drunk Leon Russell was sitting at my table and some band was playing. Leon was blitzed.

When the band took a break, we all went outside, stood in a circle, and passed a few doobies around.

Leon was standing next to me and when he turned his back to the circle, I realized he was taking a pee. Out of nowhere, someone called his name and when he turned, he peed all over my new boots. I was laughing but furious and I took a handful of his long hair and yanked his head back, all the while he was hysterical. I had to go wash my boots off. Memories....

JANIS IAN

Then I moved in with Maureen and Conway, an English couple who was managing Donovan and Janice Ian at the time. The Late Phillip Donnelly, guitar player for Donovan, was our housemate. He was very sweet. The 4am international phone calls finally drove me nuts because I wasn't getting any sleep. So, I moved to Diana's.

THE VOICES

I started noticing that everywhere I went I saw billboards and TV commercials saying, 'Fly Nashville'. It really seemed odd to me that I was constantly seeing that, and it got my attention. One morning I woke up around 7am to the birds singing outside my window and the sunlight wafting in through the blinds. It was amazing. Laying there in complete bliss, I heard this repeatedly chanting that softly kept saying, "Gail, go to Nashville" over and over. I opened my eyes and

saw three gentle feminine souls and three more masculine souls. I thought I must be dreaming until I heard the loudest booming voice that ran through the entire house, shaking the foundation and going right through my body demanding “Gail! Go to Nashville”!

The floor and windows and my bed shook mercilessly. I was so scared that I ran out of the house with my T-shirt inside out and two different flip flops on.

I drove straight to the AA Clubhouse where I found four old timers playing cards and having coffee and shared my experience. I was sweating and shook up but managed to tell them what had happened to me. Their reaction was weirdly nonchalant, and every single one said, (without their eyes leaving their cards), “So? Go!” What?! They said I’d had a spiritual experience and that I should pay attention to it. I was flabbergasted. Could it really be that easy? How was I gonna tell my folks this? Would they believe me?

PUMPKIN FESTIVAL

I performed at the Pumpkin Festival with my band on weekends for six weeks and Diana went with me to every gig. It was a blast. The weather was glorious, and people were all in love with each other and the vibe was awesome. There were bikers and families and all sorts of people there and it was packed with people sitting on bales of hay. Even my old pal, Anni O., came with a bunch of her English musician pals visiting from across the pond.

Then I discovered the owner of the festival absconded with everyone's money and that's when she said she had a surprise for me. She took me to the garage and flipped on the light. My car was covered in money taped all over it! There were hundred-dollar bills, one-dollar bills – you get the gist...and it added up to something like \$800 or more. I was blown away and we were jumping up and down together hugging like two kids in a mudhole! Mom gave me \$1,000 as well. That's when I told Diana that she was coming with me for the ride across the country and that when she was ready to return, I'd put her on a plane home. And off we went!

CROSS COUNTRY

We had the best time. We snorted cocaine off the dash and smoked pot all the way there. We wanted to stop at a huge party Halsey Booking Agency event in Oklahoma. We met tons of stars, the first ones in the elevator being the Oak Ridge Boys. After a few days there, we made it to Nashville laughing and snorting coke all the way.

We'd set it up to meet Rocky Burnette at his hotel, and we crashed with him that night. We barely slept but it was a great memory staying up all night laughing. The next day I put them both on a plane – Rocky to New York and Diana back to California. And there I was – all by myself in Nashville



After I got back town I took a room at the Music City Motel for a week. That in itself was a trip. Below me on the first floor was a voraciously fat woman and her ultra skinny boyfriend or husband or whatever he was and all through the night she would torture him, and his screams and laughter would freak me out. I guess I was still a tad green. I couldn't wait to find proper living quarters.

THE GOLD RUSH

Rocky told me to find The Gold Rush, so I did. I walked in with my backgammon game and sat down with a beer. It wasn't five minutes that folks like Michael Smotherman and beautiful songwriter/singer Benita Hill were playing backgammon with me.

The first time I walked into the "Rush", I pushed open two swinging doors like the ones in the old cowboy movies. There was a pool table, some pinball games and lots of people drinking and partying. It felt like more of a private party at home than a bar. I also participated in snorting coke off the table and lighting up a joint and passing it around. Nobody said a word. I was in heaven.

The hostess and a couple of the waitresses there befriended me and asked me to move in with them on Belmont. I felt like I was home and safe, and it wasn't long before I had tons of friends that kept multiplying.

I sang with Duke Paris (Faglier), one of the old guitar players Jerry Lee Lewis used on a few tours, and we eventually put a band together with some people who'd worked with the likes of Delbert McClinton and numerous other names. I also met John Prine and his brother Billy, who I adored.

Just taking things slow I learned how things are done in Nashville. Who's family? Who's in who's business together? I just watched and waited until I knew folks better.

SNORTABILITY

I had been receiving huge chunks of pure uncut Bolivian cocaine from my longtime pal, Glenn. He had an air freight company and once a month he'd send me a 'package' from Bolivia. I did most of it myself and one day discovered I was bleeding internally - pooping and vomiting blood). I went to a doctor but didn't want him to know what I was doing and all he said to me was, "You're eating too many salads". I left laughing but I knew the real reason, so I quit using it for the time being. Also, Glenn got busted and wound up in prison for decades and then passed away only a few years after he got out.

BLUEBIRD CAFE

The Bluebird Café was a listening room. Producers would come looking for material for their artists, so it was no wonder if someone got loaded and started making noise they'd be asked to leave. You only got told once.

I originally went to work for Amy Kurland as a waitress but all the bands that were booked there would see me serving food and drinks and started to invite me up to sing a tune with them. The crowd would go nuts calling my name out pounding on the tables, so, I would put my tray full of drinks down and jam with them. But after the 4th or 5th time of Amy's warnings to please not do that, Amy whispered in my ear, "if you go on stage, you're fired."

One night the pressure was just too much. I did it again. When I walked off the stage, I walked directly to Amy and waited to see her response, expecting to be fired. And she did. Then she said, "Let's book some gigs for you". No wonder she was so well respected.

ANONYMOUS

In Nashville I drank Boilermakers and Yeager only occasionally like when I hung out with Anni O. Then I started hanging out at the AA clubhouse and made some friends but eventually went to Narcotics Anonymous because I related more. After about five years, Julie Didier, a great songwriter, and singer and I started hanging out. She is a darling Cajun

woman with attitude and the talent to back it up. She and I started Cocaine Anonymous back in the early 80's in Nashville and I'm delighted to know it's still going strong there and now mostly in major cities all over the U.S.

I think that it's more than probable that most humans are defective in some way and addiction seems to start off as self-medicating for dis-eases like ADHD, trauma, PTSD and other issues is pretty normal now that we know more about the brain, especially how damage to the brain is real. I think too, that's probably why alcoholism and addiction (gambling, overeating, shopping, etc.) are so prevalent. We try to comfort ourselves – medicate ourselves. Addiction doesn't make the person bad, but the repercussions of it can be ruinous. That's why I always teetered carefully, never getting hooked on anything.

Eventually, I left the program, taking with me the 12 steps to live by but I had lost the desire to continue attending meetings. I was far more interested in deeper spiritual stuff, i.e., A Course in Miracles, spiritual enlightenment and, so I began leaning in a more spiritual direction. I sort of felt that the program was becoming a crutch in a way, and I didn't want to trade one addiction for another. The whole point was to keep growing and going forward, although there are many who would dispute that but now I had great tools.

I'd also realized addiction was a huge money maker even by the sources who got you loaded in the first place – i.e., Jack Daniels. They sell you the booze and then when you're almost dead, then they allow you to enter their detox facilities to get clean and that ain't cheap. So, they get you coming and going. I detested that concept. And same goes for diet centers. You blow tons of money only to lose weight, hence, years of the yoyo syndrome I'm clean now with the exception of taking a few hits of pot at night in bed. I used to be a heavy pot smoker...waking and baking. I find that in my 70's it's no longer a desire but more like a dessert. I just take a hit or two in bed. That's it. IF I have some.

JOBS

I needed work so when I saw an advertisement for Opryland for singers, I went and auditioned. I knocked their socks off, but after a few minutes of them huddled and talking about me, the panel said, "No doubt you are a great singer and entertainer. However, we don't know what to do with you. You're too ethnic for Opryland...you're tall with curly hair and you're not necessarily country and frankly, you're not white or black". I could tell they kind of felt bad and I left a bit confused.

I wound up doing other things while trying to get a song cut or a record deal. During the eleven years I lived in Nashville, I worked as a maid, a personal assistant to one of Nashville's top vocal teacher Rene Grant-Williams, as a waitress, a

cocktail waitress at numerous restaurants, a booking agent, a secretary (I ran Eddie Rabbitt's studio when Deb Dave Briar Patch combined companies).

I worked for booking agents on Music Row and did some demos for Velvet Apple (Dolly Parton's publishing company).

JACKSON

In Nashville, I'd befriended a bass player named the late John Jaworowicz, and we played some gigs together. He was from Jackson, Tennessee. On the day we cruised up there and I met all his friends. Long story short – we started a band called, "Gail Chasin in Hot Pursuit". It was a kick ass band, and folks came from miles around to see our gigs.

I moved in to share Wes Henley's trailer, he was the genius guitar player in the band and my best friend. We were like brother and sister, and he taught me how to make real southern biscuits and every Sunday morning, we'd take the kitchen over and make pots of coffee and the other guys in the band would drop by. The late Chuck McGill played rhythm guitar and steel slide and sang. He was the sweetest and funniest guy ever. We all loved each other, and it felt like family. Danny on bass (John returned to Nashville), and Jerry on drums.

We'd hit Denny's after gigs and since I was always watching my weight and exercising like a crazy woman, I could only order Jello. I'd stuff my mouth full of it, yell out, "hey look!"

and I'd squish the stuff between my teeth. The moans from the guys were hysterical! We had a blast. Even the late Moose (our sound and lighting guy) was a doll. We were like family.

One day, Wes took me to the local music store and who was sitting there playing a guitar? Carl Perkins. If you don't know who he is, google him. He and Wes were pals and had worked together on and off for years. I loved that gentleman. He is pure class.

If you don't know who some of these people are, feel free to google them.

Our band stayed together for a good year. Chuck wound up purchasing the guitar store after the owner passed away, so he carried on the local musical tradition.

During that time, I had two boyfriends. The first one was a banker whose father owned the bank. His family was quite wealthy and still owned an old antebellum home that was filled with antiques from a long family history. It had very high ceilings and in one of the rooms upstairs, it was filled with old rocking chairs. One time I went up there and the chairs all started to rock. I flew down the stairs but there was no land line or phone so I couldn't call out for help. I remember taking baths and feeling other energies in the room. It was wild. The place was totally haunted. I only stayed downstairs in the big room because I felt safe there.

Plus, the ceiling was so high that I could jump rope without hitting a light fixture.

It was cool for a while but being home in that huge mansion alone all day was not for me. I kept myself busy writing or exercising. On weekends, we'd go out into the bushy areas and shoot guns. That was fun. I love to shoot.

But one day when I was alone, I went upstairs and opened a door to see about 50 rocking chairs. When one of them started to rock, it kicked off other rocking chairs, so I just closed the door and went back downstairs. Creepy but understandable.

John took me to New Orleans for a few days. It was a real education in so many ways. The voodoo stores, the strangely dressed people, how everyone there loved music beyond life. But I simply was not in love with him and wound up ending it.

Then there was Will. He was a big white guy - the local coke dealer in Jackson. I wound up moving in with him and his two beautiful dogs and we lived in his house on acres of land. He worked for his folks on the land a few miles away and I felt safe. Plus, I was in love with Jack, his big dog. Will used to get mad at me for turning his vicious guard dog into a mush of a lap dog.

One day he came home from work and accused me of stealing a diamond ring. I had no clue what he was talking

about, but it really bothered me that he would think I would do something like that. The next day, I went through every single shirt pocket and jeans hanging in his closet and found it. When he came in from work that night, I handed him the ring and took my prepacked luggage to my car and drove off. Fuck that. I'm no thief. What an insult. And with shit like that coming at me, you only get one chance and then I'm done. No three strikes you're out.

I'm not a mean person whatsoever, but I will not tolerate being called anything that has to do with demeaning me. I'm into authenticity, honesty and justice.

Meanwhile, I noticed our gigs were slowing down to a very small attendance. It was weird – like we went from having packed shows to maybe six people and it happened overnight. I had to find out why – and I found out alright. It turns out that the police began harassing our followers and threatening them and searching them illegally in the parking lot as they were on their way in, busting them for drugs and taking some to jail. Overnight the gigs stopped. I just didn't know why.

RACISM

I packed my things and headed back to Nashville and had to stop and get some gas. There was a gorgeous red Corvette gassing up in front of me and the guy in the car was well dressed, blonde and very good looking.

I then noticed he had a sticker in his window – “KKK”. I looked at him and said, “shame on you”. His cold eyes darted at me and said, “Well, at least we got YOU out of town”. I was floored. I stood there like a post, frozen in another reality. Apparently, someone found out that I was Jewish, (even though I wasn’t practicing it) and they didn’t like that I was getting popular or making money on their home turf. Wow. I drove the two hours back to Nashville with a great sadness in the realization of racism because I was the victim. It was then that I first felt persecuted. No wonder black people were treated so poorly.

I headed back to Nashville and moved in with Deana, who was as crazy as I was, and we shared a house for a year. She, the Late Alan Mayor – photographer extraordinaire, all shared a house when I’d first arrived in Nashville. I befriended The Late Joe Sun and his band. The Late Rabbit, the Late Mark...they were fun and always asked me to sit in whenever I popped in to one of their gigs.

NEW YORK

During that time, I connected with Kevin, an Irish guy from New York, who became my manager, and we stayed with Jack, a very cool businessman. The three of us had adventures of all kinds – eating out at terrific restaurants, going to clubs to see live music, and of course, I would sit and sing in front of the fireplace at night while passing the pipe

around. Yes I decided smoking pot was fine with me only I didn't abuse it like I did when I was a kid.

One night we went out to a club and there was a country band playing from Texas. On their break we chatted and when they returned to the stage, they invited me up. It was great fun. The late Odetta was in the audience and when I went into the lady's room, she followed me in and introduced herself. I'd heard about her through my friend, Rick Durrett in Nashville who'd worked at concerts with her and he always spoke very highly of her. Having that in common, she asked me to join her for a late dinner. And I went with her to a gorgeous place with fabulous food.

She was a lovely woman, and I enjoyed my time with her, but we just ran in different lanes. I saw her a few years later during one of her visits to Nashville. We hugged for a long time. That was the last time I saw her. I got back to Nashville shortly after that. It was great seeing Deana and getting home. It wasn't long before Kevin and I parted company.

I moved to numerous little places around the world-famous 16th Avenue (Music Row) because I needed to be in the hub of things so I could pitch tunes, hang out in the studios and do some co-writing in the middle of the nights after late night sessions, finally landing the perfect house. I lived at 1606 16th Avenue. I was there for six years, and Randy Travis was my next-door neighbor. Sweet guy. We even did Hands Across

America concert with 15 other entertainers – Emmy Lou and Judy Collins was on our bus along with Tex and Sharon Cobb.

THE GRAMMYS

I got a call from my friend, Bob House. He was up for a songwriting Grammy for the tune, “Can I Have This Dance for the Rest of my Life”. I was thrilled for him! When he asked me to go with him to the awards show, I couldn’t say yes fast enough. When he came to pick me up, he was sweating like a madman, extremely nervous (I would have been, too) and put a flask in his boot for extra support. I kept trying to calm and comfort him but to no avail. We were in the fourth row and when we heard his name, he shot up out of his chair and ran up the stairs to the microphone. I was so happy I couldn’t even tell you what his acceptance speech was like. The best part was he won!

After the event ended, we went to the Gold Rush to celebrate. Many of the stars that were at the Grammys were there, too. Bob was swimming in the pool of exaltation and delight, so I let him party on while I caught a ride home.

PRISON

From performing in so many prisons from Los Angeles to Nashville, inmates from all over the country petitioned channel 4 to showcase me – and they did. I was dubbed the ‘Penitentiary Angel’. Consequently, it garnered enough of a

stir that some of the main Nashville channels did an interview with me.

I did a lot of road work touring on buses with Tommy Cash, the late Mel McDaniel, Felix Cavaliere, from the (Young) Rascals. I learned a lot being the only woman with a bus load of crazed musicians. It was cool during the day but after the gigs, the drugs, booze, and porno came out. That's when I went to bed and pulled the curtains. Happily, I was left alone.

The only thing I liked about being on the road was the hour we spent on stage. The food on the road sucked, having to share one motel room with five other musicians that always used up the hot water first and since I was last for some reason, (being the chick singer), I had to take cold showers. The dry air on the buses took its toll on my voice and the endless hours of driving and trying to keep from getting bored were the worst. I mean how many cigarettes can you smoke? I was so disillusioned all the way around.

DR FEEL (NOT SO) GOOD

Back at home, I needed a doctor for some primary care who might be willing to charge less. A few days later while having a drink at the Gold Rush, some guy walked in, and all these people got up to greet him. Everyone treated him like the big man on campus. I asked someone who he was. Turns out he was the local "doctor" who gave cheaper deals for musicians and wrote prescriptions for coke and quaaludes among other

things. He agreed to see me. I needed a pelvic exam. It was snowing hard, but I needed to be seen.

So, I'm on the table under a sheet. The door opens and he walks in – with a football player buddy behind him! I almost lost my mind at his sick fucking attempt to show his friend some “strange” and I hit the ceiling.

I screamed GET OUT and got so pissed off that they dashed out of the room in the blink of an eye. Then a nurse with a pill to calm me down. I thought it was a valium but whatever it was, it knocked me out until the next day. They really messed up my gig that night that I slept through it. I did not pay the bill, and it cost me a night's work as well as the loss of money for the other musicians. Who was I to tell? I had to let it go because of so many other people but I did warn all my girlfriends.

NIKO

I was having a drink in the underground bar next to the Bluebird to watch my friend Vassar Clements jam. Standing at the bar was this man who discovered the Scorpions and knew tons of people in the business around the globe. Niko was one of the funniest, smartest, most generous, and most creative people I've ever met. Even my mother loved him. We had a meeting with Barry Beckett from Muscle Shoals and apparently, there was weird energy between them, so things didn't work out with them.

He wound up being my manager and publisher as well as a true friend. He took me to Germany for a tour, some recording, and some TV shows and I took some great players with me, mostly a few guys from Crystal Gayle's band and flew to New York for a business trip. I met his wife, Eliza, a once brilliant Israeli singer, and his daughter, Daphna. I think she was 7 at the time.

When I was really ill in California, his daughter, Daphna, asked me to perform the wedding ceremony for her and her fantastic fiancée, Jason Rowe, but I was simply too ill. I was very disappointed, but they wound up getting married in the UK where they still reside. They're both incredibly talented singers and musicians – not to mention gorgeous - and just recently recorded some of their stuff at Abby Roads Studio in England.



Niko



Daphna Dove and
hubby Jason Rowe

GERMANY

Niko put together a trip to Germany for me. We were to do a live concert, a radio show, a television show (Mitmach in

Dusseldorf – or Wednesdays in Dusseldorf - equivalent to the Tonight Show in America) and recorded my four newest songs at that time. The late Jerry McEwen, the late Ralph Vitello, and some other players were onboard as well.

On our flight, Jerry passed out some little pills and when we woke up, we had arrived well rested. I loved that.

Everything went swimmingly until the concert when the owner decided NOT to pay the last half of the balance. That money was coming directly to me since I'd already paid the band. As I stood there brushing my hair backstage with all the guys hanging around, I put the brush to his throat and said, "No Games", as everyone huddled around him. He paid me. The whole band and Niko were standing there to support me. He whipped out his wallet and that was that.

DON'T GO TO JUST ANY HEALER

At this point, I was in the best shape of my life, was very healthy, working out 4 hours daily and didn't smoke anything. But I didn't know what to do next. So, I went to visit a 'healer' who'd been recommended to me just looking for what I should look for next. First of all, she was puffing on a cigarette like an oxygen tank, and I wondered about that. It just seemed that a metaphysical healer would take better care of themselves, but it was all new to me. She stared at me for the longest time, checking out my aura but whatever she was looking for wasn't there and she was stumped. She

called her helper over. They were baffled. They were frustrated because they couldn't find anything to fix. I had no real issues. I was healthy and very spiritual.

Then she backed me up against the wall and with her index finger poked me in the chest fairly hard and I went backwards, hitting the wall. I immediately got dizzy and nauseas. "That'll be \$100 bucks" she said. I paid her reluctantly and left. That was a lot of moola in the early 80's. hell, it's a lot now.

When I got home, the pictures on the walls looked like they were melting down the wall. Everything looked green! My vision was very blurry, and I was freaking out. So, I called my sponsor in AA and went to her house. As soon as I walked in and she looked at me, she told me to leave and said I'd been touched by darkness. She didn't even want me in her apartment.

It took almost a year to shake the bad ju ju off me. I stayed home alone most of that time to clear my energy to where I felt right again, which took almost a year. Boy, that really screwed me up. It's because of that experience that I never let anyone do any sort of body work on me again unless they came highly recommended by people I know and trust and who'd actually experienced it for themselves first.

MYA

One day I was with some friends playing softball in this big park and we were all having a great time on a gorgeous day. Someone had a box of puppies, but I didn't pay much attention at the time. Later however, when the game was over, I noticed that the only black puppy was left, and I watched him sleeping on a blanket in the sun. Something hit my heart. She was so fat and soft and precious that I was completely tempted to take her home. But I realized that no animals were allowed in my apartment. I picked her up and put her in my sweater, walked to the far side of the field and said "God, if you want me to have this dog, give me a sign" as you know that I have no money to care for an animal, so you have to promise me you'll help us". Just then, a most incredible breeze swelled up and I knew that was it. I took her home and the landlady was cool about it.

I didn't know what to name her so for a few days and around the second morning I'd woken up having had a dream about an old Hawaiian lady friend that I'd known decades prior. I said out loud, "Mya?!?" and her head popped up and she tilted her head. That was her name. Mya. She became my

constant companion for the next 16 years.



UPSTAIRS

The last person in the fourplex on Belmont Boulevard was a young woman and her husband or boyfriend that lived above me. They fought constantly and then she finally kicked him out. After that, she had at least five or six guys up there screwing them all at once and the noise was so bad I thought the ceiling was gonna come down.

About a week went by and I had come and gone numerous times from my house and noticed that her front door had been wide open for about three days. Out of curiosity, I went over, pushed the door open and got a whiff of iron. I walked in a few steps and realized there was blood all over the floor. I froze. I didn't want to slip and fall in it. I carefully made my way to the bedroom calling out 'hello?' I heard moaning. Her boyfriend/husband was lying on a blood-soaked mattress, and he was bleeding profusely from self-inflicted stab wounds. I called the police and an ambulance – never saw either one of them again.

GREECE

The now late piano man, Rick Durette and I met playing various gigs. Nashville was a smaller town back then and most people knew each other or knew of each other.

Ron Weatherly, (painter/artist) and Rick were best pals. That's when we crossed paths. Rick and I wound up on the same airplane traveling with Johnny Rodriguez and the band. They were going on tour, and I was on my way to New York to meet my folks and from there on to Greece. We laughed so hard my stomach ached! We had a blast on the plane.

The first thing I noticed upon arriving in Athens was how the people were warm, especially when I told them I was Greek, too. All the shop owners would invite me inside their tent for tea and light conversation. It was lovely. They even gave me good deals on things I bought.

The entire city and all the shops would close between two and seven p.m. to nap and reopen for dinner around 11pm, staying up all night until the sun came up. Then they'd go home and sleep and do it again the next day. Greece was incredible. The weather was perfect, and the people treated me very well... I met a few wonderful men, both of which wanted me to stay. One was the biggest jeweler in Greece, who was also Jewish – a very rare thing to be Greek and Jewish so we bonded. He was an older man and I met him on the roof of some elegant hotel because I told him I loved his

socks. They were colorful and classy. He was alone so he invited me to his table, and we totally connected.

I told him I was a singer, and he said he had a friend with a guitar and some hashish, so we jumped into his Mercedes convertible sports car and drove down the narrow cobblestone streets of Athens. We came to a stop, and he began yelling for his friend on the top floor to wake up. It was 3am.

The old-fashioned mediterranean style window opened outwardly, and my friend called up to him asking if he still had a guitar in his apartment. "Yes", he yelled down to us in the street, so we went up. We got high as hell and laughed until our sides hurt and then I played music for them until the sun came up.

He told me he was dating the model Iman (this was before she married David Bowie), and that he had plans to go to Africa for 6 months with his young son to see her. He offered for me to stay in his palazzo during that time so his housekeeper could teach me to speak Greek and that upon his return he would make me a global star. He was an incredible person.

But I was on the verge of getting a record deal in Nashville as well as my dog, Mya was waiting for my return. I loved that dog with all my heart and knowing she would have to be in quarantine for 6 months if I moved to Greece, didn't sit well with me, so I had to turn him down. I would have loved to

have done that, but it wasn't in the cards. Occasionally, I try to imagine my life if that had happened, because as it turned out, my record deal fell through. Still, I wouldn't have done it because of Mya.

I saw everything that Greece had to offer from the Acropolis to the local outside bar that a bunch of old men sat and drank in the afternoons, and I would take the guitar I borrowed and sing for them. It was very cool. Nobody understood each other but their faces were lit up with smiling eyes and joy and I got a huge kick out of it.

I met a guy named George who fell in love with me. For me, it was only a fun affair, but I realized that when my folks and I took a ship to tour the islands, that he'd rented a small boat, and followed my cruise ship to each of the islands.

When I returned to Nashville, he kept calling me asking me to marry him. But I wasn't interested. Turns out he was trying to leave Athens because he was a dope dealer that was about to go to prison, and he wanted a green card. Eventually, he stopped calling because I stopped answering.

One of the funniest memories I have was when I was on the ship, I met this young bartender. When we hit port on Rhodes, he insisted on taking me to this little area on one of the islands. He kept saying he wanted to show me the 'buttflowers', something I didn't quite understand in his thick accent, but I went anyway. After a long drive along the coast, he pulled the car over and motioned for me to be quiet. We

carefully walked a few feet into a field, and he clapped his hands really loud. All of a sudden, millions of butterflies filled the air! It dawned on me that he couldn't pronounce 'butterflies' but instead, said, 'buttflowers". Too dang cute. We laughed all the way back to port.

We docked in Santorini for a few days – a real party island. Everyone's dressed in white to show off their tans. All the beautiful people. They had a custard over there that was off the charts delicious. It was kind of like ice cream, only custardy in texture. I was smitten. I wish they had something like that in the states.

CHIROPRACTOR

Upon my return to Nashville, I'd saved a few bucks, and my back was in terrible shape, so I went to the head of chiropractic in Nashville. I'd spent a few thousand dollars going to him. He was always congenial, and he even played a little music himself, so we sort of bonded.

But I made the mistake of telling him that this would be my last visit because I wasn't feeling better, and that I was also out of money. He got so mad that when he went to adjust me, he shoved my lungs into my rib cage. A huge loud noise came out of my mouth reacting from the shock, and he said, "Shut up! You're going to scare my patients in the waiting room". I not only couldn't believe the way he was talking to me, especially because we had a supposedly good relationship. But then he told me if I left the building in this

condition, he would not be responsible for this mishap in any way. He could give a rat's ass about me – it was all about money.

Then he sent a nurse in to put a little electric thingy and all it did was absolutely nothing. I ripped it off and told him that that stupid machine with electric pulses wasn't going to fix what he'd damaged. I was so pissed that I literally crawled out of the office in high heels no less, telling his patients what happened and to leave. Down the stairs I crawled, got myself into my car in horrendous agony and went home and got into bed. I just didn't realize at the time that I would be there for almost nine months. I couldn't work, sleep, turn over, get up, put on a bra or anything.

I called my mother in California and told her what happened. She said to get a second opinion so after calling around (because doctors refuse to get involved when they have to prove that another doctor did damage).

Anyway, I found a wonderful chiropractor that said he'd never seen anything like this before. He even hung me upside down and tried everything to get my muscles to loosen so he could adjust me. But it never happened. I asked him if he would go to court (like I had money to do that) and establish the truth and maybe even get my money back. But no, he was resistant. Mom sent me the rent for almost that entire year. And my folks were just barely making ends meet. It was a real nightmare.

Fortunately, the body is an amazing thing, and after just lying in bed for all that time, my body started to heal, and I was able to start walking again. I couldn't take very deep breaths for another six months though, so it was difficult to sing. To this day, my right clavicle collar bone sticks out directly under my throat because of it. Prior to that I would lay in bed thinking of ways to get back at him. I eventually had to forgive him because it was eating me up inside and I wanted to forget about it and let it go. I figured his karma would be his own demise.

PAST LIFE REGRESSION

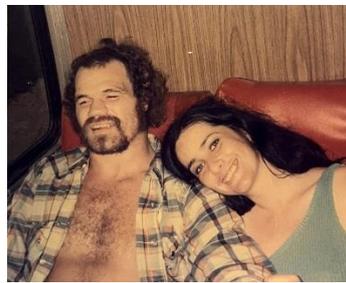
I got a call from Steve Young (writer of 7 Bridges Road on one of their albums from the Eagles) who I really respected spiritually who told me there was a woman coming to Nashville that did past life regressions and I jumped on it like white on rice. I set up an appointment and went to see her.

Without knowing anything about me, an elderly woman had me lay on a massage table and began to take me back, back, back to the life before this one. When she asked me what I saw, I told her, "I see a big handsome blonde Nazi SS officer weeping into his hands. He was ashamed for what he had been doing to the Jewish people and he hung himself.

When I came out of my regression, it all made sense to me like a completed circle. Here in this life, I was born into a Jewish family. But as a child, oddly enough, I played concentration camp games with myself under a table

covered with a sheet. I always wondered where that came from and now, I know that those memories spilled over into the youth of this life. It's crazy but it makes perfect sense to me.

SHARON AND TEX



When we all came back from our prospective trips, Rick Durrett told me his friend, Sharon and I should meet. We met and became friends.

A few years later, we put together the J.A.P. Band (Jewish American Princess) performing funny rap songs and parodies. She had known Randall "Tex" Cobb (actor and boxer) from years prior when she was a ring girl who walked around the fighters cage holding signs. They reconnected after one of his films in Nashville and wound up getting married. We all got close and spent time daily either going out to dinners or just hanging at their place or mine.

They took me on trips to various movie sets that Tex was on and Sharon and I would go shopping and meet up with him

after the shoot for dinner. There was one trip to Detroit to make the movie, "Collision Course" with Jay Leno and the Late Pat Morita. Tex did terrific films like "The Golden Child", "Uncommon Valor", "Blind Fury" and many others. He had a laugh that was more like exploding guffaws. Eventually, they divorced, and I lost contact with them.

BURGLARIZED

I'd gone out one early evening to get something and wasn't gone for more than 15 minutes. When I leave the house, I lock it up, and turn out the lights. When I arrived back, the lights were on. "Strange" I thought. And Mya was always there to greet me at the door, but she was nowhere to be found.

I stood in the living room and inhaled a stinky body odor while glancing around the brightly lit room. Oh! The TV was gone! Oh no – I've been robbed! I heard Mya barking in the backyard and she watched as they hopped over the fence and ran off into the dark.

I ran directly into my room to check on my diamond rings in the jewelry box. Gone. The robbers got in through the kitchen area and I could see that they first tried to kick in the window air conditioner and that's when they tried the back door. Glass everywhere. Mya barking her head off outside, but they must have known she was friendly so thank God,

they didn't hurt her. Locks only keep honest people out. Renter's insurance only paid \$500 and said that had I insured the diamonds, that I would receive the total value, but I was unaware of that law, and I was brokenhearted. hours later, they did nothing except look around.

WAYNE CARSON

I met Wayne, songwriter of such hits as *Always on my Mind*, *The Letter*, and many others. I wound up going with Wayne for about a year. He got me the job at Deb Dave/Briarpatch Publishing Company located only a few houses down from my house. Eddie Rabbitt owned half of the company.

Wayne was a funny guy, and everybody loved him. And he was a charismatic character. But he was also the worst kind of drunk. And we all know that comedy is a perfect cover up for not dealing with one's pain. Wayne was a deep thinker and there was a very dark side to him as is true for most alcoholics. They're sardonic and negative except when in public cracking jokes.

He'd try to get me into cat fights in the studio while singing with an unexpected singer who showed up unbeknownst to me. After a few minutes, I walked out of the studio. I don't like games or being manipulated. I realized he found it entertaining to play head games and that was the downfall of our relationship. Homey don't play that. Anyway, I worked at Deb Dave/Briarpatch for a year and during that time, Vince Gill came in wanting to get into the studio and meet the

owners. Being that I had the say about who got in and who didn't, plus the fact I was familiar with him on the song "Amy" by the Pure Prairie League. I introduced him to the owners, and they went from there.

One day, I caught Eddie after his daily jog and shower, and asked if he'd listen to some of my music, which he did – catching only the first half of a first verse and then fast forwarded it to the next tune, etc. So typical of the biz. He said I sounded too much like Linda Ronstadt, and even though he liked my tunes, he basically passed on my music. Whatever. Hell, it was worth a shot.

One day I was walking down the hall and noticed that a door that was always kept closed and locked was open. I snuck a peek inside. To my complete shock, there in front of me, taking up the entire huge room halfway up to the ceiling, was a pile of still unopened CDs and cassettes from writers all over the world trying to get one of their songs recorded. This is one of the publishing secrets – if they open the music package, they say they could be sued by the writer saying they stole their song or their idea. That's why it's completely rare that a writer outside the Nashville clique gets a song cut.

THE LAST TIME I PERFORMED WITH A BAND

Not including me occasionally sitting in with bands, but at one gig, I had no monitor so I couldn't hear myself above the

band and horn section. It was like singing into a mattress. Shortly thereafter, I lost a lot of hearing in my right ear. I promised myself I would perform solo acoustic during the last 15 years, playing guitar to accompany myself. It was easier all the way around and I made more money.

LISTEN UP

Music is a gift but it's not free. There is much joy in performing and writing and mixing with other writers. But it's another thing when you deal with the music biz politics and mentality, which I handled well, because I knew how politics worked. and it had nothing to do with me. It's a mercilessly competitive business so it's hard to make real friends.

ALABAMA

I'd heard Alabama was looking for tunes, so I made an appointment with their lawyer to play him some tunes. I had nothing recorded specifically for them, but he liked a few tunes. He told me I needed to go into the studio and record three of my best tunes for the band and then come back.

When it was recorded and I'd spent every penny I had, I returned to him and handed him the tape....and the first thing he said was "Where's the \$1,000?" Huh? I was totally confused. He told me there was no way the person he'd be giving it to wouldn't even bother taking the cassette without

the money attached. He told me he'd pass it on to the producer during their next golf game.

But since I had no more money after recording, I left without him even listening. That really put a bad taste in my mouth. This was pretty common and so once again I tried not to take it personally. As they say, "It's just business".

JOHNNY CASH

I was pretty heavy into anonymous programs and Tommy, Johnny's brother, asked me to sponsor his daughter, who was getting out of a 30-day detox. She wound up living with me for three months while I was living on 16th Avenue South on Music Row. She was sweet, funny and we had a ball. Then she returned home.

Then I met Johnny at an AA meeting, and he asked me if I would do the same for Rosie, who was heavily addicted to drugs, but she never called. Not long after that, she passed away. Very sad.

One night, Tommy's daughter and I went to visit her Uncle Johnny. He had black silk pajamas on, and so we all changed to our pajamas. A bitchen fire in the fireplace, hot cocoa and me with socks on running down the main hall to slide. When it was time for bed, everyone had their own room. I got June's bedroom as she was out of town, and I slept on this mongongously huge bed and I mean twice the size of a king-

sized bed! It had to have been specially made. The bed was covered with all of her different fur coats! Just wow.

A COURSE IN MIRACLES

I had been attending Unity Church services at the time, and they announced that Marianne Williamson had just released a book that was Jesus talking directly to you with such love and compassion that it worked on getting my ego into a healthier place. I loved the Course and still keep it by my bedside after four decades.

The set of three books cost \$50 and that was a lot of money in 1979. So, I called her office, got the address and sent a lovely letter to Marianne. A week later, the books came in the mail. I was beyond excited. The best gift ever.

It was a one-year commitment, and I did it. I meditated for forty-five minutes daily and read the main book for support. I worked out physically for four hours a day and ate very little food. Keeping a good figure really mattered, at least in the music biz. I have to say that it totally changed my life. I love the Course. It makes you work for your spirituality and opens your eyes to things we go through here on Earth.

ROY

I'd put a little band together while I was in AA and hired this stand-up bass player named Roy. He was a really nice guy and very funny and he asked me to be his sponsor. I told him to get a male for that because it's suggested to do that. But

he insisted it should be me that he wanted to share his fifth step with (where you write down everything you did in your life, share it, and then burn it). And I finally bent and said OK.

Usually sharing a fifth step with someone could be anywhere between a few hours to a day but Roy just kept reading and reading and one night I fell asleep. I asked him to leave, and he said he wasn't finished so I told him to return the next night. This went on for three nights and finally I just couldn't take it anymore because it all sounded like babble to me. Nothing he wrote made sense.

We finally finished and I sent him on his way. Then a few days later, I got a call from him. He's in a phone booth near the river and has a gun. I begged him to throw it in the river and go home. I never saw him again. He just disappeared! So, I got another bass player and moved on.

I guess it was about a year later, and one beautiful afternoon, I was home eating lunch when the doorbell rang. I opened the door to see two strange men standing there. They introduced themselves as detectives and when they asked me if I was Gail Chasin and I said yes, they both looked at each other and breathed a sigh of relief.

It turns out Roy had killed fourteen women in Texas while doing satanic rituals. However, he only killed the ones who slept with him. I never did. Thank God.

They caught him, and he went to prison. He called me collect

a few days later and said he was terribly sorry, and I told him I was sorry for him but to lose my number. And that was that.

AMERICAN EAGLE RECORDS

I signed a record deal with American Eagle Records - a small company that was distributed through Warner Brothers. The video was being planned out, the CD was done with AAA players, and we had a tour bus lined up and the storyboard for the video was done, and things were moving along nicely.

Stella Parton was dating my engineer and was looking for another tune for Dolly's white album that Ricki Skaggs was producing and was sitting in on my sessions. She really wanted my song, "Grandpa" but I turned her down, because I thought that song was going to be my hit off the CD.

The deal fell through just two weeks after I had signed the contract. The label just went belly up. So close yet not close enough. So, when I lost the deal, it was too late to get the song cut by Dolly. No record deal and no cut. Ah, the music business.

BARRY AND NIKO

It was around that time I was friends with the Late Vicki Graef, and I'd been invited to meet with the now Late and Great Barry Beckett from Muscle Shoals, Alabama where his

studio and tons of musicians were always recording or hanging out. He had a guest house as well that was huge and because it was such a long drive back to Nashville, Vicki and I spent the night. Turns out Bonnie Bramlett was there, too and she and Vicki knew each other so it was an evening of popcorn, TV, and laughs.

I slept in the yummiest bed with the creamiest sheets I'd ever slept on in my entire life! And I couldn't help thinking about who had slept on that mattress before me like some of the Rolling Stones, Dylan, Etta James, The Stones, Linda Rondstadt and God knows who else Barry produced...and tried to suck up all that energy for myself. I giggled in delight.

REGROUPING

In Nashville, everybody considers themselves to be a songwriter. But unless you've had a bonified cut (a song that's been recorded and released) you are only a dreamer and considered to be a 'wanna be'.

Now I had no money, just lost my third record deal, winter was coming, my back was killing me, my roommate was moving out and I had no job or record deal. It was then I learned my mother was having a five-way bypass and I knew I had to return home soon.

BACK TO CALIFORNIA

I'd met a lovely Australian woman named Helen on an airplane on one of my many trips back and forth to California

and Nashville in the past and befriended her. She opened her home to me, and I had my own room. Things were going well until I woke up January 1st, 1990.

PARALYZED

I was lying in bed watching TV and out of nowhere, felt this hot pain shooting up my spine and I realized I was paralyzed!

I couldn't stand up. I couldn't even crawl! This went on for a few weeks. I was eating codeine like candy, and it was doing nothing whatsoever. When one morning Helen came in and took one look at me, picked me up (she's half my size), threw me in her car and drove to the Sylmar County Hospital. I had no insurance, so I had no choice. The worse part about all of this is that I was unable to eliminate even urine the entire time, so I was completely bloated and completely uncomfortable. I looked so bad that they took me before two gang members who'd been shot. I was green and poisoned by my own body. I hadn't eliminated for weeks, and I was dying. The doctor took one look at me and got me a room.

Tests were taken constantly, but without an MRI machine they couldn't find the problem. The machine was on a mobile truck and only drove to the county hospitals about once a month, so I had to get the appointment. Helen was with me through the whole ordeal and got my Medicare paperwork handled and everything.

Meanwhile, I'm on a constant drip of morphine from the unbearable pain. When the time came, they needed me to lay flat in the MRI and I was simply unable to. I screamed trying to make it happen and they almost gave up but fortunately, instead they wound up giving me something to completely knock me out in order to get the MRI done.

Once they found the problem, the doctor told me that I had a 50/50 chance of walking again. What choice did I really have? He told me that if I did nothing and went home, I would die. If I go through with the surgery, at least I could keep writing from a wheelchair – I could still have a life and one that's pain free. So, I surrendered and had the surgery. He'd already been a doctor in Italy so having to go through it all again in the States really bored him and his bedside manner was that of a cold fish. But the surgery went well and during the next 9 months, I trained myself to walk again.

This big ol' fat nurse came in and said, "It's time for your enema". I was very happy as I hadn't gone to the bathroom in over a month and was beyond explosive. Needless to say, after the four enemas that morning, there was no doubt that I was cleaned out!

I went home and slept like a rock... That is, until I woke up in the middle of the night puking and pooping in my bedside potty. After sweating bullets, it dawned on me that I was kicking the morphine that had me on for thirty days. They never even warned me that this was gonna happen!!

Surprise! Just what I needed on top of recovering from back surgery...not.

After five days of that, I came out of it feeling weak but good. I did exercises in my bed for a half an hour and then got dressed and took my walker for a short walk only making it as far as three houses. This continued for nine months, and my distance grew longer, my stamina was improving, and I went from a walker to a cane to nothing. I swam in the pool daily to strengthen my legs, and I got my zip back inside of a year.

I remember walking by this house in my neighborhood 6 blocks away and spotted an elderly gentleman in his front yard. As I got closer to pass by, he extended his hand to me and said, "We here in the neighborhood have been watching you for months now and we just wanted to express our support as we've been praying for you and watching you recover. (Turns out he was Hugh O'Reilly, who played the father on the TV show Lassie!) "I want you to meet someone" he said and then he took me to the alley and around the back gate to his next-door neighbor who was of all people to be surprised by was Debbie Reynolds! Dressed in a sunhat and gardening gloves and no makeup, she shook my hand over the back fence and told me how proud she was of me as she watched me progressively walk without a walker or a cane and wished me well." I walked home, mind blown and feeling incredibly grateful. I had no clue they lived in my neighborhood. That was pretty cool.

It was around then that I started seeing repetitive numbers show up. At first it was mostly 11:11 but now I see 111, 222,333.444,555,1010, 1111 and 1234 at least twice a day a day. I just smile to myself every time I see those, assuming those are loving reminders from the universe to keep my mind, heart and soul in alignment and awake. I discovered that Amazon sells angel jewelry, and I got one.

MOM LEFT

I had exactly one year left with my mother, but I didn't realize it at the time. Then one morning, Dad called me. I could barely hear or understand him and asked him to repeat it. "Mommy passed away" he cried. It was like I was yanked out of my skin. This long, mournful wail left my body. Up to this point in my life, I'd had disappointments and felt like my heart was cracked but this riveted my entire existence. Tears flowed non-stop for at least three years. It totally crushed me.

Dad proceeded to tell me what happened. He said when he woke up, he looked at mom sleeping (or so he thought) because she had such a peaceful look on her face. But when he touched her, she was cold and stiff. He called 911 but it was too late so Dad made them stop trying to revive her.

The funeral sucked bigtime all the way around. I hated the entire debacle. I had to view her body by law to make sure of

identification. We slowly opened the casket. I looked at her. She was stiff and I reached to touch her hand, it was solid stone cold. The amazing spirit that animated my mother's body was just gone. I turned to Dad and cried out, "She's not in there!" and he held me as I sobbed into his chest. But I felt someone on my other side holding me up as well. I just couldn't see anyone. I realized it was my mother.

I sat down and began to listen to the rabbi speak about Mom, never even having met her, saying things about her that weren't even true! Making up fables to fill in the time pissed me off to no end. Phony old relatives that I barely knew trying to tell me how much they loved her, bla bla bla. Strange previously unknown relatives fell out of the sky, and all for show. I was angrier than hell at everyone one of them and I just wanted them to fuck off so I could leave.

I cried on and off for years at the drop of a hat – or watching a commercial, a cartoon or tv show...even looking at her furniture I was surrounded with by was a constant reminder of what I'd lost. I didn't get to say goodbye. I didn't get to ask her a lot of questions that I wanted answers to, and it all just happened so fast that I was in shock for a number of years.

TIM CURRY

I remember seeing him in the 70's performing The Rocky Horror Show live in L.A. I was sitting at the end of the isle and when he walked down into the audience, my face was

inches from his hip covered with fishnet stockings. I couldn't get over his power.

One day while at the studio, Tim popped in. He told me he used Bob Babbitt on bass on his tours, so I got him on the phone and let him and Tim catch up. Very cool. Then he said he needed to go somewhere and would I care to join him. Of course I did. We got into his car and sitting in the passenger seat was a bronze bowl filled with flowers and crystals, which I held in my lap while he drove. We did his errand, and he returned me to the studio. That was fun but his personal life was very opposite of parts he played.

CAFTANS BY CHASIN

I'd taken the money Mom left me and started up a caftan company. I love caftans and still wear them. I'd found a marvelous seamstress with big professional machines, and I took my design to her, and I began to sell them. My label, Caftans by Chasin were elegant. Each one was unique, top of the line rayon and a few velvets that I'd purchased in downtown Los Angeles in the clothing district. I worked trunk shows and carried heavy fabrics. It was hard work, and no one wanted to pay what they were worth. So that was that. Today caftans are everywhere, except mine were stunning and fit for a queen. I've always been a little ahead of my time.

IRVINE

I moved in with Dad and it was sometimes pleasant but more often than not, high stress. The house was paid off, so we only had to pay utilities, gas, property rental for the land and food, as well as my health insurance. I sang sometimes up to seven nights a week in order to bring half of our expenses in.

Dad used to do strange things out of nowhere and one day he went outside and just yanked up all the flowers and succulents that I'd spent years developing to look beautiful. I came out and asked him gently, as one had to approach him carefully. "Dad – whatcha doing?" No response. I asked him again and he totally ignored me. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with him. He completely ignored me. I could tell he was upset about something, but I had no clue why he was destroying the garden. I never found out why he did that. My father... the great non-communicator assumed the silent treatment. And I can only surmise that he had a lot of anger issues.

DAD'S HEALTH

One day Dad was told he needed to go to emergency surgery because of an aneurysm in his stomach that was about to blow. When I got to ICU after his surgery, I couldn't find him because he had wires everywhere and a mask and he looked grey. I was in shock as I overheard two nurses whisper that

he'd died on the table. I really didn't think he was going to make it but after a week, I took him home and cared for him and he recovered.

On one lovely spring day, Dad decided to take his car and go see his chiropractor in Costa Mesa without telling me. Yes, he snuck out of the house. What he didn't realize was that it was Sunday, and they were closed. Six hours later, I'm very concerned. I got a call from a nurse at Hoag Hospital in Newport Beach, and she told me that Dad had been in a car accident and that I should come right away.

Dad had snuck out of the house when I was on the phone, and I didn't even notice he'd been gone for an hour. What happened was as he was leaving the chiropractor's office, and he pulled out at maybe two miles an hour after looking both ways. Unexpectedly, a big RAM truck was speeding around the curve and hit my father broadside on the driver's side, his hearing aids and glasses flying all over the car, with shattered glass cutting his face.

When he came to while sitting in the car probably in shock, not realizing he'd even been hit, he tried to drive off. But the car was totaled. A pedestrian saw this and called 911 saying my dad was leaving the scene of the accident but he was just trying to get out of the road. He had no clue what happened.

After I got to the hospital, I saw my father very doped up, sitting on the floor, and fighting with the orderlies to get back

into bed. He was on heavy drugs, and he was flashing back to the army. He hit the top of where the brain aneurysm was.

But he was still physically strong, and this 90-year-old veteran kept three big, young orderlies at bay for at least twenty minutes. He was a tough old bird, but they eventually got him back into bed and strapped him down. I'd never seen my father like this. He wound up having surgery for a brain bleed.

To top it off, the courts took Dad's driver's license away so no more driving for him. That really fried his ass. He hated like hell that he was no longer allowed to drive, and I know he felt emasculated and was mad at himself. So, I had to start taking him everywhere, and he was one hell of an angry back seat driver, screaming at me while driving the whole time no matter where we went. It was hard to hold my tongue, but I did.

Meanwhile during all of this, I'm dealing with my own Hepatitis C and taking drugs for it which made me insane. It was all I could do to hold it together.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Mya was now 16. She would always greet me at the door and then we would roll around on the floor hugging and kissing. At some point she wasn't able to get up any longer, even after building her a ramp. I called my friend who was an

amazing psychic. All I said was, “What about Mya?” He said, “She likes Thursdays”. I knew she wanted to go. Her hips hurt like hell, and she just couldn’t walk anymore. As the time drew closer, it was almost like she was a puppy again and I got confused. But it was like she knew it was time to go and was ok with it. I just wanted her out of pain.

I told her she was the best friend I ever had and how much I loved and appreciated her and the time she spent with me.

I called the vet, and they came to the house. “She’s gone.” The young man picked Mya and her blanket up and walked out. That was it. That was it? So fast? What the hell? I was in shock. First, she’s here and then she’s not. I felt like a scrambled egg.

They walked outside, gently put Mya in the back of their pickup truck and drove off down the street. I ran outside in my nightgown running after the truck until I collapsed in the road crying. Oh my God. Mya died. I was devastated. My best friend just died in my arms.

I went back into the house crying and pacing around for a while, and I didn’t know what to do with myself. My grief was overwhelming. I knew I needed to get out of the house, or I’d go crazy.

I got dressed, got in my car, and decided just to divert my attention. Irvine Boulevard was a heavily trafficked 4 lane major street but there were no cars anywhere. Weird. I was

crying, driving and praying out loud for God to give me a sign that she was alright. Out of nowhere, an old white Ford Falcon appeared in front of me. There was a guy and a girl, and they were both blonde. She had her hair in a flip from the 50's and when I looked at their license plate, it said, "IN LIGHT"!!! I looked out my window, and there was Mya running through the clouds. I had to pull over. Then when I looked for the car, it simply was nowhere in sight. I felt so many things at once and knew I'd been shown by grace that my dog was thriving.

Sad because I lost my best friend but happy because she could run again and was out of pain, but I was broken-hearted. That night just as I was about to fall asleep, I heard her chain collar rattle. That's the only time she visited but I will see her again someday.

CHANGES

All this busyness and sadness left little time for my own personal life as well as my business. So, I quit holding toning circles and gigs cared for my dad. Being that my income was no longer there, Dad had to pay for everything out of his social security and VA checks which wasn't much. The savings account was hitting bottom and money was running out. We had no clue that I could receive financial aid by being Dad's caregiver, so we never collected on that.

There were so many misunderstandings and so little communication, and I was left holding a bag of spiritual

bullshit. The mind games were getting so old that I began to just ignore him when I was home. Equally, he ignored me. Sometimes we barely talked for days, but I really didn't care. The silent treatment was his way because he was not in touch with his emotions, but it gave me peace and quiet.

THE RIPPMEISTER AT FIDELITY STUDIOS

Violet Ripp had a son John, who was about 5 inches shorter than I was, very overweight with long hair and was clean shaven. It often got him mistaken for an ugly woman which really used to piss him off. He wanted to marry me and have kids but, of course, there was no chance of that happening.

I was at my heaviest weight, and terribly miserable. I was lonely and missing my mom, working for an asshole, and living with the asshole's nephew – a real bully. Guess it ran in the family. I managed the studio for almost two years and then in 1992, I quit my job at Fidelity Studios, left my relationship with John, and moved in with my dad in Irvine.

Violet's brother was Artie Ripp. If you pick up a book about the early music business called "The Hitmen", you'll discover that Artie was the typical obnoxious Jew in the business - a stance that I personally hated because it made the rest of us Heeb look like greedy pieces of shit. It only takes one bad apple. But I went to work for him because the money and perks were excellent, it was close to my house and because John wanted me to be there. John was Artie's nephew – Violet's son who worked at the studio.

People would leave the studio in tears because Artie would encourage them along for months saying he was gonna make them a star and then dump them with no warning and for no reason and was too chickenshit to give them the bad news himself. And guess who had to deliver it? Yep, I did his dirty work. Artie could be downright cruel and a real coward. He was a screamer. This is the guy they coined the phrase RIP OFF after. Yep, that was my boss.

The first day on the job and I hadn't even met Artie yet and he'd already called me stupid and screamed at me on the phone for a good five minutes for absolutely no reason at the top of his lungs. I wound up in the bathroom crying for an hour prepared to quit. Being new to this type of harsh environment and the type of people I was surrounded by, dealing with his most shocking personality and the grossness of the music business, which was totally unknown to the public, made no difference to me. Being treated like shit by a king or a pauper is the same thing – narcissism. That subject seems to be a thread throughout my life.

Artie owned Buddha Kama Sutra records and the old tv show, Shindig, as well as Turtle's catalog as well as The Righteous Brothers' Unchained Melody. I must have heard that song a zillion times while they were listening to it in the studio. I never want to hear that song again. Artie big-shotted his royalties away on dinners and cocaine by other muckety-mucks in the business... all just a show for ego.

I met some of the biggest people in the industry – actors, musicians, voice over artists, and met with the likes of Danny Glover, Ricki Lake, Will Smith, all the cast from dozens of tv series and dozens more famous characters, all who came in for voice overs. I made them coffee with bagels and cream cheese and received them all happily and made sure they were comfortable.

I gave Whoopie a CD and an hour later she called me from her car to tell me she'd listened to my songs and how talented she thought I was and that I should keep it up. Those words filled me mostly with hope. I just happily filed it away as a yummy memory of which I had many from that place. But she didn't actually do anything to help me get a step up. Oh well. At least she liked my music, otherwise I doubt she'd call if she didn't.

Meanwhile, Trish (the ex-daughter-in-law of the music mogul Jerry Wexler and I worked together at Artie's doing the publishing and business. One day, she handed me an 8x11 ½ printout of a book and on the front, it said, "PROJECT BLUEBOOK". Apparently, the Producer, Jerry Wexler had a copy of it and when he passed away and Trish got her hands on it and shared it with me. I read the whole thing in a few hours and was so taken aback that I immediately returned it the next day.

I knew I'd read something that was highly classified, and it really concerned me, and I didn't want it in my possession.

But was in the early 90s and I'd already been steeped in conspiracies for a while, so this was a big boost. We didn't speak of it again, yet it was another awakening into the land of lies from the government and the military because I knew better – especially after seeing some of the things I'd seen by that point.

I worked there for a few years and then I hit a wall. I just needed to live on my own and get away from Hollywood people. Besides, John was getting far too pushy for my tastes. We wanted different things - he wanted kids, and no way was I interested much less able. He demanded that I quit smoking pot...which I didn't but had to sneak it.

In the bathroom there was a door to the yard, so I just ran the water and stepped outside to smoke. He never knew but wait a minute...I'm an adult and ten years older than him – who is he to tell me anything? Sometimes it takes me a minute. He always wanted sex, and I couldn't create any meaningful music. I just became a lump. I needed a change, so I quit my job, broke up with him and moved out.

THE AVI

My friend, Larry Hiskett, better known as Washboard Willie around the country and in some other countries, asked if I'd be interested in doing a duo in Laughlin, Nevada on the Mohave Indian Reservation for four months on the casino floor. The money was excellent, and Larry was a great guy so off we went. We never even had to rehearse!

We worked six sets a day, six days a week. On our day off, we'd go to the laundromat or Wally World (Walmart) to shop for food or other necessities.

The woman who was the head of the Mohave tribe and I got along so well that she did something for me that all the other girls (waitresses) got jealous. She made these for me and I felt so special!



It got so hot there (it was summertime), that we had no choice but to leave the hotel until midnight when you can at least touch the wheel. It was a brutal schedule, but I enjoyed myself for the most part.

One of the kitchen staff had Hepatitis A and with me already having Hepatitis C, it caused internal bleeding. I started passing blood from both ends, running to the hotel bathroom between sets to vomit and clean up. It felt like I had the worst case of flu so before I realized what my dilemma was, I was drinking Nyquil by the bottle, as the symptoms are similar to a bad cold. I later realized it was the alcohol in the Nyquil that was worsening my liver. I went to my California doctor who put me on interferon. I had to give myself shots in my thigh and take pills. It was a nightmare, and I stayed on it for seven months. It made me psychotic and sweaty, and I

just wanted to rip my skin off from the blinding hot flashes it encouraged. I was finally pronounced clear and stayed that way for a few years, only for it to return.

Then I had a different doctor, and he put me on some kind of a protocol that I stayed on for four months. But I started hearing voices in my head and discovered after trying to hurt myself that I had had a psychotic reaction to that particular drug, upon which he told me he'd lost numerous patients from suicide on that concoction. What? I got sick and tired of being a test rabbit, so I took myself off of it.

A number of years went by, and they were starting to advertise a new drug for Hep C. The only problem was it cost about \$20,000. (Love big pharma.) I called the hospital that was holding trials for Hep C patients who couldn't afford the cost. What a blessing that they got me into that program. I paid zero.

I took one pill a day with no side effects and felt great. Six weeks later, I was totally cleared. Man was I ever thrilled. The best part was that menopause stopped immediately! But I still had cirrhosis and the only way to clear that up is a transplant. Nope. Not interested. Quality not quantity is my thing.

LAGUNA BEACH

Sue and Dave Cross, musicians and songwriters who lived in Laguna Beach. We formed a group with a drummer, the late

Michael Finnley, and performed in a number of places, sometimes using a horn section and sometimes without. We cut an album together called Crossroads and it was jazzy, New Orleans funk style and we had a great time working together. I got the prestigious title in THE ANNUAL BEST OF SERIES, a list of entertainers, restaurants and such for Orange County, California as favorite singer for over a decade.

MICHAEL CALLED OUT OF THE BLUE

I was getting ready for a gig when the phone rang. "Hello" I said. (We didn't have a caller I.D. then so I answered it.) "Sorry for the intrusion. I'm looking for Gail Chasin" he fumbled. I recognized his voice immediately and said, "Michael. It's me." We both flipped out! We were so happy to have found each other again after three decades. He was my little Hawaiian guitarist.

He met me at my gig. I was unloading my gear, and a taxi pulled up. I could see him at a distance, and it was like those old commercials on TV when you see two people running through the meadows toward each other, except we were in Laguna Beach running down the street in front of the Renaissance Cafe. He came in and watched me play all night long. He was only in town for a few weeks and during that time, we jammed constantly at the place where he was staying, and I was floored what an amazing guitar player he'd become.

When he went home to Hawaii, I'd landed a gig through the summer at the Sawdust Festival (11 years) and called him immediately to come back with all his equipment and he did. I even took less money so that he could join me. We had a blast, and it was pure joy. Chasin and Allen, lasted five years.

Then a violin player I had worked with in the past, convinced me to fire Michael and become a duo with him. His playing was superb, but Michael flipped out and even cried. It was one of the most difficult things I ever went through. He wasn't just my guitar player; he was like my brother.

Meanwhile, the violinist and I were like oil and water. One night after the first set while on a break, he said, "You're a crappy guitar player and you can't sing the songs I want to play", among other delightful morsels that left me gasping for air. I couldn't breathe. He turned and said, "oh you're just having a panic attack – you'll be fine", and walked back in the club, leaving me alone, never having never experienced a panic attack and I didn't even know what the fuck a panic attack even was until then.

I'd mistaken his personality for his music. I couldn't even look at him for the rest of the night while performing the last set together, while holding back the shock and tears. I've since learned how to protect myself when I see or hear something said or done that is hurtful.

I realized I'd made a terrible mistake by firing Michael. Unfortunately, that was the last time I saw him. We chatted

numerous times on the phone. Then his girlfriend in Hawaii, Doreen Virtue (a woman doing concerts and consciousness healing) called me to tell me he'd passed away in the shower. We believe his meds got mixed up, but we just don't know. It may have been an overdose, but he didn't realize it. I was sick about it for a long time and the next day I told the violin player I didn't want to work with him anymore and removed him off of all my gigs.

Not long after that, I met Peter Dobson, a fine human being, and an amazing guitar player from England who lives and gives guitar lessons in Laguna Beach, who I'd met through Sue and Dave Cross. We recorded an album together that turned out wonderfully. He's a real pro and a great person.

GIGS DROPPED

During that time, there were changes happening. Owners were selling clubs and didn't want live music anymore, like Sarducci's (The Depot) in San Juan Capistrano and Cedar Creek, so they only played piped in music and that lost a lot of performers. Customers were not thrilled either.

As it turned out, ASCAP and BMI, two of the three songwriter's publishing organizations, decided to charge and pressure clubs to either use piped in music or pay \$2,000 a year. Restaurants, club owners and little coffee houses

couldn't afford such a ridiculous fee, so they opted for piped-in "musak".

For a long time, there was no work for anyone. That was such a bullshit move to pull on the little guy – as if those organizations weren't rich enough already. I emailed BMI and let them have it about how they don't really help that many people except the ones that have money behind them. Why not? I had nothing to lose anymore by speaking my truth. I never got a response but the person filtering his mail could have deleted it for all I know.

THE ART OF THE DEAL

I know of a couple of artists who went to friends and managed to wrangle up a few million dollars from their backers. This now hugely famous country singer went to the record company and laid down \$1 million dollars in cash on the desk and said to put it in his pocket. Then he laid down another million and said where's the contract? At first, they didn't want to sign him until he threatened to buy the entire label. Money always talks.

It's rampant in all businesses, but when you deal with music, it's more about the heart. That's why a number of good artists get shelved, especially if they're not willing to play the game. Money, money, money!

TALENT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT

You see, like many talented kids who don't know about the secrets of the business, we all thought our talent would speak for itself. But come to realize that they only view us as a meal ticket. Until I learned about radio programming and the cocaine and money that crossed their desks (payola), I had no chance of making it. I couldn't stomach the casting couch and all I saw was futility. It's an evil, satanic business and I mean that. It was then clear to me that the purpose of my talent was just to play and write because that's what I was created to do. Making it in the music industry is a whole other story and the price was just too high for me.

SOUND THERAPY, VOCAL TONING & CYMATICS

We were born singing and mistook it for crying. By letting things out, we also let things in. When in confusion or pain, just hum, sing tone, groan moan – JUST USE YOUR VOICE. It's not about sounding pretty but rather releasing emotions and energies that no longer serve us.

I taught Vibrational Sound Therapy and Cymatics and Vocal Toning for almost 3 decades and it changed many lives, especially mine! You can use your server to give you lots of information on the power of Cymatics, Vocal Toning and sound and frequency.



THE RABBI

I'd been singing at weddings for years and one night I was booked into the Sportsman's Lodge in Studio City. I was killing time outside in the fresh night air and a nice-looking guy in a suit pulled up and got out of his Lexus. We smiled at each other as he passed me, and I didn't think much about it.

I was shocked when the ceremony was about to start, realizing he was the rabbi and I was the singer and he and I started talking, discovering we both had major interests in sound therapy and music. He played the didgeridoo quite well and it just happens to be one of my favorite instruments. We exchanged numbers and when I got home there was a very sweet email from him.

We had fun together and great sex. The problem was that's about all we did. I realized he was a sexaholic. He'd keep me in bed so I wouldn't go visit friends or do what I wanted to do. I mean it was amazing sex but there's so much more to life and I was busy. One great thing was that he taught me

the wedding business and got me a minister's license. I really loved marrying people.

I did about 125 weddings of all kinds from goth to Beverly Hills and everything in between. I adored it all and even sang to the audience before joining them in matrimony. I loved seeing the brides and grooms so happy and it was a cool job – my ceremonies were funny, sweet, and entertaining and I usually sang as the bride walked down the aisle. I really enjoyed marrying couples because I sat with them beforehand and learned what they wanted in their ceremony. Finally, that relationship ended.

HERSHEY

I had Hershey for 3 years. My little monster boy! I rescued him from the Orange County, California shelter and was only gonna foster, but I knew he was a handful and if I didn't take him, he'd be put down, so I kept him.

AMERICA'S GOT TALENT

I got a call from the Los Angeles staff for America's Got Talent. They wanted to schedule an audition with me. I was very surprised, but I had to decline due to other engagements I had previously booked six months ahead.

The next auditions were to take place in Chicago. I had so many people donating money for me to go that I went. I really didn't want to go but I didn't want to let my friends

down. My flight, hotel room and food for three days and were all covered.

I got up at 3am not having slept at all from the excitement, and knowing the line would start forming around 7am, I just decided to get dressed and go stand in line. I was 2nd in line. Coming from California, I had no clue how to dress in winter for Chicago, so I basically froze for 4 hours until they opened the door. I could barely sign in, much less smile, I was so stiff from being frozen.

Once everyone was in, everyone was rounded up into a huge crowd and dragged through the streets for a commercial. Well, Homie don't play that, and I didn't want to expend my energy, so I just went to the restroom and hung there for the next hour till they returned. I wasn't there to make a commercial!!!

I flew to O'Hare to a packed airport where everyone tried to knock me over and push me around. There was absolutely no personal space whatsoever. I stepped up to the McDonald's stand and ordered a burger. I hate McDonald's but there was no other food space open at the time, and like a hundred people were trying to get their food fast so they could catch their connecting flights and about a hundred people were pushing up into me.

Well, some short little guy pushed me into the counter, and I got pissed. I turned around to look at a short, Asian middle-aged man who only came up to my shoulder and he wouldn't

quit being obnoxious, poking me in the back to move up. Not at all used to this behavior and atmosphere, I got my food and got out of the way asap. Under any other circumstances, I woulda clocked the guy or tazed him.

After checking in to the audition, we were all herded like cattle to different rooms. Singers there; dancers in that room, etc. I sat down and waited for about an hour. When I walked in to have my turn, it wasn't a live audition in front of the judges – it was four young kids videotaping the auditions and it was quite clear they had no interest in me, as I was only a few bars into the song, they put her finger across her throat as if to say “cut”. I couldn't believe it!! Snotnosed little shit!

They treated people terribly and I realized they were there to make money – not seek true talent because some of the real talent didn't win. Believe it or not, it's great not to win otherwise, they tie your career up for the rest of your life! JUST MORE HOLLYWOOD BULLSHIT!! I felt terrible for the people who spent money they didn't have to travel there from around the world and not even give them the courtesy of a call back! I was disgusted, hopped on a plane home the next day, and was thrilled to be home.

I woke up the next morning with Legionnaire's disease. Between the air on the plane, the hotel and standing in windy winter Chicago for four hours, I got sicker than sick – and I do mean sick. I was in bed for seven months. I KNEW I

should have listened to my intuition to not go. Another lesson to trust my own boundaries.

CRISPIN

I met a kid named Crispin - or so he said that was his name. We met on Facebook and developed a friendship. At this point, I needed help with the house and Dad, and he was having a hard time finding work and a place to live. I invited him to come live with us for 3 months and help around the house. It turned out to be a four-year journey into aggravation and spending \$45,000 on him for food, utilities (he took really long showers), left lights on, and needed clothes, etc.) for 3 years. We were suckers. Dad hated him and I resented him. He did nothing to help after the first two weeks. He kept telling people I was his mother. Sheesh.

The final straw was when he got into the dark arts, doing satanic rituals in the house even when I told him not to in my home. I come from the opposite space. He was cutting his hands and dripping blood into a vat doing weird chanting and strange rituals. When I discovered he was messing around with chicken bones and ashes in the backyard where he'd continued with his practice, I made him leave.

EXPLODING

One weekend night Dad and I decided to watch a movie at 2am. Why not? We had no schedule. But apparently, life's stresses were harder on my body than I ever expected.

Suddenly, I got light-headed and sort of faint. I headed to my bathroom and sat down, but I saw that the toilet was filled with blood. I was nauseous so I pulled the garbage can toward me and threw up a basket full of blood. Dark red blood and a lot of it. I panicked a bit. To my horror and amazement, I got up and tried to make it to my bedroom but thumped right down on the hardwood floor... out like a light with my head under the bed.

Dad comes running in, does a little nervous dance and repeatedly says, "Gail, what do I do?" I came to and heard his voice, and I said to call 911. "Gail, how do I dial that?" Dial "911 and hit send", to which I promptly passed out.

The next thing I remember, I was waking up in ICU and a doctor slapping my face. I almost died from a vein that had opened up just above my liver. All I remember is waking up on a gurney in a hospital with doctors, nurses, police and ambulance people and at first, I thought they were aliens standing around my bed. It almost felt like some sort of flashback. "Gail, you've lost a lot of blood – can we have permission to give you blood," asked the doctor? If you don't get blood immediately, you'll die!" I was so out of it that all I

could do was shake my head up and down and pass out



again. When I first opened my e

yes, I saw four tall greys staring at me. What the heck!?!
Then I realized that they were doctors, paramedics and
police. But at that point, it was anyone's guess.

TUCSON

Then the shit really hit the fan. I realized we couldn't afford to keep the house any longer. I wasn't feeling well and couldn't keep up the physical role as Dad's everything, while trying to recover myself. My life was stressed-out from everything. His niece, who lived in Tucson, offered us to live at her mom's empty vacant house and that we live rent free. All we had to do was just pay the annual taxes and utilities. Sounded good.

I'd just gotten out of the hospital and told not to pick up anything heavy - and here I was looking at packing up the entire house – which I did. All the while, Dad was extremely and agitatedly miserable and made it very hard on me. He was losing his home of 35 years and was just mortified so I understand he was scared. I hired a friend to move us with 4

men and I got everything in the truck under 3 hours. Dad and I followed the truck to Tucson, and he barely spoke to me.

My gas tank was empty, and it was the last gas station before hitting Tucson, which was still hours away. As I was pulling in, I saw my father do one of the strangest things I've ever seen him do. I was doing about two miles an hour coasting toward the pump, when he opened the car door just before I'd come to a complete stop, threw the dog out, undid his seatbelt and rolled out of the truck onto the cement while the car was still moving. I was floored.

I stopped immediately, and jumped out to see if he was alright. Hershey, my little dog, ran amuck into the crowd and a few guys came to help my father stand up. To this day I have no clue what made him do such a thing! I ran into the gas station to pay for the gas but there were about 45 people standing in a long line to buy sodas and candy as it was close to the border.

I walked in absolutely panicked. I begged the man to let me go first and get gas because my father was out of his mind. At first, he told me to go somewhere else if I couldn't wait in line but there was nowhere else to get gas until you hit Tucson. He thought I was a demanding white woman insisting to be taken before everyone else but that simply was not the case. Finally, I gave him a \$50 bill and he took it. I gassed up and got Dad and the dog in the car. He wouldn't look at me or speak to me. As I approached the highway

entrance, he started banging on the dashboard almost breaking it, screaming at the top of his lungs that we were going the wrong way. I had to back up and show him the sign that we were in fact headed toward Tucson. Silent treatment all the way there. It was soul-exhausting and emotionally draining for me. I mean you can pretend things are alright for so long.

After we got there and settled in, it got worse. He'd go out on the patio to cut his toenails, and I walked out only to see blood everywhere all over the floor. Every two minutes I had to move the vent in another direction because the vent was always hitting him in the back of his head, which meant taking out a ladder at least 5 times a day. This went on daily and finally I just moved his chair. I would tell him not to get up out of bed until I could come in his room and help him and that all he had to do was call my name as our bedrooms were right next to each other. No, instead he'd get up and fall down and hit his head till it bled, and my cousin accused me of not caring for Dad properly. Then he got a bad case of shingles, which comes from stress.

She would come over and blame me because he wouldn't listen to me, claiming I was letting him hurt himself by not paying attention. It was making me crazy, and he was getting worse by the minute with dementia.

Oddly, I felt like they were conspiring against me. Then one day, she came to drop him off, and says to me, "When are

you gonna get a job?”, as if it were her place to even ask. I was incensed. Then Dad threw in a ‘ya’. Knowing that I’d almost just recently died in the hospital, I had cancer removed from my hand, drove across country with his shit attitude but this was too much for me. Who was she to ask me such a question? It was none of her business. I realized she had been talking in Dad’s ear about me. After all I’d been through, keeping my temper at bay, trying to be as nice to him as I possibly could, was really stretching my patience. He then took the check from the sale of our California house and only gave me half of what his promised. I looked at them and said, “You love each other so much you can take him and keep him. I will be moving in two weeks. Don’t come here anymore. You two deserve each other”. I never spoke to him again. I’m sorry but you just can’t shit on me for a decade without me finally hitting a wall. I was done.

THE ‘EL DORITO’ APARTMENTS

I’d called April, a second cousin, daughter of one of my first cousins on Dad’s side to ask her if she knew of any apartments to rent and there happened to be a studio opening up where she lived. So, I moved in immediately, paying an entire year’s rent upfront. I then discovered that most of the tenants there were dealing drugs, stealing things (like my computer and some \$50 THC CBD oil) that never was returned. The topper was when drunk men trying to get into my apartment.

Oh, and let's not forget the miserable old man who lived above me who loved to stomp up the stairs in cowboy boots and of course he HAD to vacuum at 6am every single morning. He'd stand out in the parking lot screaming at everyone and one day he kicked his window in on the second floor above me. They told him to move. I hope to never live in an apartment again. The open wide range in the country is what I needed desperately. I'd have been better off in a tent. Too many weird people in the world.

I was invited to a holiday dinner celebration and April's mother UNinvited me! Boy that felt awful and wound up highly unfortunate as I knew April had a tight mother/daughter bond, but I had to tell April to never contact me again. I didn't want to be found by any relatives, especially because they would just gossip about me. I was so done with them. Some family.

BOO

Daniel, a musician that also had a day job, was April's boyfriend at the time and who also lived at the apartments. He owned a dog named Abu, a corgi mix. I discovered the story behind the dog which was his daughter was in the navy and rescued Abu (his real name) off a grill in New Guinea...they were going to cook him! The two girls snuck him on the ship and brought him back to the states. Being that Daniel was either at his job or gigging or rehearsing or recording, he just wasn't there for the dog at all. Abu was left

in a tiny cage all day alone. Every time I walked Hershey, I could hear Abu howling because he could hear me go by. I loved that dog, and I hated the situation so much. Daniel owed me \$300 so I told him to keep the money and that I was taking the dog. Abu, (I call him Boo), stole my heart and out of all the dogs I've had, he's my protector and best friend and our bond is unbreakable. He's still with me and Hershey. (Pics at the end.)

PAT AND LOWELL'S

I arrived in the middle of the night and stayed up all night in the car in a Walmart parking lot until a cop told me to leave – that it was too dangerous for me to be there. When the sun came up, I found a storage place and put my stuff in it. Then I remembered my high school pal, Pat, and called her. She and her amazing husband let me stay in their home for 3 months, and mind you, they had 11 cats! My two dogs wouldn't have liked that, but moreover, I could only think of all the people I'd asked if I could stay a night or two but 'they had a cat'. One cat. Please. God forbid they couldn't put it in another room for one night. But we worked it out that the cats were free for a few hours and then I let the dogs out after the cats went back in the house. It worked out really well.

I purchased an old rusted out teal colored van so at least I could have a roof over me and the dog's heads. It was awful

and broke down weekly, but it worked. They got me back on my feet while Lowell put down a new carpet, built a bed so I could put my stuff underneath, and tore out the passenger seat. He worked in the Arizona heat for hours. These people were rare, loving, and generous and I couldn't have moved on if it weren't for them. I am incredibly grateful.

JOSHUA TREE

It was time to leave their lovely home and at that time, I had an offer from a woman who lived in Joshua Tree, California named Joan who ran an animal rescue. She saw me complaining on Face Book and she offered me a little trailer that I wound up renting from her, and I stayed there for six months. We had everything we needed even though it was tiny.

SHAWN

Again, thanks to Face Book, a woman I'd met 18 years ago who was married to a drummer from Nashville that I'd done some studio exchanges with, remembered me. They were now divorced but she had 5 dogs and offered me a place to stay in exchange for taking care of them. When I arrived, her old wooden house had been redesigned into a mansion and was gorgeous. I was so blown away when I saw my room. It was huge. She took me shopping for new clothes, shoes, boots and lots of great dinners at high class restaurants. She

took really good care of me. We were great friends. At least for the first two years.

I was sitting in the kitchen watching her outside play with the plants when this old funky loud truck pulls up, this weird guy got out of his truck with a dozen red roses and kissed her like no tomorrow. They held hands, turned to come in and she announced that this was now her boyfriend, and he living with us now. What? She had to have known before he arrived and didn't tell me. The very first thing he did was scare the crap out of the dogs and me by making mean scary faces and screaming at them. Folks, there's trouble right here in River City.

I thought he was just a mess and trouble on two legs. And I really didn't see what she saw in him other than company. From the first day he arrived, he screamed, and I mean SCREAMED! About nothing! We're talking veins popping out of his neck and face that turned blood red! I just went into trauma mode being screamed at as it took me back to when my father would do that.

Apparently, he had ADHD, PTSD, was highly sensitive to sound and very touchy with an anger point that would go off at the drop of a hat. It was like living with a black cloud over the house and the whole energy changed. I tried to go into the kitchen when he wasn't in there – anything to avoid the madman. You never knew once he opened his mouth what he would say – be it a joke, an insult, a quote from the bible

or some political views. I just couldn't figure out what he was really doing there because he never lifted a finger or gave her a dime. She and I ran the house. Still, she bought him everything he wanted while I was paying for my own food and bills. It pissed me off. I mean the guy wouldn't lift a finger and had to be asked to do something like take out the garbage, which he rarely did. Eventually they slept in different rooms.

PSYCHOTIC NARCESSIST

I met Tally briefly in California at a church gig years prior. I remember I thought he was attractive but also noticed a wedding ring, so I left after the service.

Cut to 18 years later, and I saw him on Face Book. We began chatting on messenger and over time after numerous phone calls, we fell in infatuation. After two visits to Prescott where I lived, we had a whirlwind romance, and decided to live together... even talked marriage, asking me what kind of stone I'd prefer in my ring. So, he moved to Prescott to be with me from California at Shawn's.

Between him being a badly abused child, serving in Viet Nam, having numerous head traumas, and a brain disfunction, I had to constantly repeat myself and remind him of things. I didn't realize what I'd be facing down the road. He was extremely damaged. But denial is a powerful thing, and I thought I loved him. He would disappear for hours not

answering his phone or telling me what he was up to and became super secretive. I grew suspicious.

We had only been together four months when I realized he was mentally abusing me. I didn't get it at the time, but I figured he was either a mental case or he was just an asshole but either way, I got sick and tired of his cavalier attitude and how he'd dangle his attention as if I was a dog.

Meanwhile, he got involved with some scam artist thinking it was a government grant, but it was a scam, and I believe he knew about it. He gave me \$2,000 toward it but asked me to put a lending company on my car for \$10,000.

Unfortunately, I did it. I didn't realize the payback was \$2,000 a month and I was so disgusted with myself and him for asking me to do that. I did it on my own – no one forced me, but I felt ripped off plain and simple. That's when I realized I was settling for less and very codependent.

OVERDOSE

One night, I was so pissed off at him for all the head games, I told him I was done and poured out about 35 Xanax and downed them on an empty stomach, chasing it with a full bottle of water. I told him that my love for him no longer existed and that I just wanted him out. Why I took it out on myself was not something I didn't think through, because I just wanted him gone. I passed out on my bed. That's the last thing I remember.

ICU

I woke up in a strange bed. I couldn't focus and all I could see were big orange patterns like mandalas in the air, which was breathing and undulating. I wasn't scared – more fascinated. I realized I couldn't move, and I saw that I was tied to the bed. I guess my reaction under the influence of all those drugs was upsetting and tying me down was probably a good thing, even though I was not happy about it. Apparently, I'd been out for a few days. It was touch and go and actually, I had died. I was there for 6 days. Tally kept telling the doctor to “pull the plug because, she wouldn't want to be brain damaged,”. He wanted me dead! Shawn grabbed the phone away from him and tried everything in her power to keep me alive.

NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCES

I've had three near death experiences. The first one was basically hearing and seeing Jesus (Yahua) smiling at me.

The second one was where I walked into a cave that was filled with every gorgeous mineral and crystal on the planet, along with flowers and fruit from all over the world. The room had satin walls and fluffy satin pillows on the floor, and it was truly the most beautiful sight I'd ever seen, not to mention I felt right at home.

The last one was, I remember seeing myself floating above a large grassy area with lovely trees. I was looking down and saw chairs and a podium set up for an outside funeral. But the chairs were all empty and there was no one around. I was wondering if it was my funeral and then I heard a deep voice say, “Not yet”.

I was taken to detox from the hospital, and I absolutely did not want any part of that, but I had no choice. They said if I didn't go that I would be responsible for the entire hospital bill. It didn't occur to me that I could walk away from a medical bill easily. They said they were sending me to a lovely high-class place to detox. To say that it was worse than a prison would be putting it mildly.

Upon arriving at detox, and after answering tons of questions, they had me strip down checking every orifice – except the important one downstairs. You had to give them your phone to be locked up and I guess some woman tried hiding their phone under their boobs. I didn't care and wasn't embarrassed because I knew once I got out of there, I'd never see them again. I had no choice but to play the game. So, I relaxed into what I was experiencing.

They gave me scrubs to wear that were too big for me, a pair of flimsy paper slippers, no comb so my hair was wild, and I looked nothing like me. When they showed me my room, I was given a twin bed with plastic sheets, a plastic pillow, and an old blanket. Only freezing water came out of the shower.

Everything was cement – the chairs, too. So uncomfortable. But I had no choice but to surrender to the situation and stay in the moment as much as possible so that I wouldn't go into panic or fear and wind up with an anxiety attack or become difficult in any way. That just wouldn't look good, and I wanted out asap. I became a model patient that spoke with respect to the staff and patients, and I even sang for them a Cappello because I had no guitar. One of the guards let me show everyone my website on his iPhone while the entire unit was listening to my music and viewing my pics. One little girl patient who'd been there for almost a year told me that my voice gave her hope. That really touched me because most of the people in there were damaged goods, so I just kept people talking and laughing.

The second night I was there, I laid awake all through the night thinking about my father. I put myself in his shoes and began to understand what happened between us. I was sad but it was more of a self-realization than me beating myself. I couldn't sleep but I embraced the quiet time and allowed myself to think. I knew something was different, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

I went to all the classes and even wound up leading the meditation group. I asked if I could do some toning which they adored. Funny thing was they offered me a job. Kind of typical for my life.

I met with two different therapists and told him what happened that wound me up there. They both told me I was living with a psychotic narcissist and that I could go home immediately. I was thrilled to realize this whole thing wasn't my fault - that I had wound up in that situation with a guy that outright stole money from me – a person I'd been intimate with. Yet I took responsibility for the part I played, which woke me up quick.

They gave me a taxi to go home. When I got out of the car, Tally was sitting out front, and he looked at me and said, "What are YOU doing here?" to which I replied, "What are YOU doing here? (Nice greeting, huh?) I went in the house, and I could hear him yell, "She's back". I realized it was his own devious nature to do the things he did.

When I went to my room, he was on my bed reading a newspaper and without looking up he said, "Oh by the way your dad died last week". That was the night I knew something was off with my father. That's a compassionate way to deliver the news of a death - NOT. He actually enjoyed telling me the way he did, hoping to get a reaction out of me but I didn't give him one except by saying, "This is how you tell me? You cold bastard". He told me that when he just returned from Vietnam, some guy tried to rob him in a liquor store parking lot, so being a killer, he stabbed him to death, and got rid of the body. Nice guy.

I noticed that all my clothes were gone from my closet and, in their place, were his clothes now hanging! I nearly lost it. He'd written me off for dead and then expected to stay there! The balls on this guy!!! He'd put my clothes in the garage! I was fucking livid!!! He just assumed that I wouldn't be returning and thinking he would just stay there, probably try to get Shawn in his sights on her money and get rid of her boyfriend. And of course, he wanted me dead – of that I have no doubt. Fortunately, that came to a dirt-flying stop.

Shawn came down to my room and we spent an hour talking about the entire thing and she said I could stay which pissed Tally off so much that he packed his shit and left within the hour and of course I helped him by taking his clothes down and throwing them on chairs so I could hang my stuff back up.

As he stood there in front of me, his face only inches away from mine, he coldly said, "I have the \$10,000 I owe on your car but I'm not going to give it to you." Like neener neener. I looked directly into his eyes and realized how lucky I was that I saw it for myself up close. He packed all his stuff in his truck and left. I shook my head and smirked as if I'd expected nothing less from him. Good riddance. I slept like a baby that night. Friends on Face Book and other dear ones helped me out financially and I was finally able to pay everything back to her within 3 months. Shawn paid off the car loan, (which saved me another \$2,000 a month in finance charges) and let

me pay her back with the donations and blessings from friends on Face Book. What struck me was most of the people (mostly women with a few very special exceptions), combined with me in giving her half of my social security check monthly, I eventually paid her back in full. I went without a few things for a long time, but all things considered I'm grateful as hell. It could have been so much worse. I figure he'll get his.

BONNIE SARNELLI

When I took the dogs to a park one day in Tucson while living in my van, a woman walked up and joined me at the table. It turns out that we knew each other 45 years ago from Venice Beach! What a small world! She put me up for a few nights. Cool lady and that was no coincidence.

GEORGIA

I loved Shawn and living in the mountains in Prescott, Arizona. She was like a sister, and she helped me get to Georgia.

It was a horrendous drive across country with two dogs who cry and hate being in the car... that was fun. Then in and out of hotels, walking them, etc. I was exhausted.

Meanwhile, this “spiritual daughter” of mine that I’d known for a decade invited me to stay with them. But the second I arrived with the movers; I was in shock. There must have been 5 big plops of dog poo and a river of piss from a fat American Bully! In the living room! I was instantly turned off and repelled and very freaked out while loading boxes on the couch instead of the floor. Instead of letting her dogs out, she let them do this in the kitchen as well, so I ate out a lot. Who could cook while avoiding stepping in dogshit? Not me. Not most people. I’m not here to judge but there are certain boundaries I have for my personal sane living, and this wasn’t one of them. In one room, there were 6 chickens and in another room were 3 cats. The house stunk and I had to hold my nose from the front door to my bedroom, putting a towel under my door to avoid the multiple stench. We were just oil and water in our entire lifestyle and when she and her husband had a fight, she evicted ME!

At this point I was thrilled to leave. Diana sent me the funds to make the move, and I rented an RV in the country, and I’ve been here almost a year now and I absolutely love it.

There’s a beautiful lake with fish just outside my door, peacocks, ducks, and geese with a gazebo overlooking the lake. It’s the healing place I needed.

With all the unbelievable interstellar events and spiritual experiences and being in contact with other-than-human-beings, it’s only fair to say that I heavily consider science is

because they're actually the same thing. This has opened my eyes to how healing as well as destruction and danger can enter our atmosphere – depending on who's at the helm. And I'm not talking about any president. They're just puppets. I don't care much for politics because exposing the underbelly of it all, well, let me put it this way...it's not what you think.

The more I grow as a person, the more I incorporate all aspects of my experiences into a concept of how the world kind of works and the more I discover, the more my concept of God changes.

No one is here by accident. We came to participate and watch the fireworks. We WANT to grow and bring more love to the planet! And you chose to be here during this tumultuous time, so that tells me anyone who's on earth right now wants to be part of the change even if they're not yet aware of that. I find that amazing because that means we really love others. Conflict will always happen, but I think it's probable (if egos are kept in check), that we can live a healthy, joyous, and free life – IF we chose to do that. It's letting go and falling into the deepest arms of Supreme love. It's a joy even in the darkest of times, even when I've wanted to check out. Even though I crossed over three times, it wasn't my time.

OUT OF (or inside) THIS WORLD

*From the time I was four years old, I would see 'things' in the sky. I didn't know what they were, but they felt protective over me. We lived in Tucson at the time, near the military base and from time to time I would see them. Somehow, we talked telepathically but I was too young at the time to understand anything about them.

*One summer evening after dinner when Leslie was visiting from California, we used a ladder to climb up to the rooftop. We'd lay up there just staring at the stars. I think we were 14 years old then. Dad had gone bowling, and Mom was inside with her girlfriends playing Maj Jong. While we were laying on the roof, we both got quiet, just enjoying the peace and the magnificent sky. Apparently, we'd closed our eyes when all of a sudden, I felt this vibration in my body – sort of a whirring feeling in my belly that I'd never experienced before, so I opened my eyes. To my complete bewilderment, hovering directly above us maybe 20 feet, was a small round saucer. It was about thirty feet in diameter and underneath the lights were flashing one at a time red, orange, yellow, green and blue and they lit up individually in a repeating circle. There was no wind, no sound...just this disc hovering over us. I turned to tell Leslie, but oddly, not only could I not speak, but I could only turn my head and was unable to move my body. She was completely knocked out. I wondered if I

was hallucinating but I didn't even know what a hallucination even was yet. Just then, Mom came out to the backyard and yelled for us to get down at which point the disc shot straight up and away with the speed of a blink. It seems the TV had been on in the background during Mom's game and the news broke in saying there were over 2,000 phone calls to the police department with the sighting at our location that I just experienced. Leslie never saw it. Mom said there was a whirring sensation in her gut, and she must have picked up on it, too.

*I was working with Washboard Willie (Larry Hiskett) at the Avi Hotel and Casino in Laughlin. As we were driving along, it was noticeably windy and there were no clouds in the sky. The highway ran parallel to the mountain range when out of nowhere a small cloud appeared. It was the only one in the sky and I wondered why it wasn't blown away like the rest of the clouds. I stared at it for a minute and the cloud disappeared, only to see a cigar shaped ship. Larry said not to talk to them, but I said out loud, "I'd love to play with you but I'm on my way to work. Then it just evaporated! Poof! It was gone.

*Boni lived at the Hunt Club back then and one night after doing a breath and toning event, we went out on her veranda just unwinding from the day and talking. The backyard was huge and deep and very dark when all of a sudden, I saw lights approaching the house from the distant sky. As the

lights got closer, we saw 4 round ships that were lit up the closer they got. Boni said not to talk to them, but I said out loud, "Show us something fun", at which point, they were now lit up red and had changed shape to 4 triangles with red lights on the underside. They zoomed over the house maybe only a foot from the roof. We both laughed and cheered.

*No, not drugs. This one is the best and most moving and lifechanging thing that's ever happened to me. I was finished with my workout, shower and breakfast and thought I would just lay on the couch and think about God. I immediately fell into a purple swirl of light, movement, and love ... almost womb-like. When I 'came to', I leapt off the couch sweating and frantic. It felt like hours had passed.

Everything came to me through my senses. It felt like I was smashed between a body and some wood, and there was a sickening stench of urine, feces and vinegar, A crowd had formed, and people were throwing dog feces at us. Some people were crying and praying and then I heard a whimpering, and then the person cried out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do".

I felt unbelievable physical pain, and it was almost like a camera than panned back and I could see that I was nailed to the cross between Christ and the wooden cross. I jumped back and started pacing the living room and looked down to see my palms were bleeding. I stared at them and watched the holes close. This changed my life. When I was

enlightened by the going under the water at my baptism, the same purple swirling gel came back. I didn't want to come up. It was like I was breathing under water.

THE PHONE

*It was about that time that our disconnected house phone started ringing! It would only ring once and mostly at night or in the middle of the night. I removed all the cords as well as the message machine and put them in the closet. Then the phone would ring.

About a week later, the non-existent phone rang again. Dad and I looked at each other. We didn't know what to think until I said, "I think it's Mom". I called the phone company to come out...and he even went under the house to see if there was an old phone or a bell of some sort left behind still plugged in, or maybe a bad wire. Nothing. The repair guy was just as stumped as we were. The ringing continued for about a year or so on a weekly basis and eventually it stopped. Dad and I would look at each other like the heck is going on?

*I was in my room and talking to God, when all of a sudden, I saw these two feet with green, shiny scales. My eyes scanned his extremely tall body...a well-built reptilian with a sort of a turtle head. Without responding or reacting, I said,

“This is not for you”, at which point he disappeared as quickly as he’d come in. What struck me odd was that these ‘events’ don’t upset me at all. Kinda makes me wonder why.

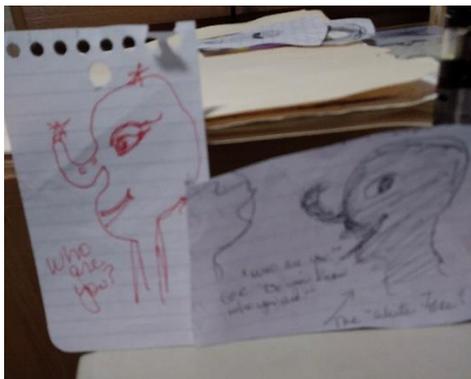
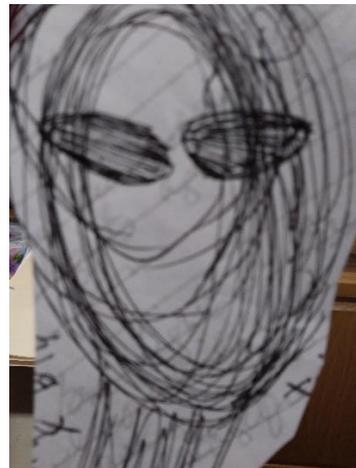
*I’ve seen a Doppelganger in my house. Bruce and I had just arrived at the house, and he went to the bedroom. A few seconds later, I saw him walk by and I was confused. I went to the bedroom and there he was. He hadn’t left the room, so what did I see? The exact duplicate person. Then it must have left because I never saw it again.

*I got up in the middle of the night to pee as most folks do, and with my eyes half shut, I saw this tall, dark shadow with a hat on just leaning in the door jamb of the bathroom. I looked him up and down. He was very tall, wearing all black – a black belt, black pants and shirt. I’d heard of this entity from other sources. I was so used to seeing things, that I just casually walked past him to the toilet, which truthfully makes me wonder why I take all this with a grain of salt instead of freaking out. But I don’t know why these things don’t even bother me a little bit.

*One afternoon I was taking a nap. I awoke in a panic because something I couldn’t see was smothering me and sitting on my chest. I couldn’t speak but I kept thinking I can’t

speaking with no air, so I called on Jesus and he immediately disappeared. I got up and wandered into the living room, where the front door opened by itself and in came walking one tall gray and 7 short ones. The tall one had a great Dane dog with him. No words were exchanged as it was all telepathic. I was trying to decide at the time, if I should go to Denmark. They asked me to have sex with the dog and I said no way, at which point, they turned and floated out the front door. I guess they were telling me that if I go to Denmark, I'll get screwed. Interesting imagery.

When I lived in my RV at Stardust Ranch in Buckeye, Arizona, I woke up on a Saturday morning. Standing at my doorway with a cup of coffee, I remarked out loud to myself what a beautiful day it was. Just then, I felt two sets of hands on me but there was no one there. I wound up being pushed out, down the 5 metal stairs and I wound up on the ground screaming in agony. I went to the hospital (they almost called a helicopter) and gave me a pain shot. I never saw what pushed me, but John said there were two tall grays standing behind me. Jeez. I wound up at the hospital.



THANKS TO THE UFO AND SPIRITUAL COMMUNITY

- MUFON
- **Linda Moulton Howe**
- Zacharia Sitchen
- Tom Kenyon
- **J.J. Hurtak**
- **George Noory**
- **Stanton Friedman**
- Art Bell
- Travis Taylor
- Bob Lazar
- **Alex Collier**
- Stanton Freeman
- **Louis Alizondo**
- **Delores Cannon**
- Giorgio Tsoukalos
- Regina Meredith
- Jordan Maxwell
- And so many more

**HONORING
FRIENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE**

- Wilford Brimley
- Pearl Bailey
- Della Reese
- Johnny Cash
- Hoyt Axton

- Vassar Clements
- Bob Babbitt (Robert Kreiner)
- Barbara Sydow
- Heather Thurston
- Lloyd Herman
- Barbara Gannon
- Jack Grochmal
- Steve Young
- Violet Ripp
- Artie Ripp
- John Jaworowicz
- Jim Greasy
- Eddie Rabbitt
- Rich Fagan
- Tommy Oteri
- Ralph Vitello
- Pebble Daniel
- Damon the Gypsy
- Moe Denham
- John Prine
- Sandra Wright
- Pearl Bailey
- Della Reese
- Bill McHolm
- Robin Williams
- Eddie Rabbit

- Wayne Carson
- Richard Simpson
- Larry Jon Wilson
- Steve Young
- John Jaworowicz
- Jerry McEwen
- Jim Greasy
- Pebble Daniel
- Damon the Gypsy
- Michael Allen
- Rich Fagan
- Tommy Oteri
- Ralph Vitello
- Violet Ripp
- Dickie Betts

FRIENDS AND FAMILY PICS



Mickey



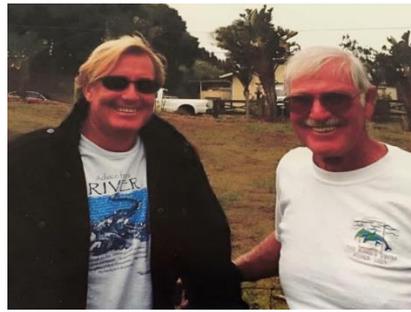
Leslie



Pat & Lowell



Heather



Michael Allen & Dad



Rita & Jonnie Keeto



Shawn



Rod & Julianne Miller-Boyer



Neil



Tina



Ke'aloa



Maxine Garrett & daughter



Diana Visco



Anni O.



Chuck Barris

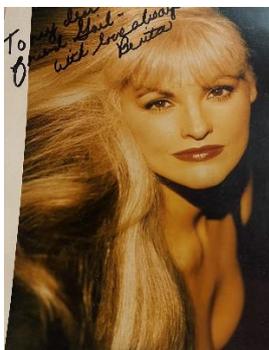
Linda, Niecy and daughters



Dana & Jon Garth

Johnny Rodriques

BobHouse



Benita Hill



Michael McDonald



Lacy J. Dalton



Doby Gray



Mark Wenner



Barb & Jack

MY THANKS TO YOU ALL

(In alphabetical order by first name)

Amrita Cottrell

Anni O'Brien

Angela Patton

Ava Parks

Amy Seago

Abigail Wilson

Archita Desai (Dr)

Anne-Liv Scott

Barbara Corrigan

Beep Colclough

Billy Prine

Betsy Cross

Billy Joe Shavers

Bobby David

Benita Hill

Boni Light

Brandon Johnson

Bonnie Sarnelli

Carl Dante

Cat Cirillo

Carole Biondello

Chaeya and Cisco Robles

Christopher Atkins

Christina Cure

Charles Gribbins

Carla Chamberlain

Cara Highsmith

Chris Leuzinger

Christina and Butch Martin

Catherine Shumate

Cynda Johnson

Connie Kelty

Cari Basham

Claudine Capriotti

Carl Higdon

Chuckie Burke

Dallas Harris

Debbe Hershey

Dianna Whitley

Dan Broyall

Dave Belz

Debi Cox

Danny Leavitt

Dovie Kimmins

Dana McCallister-Garth

Donnis Hiskett

Dan Hensley

Diana Raymer

Danny Wade

Donna LeClair

Dianna Whitley

Douglas Miller

Evelyn Kirton

Elizabeth Thorpe

Elizabeth Rhyne

Elaine Wiener

Eric Nichols

Eileen Hayden
Freida Cox Olsen
Grady Shawver
Giued Hatch
Geneva Anderson
Nancy Gifford
Glenn Stewart
Glenn Bert
Hotsy Malone
Helen Darvall
Holly Blair
Hugh Bennett
Hagar Twins
Hugh Johnson
Hugh Waddell
Jon at Publix
John Callas
Jonathan Garth
Jerry Gillespie
John Conlon

Joe Collins

Joel Keller

Jerry Tate

Jannis Shook

Jennifer Heart

Jim Gordon

Jeanine Just

Jann Browne

Jeanine Just

Joyce Symans

Julie Didier

Jackie Hyman

Judith (in Seattle)

Katina Williams

Kim D'Argo

Kathy Rammuni

Kirsten Korot

Karen Nguyen

Kim Morrisson

Ke'alooha Crytser

Karen McIntyreKaren Scully

Kaz

Kaylee at Publix

Laura Lee Faracelli

Larry Chaney

Lloyd Herman

Leann Lewis

LJR

Linda Carey Nelson

Leslie McCallister

Lucia D'Angelo

Lance Wulff

Laura Lee Faracelli

Lindy Wenner

Luke Dercher

Lew Campbell

Monica Way

Marty Taylor

Marc Smaniotto

Marc McClure

Lee Clayton

Mike Scony

Mary Ann Antenucci

Merv Anderson

Matt Barnes

Michael Beckman

Maureen Conklin

Michael Kopytko

Miranda Louise Johnson

Marrienne Williamson

Mark Wenner

Mark O'Connell

Marianne Osiel

Maxine Garrett

Mical White

Megan and Ryan King

Michelle Little

Merrily Weeber

Michael Blaustone

Mike Cyrano

Michael Bartow

Michael Joyce

Neil Delama

Nannie Cross

Norma (Steg) Stegall

Niecy Nelson Gage

Olivia Newton-John

Paul Blair

Peggy Butler

Pat and Lowell Kaiser

Pat Morita

Paige Turner

Richard Bell

Robyn Belz

Randall "Tex" Cobb

Riders in the Sky

Rusty Russell

Rose Raymer

Ron Weatherly

Rod and Julianne Miller-Boyer

Randy Singer

Rhonda Sarns

Rita and Johnnie Keeto

Roy Einstein/Rex Ironstone

Rogue Ray Lamontagne

Richard Bell

Ryan Bartoe

Reuben Dale Rodrigues

Reubin De Fuentes

Renes Guapo

Robert Greene

Sharon Quade

Stuart Walker

Scott Crane

Shawn Cardinal

Sally Tarver

Steve Messer

Steve Goodman

Sharon West-Quade

Sandy Del Gabbo-Harvey

Simon and Shannon Johnson

Stephen Patterson

Sarah Mahan

Stephen Patterson

Sue Trumpfheller

Suze Angel

Sam Viehweg

Sue Gregory

Tippi Hedron

Tucker Carlson

Tammy Clements

Tom Bagley

Terry Coats

Tommy Goldsmith

Tammy Miller

Tony Jenkins

Tony Seaholster

Terry Townsend

Tommy Wells

Tommy Faia

Tony Newman

Tony Powers

Terry Mumby

Wes Henley

Wayne Perkins

William Henry

Will Brady

YaYa at Publix

Yvonne Smith

Yvonne Castiel

Martha Zendlovitz

MORE PICS



Don Stroud



Grady & Janet



Babbitt



Mike Cyrano



Dickie Betts



Wayne Carson



Bonnie Raitt



Freebo



Michael Smotherman



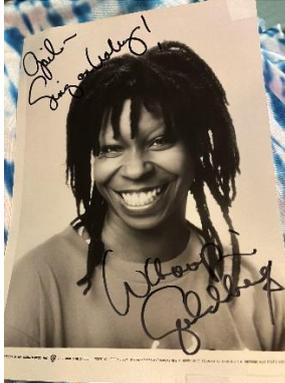
Jim Gordon



Tim Curry



Nightengale



Whoopie Goldberg



Sue & Dave Cross/Crosssection



Robert K. Oremann



Rich Fagan



Rick Durrett

Riders in the Sky

Wilford Brimley



Bonnie Bramlett



Billy Joe Shavers



Steve Young



Warren Haynes

Govnmt Mule



Dewey Martin

Buffalo Springfield



Mimi Seton



Geneva Anderson



Anni O.



Entertainers Against
Hunger



Effie Mahone



Miss Abigale



Bonnie Sarnelli



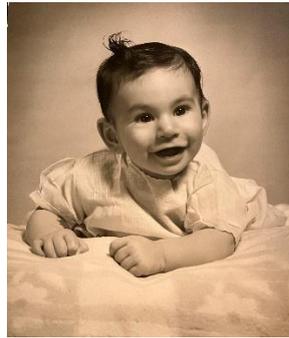
Rev. Michael Beckwith



Tony Powers

Pics of Gail





To all the club owners, fans and managers

Thank you for hiring me and making my career so rich. Anyone I've forgotten, who tossed anything in my tip jar, bought a CD, who just enjoyed my performances, and to all my friends, fans, acquaintances, folks who came to my toning circles, Face Book, Tik Tok, and all the people around the world both living and passed, in person or online who helped me, supported me, and loved and encouraged me along the way!

PIEDMONT

Last but far from least, my highest regard is for the **Piedmont Hospital** here in Covington, Georgia. Huge thanks go to the Radiology Department, Dr. Polsani and his wonderful team, Drs. Stein, Deal, Kim, Shah, Grossman and Isacc and the same team who've seen me on a weekly basis for over a year.

I love these hard-working people, and I simply must include the two angels at the Coffee Shop, Miss Lisa and Miss Sylvia. Such incredibly loving, generous and compassionate ladies whom I simply adore.



I'd also like to acknowledge the volunteers who schlep me around in a wheelchair when I need one. I call myself Wobbles when I try walking. Hahaha Great people.

Lastly, the brilliant nurses and paramedics in Infusion (yes, it's a long day – usually 6 to 8 hours) who literally fight over me as to who's gonna get to be my nurse that day. I can't tell you how sweet that is making me feel so comfortable with hot blankets (it's freezing in the hospital), and I get my own little room with a reclining heated chair and a tv, which I enjoy since I don't have wifi or internet in my old metal RV,

not to mention it will be another 8 months till, they install another cell tower so I do as much calling and catching up as much as possible. These women really know their way around giving the needles and never hurt me. I love them all.

I love and adore these Piedmont people more like family. After all, I was told I don't have much time left. But we'll see.



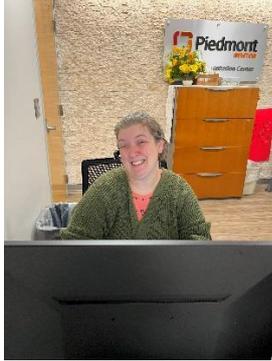
Louie Cumby Volunteer

RADIOLOGY



A very special acknowledgement of Jill in emergency, who inspired me to finish this book.

INFUSION



MY REASON FOR LIVING...

HERSHEY AND BOO



LAST THOUGHTS

Listen more and criticize less. Try consciously on 'being here now'. Trust yourself and try to have as much fun as possible. Smile a lot because it's contagious. Remember that nothing ends – it only alters.

I will always be the Mind Traveler and the Sound Lover and am extremely blessed even when I find myself in the worst situations. So, if I only have a few years left, that'll do just fine. One way or the other, I'll be seeing you around again someday cuz Honey, it ain't over till the fat lady sings and I

don't see her anywhere! Trust yourself, try to have as much fun as possible. Until then, I will always be the Mind Traveler and the Sound Lover,

DRIVING SIDEWAYS!

The End

for now!