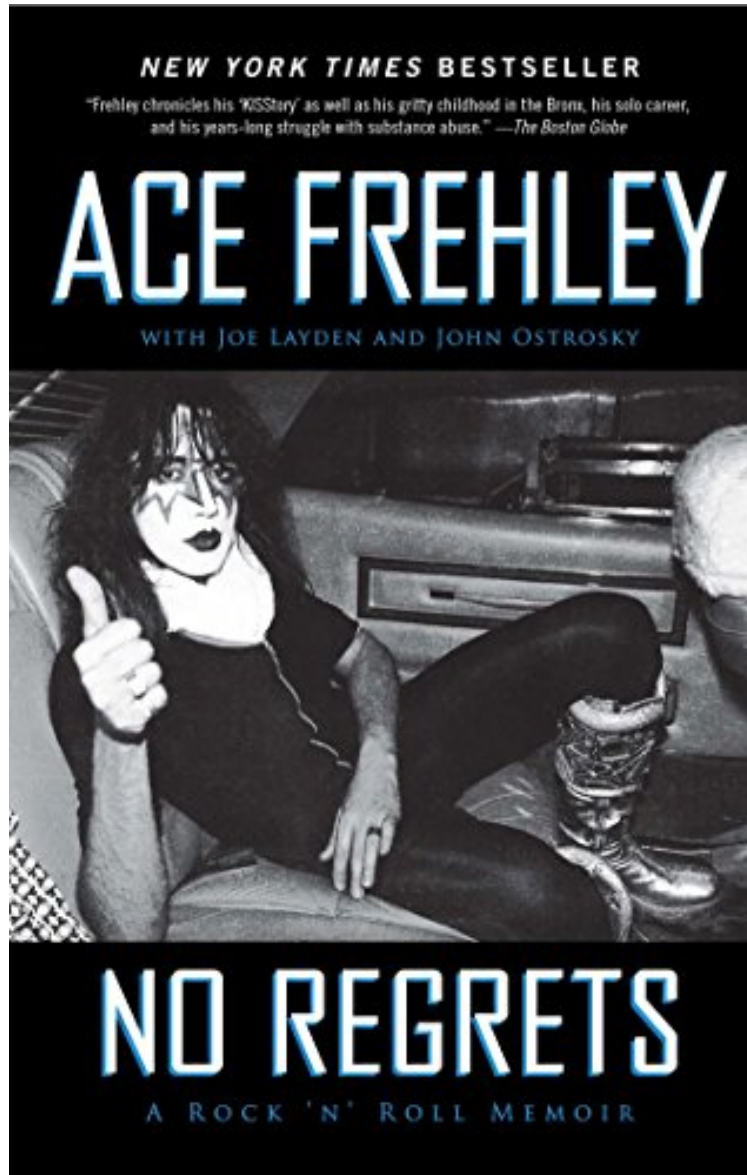


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No Regrets

Ace Frehley, Joe Layden, John Ostrosky
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Ace Frehley, Joe Layden, John Ostrosky : No Regrets before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised No Regrets:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. From The Horses Mouth.By BlankFrankFrom the moment you start reading this book the humor and intelligence of Ace shines through. His stories draw the reader in and you get to 'feel' what motivated and drove Ace, even from an early age. While there is some vitriol, mostly directed at Gene and his money making desires, the book mainly delivers an honest "over the shoulder" look at one of the most remarkable

careers in rock and roll ever, one that launched thousands if not millions of others to pick up a guitar and try heading for the stars. For the most part the book deals with the drive and motivation that launched Ace to being a superstar. The stories are as honest as they are funny and the entire book is an easy read. There aren't any parts that you'll want to skip over, no boring stories about how poor he was growing up in the Bronx or how tough his neighborhood was. Oh, sure, those stories are in there, but they are anything but boring. And then Ace lays bare his reflections of his time with the Hottest Band In The World. The initial failures, his trial and tribulations in and out of the band, the incredible jump to success and the ride, up, over, back down and all the way to the crash on the other side are all expressed in great detail. The story ends with Ace's departure from the band the first time. Nothing about the reunion or the tours, their attempt at making a new album and what a catastrophe it turned into or the fact that he was turned into a paid employee of the band he helped to create. But along the way the reader will gain great insight into the heart and soul of Ace Frehley and the wild ride he went on, all with a flair that is honest, enticing, all told with humor. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A Great read for any KISS or Ace Frehley Fan!! By William J. Gutierrez What a great read!!!! Ace and the 2 gentleman that transcribed his memories and factual dates really made this an honest and interesting perspective on Ace Frehley's life as a musician, growing up as a kid, admitting fully all the very bad choices he made. Ace truly is a funny guy with a lot of heart and guts to tell about all his issues with drugs, alcohol, etc, etc. He kept his remarks about Gene, Paul and Peter to a minimum and didn't do a lot of mud-slinging. It's really interesting to get a perspective from all four members of the band. Gene with ego and sex addition, Paul with his deformity in his ear that was surgically put together, Peter with a heart of gold, but with a lot of emotional issues and insecurities. I wish the band could make amends with each other and not throw mud back and forth. They all realized their own issues, and going from a club band to a headliner in less than two years, is mind blowing!!! I will always love every member of the band, (except Vinnie Vincent who is a real weirdo and never signed a contract to be part of the band) whether it be past or present (God bless Eric Carr and Mark St. John) they both got a raw deal in life and were gone way too soon!!! But there will never be another original KISS. They broke the mold and they took the world by storm!! Thanks Paul "Ace" Frehley for making me want to play the guitar.....you will always be one of my top influences, and thank you for a very candid and honest book, without throwing out too much mud! Best of luck to you always!! Anyone who is a Kiss fan, will truly enjoy this very entertaining and fascinating look, and perspective of the "Space Man" AAAAAKKKK!!! 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Saving it for his next book...? By *TUDOR^QUEEN* Like band mate Peter Criss's autobiography, this tome tells a tale of alcoholism, drug addiction, enabling roadies, and preferential treatment by lawful authorities. It gets mentally exhausting reading of his antics as they weave throughout the book. Still, Ace has always been a loveable character, so I indulged him as I read it much as he indulged his own vices. I've read all four KISS members' autobiographies, and somehow I enjoyed this one the least. Perhaps it's because his life just wasn't as colorful or interesting as the other members. He didn't go into very much depth about his one marriage and the birth of his daughter. He also didn't elaborate about his sexual escapades like Peter Criss did in his book. Ace's book concentrated more on his alcohol and drug addictions. Although Peter and Ace share the burden of screwing up their careers in KISS, at least Peter Criss's book was far more forthright and revealing. I bought Peter Criss's book on sale for \$2.99, but felt like I got much more out of it than Ace's book. Supposedly, Ace is writing another book. Perhaps it is because he didn't do a good enough job on this one.

THE MUSIC, THE MAKEUP, THE MADNESS, AND MORE. . . . In December of 1972, a pair of musicians placed an advertisement in the Village Voice: "GUITARIST WANTED WITH FLASH AND ABILITY." Ace Frehley figured he had both, so he answered the ad. The rest is rock & roll history. He was just a boy from the Bronx with stars in his eyes. But when he picked up his guitar and painted stars on his face, Ace Frehley transformed into "The Spaceman" and helped turn KISS into one of the top-selling bands in the world. Now, for the first time, the beloved rock icon reveals his side of the story with no-holds-barred honesty . . . and no regrets. For KISS fans, Ace offers a rare behind-the-make-up look at the band's legendary origins, including the lightning-bolt logo he designed and the outfits his mother sewed. He talks about the unspoken division within the band—he and Peter Criss versus Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons—because the other two didn't "party every day." Ace also reveals the inside story behind his turbulent breakup with KISS, their triumphant reunion a decade later, and his smash solo career. Along the way, he shares wild stories about dancing at Studio 54 with "The Bionic Woman," working as a roadie for Jimi Hendrix, and bar-flying all night with John Belushi. In the end, he comes to terms with his highly publicized descent into alcohol, drugs, and self-destruction—ultimately managing to conquer his demons and come out on top. This is Ace Frehley. No makeup. No apologies. No regrets.

About the Author Ace Frehley is a founding member and former lead guitarist for the legendary rock band KISS, which has sold more than 100 million albums worldwide and is ranked among the top-selling rock bands of all time. Joe Layden has authored or coauthored more than thirty books, including multiple New York Times bestsellers. Excerpt. copy; Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. A BRONX TALE When I was a kid I used to

carry around this awful image in my head—a picture of three men tangled awkwardly in high-tension wires, fifty feet in the air, their lifeless bodies crisping in the midday sun. The horror they endured was shared with me by my father, an electrical engineer who worked, among other places, at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, New York, helping with the installation of a new power plant in the 1950s. Carl Frehley was a man of his times. He worked long hours, multiple jobs, did the best he could to provide a home for his wife and kids. Sometimes, on Sunday afternoons after church, he'd pile the whole family into a car and drive north through the Bronx, into Westchester County, and eventually find ourselves on the banks of the Hudson River. Dad would take us on a tour of the West Point campus and grounds, introduce us to people, even take us into the control room of the electrical plant. I'm still not sure how he pulled that one off—getting security clearance for his whole family—but he did. Dad would walk around, pointing out various sights, explaining the rhythm of his day and the work that he did, sometimes talking in the language of an engineer, a language that might as well have been Latin to me. Work was important, and I guess in some way he just wanted his kids to understand that; he wanted us to see this other part of his life. One day, as we headed back to the car, my father paused and looked up at the electrical wires above, a net of steel and cable stretching across the autumn sky. "You know, Paul," he said, "every day at work, we have a little contest before lunch." I had no idea what he was talking about. A contest? Before lunch? Sounded like something we might have done at Grace Lutheran, where I went to elementary school in the Bronx. "We draw straws to see who has to go out and pick up sandwiches for the whole crew. If you get the shortest straw, you're the delivery boy." That was the beginning. From there, my father went on to tell us the story of the day he drew the short straw. While he was out picking up sandwiches, there was a terrible accident back on the job. Someone had accidentally thrown a switch, restoring power to an area where three men were working. Tragically, all three men were electrocuted instantly. When my father returned, he couldn't believe his eyes. The bodies of his coworkers were being peeled off the high-tension wires. "Right up there," he said quietly, looking overhead. "That's where it happened." He paused, put a hand on my shoulder. "If I hadn't drawn the short straw that day, I'd have been up there in those wires, and I wouldn't be here right now." I looked at the wires, then at my father. He smiled. "Sometimes you get lucky." Dad would repeat that story from time to time, just often enough to keep the nightmares flowing. That wasn't his intent, of course—he always related the tale in a whimsical "what if?" tone—but it was the outcome nonetheless. You tell a little kid that his old man was nearly fried to death, and you're sentencing him to a few years of sweaty, terror-filled nights beneath the sheets. I get his point now, though. You never know what life might bring—or when it might come to a screeching halt. And it's best to act accordingly. The Carl Frehley I knew (and it's important to note that I didn't know him all that well) was quiet and reserved, a model of middle-class decorum, maybe because he was so fucking tired all the time. My father was forty-seven years old by the time I came into this world, and I sometimes think he was actually deep into a second life at that point. The son of German and Dutch immigrants, he'd grown up in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, finished three years of college, and had to leave school and go to work. Later on he moved to New York and married Esther Hecht, a pretty young girl seventeen years his junior. My mom had been raised on a farm in Norlina, North Carolina. My grandfather was from northern Germany—the island Rumlgen, to be precise. My grandmother was also German, but I'd always heard whispers of there being some American Indian blood in our family. It was boredom, more than anything else, that brought my mom to New York. Tired of life on the farm, she followed her older sister Ida north and lived with her for a while in Brooklyn. Dad, meanwhile, came for the work. There was always a little bit of mystery surrounding my dad, things he never shared; nooks and crannies of his past were always a taboo subject. He married late, started a family late, and settled into a comfortable domestic and professional routine. Every so often, though, there were glimpses of a different man, a different life. My dad was an awesome bowler, for example. He never talked about being part of a bowling league or even how he learned the game. God knows he only bowled occasionally while I was growing up, but when he did, he nailed it. He had his own ball, his own shoes, and textbook form that helped him throw a couple of perfect games. He was also an amazing pool player, a fact I discovered while still in elementary school, when he taught me how to shoot. Dad could do things with a pool cue that only the pros could do, and when I look back on it now I realize he may have spent some time in a few shady places. He once told me that he had beaten the champion of West Virginia in a game of pool. I guess you have to be pretty good to beat the state champion of any sport. "Hey, Dad. What's your high run?" I once asked him while we were shooting pool. "One forty-nine," he said, without even looking up. Holy shit—I must have been only about ten years old at the time, and I didn't immediately grasp the enormity of that number, but I quickly realized it meant making 149 consecutive shots without missing. That's ten fuckin' racks! You have to know what you're doing to polish off that many balls without screwing up. And that little piece of information, coupled with the times I saw him execute trick shots and one-handed shots, made me wonder even more about his elusive past. Perhaps, when he was younger, he lived life in the fast lane and we had much more in common than one might think. Maybe, just maybe, Carl Frehley kicked some ass. It's kinda fun to think so, anyway. I grew up just off Mosholu Parkway in the Bronx, not far from the New York Botanical Garden and Bronx Zoo. It was a middle-class neighborhood of mixed ethnic backgrounds, consisting of mostly German, Irish,

Jewish, and Italian families. Ours was pretty normal and loving, a fact I came to appreciate even more after I began hanging out with some serious badasses who were always trying to escape their violent and abusive home lives. Conversely, my dad never hit or abused me as a child, but I often wondered how much he really cared about me since we never did anything together one-on-one. Now as I think back, I realize more and more that he loved me, and that he did the best he could under the circumstances. It's pretty hard to look at the Frehleys and suggest that my upbringing contributed in any way to my wild and crazy lifestyle and the insanity that was to ensue. Sure, my dad was a workaholic and never home, but there was always food on the table, and we all felt secure. My parents enjoyed a happy and affectionate marriage—I can still see them holding hands as they walked down the street, or kissing when Dad came home from work. They always seemed happy together, and there was very little fighting at home. We had relatives in Brooklyn and North Carolina, all on my mother's side, but I knew very little about my dad's side of the family. There were no photo albums or letters, no interesting stories or visits from aunts and uncles. Nothing. I knew he had a brother who had tragically drowned at age eight, but the rest was sketchy at best. When I tried to ask him for more details, my mom would intervene. "Don't push your father," she'd say. "It's too painful for him." So I'd let it go. People who know me only as the Spaceman probably find this hard to believe, but I was raised in a family that stressed education and religion. My parents also understood the value of the arts and sciences. The way I'm fascinated with computers and guitars, my dad was fascinated with motors and electrical circuits, and he used to build his own batteries in the basement as a child. I know he was very good at what he did because in addition to his work at West Point, he also serviced the elevator motors in the Empire State Building, and was involved in designing the backup ignition system for the Apollo spacecraft for NASA. He had notebooks filled with formulas and sketches, projects he worked on until the wee hours of the morning. So my parents emphasized learning, and two of their three children got the message. My sister, Nancy, who is eight years my senior, was a straight-A student who went on to get a master's degree in chemistry; she taught high school chemistry for a while before getting married to start a family. My brother, Charles, was an honors student as well. He studied classical guitar at New York University, where he finished tenth in his class. Then there was me, Paul Frehley, the youngest of three kids and the black sheep to boot. In the beginning I enjoyed school and team sports, but as I got older, my social life and music began taking precedence over my studies. I remember coming home with B's, C's, and D's on my report card and hearing my parents complain. "Why can't you be more like Charlie and Nancy?" I'd just throw up my hands. Between bands and girlfriends, who had time to study? Yours, r...