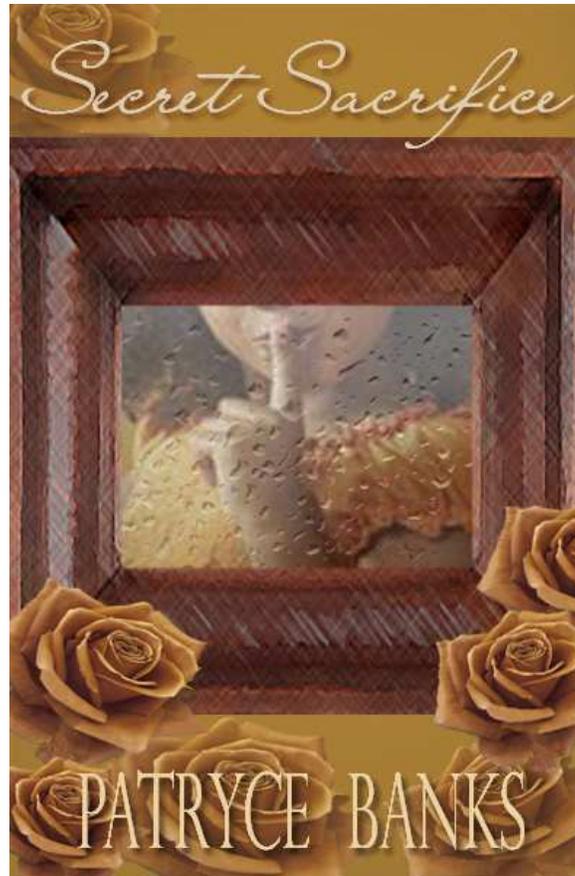


NEW RELEASE!!!!
PATRYCE "CHOC'LET" BANKS
formerly of
Graham Central Station

pens new book...



Secret Sacrifice
By: Patryce "Choc'let" Banks
Reignbo Publications
\$15.95 U.S.
105 Pages
ISBN: 0-9801282-1-5

Website: www.patrycechocletbanks.com
Contact: favflayvor1@msn.com

Secret Sacrifice

Patryce “Choc’let” Banks, female forerunner involved in the birth of the African-American musical phenomenon known as FUNK, presents her third book, a novella titled; *Secret Sacrifice*.

Thus far, Choc’let has allowed the reader to share and explore her life as she traveled in the Funk Fast Lane. Her debut book, *A Choc’let State of Mind, Short stories and Poetry*, consists of semi/non-fictional accounts of the beginning of her career. Choc’let places readers in the front row of her life. The author reminisces about her early days in the music business: the sex, drugs and often out of control, lifestyle. In a candid retrospective, the reader accompanies Choc’let through the difficulties of an inexperienced, young, gifted black girl who stumbles her way down the road to “stardom.” Her real-life situations include many famous and infamous names that are an integral part of her story. When asked how it felt to witness the beginning of funk, Choc’let asserts, “...upon hooking up with Larry Graham and living my fantasies, I was too caught up in the experience to realize I was a part of a new, universal groove called "Funk". It was a magical time in the Holy Land of the East Bay and bands like Sly, Graham Central Station, Tower of Power, and Santana, were prophets.”

Her second book, *Deja View:Memoirs of a Funk Diva* continues where *Choc’let State* leaves off. In *Deja View*, the journey continues through Choc’let’s career with **Graham Central Station**. She intimately shares and details her abusive relationship with Larry Graham, from beginning to end. Choc’let chronicles her career after GCS, which includes working in the studio and touring with such artists as; **B.B. King, Stephanie Mills, Chaka Kahn, Rose Royce, Dr. Dre** and many others.

Patryce’s third book masterfully illustrates that she is not limited regarding her writing prowess. *Secret Sacrifice* is her own personal account regarding molestation and sexual abuse for many years as a small child. She includes her story with those who have been told and untold. Stories that expose a dark sickness or die silently on the tongues of the victimized whose tears have been shed into the river of sacrifice.

EXCERPT FROM SECRET SACRIFICE

Children are so vulnerable, offering pure, unconditional love with no expectations. Their minds, blank slates, where joyful memories can be tenderly etched or trauma burns itself onto the slate like a brand on the skin of an animal. How does a child cope with life devoid of a sense of well-being? This child learned to trust her instincts, much as the blind and the deaf do. If you can't believe your ears because people's words differ from their actions, you learn to listen between the lines, to what they don't say. If you can't believe your eyes because you live in a world where nothing is as it seems, you learn to look past what your eyes see on the outside and dwell in the spirit. If you can't feel, in someone's touch, when they say they "love" you, you learn to sense the energy of their being from a distance, escaping any undesirable contact. Life consisted of trying to create an existence in the place between what was real and what wasn't. The developing sense of my being was thwarted with each heinous innuendo, gesture, and act that Jack consistently tortured me with. As time went on, I managed to live with the fear. I really had no choice. Children were to be seen and not heard. In a world of adults, an abused child suffers in silence, trying to avoid trouble and even worse, alienation. Adults stuck together in thought, word, and deed. It was impossible to try to figure them out. All they did was lecture about what's "right" and what's "wrong". Children were supposed to do all the right things but adults could do all the wrong things. Who did they have to answer to? It didn't seem like God was paying attention.

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