

Author's Note

The Point Being

Back in 1973 legendary jazz drummer *Buddy Rich* released an album on the RCA Record label titled "*Stick It*," a fact that I will refer to at the end of this piece. I too am a drummer, no *Buddy Rich* for sure but nonetheless a drummer. I've been a professional musician since, well, since I was a young man, having learned how to play drums in the fifth grade in Kenosha, Wisconsin. By the time I was fourteen years old, I was playing in wedding bands and working as a substitute drummer in nightclubs. By age fifteen my lifestyle became corrupted (and still is) when I started playing in Rock 'n' Roll bands.

A lover of music and fan of the fine art of self-defense (boxing), I became a *Wisconsin Golden Gloves Boxing Champion* at age seventeen. In 1963 at age eighteen, I made my first recording with a band called "*Hank Rice & The Starfires*." The band recorded and released an instrumental (Ventures-like) hit in the Chicago-Kenosha area titled "*Re-entry*" and "*Hand full of Blood*." The following year I surrendered my boxing title, but not without a fight in a split-decision to the "*Beloit Whirlwind*." Need I say more? Hanging my head in exhaustion, not defeat, I decided to hang up the gloves and dedicate my energies to the corruptive lifestyle of Rock 'n' Roll because it was a lot more fun than getting punched in the face.

In 1965 I was drafted into the United States Army, a life-changing experience that has affected my life, my values and outlook for sure, and when released from custody in 1967, I resumed the corruptive lifestyle of the Rock 'n' Roll/ Rhythm and Blues musician I had become. Having played music in just about every joint, major nightclub and "High Class" theatre in North America, my full-time status as a professional musician concluded in New York City, on Broadway at the "Alvin Theatre," in the orchestra for the musical "*Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*."

So, The Point Being, I'm a musician, and a pretty damn good one. If you happen to have an old *Pearl Drum* catalogue, like a 1977 model, you'll be fortunate enough to see an endorsement photo of me with hair; a lot of it, sideburns and a fancy hat to boot. To be redundant, The Point Being, I'm a professional musician, not a professional writer or novelist for that matter. I harbor no illusions of being a Beckett, Stienbeck, or Tim O'Brien. The book that I have just completed is my first attempt at writing, and it's not bad. Personally I think it's pretty damn good in spite of some common novice mistakes. I have heard from one editor that I have a case of AI (author intrusion) and possibly use too many passive verbs. What, you kidding? Me passive? Okay, guilty; points well taken. (In regard to the intrusion and verb usage) but hey, it's still a good story. Like any striving tradesman (I hesitate to use the word artist) I strive to better my product.

Being a musician I've heard some absolutely incredible professional musicians, and some not so incredible; same goes for amateurs. Most professional musicians I've heard have a strong foundation from which to draw upon. In other words, they know what they are

doing and have a wealth of knowledge; well schooled in some fashion. Interestingly enough, some still manage to sound lousy in spite of their knowledge. On the other hand, some amateur musicians I've heard who don't know what the hell they are doing, manage to sound great.

To be even more redundant, The Point Being, IT DON'T MEAN NOTHING! If they sound good or even great, who cares how they've achieved it? Give me a break! It's all about the sound, the feel. GET IT?

So, enjoy my story, it's a good read. The story has warmth, attitude, feeling and soul just like any good musician should have be they professional or amateur. So, The Point Being, if you so inclined to judge a book, any book on a technicality, the aforementioned album title by drummer *Buddy Rich* comes to mind.