

Bad Publicity, My Ass! You Must Be Taking Crazy Pills



By Papa Rotzi – HSP Newswire

"In 2001, while Jayceon Taylor lay in a dopehouse covered in his own blood, filled with five shells (one in his heart), he never thought two years later he'd be the West Coast's biggest prospect since Snoop. After awakening from the coma, Taylor, known as The Game, decided to 180 his life via the rap game. Taking a cue from a six-times platinum, bullet-riddled Aftermath labelmate, The Game first took off when he called in a favor from DJ Whoo Kid, quickly becoming Compton's most wanted--and you can't be CMW and not get Dre's attention. But why is The Game so big in the East Coast underground? Having previously sold dope and been shot, along with Dre's seal of approval, positions him to be the next superstar."

-XXL, January/February 2004, p. 69

"Han-Na Chang '06 found herself on the verge of tears last year when she realized that she'd left her \$500,000 cello on the shuttle from the Quad to Memorial Hall. Little did she know that her moment of absentmindedness would turn into a career break. Chang retrieved her instrument from the shuttle on its next pass by Mem Hall, but news of the incident quickly spread. The next morning, newspaper accounts mentioned Chang's name next to those of Yo-Yo Ma '76 (who once left his 266-year-old cello in a taxicab) and Lynn Harrell (who did the same with his \$4 million Stradivarius). That afternoon, renowned conductor Antonio Pappano was on the phone. Last Thursday, Chang learned that her recording of Prokofiev's Sinfonia Concertante with Pappano had been nominated for a Grammy. 'I've always thought Han-Na was a brilliant musician,' said Alexander S. Misono '04, violinist and music director of Harvard's Bach Society Orchestra. 'But the cold reality is, you're nobody in the cello world until you've abandoned your instrument in a public conveyance.'"



-Harvard Crimson, 8 December 2003, p. 3



"'The really beautiful thing,' says Amy Ray, half of the folk duo the Indigo Girls, 'is that it was David's wife who made the suggestion.' Ray and her partner swear it was not their intention to be 'copycats,' but nonetheless that's what they are, according to rocker Melissa Etheridge: 'Let's just put it out there. Amy saw the publicity and the success that I've had, and she wanted a piece.' Whatever the motivation, Ray is due to deliver this summer a baby conceived by artificial insemination with David Crosby's sperm. The very public feud between Ray and Etheridge has sent record sales soaring for both. 'There aren't many sure things in this business,' says industry analyst Phil

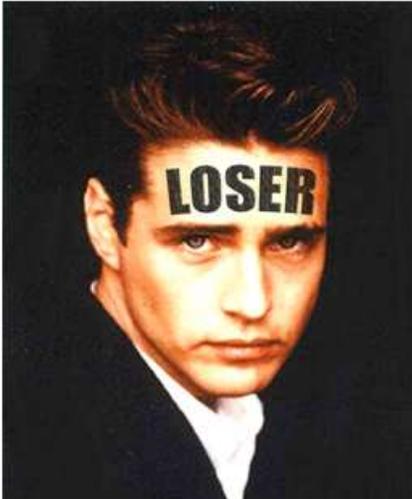
Tripp, 'but there's no question, if you're a lesbian and you have one of David Crosby's babies, you're going platinum.' Last week's SoundScan results show that Crosby's album sales are also up. 'Did anyone notice,' asks Tripp, 'that it was Crosby's wife who suggested the Etheridge kid?'"

-Rolling Stone, 14 January 2004, p. 45

COMMUNITY SPIRIT

"Jeffrey Eugenides was speaking from his heart when he told Oprah to take a long walk off a short pier. Eugenides recalls his conversation with the talk-show host, who wanted to highlight his latest novel on her show: 'I believe my exact words were, "You can take your glossy medal of mediocrity and give it to Grisham, you vampire!"' Well, you can't alienate Oprah and not get Jonathan Franzen's attention. With a Pulitzer, an endorsement from J-Franz, and Oprah blowing her nose in his books, Eugenides has high hopes for the paperback edition of Middlesex."

-Publishers Weekly, 14 January 2004, p. 16



"'Indie cred' is the latest must-have accessory for Hollywood's \$10 million club. Julia Roberts rides along with Steven Soderbergh as he returns to his roots with Full Frontal. George Clooney shows up in Coen Brothers movies. Matt Damon goes back to basics with Gus Van Sant in Gerry. Perhaps the most assiduous star pursuing this holy grail is Jason Priestley, who has appeared in twenty-four movies since 1998, none of which you've heard of (except maybe for Darkness Falling...no, wait, you were thinking of Before Night Falls). Within the past six months he's also bought a cello at a pawn shop and left it in a cab (the driver still demanded full fare), screamed obscenities at Oprah's personal assistant over the phone, pinched David Crosby in the ass, and shot himself in the heart. Now deceased, he remains best known as that guy from Beverly Hills 90210."

-Variety, 30 January 2004, p. 38