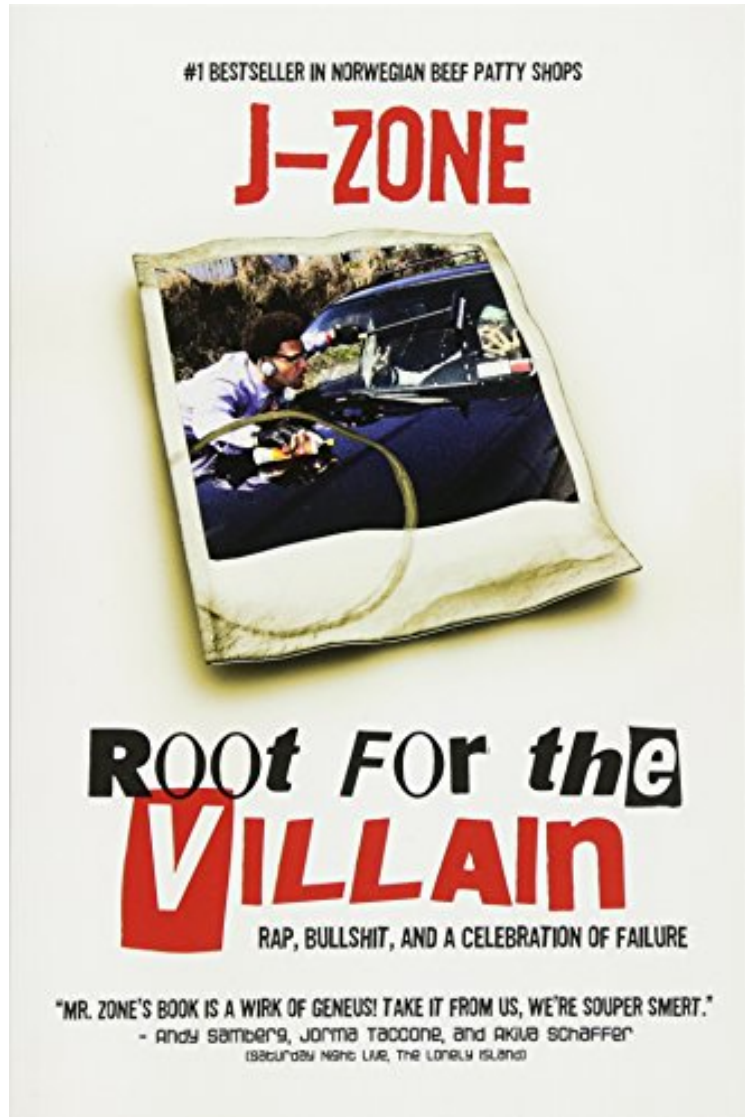


[Ebook free] Root For The Villain: Rap, Bull\$hit, and a Celebration of Failure

## Root For The Villain: Rap, Bull\$hit, and a Celebration of Failure

J Zone

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**J Zone : Root For The Villain: Rap, Bull\$hit, and a Celebration of Failure** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Root For The Villain: Rap, Bull\$hit, and a Celebration of Failure:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Enjoyable read from a criminally underrated musicianBy Lit. LoverHugely enjoyable read if you're in to the hey-day of hip-hop music (late 80's - 1990's). I laughed out loud at least 2 dozen times, J manages to tell a cautionary tale about life, dreams and the music industry in a way that's extremely entertaining, provided you're not a humorless prude. My one (major) critique... J, dude, next time get you an editor.

The first 2/3rds of the book tell J's tale, then the last 1/3rd is just a stream of consciousness about various ridiculousness in the world today, much of it I've already read in blogs that J has written over the years. It's like J ran out of tales to tell, realized he needed more and just started ranting and recycling old thoughts. A good editor would have been able to help you place these anecdotes within the context of your tale so it all fits together better, instead of this 'story is over, but here's some more thoughts...' format you chose. For instance why not tie the gadget ho rant into the stories you tell about your women and relationships over the years. And I'm not a douche, I get it, this was a self-published book, your first foray into publishing... but editors are there for the same reason engineers are there in the studio - to make what you produce work and sound better. I don't feel like the format made the book worse, but a good editor would have made it that much better. Now please open a J-Zone fantasy camp in New York and start taking people's money to teach them how to make beats. You'd have mine. And write more please. 4 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Poor ZoneBy Cap'n StoobI used to listen to this guy a lot back in my college days and it was so cool that a guy could put out a record without going mainstream back in those days. But, when you read this book, it's as depressing as it is funny. Here is a whip-smart kid with a talent for beats that got educated the street way in hip hop and took his knowledge into the studio where he made AWESOME records that both got away from the thug nature of hip hop and more into satire and intelligent rhythmic flow....and he didn't make ANY kind of living from it. Now he's a high school sports reporter. What kind of industry do we have in hip hop when a guy like L'il Wayne or 50 Cent that can't rhyme and just say the same thing (guns and guns and drugs and money and cars and guns!) over purchased beats can make MILLIONS and guys like J-Zone and Freddie Foxxx can't get airtime on anything. This book is both a result of and warning to the sick, self-destructive industry hip hop has become and J-Zone's story, as amusing as it may be, is really a call for true fans to get off the corporate label and start backing independent productions. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. If you are on "some other s\*\*\*", you will love this book! By AvidReaderNYCRoot for The Villain... is more than a memoir about one dude's failed rap career. It is a book about what happens to the "unseasonable" artist, the obscure, gifted, intelligent, insightful, not-ready-for-prime-time artist, who is good, but never good enough, or rather simple enough, for mass market appeal. But that's not all... After reading J-Zone's humorous and insightful memoir (and the social commentary, Uh, "Crunching Numbers", one of my favorite chapters) I now see why he didn't fit into the rap world, like the others. To become like "the others" requires you to conform to a popular idea, to follow the leader with the biggest crowd and mimic his formula for success or expand on it without confusing people. But J-Zone is rebellious to the tenth power. He's an inventor of new ideas and likes to play with form. But no one in the business of music cares to hear that unless it makes a lot of money. J-Zone is no slouch. In fact, while he performed many times for crowds of 10 people or less, he was lauded, by his more successful chart-topping peers, for his unique style. Could it be his peers were living vicariously through J-Zone's rebellious creative efforts, or was J-Zone actually the Ed Wood of rap? One thing is for sure, there are no rules in J-Zone's world except his own. It's easy to assume that J-Zone was one of those, "cut your nose off despite your face" artists. You know, the ones with the huge ego and brick hard moral conviction that many corporate robots love telling, "I told you so" before kicking them to the curb. But they can't see, what he so brilliantly sees. He sees dead people, folks afraid of risking conformity to fulfill a dream, for fear of failing. And for this, I don't believe that J-Zone is a failure at all. Maybe, just maybe, in the grander scheme, rap was the lesson, the 10,000+ hours (the Gladwell Tipping Point) that lead J-Zone to his real destiny, authorship. Either way, I enjoyed this back to the 80's, then 90's, and then back to the future, rap journey. I also enjoyed, J-Zone's humorous and often crass take on the business of music, Snooki and Reality TV, women, girly men, women, getting old, social networking, women, dating, and did I mention, women? Yeah, the female content, dang. \*Side-eye note to my homegirls: I don't agree with the way women are depicted in J-Zone's world but I'm going to look passed the caveman superficiality and the name calling because the book is filled with insightful gems that we can ALL learn from. I'd rather spend time with an honest narrator who has a few flaws than a seemingly honest narrator that feeds me what he thinks I want to hear.

Yawn. Another book from another musician. Let's guess: He rose from the depths of hell with his talent and went big time. He changed the face of music and made millions. Yeah, a few drug addiction, arrest, and STD stories are sporadically sprinkled throughout for excitement and authenticity, but at the end of it all, he finished his ride a musical legend. He finally gave up dressing room groupies and nose candy; he currently resides with his wife and the children that aren't illegitimate in Calabasas, CA. [Insert snoring] Who the hell can really relate to that besides other prestigious, millionaire musicians? My name is J-Zone. If you actually know who the hell I am, either you listen to way too much rap music, you're a Tim Dog fan, or you stood outside my distributor's warehouse the day my CDs and records were destroyed. I was on the hip-hop come-up, then I came down - hard. Splat. Some critical success, incessant praise from pop stars and hip-hop legends alike, and then...abysmal commercial failure. I did tours on Greyhound buses filled with wide-bodied, Jheri curled women and knife-wielding gang members. I witnessed my life-long passion for music dissolve in 12 hours and my final album sell a whopping 47 copies in its first month for sale. I left my little-known spot in a small, niche quadrant of the hip-hop world and joined my fellow overqualified stiffs with useless college degrees in the world of dead end jobs. For some sick reason, I find all of the above hilarious and have

made an omelette out of any egg that wound up on my face. I pin my cross-hairs on everyday bullsh\*t just as accurately as I do the dysfunctional ways of the music biz. I ask the public at large questions like “Are men the new women?” and “Is going out on Friday night worth it when you're a socially homeless man in a deceptively segregated New York City?” Chapters dedicated to cassette tapes, defunct record stores, the SP-1200 sampling drum machine, hip-hop recording studios of the 1990s, and overlooked rap artists like The Afros, Mob Style, and No Face all point to my fascination with the obscure. The annoyances of a cell phone-driven society, dating in America, and Facebook are also explored. A collection of memoirs and think pieces written by a curmudgeonly commercial failure who is somehow laughing hysterically at both himself and the stupidity of the world large probably won't become a New York Times best-seller, either. Be honest though, you need something to place drinks on when you have company; at worst, my book is a perfect cocktail coaster.

About the Author J-ZONE is a connoisseur of humbling reality checks, lesser-known rap albums from the early '90s, self-deprecation, and full-fledged lampoonery. His primary hobby is assailing our daily acts of bullshit. Throughout his decade and change in the music business, he's worked with the likes of Gnarls Barkley, The Lonely Island, Biz Markie, E-40, and Prince Paul, to name a few. As a writer, his work has been published in the Common Culture pop culture textbook series, SLAM Magazine, The Source, and London's Hip-Hop Connection (HHC), among others. He's a regular contributor for ego trip NYC and moonlights as a high school sports reporter in the New York Metropolitan area. J-Zone has also taught music classes in the SUNY (State University of New York) system. He's an insubordinate curmudgeon and a New York native who will invoice you if you send him emoticon and acronym-laden text messages. He lives in Queens, New York with his beloved grandmother, “Evil E.”