



WillowRoseFunny, thoughtful, sad, exciting... Very well written and written in a way that you can relate to without having to actually go through any of the stuff yourself. But reading about it makes you wish you either did or could! But it's not just a story about this guy's adventure during a part of his life. It's a story about friendship. It's a story about finding your way. And it's a story that will sometimes amaze you, sometimes shock you and in the end leave you wanting to read it all over again. It's fun and not just a lot of fancy words. Plus it takes you into L.A. a little bit and that's always fun. There's cops, film festivals, Matt and Trey and a journey through the growth of the internet. What more could you ask for?!0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. When's the movie coming outBy Paul DooneyI've never tried to do order a sandwich in Hollywood, much less make a successful TV show. Glasgow Phillips brings us into that world with an eye for detail and love of crazy characters. Like truly insane people trying to make television shows. Revealing, gripping, and deeply entertaining.Finally a book about the industry that doesn't make me want to run away. In the right hands it would make a great movie.

Glasgow Phillips published his debut novel *Tuscaloosa* at the tender age of twenty-four. The results were disastrous: encouraging reviews, translations, a paperback sale, a film option, and a Stegner Fellowship at Stanford. But over the next two years, as Phillips's second novel unraveled and freelance journalism assignments ended in humiliation, a horrible, secret thought took hold in him: perhaps, just possibly, whatever talent he had was of the kind that would never be more than promise. Washed up as a real writer before he was thirty, Phillips went to Los Angeles and formed a company with his best childhood friend Jason McHugh, independent producer of *Cannibal! The Musical* and *Orgazmo*. *The Royal Nonesuch* is the story of Phillips's rollercoaster ride through the twisted world of underground Hollywood and the funhouse of the Internet during the boom. Phillips builds a hilarious and poignant memoir, in the tradition of Augusten Burroughs and Sean Wilentz, from tales of promise and failure, family and madness, friendship and redemption, fame and infamy, and good old-fashioned hustling. It is a remarkable book; a brilliant portrait of a generation in all its foolish glory.

From Publishers Weekly Starred . The hipster cultural economy of the dot-com boom is skewered in this hilarious coming-of-age memoir. As a struggling 20-something novelist (*Tuscaloosa*), Phillips headed to Los Angeles in the late 1990s, where he started two iconic ventures at the intersection of art, commerce and pretentiousness. The first was a "naming company" in which he made scads of money for brainstorming resonantly vacuous brand names for image-obsessed companies. The second was a content company that produced gonzo film and video pieces (signature opus: *The Sound of One Hand Clapping*, starring Phillips as a Shaolin monk who defeats ninjas with his genitals) for Internet dissemination and, hopefully, cable pickup. Loosely orbiting South Park auteurs Matt Stone and Trey Parker, the author embraces their aesthetic of scabrous, juvenile shock effect as a kind of anti-mainstream media insurgency and then starts to question it after concocting a vile fake snuff film aimed at starting a Blair Witch style Web frenzy. Phillips embeds his off-kilter moral journey in an unsparing comic portrait of underground Hollywood, with its schizophrenic hustlers, desperate pitching, deluded financial projections, lascivious Sundance parties, bad indie films and more-alternative-than-thou poseurs who denounce corporate co-optation while angling to be co-opted. He surveys this freak show with a mordant, cutting wit that delivers insight and pathos along with the laughs. (Mar.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist Phillips grew up in privileged, permissive Marin County, as did, he notes, John Walker Lindh. But where Walker Lindh searched for meaning and direction among the ascetic fundamentalists of the Taliban, Phillips followed a much more American route, trying to find himself through adventures that included a bit part in a porno movie, a partnership in a "corporate brand strategy consultancy," and a leading role in an entertainment company called CRAPtv--none of them ventures for which he was particularly qualified. He'd wanted to be a writer before any of that, but had found himself unable to follow up his promising novel *Tuscaloosa* (1994) with anything but self-doubt. His time spent on the fringes of Next-Gen Hollywood (he shares an apartment with guys who fell out with South Park creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone) provides momentum and diversion but little else. Through brief success and persistent failure, Phillips struggles to reconcile himself with the notion that great potential and great expectations guarantee us exactly nothing. Funny, insightful, disturbing, and diverting--but not quite profound. Keir Graff Copyright American Library Association. All rights reserved "Hollywood drops the soap and Glasgow Phillips scores a bull's-eye in this hilarious and frighteningly accurate memoir about coming-of-age on the gamy side of Tinseltown." -- Mark Haskell "This is the best book I've read about being in your twenties and trying to figure out what to do with your life, and that's not just because I'm in it. Something this funny shouldn't also be this profound; after laughing, crying, and cheering the cast, all I wanted was a bigger part." -- Matt Stone "The Royal Nonesuch hits so close to home that laughing at Mr. Phillips and laughing at yourself are often one and the same. Occasionally gut-wrenching, often hysterical, and always illuminating, Mr. Phillips's prose remains remarkably assured throughout. Even when his life choices are, well, not." -- Neel Shah "This is the book you're looking for. It's inspiring, intelligent, funny, honest, and a triumph over evil. I usually can't get past page 10 in a memoir, but *The Royal Nonesuch* had me from the start and never let me down. Glasgow Phillips is the real deal, a badass who actually knows how to write." -- Arthur Bradford "Glasgow Phillips has harnessed vast

observational and comedic talents for the purpose of waste, waste, and thrice waste--till now! The Royal Nonesuch is both a self-reckoning and a generational one, and Phillips fills this ridiculous, entertaining, crazy-ass morality tale with proof that he's a fancy pants literary type after all. Hooray!" -- Sean Wilsey "The Royal Nonesuch is very funny, far too real for comfort, and even, finally, life-affirming. To borrow a phrase from Mr. Phillips, reading this book is like getting kicked in the clams with a clown shoe. You double over, not sure whether you're laughing or crying, and then you want to kick the clown back, in the clams. That course of action won't be available to all readers, but I have Mr. Phillips's address, and I'm on my way now to the clown she store." -- Dave Eggers