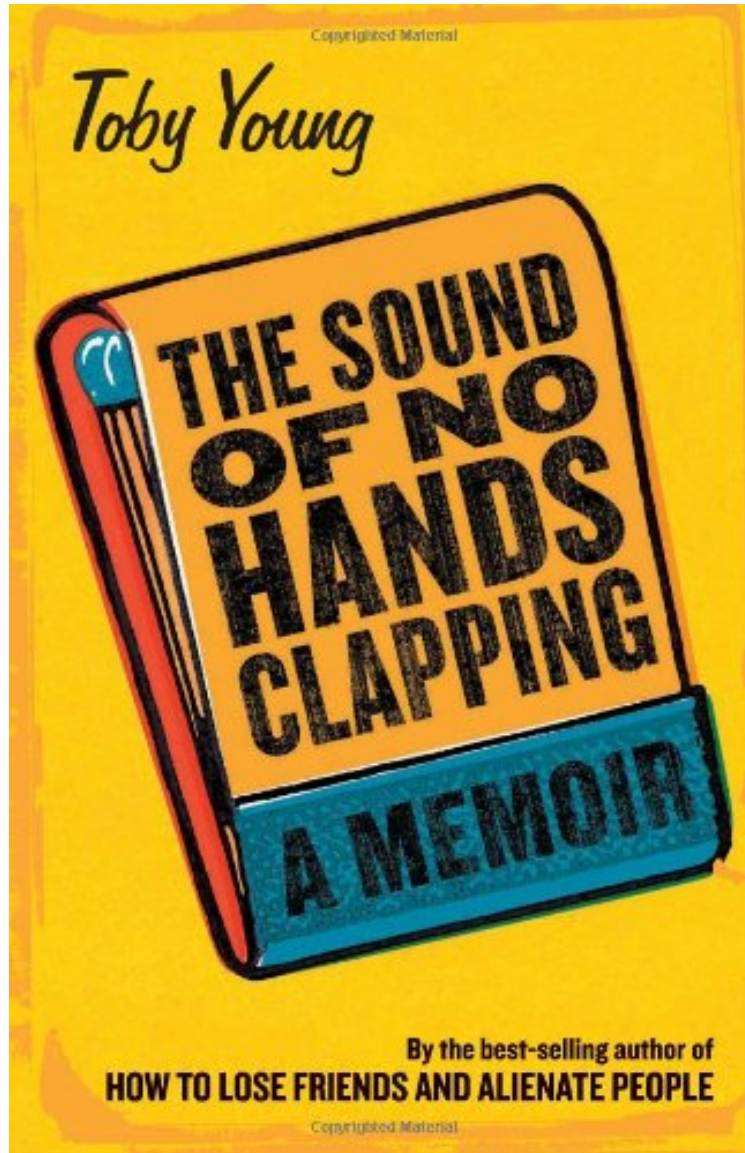


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The Sound of No Hands Clapping: A Memoir

Toby Young

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Toby Young : The Sound of No Hands Clapping: A Memoir before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Sound of No Hands Clapping: A Memoir:

7 of 7 people found the following review helpful. Getting In and Out of the Hollywood BusinessBy M. JEFFREY MCMAHONWe learn in this witty self-deprecating memoir that it is vulgar and uncool to say "the Industry" when referring to Hollywood films; we must say "the Business." This is one of many funny lessons Toby Young learns

when, minding his own business in London, he gets a strange call from a mysterious unnamed Hollywood producer who, having read Toby Young's first book *How To Lose Friends And Alienate People*, wants Young to write a screenplay about an obscure entertainment figure. Enticed at the prospect of making millions in Hollywood, Young disgruntles his new wife with his chimera quest. The book alternates between Young's Hollywood fiascos and his marital tumult, including the birth of his first child. The most priceless moments are his correspondences with his friend, the Hollywood writer Rob Young, who teaches him, among other things, how to take a Business Lunch and the "vast repertoire of hand gestures" needed for equals, higher ups, and super bigwigs. These funny moments are part of Young's growing-up process as he becomes disenchanted with the Hollywood Beast. This has the same self-deprecating humor as his first book. For another memoir of disenchantment, check out *The Working Stiff's Manifesto* by Iaian Levison. 0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. *My Hands Definitely Didn't Clap*. By Merrin Folender. Boring, not as good as the first one. Would make you think the first one was a bore too. Sorry Toby. 3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. One of my favorite. By Jerry Waxler. I stopped by to check up on some details about one of my favorite memoirs and was stunned to see others were not raving. Huh? This is a wonderful book about coming of age, or more accurately "launching" which is the period after coming of age when human beings have to figure out how to adults. I think that the self-consciousness of the memoir works beautifully. As a witty, media savvy writer, he is doing a send-up of himself, a brilliant play on his own journey. Reading between the lines, there are beautiful elements of character arc, as he gradually grows beyond his delusion that he is the only person who matters, and takes steps toward becoming a responsible father and husband. As an aspiring writer myself, I am fascinated by the extent that people will reach in order to achieve some level of success and fame. In essence, all writers are in the business of fame, and so is the new wave social-media junkies. While we are out looking for hits to our blog or our Facebook page, it is informative to see how someone in the big time pursues the same goals. Cheers to the author. I hope his adult life is as interesting as the pursuit of becoming an adult was.

Young is back with the eagerly awaited follow-up to his account of a hilariously failed attempt to conquer the Manhattan social and professional scene in *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*. All the elements that turned Toby's earlier memoir into a bestseller from coast to coast and on both sides of the Atlantic are back, too. Well, some things have changed for Toby—he has married his girlfriend from *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People* and now has two kids, and he has moved from the Manhattan that treated him none too kindly to London. But Toby remains Toby, and what Graydon Carter of *Vanity Fair* called Toby's "brown thumb" continues to work its magic, transforming opportunities into cringeworthy debacles and leading to situations that are classic Toby Young territory. Toby gleefully recounts such dubious journalistic assignments as posing as a patient at a penis-enlargement clinic and as a greeter at a Wal-Mart. He has misadventures in Los Angeles as a screenwriter for films that never quite get made, he's been a contestant on an abysmal reality show that absolutely no one watched, and he has acted in a one-man play that was utterly savaged by the critics. Yes, Toby has become a dutiful husband and a devoted dad, but he's as relentlessly self-sabotaging as ever, with a demonstrated knack for attracting misfortune, publicity—and devoted readers.

From Publishers Weekly. British journalist Young scored big with *How to Lose Friends and Influence People*, a dishy account of his dire mishaps in the world of glossy New York magazine publishing, and inevitably came to Hollywood's attention. Though his own book was considered, a more lucrative writing offer came from a big-league producer, known here only as "," or "Mr. Hollywood," who wanted "a biopic about a notorious '70s record producer," who was also "a spectacularly unpleasant human being." This would seem to be a sufficient frame for a follow-up about misadventures in the magazine world, but curiously, it isn't. Instead, Young wanders (literally) all over the map, recounting his experiences on his book tour; as a newlywed and new father; as a screen-writing student, underqualified drama critic and monologist. Naturally, nothing goes right in this unfocused memoir. Young gets in some good anecdotes, but the outcome of the Hollywood adventure is obvious from the start: marital bliss is, alas, less compelling than laddishness; an anonymous producer and subject are no match for colorful Graydon Carter and *Vanity Fair*. 100,000 first printing. (July) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist. In the best-selling *How to Lose Friends Alienate People* (2002), British journalist Young hilariously tracked his rise and fall in the New York media world. After that debacle, he turned his attention to L.A., where he endured a trial-and-error period attempting to be a Hollywood screenwriter. Young tackled Tinseltown looking for glamour, but what he found had more to do with his personal and domestic life than his career. His screenwriting remembrances are interspersed with recollections of family life, from his engagement and marriage to his first child and the process of getting used to fatherhood. Alas, Hollywood didn't pan out, and his "return to London was a bitter disappointment." But readers won't be disappointed with this warm, funny, self-effacing memoir, which will appeal to anyone who has ever tried to accomplish anything—and that amounts to all of us. Expect part 2 of Young's story to follow its predecessor onto the best-seller lists. Brad Hooper. Copyright American Library Association. All rights reserved. "Hands offers numerous real laughs on every page, and Young has truly, painstakingly earned every single one." -- Long Island Press, 9/7/2006 "Like a literary British Eminem he's cursed to just blurt. And

yet, it works. Dont ask why, just read." -- Philadelphia City Paper, 6/22/06"Mr. Youngs pain is [the readers] gain." -- New York Times, 7/19/06"Sharply written...[Young] becomes the perfect comic protagonist...A deliciously dishy read." -- American Way, 8/15/06"The most successful professional failurist imaginable." -- Village Voice, June 24, 2006"Throughout all the stupid, self-defeating and despicable things he does, he's still weirdly likable." -- Jane Magazine, June/July 2006"Young grows up...and the ride...is just as entertaining as the adolescent celebrity worship that defines How to Lose Friends." -- (Raleigh Metro, 10/1/2006)"Young still manages to demonstrate his considerable skills as a gossipy raconteur." -- Kirkus s, 05/01/06"[The Sound of No Hands Clapping has] many compelling insights into the life of a successful, if not iconic, writer." -- Milwaukee Shepherd Express, 8/10/2006"[Young is] the worlds most lovable screw upan impossible-to-housetrain puppyannoying if he werent so damned charming." -- Zink, Summer 2006