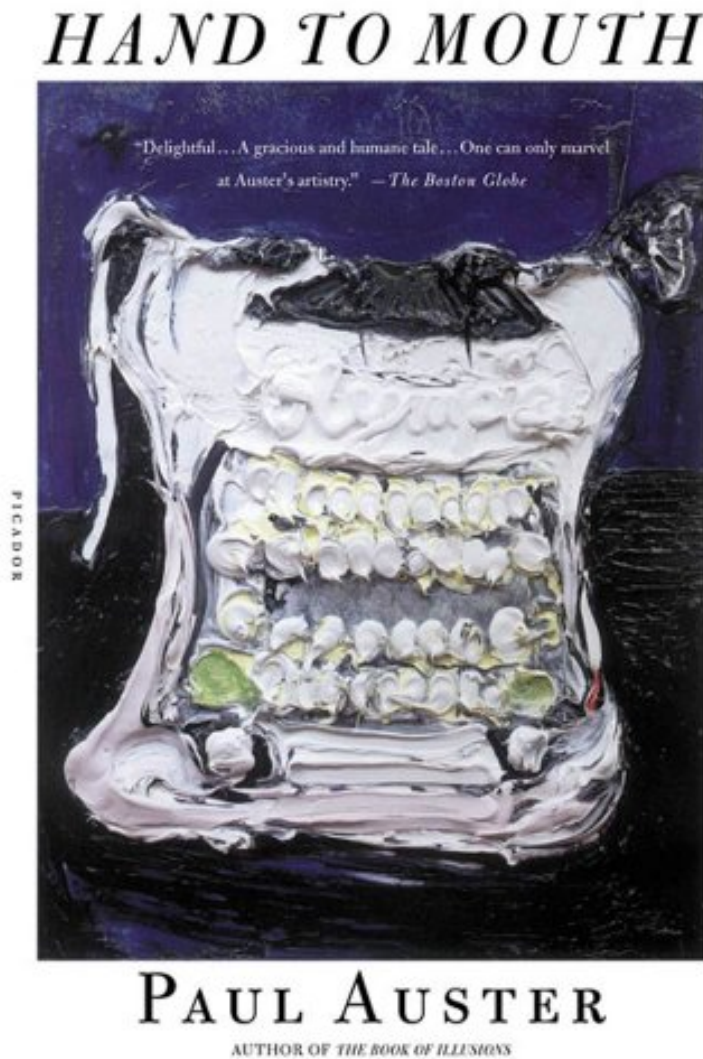


(Mobile ebook) Hand to Mouth: A Chronicle of Early Failure

## Hand to Mouth: A Chronicle of Early Failure

Von Paul Auster

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**Von Paul Auster : Hand to Mouth: A Chronicle of Early Failure** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Hand to Mouth: A Chronicle of Early Failure:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Great opening paragraph; slides quickly into boredom. Von michael@earthlink.netWho wouldn't want to read about another's failure? Especially if they end up a success in the end. What's the path? What turns finally led to success? What you get is a finely honed first paragraph and then sketchy remembrances. My biggest surprise was getting to the description of that god-awful Laurel Hardy play when he says he rewrites this dreck and puts it into a labeled file

supposedly never to see daylight again. Then there's the asterisk referring you to appendix 1. I search the back of the book and find appendix 3 and then work my way back up to appendix 1...a mere 20 or so pages from the end. And like something long dead climbing from the coffin, it stood cringing in full daylight. Boom...it hit me...Paul was at a point where he was out of fresh ideas and thought....geez, what if I pull out that awful stuff from the beginning...get some mileage out of failure. Wouldn't that be ironic/funny? Except for anyone who actually started to read appendix 1 and said, "hey, this ain't no waiting for Godot, is it?" Then it was the sound of one book slamming. Shut that is. Nobody ever said bad writing gets better with age. (more like string cheese stuck in the back of a drawer for 50 years...ewww, the stench.) Am I too unkind? Sorry, no mercy for bad writing fobbed off on unsuspecting readers. Next time, Paul, leave it in the folder. Or better yet, misplace the folder.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Le dbris (sic.) d'un poteVon Ein KundeAn autobiography that's too short to deserve five stars.In his formative years Auster had all the ingredients of the born loser: stubborn and repeated "I'll manage"s, the refusal to build on luck (he resigns from numerous jobs-to-die-for), the need to namedrop (John Lennon, long-forgotten political activists), the dissipation of talent (pay-per-word translations), delusions of capitalist success (the baseball game)... a lazy willingness to drift with the tide of life. Thus a wholly predictable 'chronicle of early failure'.Essentially it's that writer's hunger theme again. 'Writing' transformed by the distorting lens of time (nostalgia? the complacency of literary success? self-mythologizing?) into a biological need, an addiction, an affliction. Monetary practicalities are often defenestrated in favor of higher ideals. Auster is at times only sustained by generous handouts from New York literary funds.Our ongoing curiosity is perhaps fueled by the fact that all the while we know that the pumpkin turned into the glittering coach... sadly we don't get to see any of the fairy godmother's handiwork. What turned the born loser into the 'only American writer under 50 with any claims to greatness'?0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Gems and junk strung on a binding.Von nunez@taponline.comHow much you enjoy Paul Auster's 'Hand to Mouth: A Chronicle of Early Failure' depends on why you read it in the first place. His premise for this memoir is laid out simply in the subtitle, where 'chronicle' refers to a straightforward narrative combined with the actual texts of his first publishing efforts, one of which is a card game. It sounds like a breathtaking rollercoaster, but the thrills end up happening on a kiddie scale.The problem with 'Hand to Mouth' is that there's too much failure and not enough chronicle. Auster's path to publication includes several waystations: a merchant ship, stints in France, a Catskills resort. At one point, just before describing the outcome of his assignment to help a film bigshot's wife write a vanity book in Mexico, he begins, "Without rehashing the whole thing..." Well, what else are memoirs for, you might ask? Several instances Auster mentions throughout his story--the birth of his child and breakup of his marriage, for example, which get no more than a sentence or two--merit all the rehashing this talented writer can muster. Instead, the space saved by Auster's restraint goes to three plays, a card game, and a mystery novella from his early days. Of these, the mystery is really the only thing that stands on its own; maybe that's why it's the only item he was able to sell before going on to write acclaimed novels such as 'Mr. Vertigo' and 'The Music of Chance.' This brings us back to why you might choose to buy Auster's book. Those looking for personal details or a finely honed true-life adventure story should look elsewhere; but any aspiring writer can find encouragement in Auster's trials and tribulations. Despite the excess of economy in what he tells, Auster makes even a sketch of his past an enveloping read. And if it leaves you hankering for more, is that such a crime? At \$25 for the hardcover, well, \*almost\*.

KurzbeschreibungThis is the story of a young man's struggle to stay afloat. By turns poignant and comic, Paul Auster's memoir is essentially an autobiographical essay about money--and what it means not to have it. From one odd job to the next, from one failed scheme to another, Auster investigates his own stubborn compulsion to make art and describes his ingenious, often far-fetched attempts to survive on next to nothing. From the streets of New York City and Paris to the rural roads of upstate New York, the author treats us to a series of remarkable adventures and unforgettable encounters and, in several elaborate appixes, to previously unknown work from these years..deIt's no wonder that Paul Auster (The Music of Chance, Leviathan, Mr. Vertigo) creates such singular characters. While his youth comprised a series of failures too unbelievable for fiction, it also equipped him with a range of experiences to draw from that most fiction writers only dream of. He worked with Bowery bums at a summer camp, had a childhood friend join the Weather Underground, and was a student at Columbia in 1968 at the height of the student uprisings there (and at which point, he boasts, he knew seven of the FBI's ten most wanted men). He worked on an oil tanker, for a French Mafia-style film producer in Paris, and for a rare-book organization in New York. He translated the North Vietnamese constitution from French into English (don't ask). His work brought him in contact to varying extents with Jean Genet, Mary McCarthy, Jerzy Kosinski, Sartre, Foucault, and John Lennon. The encounters and experiences must have been fascinating, failure aside, but Auster's prose here, sadly, lacks the tightness and luster of his fiction. The remainder--and major portion--of the volume consists of three plays, a baseball card game, and a detective novel, all written during this time..comIt's no wonder that Paul Auster (The Music of Chance, Leviathan, Mr. Vertigo) creates such singular characters. While his youth comprised a series of failures too unbelievable for fiction, it also equipped

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