

BOOK THOUGHTS

BATCH 5



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

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BLUE = MEMOIR OR BIOGRAPHICAL

BLACK = FICTION

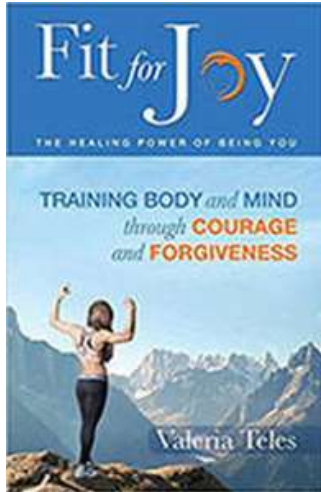
DARK RED = EDUCATIONAL

PURPLE = ESSAY OR STORIES

ORANGE = POETRY

FIT FOR JOY

VALERIA TELES



An inspirationally joyful journey toward the importance of love + kindness at the moment!

How did the book make me feel/think?

Although each of our journeys through life is uniquely our own + the paths travelled may seem light years apart, “Fit for Joy” speaks volumes about how we are all connected and how our stories provide a way for us to grow.

It takes a tremendous amount of courage to share a life story, warts, insecurities, fears, and all – Valeria gave the world a gift by sharing hers. Valeria’s life-dots cobbled together; a childhood infested with struggles. The need to escape. A burning desire for

validation from both friends and love interests. And finally, falling into the addiction often comes from within the shallowness of fitness. Bond us all. The only fitness goal needs to be well-being, physically and emotionally, most notably emotionally. Valeria eloquently expounds another vital importance: after diving deeply into her core and extracting what lies profoundly inside her soul – our essence and responsibility to each other = love + kindness.

“What would you do if you were still alive?”

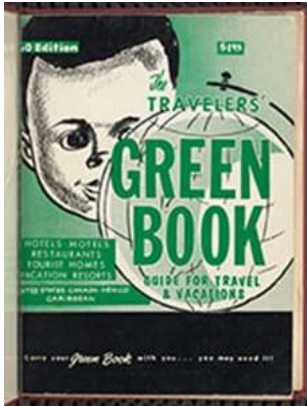
Whether you grew up on the flatlands of Saskatchewan or in a rural town in Brazil, whether you come from wealth or poverty, it doesn’t matter. “Fit for Joy” will have you question the steps of your journey. It will compel you to look at your past in a different light. While challenging the value of the future!

The beauty within each of us is waiting to be discovered and shared. Thank you, Valeria, for sharing your journey. I am sure everyone who reads your words will grow!

Thank you.

GREEN BOOK

THE MOVIE



What happens when a racist and the oppressed realise they are the same?

How did the book make me feel/think?

Tony “Lip” Vallelonga is a family man.

Tony is part of a large immigrant Italian family and a massive immigrant Italian community in NYC.

Tony is a loving husband and father.

Tony works at the Copacabana Club as a customer relations expert/fixer.

Tony Vallelonga is racist.

When the club shuts down for renovations, it forces Tony to scramble to find a means to provide for his family. *Scarving down hot dogs may not be enough.*

He has options:

1. Work for someone in his community, likely more racist than he is – fixing.
2. Work as a driver and personal assistant for Dr. Don Shirley for two months, a job he’s referred to because of his ability to handle conflict-filled situations.

Bear with me for a moment.

When a baby is born, they are pure, innocent, beautiful, pliable toward warmth and greatness – noise and hatred have yet to damage them. But then, unfortunately, a coat of varnish, **HATRED**, is sometimes applied, planting a seed of divisiveness. The skin settles, another layer added, **INTOLERANCE**, and now what started as perfection drips in the confusion of not seeing all humans need the same things. Layer upon layer of varnish is applied, and soon the innocent child is so bleeping damaged, with the once unlimited potential of new becoming narrow, broken, distraught, with their minds clouded with the absurdity of difference. ME GOOD. EVERYONE NOT LIKE ME – DISEASED. REALITY CHECK: I am becoming **THE DISEASE** – and when left unchecked, it festers.

A black man drinks from a glass – throw the glass in the trash.

Decades slip by, with child-after-child lathered in the same vanishes, and as time creeps by, even more, an entire community becomes infected. The only hope is if the ingrained hatred and intolerance have yet to seep into the core.

Dr. Don Shirley is a black man, something Tony discovers during his job interview.

Dr. Shirley is a piano virtuoso.

Dr. Shirley is brilliant.

Dr. Shirley is about to embark on a two-month tour through the USA deep-south, a journey, where if black, you don't get to play by the same rules, and a **GREEN BOOK** is your life map on how to navigate your way to hopefully; guarantee survival.

Dr. Don desperately needs Tony.

And Tony needs Dr. Don. He accepts the job offer, turning down options that would allow him to add more varnish and stay close to the perceived realities of his community.

GREEN BOOK is a brilliant, beautiful, extraordinary, gripping, hilarious and inspirational story about what's possible if we allow love and empathy to enter our souls. Although the story took place in 1962, the timing of its release could not be better because of the onslaught of politicians who are currently trying to divide us all.

GREEN BOOK brought me to tears (happy), and it caused me to bust a gut in laughter. It delights in comedy, deeply laced in nuance.

If **GREEN BOOK** does not compel you to question how you look at humanity. And where we are today. And why it is vitally important to replace intolerance and hatred with kindness? I'm afraid the layers of varnish likely have seeped into your core, and the rest of us can only feel sorry for you.

In two months together, Tony "Lip" and Dr. Don Shirley began chipping and sanding away the decades of divisiveness instilled inside of them. Every stop, every mile of highway, brought them to a point where they finally came close to finding the purity of beginning once more; the message screamed out in breathtaking clarity: Deep down, we are the same. We all want to belong. We all need to be loved to thrive!

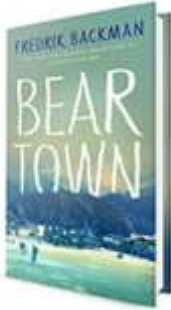
The message also screamed out: The greatest gift we have is listening. If only we look, we'd conclude: A white man can never truly understand what a black man goes through, nor; can a black man possibly understand how devastating the decades infused with the disease of intolerance can be? If we open our ears and only then, together, we can bridge the gaps dividing us, allowing us to turn down the volume of noise.

I loved this movie.

I love the possibilities it provides!

BEARTOWN

FREDRIK BACKMAN



Should be mandatory reading for all people involved in team sports.

How did the book make me feel/think?

... bounces violently between right and wrong, teamwork and deceit ...

I loved this book. This is the second Backman book I've read; Backman's innate ability to connect us to the tales he weaves is astounding. **BEARTOWN!**

Imagine a dying town in Sweden deriving its only sense of pride from a hockey team comprised of young men. Everything revolves around hockey. Hockey drips a dense fog into the minds of the citizens, causing them to look away from a reality, shrouded in delusion.

The junior team is about to revive dying. We can stave the inevitable demise off if they can only win the championship.

***BEARTOWN** should be mandatory reading for all people involved in team sports.*

The story bounces violently between right and wrong, teamwork and deceit.

BEARTOWN sparks a moral debate on the ugly side of sports, especially in the heights of the higher tiers, where entitlement is often masked by the secrecy of the pack. Sports believes it should be allowed to police itself. The only thing SPORTS cares about is the SPORT. If you perform at a high level, you can become immune to a fall because lesser players will sacrifice the powers that be.

What happens when a star player affects the whole town by his involvement in alleged sexual assault?

BEARTOWN is a dying town, deriving all of its pride from young men playing hockey!

What do you think happens?

Sure, sports teach valuable lessons about teamwork and camaraderie. However, what good can ever come from running in a pack?

***BEARTOWN** needs to be mandatory reading for anyone who will play a team sport!*

IGIST

JL.S. LARSON



A Imagine High School being blasted into space, fuelled by chasing your dreams!

How did the book make me feel/think?

Imagine if someone had blasted your High School into space filled with a diverse mixture of rich, colourful characters who are vying to improve the Universe instead of struggling with the crippling realities of who likes whom?

IGIST is not your run-of-the-mill YA Novel. It's not about romance and petty crushes and feuds. Instead, what it is about is screaming out a powerful message of chasing your dreams + never giving up. It's about overcoming the most enormous obstacles and the importance of learning to work together for a life much more considerable than self. It is a nuanced dive back into school, teaching valuable lessons about love, family, + friendship along the way. It is about taking accountability for whom you will be.

It reads like the DaVinci Code.

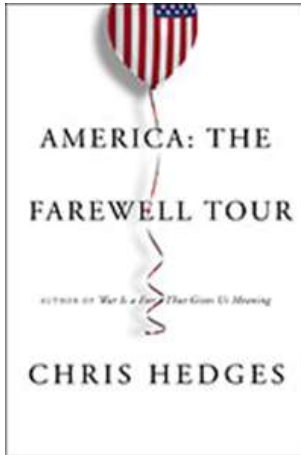
Because it tackles deeper issues, IGIST tackles the trials of adolescence with a rare authenticity—it is a YA novel challenging the obstacles of youth with something intelligent to say. It is chock-full of competition, deception, compassion, teamwork, and love. It is a story about what adversaries can accomplish when they come together to achieve a common goal. It is a nuanced coming-of-age story. It's vibrant, moving, and beautiful.

I don't fit the demographic for this book—I thoroughly enjoyed it regardless of that fact. IGIST builds to a crescendo with twists along the way. It reads like the DaVinci Code because its fast-paced short chapters make it hard to stop turning the pages. The last 50 pages are gripping, with the main character, Emi, growing by leaps and bounds.

IGIST surprised me. I'm glad it did!

AMERICA: THE FAREWELL TOUR

CHRIS HEDGES



A book that may change the way you look at porn!

How did the book make me feel/think?

In a galaxy far, far away... okay, this galaxy, the Empire lumbered along, bringing with it great joy and prosperity to all.

Well, the Empire may fracture, crumbling before our eyes, with all of us complicit and distracted by the noise filling our craniums daily.

It's 5 AM. I'm riding the elevator down from my home on the tenth floor. My eyes are drawn to the video screen above the keypad. "A family home in a province 1,000 miles away caught on fire.

The three children inside perished."

I don't know them. They are the first thing pumped into my brain. Am I supposed to carry the grief of their loved ones through the day – passing it along to everyone I meet?

I walk the last few blocks to work.

I'm forced to stop frequently to avoid being walked into by pedestrians enamoured by their phones.

I don't exist – to them.

AMERICA: THE FAREWELL TOUR is a thorough analysis of the fracturing of an Empire that is losing its way.

Could the end be nigh?

Could the top rung be knocked down, shattered, left tattered for the next generations to suffer through the mess we've brought upon ourselves?

I think the answer is: **PROBABLY.**

I think we have collectively buried our heads in the sand for a long time.

AMERICA: THE FAREWELL TOUR is a sobering, intimate, engaging, eye-popping, stimulating, deeply upsetting, depression-inducing, and uplifting look about how we got to where we are; and where we are likely heading, with an olive branch stretching down to us, offering a fragile path to soften the unavoidable blow.

WHERE ARE WE?

LET'S (the next word needs to be put to rest – the last time used, here) UNPACK.

“Some rich man came and raped the land. Nobody caught him.”

- The Last Resort: The Eagles

People, I have a dream to sell you. You can be whatever you want to be. Believe me. We are all created equal. I will show you the way. Just follow me.

Why are you snickering, rich man?

INDUSTRY

We industrialized. We began making things. Everything. The rich men sat at the top. Everyone else worked for them.

The work sucked, but nobody (other countries) was making things. We didn't mind the rich getting fat off our labour — we had good lives. We could afford to buy the stuff we produced.

Then: the rich men wanted more.

We did as well, but the wealthy resisted us reaching into their pockets, so they looked for others to do labour for less.

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Why pay Timmy in Indiana \$25 per hour + health benefits when I can spend (insert name of a worker from another country, here) 25 cents per hour with horrid working conditions to produce the same products?

You don't have to answer.

Sure, it might piss off Timmy at the worker in the other country, but he sure enjoys buying the products for less. In the meantime, the rich build massive shopping centres for the Timmy's of the world to consume foreign-made goods.

A decade slips by.

Another decade slips by.

American wages stagnate.

Sports + celebrity + drugs + booze + shiny things distract us, numb us, dumb us down, we don't want to look at what's happening.

The sand hole for our heads becomes appealing.

For a few people, the distraction stops working. They look. They realize WTF — I think we're being played.

The dream fractures.

However, only a few open their eyes – most people prefer to live in ignorant bliss.

The rich men get fatter.

Hey, you can keep your job if – if – we can shred your wages – and, who needs health benefits?

Industrialized America implodes.

Timmy's outrage is misguidedly directed at (insert name of a worker from another country, here).

Religion gets involved.

Without an agenda.

Snicker.

The zealots want power. Some religions worship wealth, ignoring the “potentially” mortal sins of political leaders by justifying “God wouldn't reward sinners with wealth.”

Communities collapse, and we need more distractions.

“Have a little taste, Timmy; this will numb your ills.”

Timmy likes to be numbed.

Timmy chases numb.

The pharmaceutical industry sees an opportunity. And, suddenly, America's drug problem trips out of the ghettos into every town.

“Build a wall, and we will be saved. The only reason I popped a pill in the first place is (insert name of a nefarious foreigner who handed me the glass of water to wash it down here). I'm not responsible for...me. I like to blame.”

And, with the building of the wall, the complexities of addiction flutter away into nevermore.

Timmy hurts his knee working his wage-decreasing, soon-to-be-eliminated job. A doctor prescribes painkillers. Timmy can't afford the healthcare. That's okay. An illegal immigrant will sell him something to ease his pain.

What's that?

The illegal immigrant is Caucasian, born in Omaha. Crap.

THE RICH MEN HAVE A SOLUTION

Toss as many people as they can in prison.

That will fix the problem.

It will also serve another purpose: cheap American Labour.

Not to mention, 'labour' likely to show up daily because they have nowhere else to go.

If you are lucky enough to escape prison, pop another pill, and drown yourself in the realities of reality television + the release of cheering for your favourite teams.

A LITTLE SECRET

Drugs used to be a ghetto-related race problem. However, with the shattering of the industrialized American model, everyone can fall more from middle class to poor. **Oh yeah, the little secret:** the rich men don't care: the only colour they see is **GREEN**.

Another decade blasts by as the "American Dream" splinters apart. For those of us who aren't too addled with addiction, those who can still find the strength to climb, we don't realize the rung we're reaching for no longer exists because our brothers and sisters are desperately holding onto it as they spiral downward.

Don't worry, people. We've got your back. We're increasing the military budget to protect you from those who've done this to you. Look over there → them.

WORK

In many cities, the cost-of-living indoors has skyrocketed. For many (half of Americans), there may be work, menial, and living close to where you work becomes increasingly unattainable. The next thing you know, if you are poor, you face commuting most of your days away to serve the wealthy.

Too tired and beat down to resist, or ask (demand) for more, a more that doesn't exist.

That's okay; the costs of televisions have dropped significantly.

What's that?

To have channels to watch I must pay an astronomical amount, that's okay, I can't miss the game.

Beaten down, you skip paying the transit fare.

You get caught.

You're ticketed.

You're now in the system.

If you don't pay the fine, your menial job might become day labour in a special camp.

PORN

There is not single actor in the porn (sex-for-pay) industry who entered the sector chasing the American Dream. Desperation for survival is the gateway.

Argue if you'd like?

The broken become more broken and desperate, only to eventually be chewed up and spat out when the curtain on their "careers" slam shut.

The more consumption, the more extreme and violent porn becomes.

Consumers become desensitized.

Consumers risk becoming predators unable to give intimacy.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

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And the porn wheel keeps spinning with curious American boys becoming exposed, and by the time they hit 12 or 13 years of age, normal to them... sorry girls, good luck.

With the pimps industry profiting, everyone else falls deeper into addiction.

As we pour more money into the military to protect us from external enemies, with the opportunity of a good-paying job, guess what: walking lockstep with the pimps of porn, is the recruiters of the military. Lucky for them, there is a gaggle of young men who are unable to see a future, ready to enlist.

Even more fortunate → can you taste the sarcasm?

These young men's minds are filled with love and stability.

HATE

Now that we're drug-addled, broke, unemployed, divorced, masturbating to... "ewe."

"Hey, Timmy, my cable's been cut. Can I watch the game at your place? Thanks. Look at those idiots kneeling. Respect the flag, you (insert profanity-laced racial slur here)."

"I need someone to blame. I need someone to blame. I know — anyone who doesn't look like me. This land is my land."

I feel deep sorrow for any of us stumbling around on this rock who believe "others" are the problems plaguing the world today.

AMERICA: THE FAREWELL TOUR highlights the horrific realities of the sickness of hate in brilliant clarity.

Haters, do you really believe if only a few drops of water were left, your Caucasian neighbour wouldn't off you; because you're Caucasian?

I don't care where the root of racism or hatred originates; you don't have to participate.

If that makes me naïve, so be it.

Hey, young unemployed guy with no prosperous future in sight: do you want to go mess up some people in a foreign land?

We're we invited?

Silly question. Hey, what type of porn do you like?

11 In a boardroom (probably fictitious), the powers that be see opportunity, and determine the best way to keep impoverished, is to point at others, making them the ones to blame. And, oh yeah, make poverty a growing business. Desperation begets a fine, begets interest, begets another fine, begets more interest, begets — "hey, the people of colour did this to me," begets —

ESCAPE

If only there were a way out. A way to jump back on the dream train. I know. I can win the jackpot.

What do I have to lose?

Spin, spin, spin, so close. Spin, spin, so close. Insert more money. This music is calming. I like it here. *Create heavy users. Was that subliminal?*

Spin, spin, spin, so close. Insert more money.

Hey, Timmy, did you buy a ticket for the Powerball? You never know?

What do I have to lose?

And with another ticket purchased, the poorest of the poor voluntarily pay the taxes corporations used to pay.

How's the wall coming along?

Why does the second floor of your casino, say 14, on the elevator keypad?

Don't worry. I've got your back. Let's put more money into the military. They're" coming for our way of life. I'll protect you.

Hey, Timmy, did you ever notice there are no right angles in casinos? Why won't they let us decide?

And Timmy, it's the strangest thing. Every time I'm breaking in the pain of loss, a cocktail server magically appears.

A SOLUTION?

Check unfettered capitalism.

We are being played. The repetition of history suggests just before an Empire collapses, it goes through a period of prosperity followed by stagnation and deindustrialization, with new realities coming in the eroding of the middle class. Flailing Empires become ripe for divisiveness and addiction. Often laced with morally debunked excess, where many people are lost → chasing their first highs brought on by the taste of money, sexual depravity, isolation, anger, and a need to blame others → creating a fertile environment for those who have your “least interests” at heart to gain control.

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Even though you understand, you've been gifted. And divided for feeding the addictions of the rich. You still slam another needle into your arm. Believing your next high will be the one allowing you to escape the madness.

If I had to pick one thing in this engrossing book that struck the chord the most for me, and I'll paraphrase: Privatized Prisons: In many states, if the prisons don't reach specific occupancy rates (90%), the State must pay the penalty to the Corporations that fund them.

A rich man came and raped the land. Nobody caught him. Put up a bunch of ugly boxes, and Jesus, people bought them.

I almost forgot; I said the book is uplifting. It is! Chris suggests the importance of talking to each other, creating a sense of community, to stop hiding behind screens. To stop blaming.

America is a fantastic place, full of opportunity and beauty. It's up to us to soften the inevitability of change by merely talking to each other—if we do; if we say hi to our neighbours, then and only then, we might realize there is no reason to hate.

Thank you, Chris, for painting the picture in such a concise way, humanizing the realities of what came before and what may be on the horizon.

LAKE SUCCESS

GARY SHTEYNGART



Even in fiction, America is a bleeped-up mess!

How did the book make me feel/think?

Even in fiction, America is a bleeped-up mess!

Barry Cohen is a dick. His indolence for lot-in-life is palpable. He becomes exceptionally wealthy by bilking investors by gambling with hedge funds. He is married to a stunningly beautiful, brilliant immigrant named Seema. Their life together is a fallacy—a storybook—an illusion.

Barry lusts for exorbitantly expensive timepieces. He perpetuates the illusion of perfection until his and Seema's lives unravel because their son Shiva is diagnosed with Autism—perfection busted—the shame of pretension. Then, with a shadow draped over the humiliation of being less than perfect + Barry's hedge fund is a scam, their lives unwind, fracturing everything they thought once was. Drop-in, an all-too-real Presidential campaign, and fiction with a sprinkling of "non," takes readers on a wild ride as Barry tries desperately to whisk away his plethora of shortcomings in search of something, anything, to make his life meaningful. Barry runs from his crumbling marriage by taking the Greyhound across America, searching for a time where recapturing what he had might offer him solace, which was likely never as it seemed, dismantling protected memories. While Seema struggles with how she was grifted by greed like Barry's investors.

Lake Success is a cutting dichotomy between the wealthy and the struggling. With razor-sharp wit and delicate wordplay, it inserts readers into a story that, despite the tag of fiction, deposits them in the realities of today's world: Wealth + Poverty aren't so different. The characters Barry encounters in his search for self are colourful and can be found in every corner of American life. Some are deep. Some are incredibly racist. All are flawed, and on the same undefinable life quest most of us are pursuing in this delightfully messed up world filled with noise 24/7.

America is a diverse mixture of humanity that cannot all fit into the same hole.

Fiction or not, Lake Success is a gripping page-turner about a country losing its way, illustrating in nuance that the fall from the top to the bottom is closer than any of us may think. With a brisk wind of the watch, it highlights the climb upward is impossible for those of us who've never been at the top before.

Does Barry find himself in the end?

I won't spoil it for you, but I will say: Barry Cohen is a dick. Much like his expensive watches eventually run out of time, Barry faces the same inevitability because of his glaring lack of depth. Finally, no matter how hard Barry tries to fool himself, he can't.

LESS

ANDREW SEAN GREER



A wispy, captivating, solemnly hilarious, tale of woe.

How did the book make me feel/think?

Arthur Less is a gay author on the brink of turning 50 — chasing a passion that has chewed him up and spit him out — successful, used up, mundane; cloaked in a feeling of mediocrity and a sense of spinning on the margins of the literary world. He wants his life to pop. He finds it slipping away in gloominess, the white-middle-aged man's mental prison.

He wants what was.

He can't have it.

He laments without realizing he's living a life far grander than those who judge him.

Arthur Less attempts to cobble together his writing career, hoping to feel relevant. Instead, he laments. He fears his peers have surpassed him.

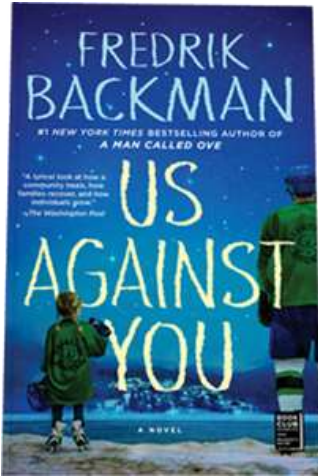
Fifty is a tough age for white guys. It's a time when the clock keeps ticking, and many find it all slipping away.

It's an age where if you haven't found MONEY-POWER-FAME, it is never coming and accepting you are no longer "IN" the crowd can be debilitating.

At the end of this wispy book, I concluded, nothing is boring in being who you are.

US AGAINST YOU

FREDRIK BACKMAN



A thought-provokingly searing story about what happens when we try too hard to belong.

How did the book make me feel/think?

US AGAINST YOU is the breathtakingly urgent follow-up to the gripping **BEARTOWN**. If you like to think, you will love this duo. If you are looking for fluff, you won't.

I loved them. Backman is relentless in tackling social issues in these brilliantly narrated books about sports.

However, they are not sports stories.

However, they are hockey stories.

However, they are not →

... a jarringly evocative look at the struggles of life...

BEARTOWN + US AGAINST YOU are the best sports stories I have ever read. For anyone who has taken part in sports at a reasonable level, Backman does a masterful job of capturing the inner workings, the corruption, the realities of not being good enough, the entitlement dropped onto the stars and the challenges of being different when the TEAM comes first all the time. Backman deftly navigates what it is like to be caught up in the chase of something fanatics layer immense importance on – when sports do not define who we are, and it is tragic when we think it does.

We are not part of a tribe if we want to excel as an individual.

US AGAINST YOU is a story about learning to accept whom you are becoming.

It is riveting.

It is gripping.

It is sad.

It is honest.

It is life.

It is breathtaking.

US AGAINST YOU is a jarringly evocative look at the struggles of life through an unfiltered lens.

I'll repeat it: I loved it. I didn't want it to end. I choked back tears as I flipped the pages.

This book should be mandatory reading for anyone involved in the (sporting) world!

It might cause athletes to look deeply into their mirrors.

TOP 5 BOOK!

WRITTEN: July 29th - 2019

QUEENIE

CANDICE CARTY-WILLIAMS



Hilarity cloaked in the nuances of sexuality, racism, and mental well-being.

How did the book make me feel/think?

I am not a 25-year-old black woman living in South London. I'm the exact opposite.

What does that even mean?

First off, because of my opening statement, I can't relate to the life of Queenie. I have no references for dealing with the vileness of systemic racism. It would be appalling of anyone in my demographic to pretend they can. I also, after reading, duh, am baffled by the minds of anyone under thirty.

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I question myself: did I carry the same sense of — when I was Queenie's age?

Okay, I've gotten the un-relatable aspects out of the way.

I don't fit into the Queenie reader demographic, but I loved the book.

I found it hilarious, in the way it made me feel uncomfortable — about everything: sexuality, racism, mental health issues, friendship, and the desperation merely is trying to be okay. Queenie's jaunt through life opened my eyes to what surely must be challenging, living in a world spinning out of control.

Queenie made me feel grateful that I grew up in a time when life was far more connected than it is now in the 24/7 connected world.

What I once thought of as youthful entitlement, I've now understood life can be challenging for all.

I must thank Queenie because she helped me realize the importance of kindness when I wasn't laughing or cringing.

WRITTEN: July 22nd - 2019

AGES OF ENTANGLEMENT

R.L. JACKSON



IS HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF?

How did the book make me feel/think?

First off, it made me feel we were entering the Age of Déjà vu.

Ages of Entanglement is an evocative romp through a world that once was, soon, coming, a dystopian look at the flaws of humanity and our predilection to destroy ourselves. Page after page, I felt like it had dropped me into the realities of Cast Away trudging towards Lost, challenged by a wall of immigration. We are racing. Humanity, that is—and if we are too stunned to reach the finish line, a reset may be in order.

Ages of Entanglement is a poetic journey touching on everything plaguing society today: greed, hatred, fear, insularity, the need for sports to turn to blood to stay relevant, and pursuits of →

It eloquently highlights the realities of staring at us today. And if we don't slow down and accept that we all need to be connected on a much deeper level than technologically or economically, what may come our way may be inevitable, which will quickly subtract the fiction from this engrossing read.

WRITTEN: November 16, 2019