



## Otorongo

**Jim Linsa**

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*Jim Linsa takes a stream-of-consciousness approach in this compelling and creative erotic story.*

*Otorongo*, by Jim Linsa, is a highly fantastical exploration of cosmic love, destiny, and the spirit world that asks its audience to take a leap of the imagination. *Otorongo* is a trippy, frequently confusing novel that hints at life's spiritual aspects.

The book utilizes a completely free-form writing style. In prose without restraints, it jumps from lofty theme to lofty theme without any detectable textual parachutes. *Otorongo* is essentially a transcript of the narrator's conversation with his "other self," a dual personality that accompanies him on long drives around San Francisco in his 1998 Toyota Avalon.

The stream-of-consciousness approach is initially interesting but becomes a tiring method of storytelling by the end. Arrived-at insights are sometimes startling, and sometimes obscene. A jarring opening chapter, in which Linsa asserts that "life is being jacked off by the goddess," is followed by a story that stumbles through a series of unlikely sexual scenes that manage to be both explicit and ungratifying. Plentiful imagery bogs down the storytelling, which often seems as though it would be incredible in a graphic novel.

Yet underneath the book's distracting and disorganized structure, there waits an interesting psychedelic story of self-discovery and courage. The narrator's muse—a sex goddess fairy who possesses "gallon-sized jugs a guy could easily get lost in" and "copious melonhood"—leads him on an epic journey to meet Mindu, another spirit who is said to be his soul mate. Soon, the lovers are being pursued by an evil demon. Jealousy, lust, and lies threaten to tear the threesome apart as they attempt to escape the clutches of the dangerous spirit.

*Otorongo* has some strong passages, especially as the narrator and his muse navigate their way through the demon's palace:

*The fragrance of smudged sage envelops Jim moments before green, lava-like ejaculate sets fire to the brush, inciting another wave of traumatized creatures, who are fleeing from beneath the rocks in search of more distant sanctuaries.*

As is evident from the heightened prose, Linsa revels in relating this story, which is as much wish fulfillment as creative mythology. Certain moments are an erotic success. The writer's pleasure in sharing these fantasies keeps the story moving forward; however, creative combinations of lustful characters are a novelty that wears thin toward the book's end. When the text reaches for high concepts—including chakra meditations, sacred spirits, and sex magic—it becomes even more strained.

*Otorongo* is a compelling and creative erotic story.

CLAIRE FOSTER (September 7, 2016)

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