

Press & Media Kit

Jack Remick

Author

jackremick.com

MAN ALONE

The Dark Book



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Jack Remick has invented a new genre - Pulp Literature

Man Alone is set in and around a complex Seattle where Rat City meets the Billionaires' Club. Zene, a man alone, lives in a chaotic, sexually disruptive and violence-wrecked world. His life ruined after a chain of disappointments and falls—the fruits of his violent nature—Zene runs into Karizma, a love-creature from his past, and he's smitten again, knowing all the while that for him, there's no future in love. Not your basic romance, for sure.

What is happening to all the men?

Does the world seem to be changing at an exponential pace leaving many of us to choke on the dust of radical progress? As modern men are ushered into the role of aggressor or victim with no room in between, how will society find balance? Remick takes his readers through a dark, yet eye-opening journey through a dystopian future where these questions, left to fester, create a harsh reality.

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978-1-958808-15-3 / \$16.95 /
Paperback

Sidekick Press / August 2023 /
220pp.

Fiction / Street Lit / Dystopian
Distributed by Ingram

Advance Praise

Deftly crafted, singularly unique, and provides its readers with an inherently fascinating and emotionally visceral literary experience. A compulsively compelling novella and one which will linger in the mind and memory of the reader... "Man Alone: The Dark Book" is an extraordinary and unreservedly recommended addition to [any] personal, community, and academic library...

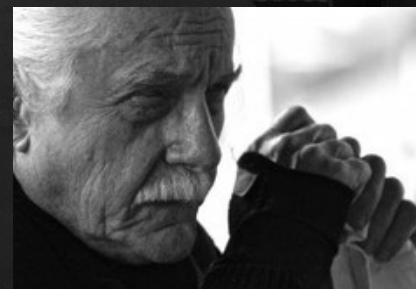
~ Reviewer's Bookwatch

Jack Remick has invented a new genre—Pulp Literature. In Man Alone, Remick delivers lines with the deadpan of a pulp detective on the crime-trail...Remick's characters engaged in the base pursuit of their own ends, burn up in the fire of their own kindling...Remick builds on a theory of masks and unmasking, and, in the stunningly poetic images that run in Zene's observations, you see a writer as observer whose characters have depth as well as a fatal blind spot. In Man Alone Remick has come into some kind of new literary superpower. ~ Christine Runyon

Man Alone is a story that must be experienced...the story is wonderfully original, with characters who are exquisite in their flaws...Remick's talent with words is unquestionable, and his ability to create such original tales that draw you in and force you to contemplate the realities of the darker side of human nature is, in my opinion, unmatched. ~ Theresa Cogdill

About the author

Jack Remick is a novelist, poet, essayist. He is in love with the process of writing and holds weekly virtual 're-writing' sessions exploring group editing and community writing. His work includes the novels: Blood; Gabriela and The Widow; Citadel; Doubles in a Game of Chance. The poetry: Satori, Poems. The essays: What Do I Know.



For more information, to inquire about a review copy, or schedule an interview, please contact Lisa Dailey at 360.224.5535 or lisa@sidekickpress.com.




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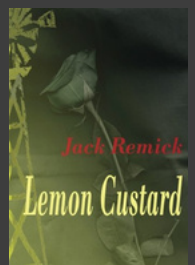
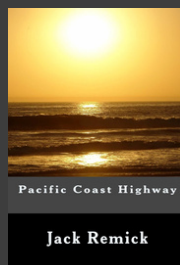
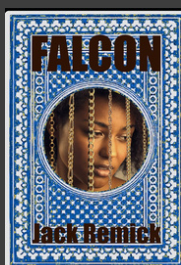
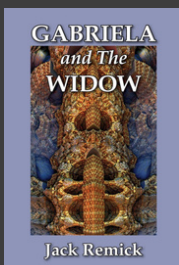
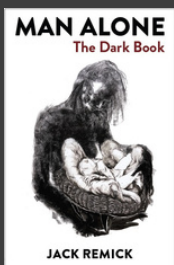
Jack Remick has invented a new genre—Pulp Literature in *Man Alone*. Set in and around a complex Seattle where Rat City meets the Billionaires’ Club, Zene lives in a chaotic, sexually disruptive and violence-wrecked world as a man alone. His life ruined after a chain of disappointments and falls—the fruits of his violent nature—Zene runs into Karizma, a love-creature from his past, and he’s smitten again, knowing all the while that for him, there’s no future in love. Not your basic romance, for sure.

Jack Remick is a novelist, poet, essayist. He is in love with the process of writing and holds weekly virtual ‘re-writing’ sessions exploring group editing and community writing. His work includes the novels, poetry, essays, and the manual all writers should read: *Pieces*.

SAMPLE QUESTIONS

- You have written several novels centered on women. How do you get into a state of mind that lets you create those characters?
- What led you to take on the fate men in a post-chauvinist society as a theme for *Man Alone*?
- When did you first fall in love with the written word?
- Most authors want to find their style and stay put. Why do you explore new structure with each book?
- You have a unique style of editing you refer to as ‘interactive re-writing.’ How does that work?
- What do you wish every would-be writer understood?
- Do you believe every good writer learns from each of their protagonists?
- You’ve written about the connection between writing novels and method acting. Can you tell us what you mean by that?

FEATURED BOOKS





MAN ALONE

THE DARK BOOK

The Eastlake houseboat enclave lived loose around the edges and took a lot for granted about human nature. Up the street, there was a little store called Pete's Supermarket. It wasn't a supermarket, and Pete probably didn't own it anymore. But the people on the boats didn't go to Safeway, they went to Pete's. And just up the hill, on Lynn Street, there was the Eastlake Zoo and Fat Albert's, both old-time, hell-raiser taverns where all the young people got together and drank after having dinner at Julia's Fourteen Carrot Cafe, a premiere vegetarian health food café.

Zene remembered the summer day he had walked down the gangway from Minor Street passing a party on one of the houseboats. Bikini-naked women sat in the sun drinking from tall glasses and listening to loud music. They hadn't paid any attention to him because he was the wrong age, height, and build. They were hungry for young meat with deep Porsche potential.

This time, it wasn't summer. He saw her car backed into a slot. He opened the door and looked inside. No blood. That was good.

A cold wind blew in off Lake Union. His breath clouded as he walked down the gangway. Across the water, Gas Works Park stood on the north shore of the lake, distant, the skeletal, metallic remains of postindustrial, gutted dreams.

Zene walked into a darkened room.

His eyes adjusted to the dull, grey, liquid-like light filtered through thick curtains on an urban disaster—clothing strung around, dirty dishes on the drainboard, records and tapes out of their covers—the background noise to the crumbling of psyche and civilization, the soft thumping of jazz sax coming from the radio. Little red amplifier lights glowed in the dark.

Zene waited, thinking that somewhere a body lay dead and bleeding, but he didn't want to see it, know about it—how do you measure your good against all your mistakes? And he had made a mistake.

He turned to leave, but stopped and peered into the greyness, and there he saw her face—streaked, cold, frightened.

There was a moist and morgue-like smell about her body. He smelled pain. He smelled despair. He knew the scent of hurt, the aroma of fear.

She wiped at her eyes. Zene felt the veil of fear, its warp and weft, the ragged hyperventilation of a half-controlled hysteric. Zene pulled her against him. She was a jungle, damp, but her hair smelled of a spring rain. Fire flared in him. He pushed it down. She was ripe, vulnerable, helpless. Open as a tulip in sunlight and as fragile.