

Chapter 1 : Detailed Review Summary of Orange Is The New Black by Piper Kerman

Orange Is the New Black: My Year in a Women's Prison (titled *Orange Is the New Black: My Time in a Women's Prison* in some editions) is a memoir by Piper Kerman, which tells the story of her money laundering and drug trafficking conviction and subsequent year spent in a federal women's prison.

While it can be a little disjointed and awkward in parts, it has its charm. The characters are memorable and the story-lines are very compelling. A little like high school, there are popular people whom you need to earn the approval of, there are authority figures who are either completely out of touch with your day to day life, or otherwise completely corrupt; there are inmates who you might need to avoid, et cetera. *Orange is the New Black* is honestly one of the most nearsighted biographies I have read. However, *Orange is the New Black* deals with a rather sensitive subject, that being the experience of a female in prison. There are tonnes of creative and intellectual ways to describe the isolation, the alienation, the sisterhood between inmates, the class structure between the incarcerated and the prison staff, and how a lot of women in prison cope with being unable to see their families or care for their children. Oh, would you look at the kids meeting their mothers on Mothering Sunday. Piper may not exclusively rub elbows with corrupt bankers and corporate embezzlers in prison, but it is important to note that Piper really, really casts herself as sticking out like a sore thumb. She just goes through her days like nothing is wrong. Everyone was surprisingly nice to me. I missed my old life. I went to bed. Followed by one brief observation about how there are some people who get no letters or gifts whatsoever. It would have been nice to elaborate on that in a more empathic way than: Piper in the TV show starts off like a scared little mouse, but manages to claw her way up the social ladder in prison by using her wits. Piper in the book just remains the same way she did when she arrived for her incarceration. You never, ever get the sense that she learned anything from her experience aside from learning that sanitary towels can be used in a variety of ways. You could have said she was a bullish, heavy-set woman, and mentioned her sexuality elsewhere if it really needed to be brought up, rather than going straight for the slur. And giving them that Eminem-based nickname, considering that Eminem has quite a few songs featuring heavy violence towards women? Speaking of mental illness Some women were helped enormously by the medication they took, but some of them seemed zombified, doped to the gills. Those women scared me; what would happen when they hit the streets and no longer could go to pill line? To add to the uncomfortable homophobia, judgemental attitude and mentalism, we get some subtle transphobia. Fans of the TV show will know Sophia, a transwoman in the prison who proves to be a very valuable friend to Piper and who quickly became one of my favourite characters for how well-written and charming she was. Piper depicts Sophia named Vanessa in the book.

Chapter 2 : Orange Is the New Black by Piper Kerman

Orange Is the New Black: My Year in a Women's Prison and millions of other books are available for instant access. view Kindle eBook | view Audible audiobook Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.

Piper Kerman graduated from a good college but she was bored and she wanted some adventure. She met a woman called Nora who promised to take her along in one of her trips around the world. Nora worked for an African drug dealer and she was making a lot of money. She took Piper in many of her trips just to keep her company. At some point, Nora gave Piper a bag of money and she told her to pass them through the airport in Brussels. Click here to see the rest of this review Nora and Piper go separate ways. Piper gets a good job in New York and she meets a good man named Larry. Many years later the police shows up at her door. She finds out that Nora and her gang were on trial for smuggling drugs and that her name was also mentioned. She needs to go to trial. The trial was very complex and it took five years until it concluded and Piper was convicted to 15 months in prison. Piper is locked up in a prison in Connecticut and she needs to learn how to survive prison on her own. She slowly learns how to navigate the prison system, how to get a small job and how to keep her sanity intact. She befriends a lot of women and she observes the prison system form up close. She runs every day and she learns how to do some basic yoga from one of her cellmates. She learns that she must keep busy and in good terms with the guards. As time goes by most of her friends get released and she misses them. She understands that the women are basically good persons caught up in a strange system. When she is almost ready to be released herself she finds out that she needs to testify against yet another member of the old gang. She gets transferred and the conditions in the Chicago prison are horrible. She meets Nora and she forgives her for involving her in the drug business and getting her in prison. In the end, Piper gets released and she writes a book about the prison system and about the women that have to suffer through the ordeal of prison life. Best part of story, including ending: I learned a lot about life in prison. Best scene in story: I liked the scene where some women cooked a meal and ate together without fighting. Opinion about the main character: I liked Piper because she was strong.

Chapter 3 : Book Review: Orange is the New Black - The Deliberate Reader

She may be known as Piper Chapman on Netflix's Orange is the New Black, but her real name is Piper Kerman, and her memoir, Orange Is the New Black: My Year in a Women's Prison, served as the.

International baggage claim in the Brussels airport was large and airy, with multiple carousels circling endlessly. I scurried from one to another, desperately trying to find my black suitcase. Because it was stuffed with drug money, I was more concerned than one might normally be about lost luggage. I was twenty-three in and probably looked like just another anxious young professional woman. My Doc Martens had been jettisoned in favor of beautiful handmade black suede heels. I wore black silk pants and a beige jacket, a typical *jeune fille*, not a bit counterculture, unless you spotted the tattoo on my neck. I had done exactly as I had been instructed, checking my bag in Chicago through Paris, where I had to switch planes to take a short flight to Brussels. When I arrived in Belgium, I looked for my black rollie at the baggage claim. It was nowhere to be seen. Fighting a rushing tide of panic, I asked in my mangled high school French what had become of my suitcase. Were the authorities closing in on me? Maybe I should try to get through customs and run? Or perhaps the bag really was just delayed, and I would be abandoning a large sum of money that belonged to someone who could probably have me killed with a simple phone call. I decided that the latter choice was slightly more terrifying. The next flight from Paris finally arrived. I spotted the suitcase. I thanked him effusively, waving with giddy affection as I sailed through one of the unmanned doors into the terminal, where I spotted my friend Billy waiting for me. I had inadvertently skipped customs. My graduation procession at Smith College the year before was on a perfect New England spring day. In the sun-dappled quad, bagpipes whined and Texas governor Ann Richards exhorted my classmates and me to get out there and show the world what kind of women we were. My family was proud and beaming as I took my degree. My freshly separated parents were on their best behavior, my stately southern grandparents pleased to see their oldest grandchild wearing a mortarboard and surrounded by WASPs and ivy, my little brother bored out of his mind. My more organized and goal-oriented classmates set off for their graduate school programs or entry-level jobs at nonprofits, or they moved back home—*not uncommon during the depths of the first Bush recession*. I, on the other hand, stayed on in Northampton, Massachusetts. I had majored in theater, much to the skepticism of my father and grandfather. I came from a family that prized education. We were a clan of doctors and lawyers and teachers, with the odd nurse, poet, or judge thrown into the mix. After four years of study I still felt like a dilettante, underqualified and unmotivated for a life in the theater, but neither did I have an alternate plan, for academic studies, a meaningful career, or the great default—*law school*. I had always worked hard through my college jobs in restaurants, bars, and nightclubs, winning the affection of my bosses and coworkers via sweat, humor, and a willingness to work doubles. Those jobs and those people were more my speed than many of the people I had met at college. I was glad that I had chosen Smith, a college full of smart and dynamic women. But I was finished with what was required of me by birth and background. I had chafed within the safe confines of Smith, graduating by a narrow margin, and I longed to experience, experiment, investigate. It was time for me to live my own life. I was a well-educated young lady from Boston with a thirst for bohemian counterculture and no clear plan. But I had no idea what to do with all my pent-up longing for adventure, or how to make my eagerness to take risks productive. No scientific or analytical bent was evident in my thinking—*what I valued was artistry and effort and emotion*. I got an apartment with a fellow theater grad and her nutty artist girlfriend, and a job waiting tables at a microbrewery. I bonded with fellow waitrons, bartenders, and musicians, all equally nubile and constantly clad in black. We worked, we threw parties, we went skinny-dipping or sledding, we fucked, sometimes we fell in love. I enjoyed everything Northampton and the surrounding Pioneer Valley had to offer. I ran for miles and miles on country lanes, learned how to carry a dozen pints of beer up steep stairs, indulged in numerous romantic peccadilloes with appetizing girls and boys, and journeyed to Provincetown for midweek beach excursions on my days off throughout the summer and fall. When winter set in, I began to grow uneasy. My friends from school told me about their jobs and their lives in New York, Washington, and San Francisco, and I wondered what the hell I

was doing. In retrospect a EuroRail ticket or volunteering in Bangladesh would have been brilliant choices, but I stayed stuck in the Valley. Among our loose social circle was a clique of impossibly stylish and cool lesbians in their mid-thirties. These worldly and sophisticated older women made me feel uncharacteristically shy, but when several of them moved in next door to my apartment, we became friends. Among them was a raspy-voiced midwesterner named Nora Jansen who had a mop of curly sandy-brown hair. Nora was short and looked a bit like a French bulldog, or maybe a white Eartha Kitt. Everything about her was droll—her drawling, wisecracking husky voice, the way she cocked her head to look at you with bright brown eyes from under her mop, even the way she held her ever-present cigarette, wrist flexed and ready for gesture. She had a playful, watchful way of drawing a person out, and when she paid you attention, it felt as if she were about to let you in on a private joke. Nora was the only one of that group of older women who paid any attention to me. And then, in the fall of , she was gone.

Chapter 4 : Chicago Tribune - We are currently unavailable in your region

Piper Kerman is the author of the memoir Orange is the New Black: My Year in a Women's Prison, a #1 New York Times Bestseller. The book has been adapted into an Emmy Award-winning original series for Netflix.

Chapter 5 : Orange Is the New Black (TV Series “”) - IMDb

The information about Orange Is the New Black shown above was first featured in "The BookBrowse Review" - BookBrowse's online-magazine that keeps our members abreast of notable and high-profile books publishing in the coming weeks.

Chapter 6 : Orange Is The New Black: Books | eBay

The Tumblr Books of Orange is the New Black keeps track of all of the books and authors referenced on the show. OITNB book club, anyone? Posted on August 05, , GMT Heben Nigatu.

Chapter 7 : Orange Is the New Black | Netflix Official Site

That book is Orange is the New Black. Published in , Kerman is now an activist for criminal justice reform, especially for women's prisons. The book inspired Jenji Kohan, the creator of Weeds, to create the super successful Netflix show of the same name in , starring Taylor Schilling, Uzo Aduba, Laverne Cox, Kate Mulgrew, Natasha.

Chapter 8 : Orange Is the New Black Summary and Analysis (like SparkNotes) | Free Book Notes

"Orange Is the New Black" Stars In and Out of Costume Can't get enough of Netflix's " Orange Is the New Black "? Check out photos of the cast in character and in real life.

Chapter 9 : Orange Is the New Black - Wikipedia

Actress Taylor Schilling, left, poses with Piper Kerman, author of the book "Orange Is the New Black," now a Netflix series. Actress Taylor Schilling, left, poses with Piper Kerman, author of the.