***Yoga for people who can’t be bothered to do it: Extracts of reviews from goodreads.com***

The only serious flaw in this otherwise extraordinary book is its title, which, in an attempt to seem playfully ironic, may mislead readers who would otherwise be glad to find it. It is decidedly not a talk-show-Dr. Phil-co-dependent no more sort of thing. It is rather a deeply meditative travel book, with chapters set in Paris, Cambodia, Libya, Amsterdam, and southern Thailand, and a narrative voice that is sly, lyrical, self-cynical, and painfully funny.

Geoff Dyer is blessed with a style that appears so effortless that it seems lazy. Or even provocatively lazy. It feels like writing for people that can't be bothered to do it, in fact. And yet, in his nonchalant, throwaway manner, he gets straight to the nub of things without wasting his time with context, plot, character, literariness. All these things are good. As is his frank, even naive way of telling compromising, incriminating stories about his own drug use, selfishness, fecklessness and ignorance, and the ridiculous situations that have arisen as its consequence.

Geoff Dyer races toward oblivion in this collection of travel essays, on a worldwide search for tranquility. He only sometimes finds it, and then only when he isn't looking. You would think, for example, that walking through Paris with a beautiful woman would translate easily into an idyllic experience, but you would be wrong. There are beautiful passages in the later stories about the transcendence to be found observing ancient Roman ruins and the beauty of the world seen through the right pair of sunglasses. Here's another example: Dyer finds his moment of inner peace not at the Kuang Si waterfall in Laos, but at a resort hotel in Ubud playing a game of catch meant to relive his experience at Kuang Si. He and a friend are standing on opposite overflow edges of the luxury pool. "Behind him was the gorge, the infinite edge," Dyer writes. "The ball was a yellow planet spinning back and forth through the blue sky. We were in a trance of throwing and catching. It could not go on forever but we never knew when the game was going to end, and so, at any one moment, it lasted forever."