

SCHIZOPHRENÉ



Bhanu Kapil

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Schizophrene traces the intersections of migration and mental illness as they unfold in post-Partition diasporic communities. Bhanu Kapil brings forward the question of a healing narrative and explores trauma and place through a somatic, poetic and cross-cultural psychiatric enquiry. Who was here? Who will never be here? Who has not yet arrived and never will? Towards an arrival without being, this notebook-book returns a body to a site, the shards re-forming in mid-air: for an instant.

Schizophrene Details

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Author : Bhanu Kapil

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From Reader Review Schizophrene for online ebook

Kim says

this made my head spin.

Jai says

I reviewed this book for Lantern Review here: <http://www.lanternreview.com/blog/201...>

Steven Felicelli says

best book of its kind (a book of its own kind) since Maso's Ava, which Kapil cites therein - the framing device, conceit of fraying folded map (memory, language) and all else in this (too) little book is brilliant so grateful she finally rose to the top of my readlist

Genlyai says

Unsettling, elusive and sometime straight-through-the-heart prose poems - still coming to terms with Kapil's silence and restraint.

spoon says

I read this book three times before coming to terms with the very loud and expansive, often un-holding place of blank page that permeated this text. I read it three times and by the last time fell into its rhythm, the entire book held in the arc of the throw of the writer throwing this text, its before-body of manuscript, into a snow-covered garden. After the second time reading through it, I transcribed much of the book down onto a separate piece of paper, so that I could read it in an arrangement that felt more palatable to the way my eyes moved over a text. It was only then, in that contrast, that I could understand the way this book held so much. That there was no possible way, no way at all, that all of this would be able to fit, without all those spaces, between. Time is weird and I'm tired. Thank you always Bhanu Kapil.

Larissa says

This is exquisite.

"It is psychotic to draw a line between two places.

It is psychotic to go.

It is psychotic to look.

Psychotic to live in a different country forever.

Psychotic to lose something forever."

John Madera says

Composed of fragments and multiple perspectives, featuring flights of evocative lyricism, the book coheres into a meditation on identity and meaning and corporeality.

Joshua Novalis says

A stirring meditation on the pains, paradoxes, and impossibilities of the immigrant experience.

"It is psychotic to draw a line between two places.

It is psychotic to go.

It is psychotic to look.

Psychotic to live in a different country forever.

Psychotic to lose something forever.

The compelling conviction that something has been lost is psychotic.

Even the aeroplane's dotted line on the monitor as it descends to Heathrow is a purely weird ambient energy.

It is psychotic to submit to violence in a time of great violence and yet it is psychotic to leave that home or country, the place where you submitted again and again, forever.

Indeed, it makes the subsequent involuntary arrival a stressor for psychosis."

Carolyn Hembree says

"In a book without purpose/with a dead start. But with the body displaying signs of early spring: pink bits sensitive to being touched, like a Jain woman crossing the street in her linen mask and with her pole."

Bethany says

I loved this book and thought that Kapil's use of physical space and displacement made the narrative feel like an interdisciplinary collage of sorts. Will definitely be reading more.

Karli says

"Because it is psychotic not to know where you are in a national space." A fragmented account of mental illness and diasporic trauma, Kapil weaves together beautiful imagery and poignant moments of pain, grief, and longing. This book works on multiple levels as a text about the process, failures, and trauma of writing (a book thrown into a snowy dark garden to be retrieved in broken fragments), as well as a visceral account of the mental state of immigrants/migrants, told in specks, colors, lights, and sounds.

Jenny Forrester says

Evocative of Colorado and many other places, within and without, untethered except to poetry and the soul. It's mica and KFC and ghosts and diaspora and almond-cake pale and turquoise. Gorgeous.

Gloria says

Her preface is what drew me into buying the book and eventually reading it (I bought two copies, based on it. Also, I didn't know if it would be hard to acquire outside of specialty stores/ book fairs).

The preface and what follows afterwards was an incredibly strong synthesis of intellectual and spiritual ideas. Her voice literally falls off the page with brilliance and heart.

I come from a minority immigrant family, so a lot of the symptoms she describes apply very much to my own family. (I actually bought a copy for a cousin I believe might benefit from reading about the writer's own healing process related to schizophrenia)

Her emphasis of the relationship between mental illnesses and racism/ being a minority is brilliant and courageous, all the more so since she uses poetry to bridge the gap.

"the exchange of devotional objects was just as effective for non-white subjects as anti-psychotic medication"

If I ever have a bamd, I'm naming it "Schizophrene" :)

Brian Baker says

A beautiful and scattered, yet all encompassing, narrative about the effects immigration has on one's mental health. I appreciate the interior look of a social issue as well as the use of colors to describe metaphysics.

Most of the time reading this book, I was confused. It was only until I finished a section that I was able to process what I read. Overall, this book is a cool experimental experience.

Linda says

"6. Vertigo

A ghost mutates through intensity, gathering enough energy to touch you through your thin blouse, or your leggings, or your scarf.

A ghost damages the triptych of ancestors composed of descending, passive, and synthetic scraps.

But what if the ghost is empty because it's making a space for you?"

"7. Partition

One day per room. It's raining.

My mother's mother put a hand over my mother's mouth, but my mother saw, peeking between the slats of the cart, row after row of women tied to the border trees. 'Their stomachs were cut out,' said my mother. This story, which really wasn't a story but an image, was repeated to me at many bedtimes of my own childhood.

Sometimes I think it was not an image at all but a way of conveying information.

This is something that happens in the second room, in the city that the room belongs to, and it functions (the information) as a grave.

12:20 on the third day; notes from the glass coffin.

Schizophrene.

Because it is psychotic not to know where you are in a national space."

"In my cupped hands, I held a vegetal structure bulky with dried marigolds and tiny pink roses, knotted with red cotton thread."
