

[Read] ⇨ Marbles ◉ Ellen Forney – Soccerjerseys-wholesale.co

Posted on 09 November 2018 By Ellen Forney

This graphic memoir about a young artist struggling with manic depression is like the chatty little sister to the works of Alison Bechdel. While Forney's work is less dense than Bechdel's, it is just as interesting and forthright. I initially picked this one up because Forney is the artist/illustrator of *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part Time Indian*. But I was quickly drawn into her tale of twenty-something angst where she tried to use her bipolar diagnosis to her creative advantage, exploring the number of artists who were also known to be suffering from manic depression. For anyone who's ever wondered where creativity comes from, how our emotions play into it, and whether or not modern therapeutic drugs dampen our imaginative impulses. This is a graphic novel, likewise a memoir, about Ellen Forney's life before she was diagnosed, being diagnosed, not quite accepting that diagnosis, and then slowly coming to grips with it and with the medication. You'll note that these books tend to follow similar paths, because on the whole people tend to follow similar paths. Her art style is amazing, simple and cartoonish except when it's precise and detailed, and just from her art style and storytelling alone, I realized I'll read her on any topic now. This was the book I was most excited to read, thanks to seeing some pages in a Huffington Post article about the book. When it arrived, it didn't disappoint. Go read it. Go read everything by her. It's definitely Not For Kids, but it's all excellent. From Buy, Borrow, Bypass Books About Bipolar Disorder: Cartoonist Ellen Forney Explores The Relationship Between Crazy And Creative In This Graphic Memoir Of Her Bipolar Disorder, Woven With Stories Of

NEW POST

[Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom, and Other Writings](#)

[In Praise of the Stepmother](#)

[Vanity Fair](#)

[The Dud Avocado](#)

[Naked in the Promised Land: A Memoir](#)

[Nana](#)

RECENT POST

[A Streetcar Named Desire](#)

[Frankenstein](#)

[Love In The Time Of Cholera](#)

[The Canterbury Tales](#)

Famous Bipolar Artists And Writers Shortly Before Her Thirtieth Birthday, Forney Was Diagnosed With Bipolar Disorder Flagrantly Manic And Terrified That Medications Would Cause Her To Lose Creativity, She Began A Years Long Struggle To Find Mental Stability While Retaining Her Passions And Creativity Searching To Make Sense Of The Popular Concept Of The Crazy Artist, She Finds Inspiration From The Lives And Work Of Other Artists And Writers Who Suffered From Mood Disorders, Including Vincent Van Gogh, Georgia O Keeffe, William Styron, And Sylvia Plath She Also Researches The Clinical Aspects Of Bipolar Disorder, Including The Strengths And Limitations Of Various Treatments And Medications, And What Studies Tell Us About The Conundrum Of Attempting To Cure An Otherwise Brilliant Mind Darkly Funny And Intensely Personal, Forney S Memoir Provides A Visceral Glimpse Into The Effects Of A Mood Disorder On An Artist S Work, As She Shares Her Own Story Through Bold Black And White Images And Evocative Prose this is so good so so so good i m going to say, first of all, that the quality of the artwork is amazing great drawing, sometimes really simple, sometimes really complex, with great utilization of her cool graphic devices notably, a spiral notebook that seems like the real thing, ellen s real notebook, photographed, and may or may not be when i first got the book i quickly scanned it and saw that it dealt with bipolar disorder solely in medical terms, i.e as something the only effective treatment of which would be the right medication cocktail now, i don t like that at all i really believe that mood disorders are a very complex mixture of genes and environment i believe that in everything human you can never take the environment out of the equation so i was sorry to see that the book kind of sold medication as the only approach to ellen s terrible pain the book sat on my shelf for a while and then it sat in a friend s house for another while and now i read it, and it s really not like that i mean, it is like that, but, also, it isn t yes, ellen only sees a psychiatrist and the psychiatrist s only overt contribution to her well being is finding the right meds which she eventually does but the book is also very complex about the relation between ellen and karen, the psychiatrist, in that they have regular sessions for 13 years and counting, i suppose , and in these sessions ellen really finds an anchor, a warmth, a haven of acceptance, love, and help also,

Delta of Venus

Metamorphoses

Lady Chatterley's Lover

Kushiel's Dart

Sappho's Leap

Claudius the God and His Wife Messalina

A Princess of Mars

The English Patient

Robert Mapplethorpe and the Classical Tradition

Tropic of Cancer

The Piano Teacher

I, Claudius

Sex and the City

The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form

Thy Neighbor's Wife

the whole role of medication is problematized, analyzed, discussed, investigated, studied this is cool ellen definitely comes out in this extraordinary memoir as well rounded, interesting, and intriguing this is the perfect companion to Alison Bechdel's Are You My Mother bechdel approaches her pain through psychoanalysis, foray through medication, but there is the same level of complexity, engagement with one's life, and intelligence seriously, this is brilliant and captivating and it was hard to put it down it seems to me increasingly important, as i think about these issues, to understand that there are things that work for someone and things that work for someone else there's a strong strain in the survivor community that is virulently anti drugs i think it hinges on some people's disastrous experience with drugs drugs can have terrible consequences on some bodies, and positive consequences on some other bodies when you are someone whose life has been ruined by psych drugs, you tend to totalize your experience and proclaim them the devil but they are not the devil for everyone there are people whose life has been saved by psych drugs the other thing is that ellen's experience of psychiatry is incredibly gentle her psychiatrist seems absolutely fabulous this is not a common experience many psychiatrists all too many are dismissive, arrogant, and belittling of their patients this happens all the time so if you work on getting better with a psychiatrist who actually listens to what you say, takes in what you want, and honors your experience with respect to what does and does not work for you, medication might be a much better experience than if you deal with a psychiatrist who simply decides what you should take do feel etc i had a student once whose psychiatrist regularly mocked her whenever she had something to say for herself, he'd say that she was being manic and to calm down this was a kid a college kid i told her, why don't you change psychiatrist but when someone gets into your head and makes you feel that he is god and you are an ant, you keep going back anyway, great book thank you ellen for writing it i don't know how you guys you, alison, etc do it this stuff must be harder than hell to put down on paper so, again, thank you. With Marbles, Ellen Forney invites us in to the realities of what it's like to live with bipolar disorder The blessing in this book is that it isn't harrowing or tearful though there are times my heart wanted to hug her while I was reading

Atomised

Les Liaisons
dangereuses

The Naked Woman: A
Study of the Female
Body

Atlas Shrugged

Justine, Philosophy in
the Bedroom, and Other
Writings

or dry, like many works on mood disorders. Instead, it's frank and honest and beautiful and ugly and funny. Just like life, any life, even the lives of mysterious, depressed, and bipolar people. I've been a fan of Forney's comic style for many years, and the illustrations in this book are just as engaging as in the past, but it's also really interesting to see her not-so-pretty sketches. The doodles of her head and what it feels like, the version of her clawing to keep from being sucked into a deep dark void—these are moving insights into the other ways she's used art to journal and heal. I loved reading *Marbles*. As someone who lives with depression, Forney's book is company for my own journey. The first time I read *Marbles*, I was a bit disappointed given the title; I was expecting the book to have a strong focus on the connection between bipolar disorder and creativity, and what impact medication might have on that connection. While that topic is touched on to a certain extent, this was mainly Forney's autobiographical account of being diagnosed with bipolar disorder, how it has affected her life, and the struggle to come up with a drug combo that worked for her in all areas of her life, not just in terms of her creativity. Since I knew all this going into my second reading, I was able to appreciate the book for what it actually is. This is an entertaining read that's also quite informative on this topic, so if you want to learn about bipolar disorder without investing in a longer, heavier read, I would recommend *Marbles*. A really great and creative work documenting the author's experience with bipolar disorder. The book is fun and imaginative, yet still extremely dark. She also makes the story somewhat easy to swallow. Great for anyone who is interested in learning about bipolar disorder or mental illness in an entertaining way. If you or someone you know has a diagnosis of bipolar disorder, don't be frightened to pick up this book. Ellen Forney has brought bipolar out of the closet in this brave, honest, funny, and creative memoir. Your experience may not be exactly the same as hers, but you're bound to see the similarities. After all, like any other illness, you will share some symptoms. *Marbles*: Mania, Depression, Michelangelo, Me is the best explanation of bipolar I've read. That it is a graphic novel makes it all the more compelling. Somehow, I have always seen bipolar visually, and Forney's depiction hits the nail on the head. It's a gutsy, right-in-your-face way of understanding a disorder that is often

misunderstood and hard to explain. It might not be an easy read, but it is truly fascinating. If you'd like to know of Ellen Forney's creative spirit, Ellen's Blog. Frankly, I'd love to read a copy of the book she facetiously mentions in her May 12th, 2014 blog post *The Bipolar Emily Post* in answer to the question regarding dating: when do you tell the person that you're crazy? Sounds funny but all too true. I've had my eye on this particular graphic memoir before, but decided just this past week to finally give it a go. I was beyond grateful to see myself so easily immerse into the intensely personal world presented in *Marbles*. Darkly funny and intensely personal, Forney's memoir provides a humorous but authentic glimpse into the effects of a mood disorder on an artist's work, as she shares her own story through black and white graphic images and prose. I went into this expecting a similar kind of storytelling presented in *Fun Home* by Alison Bechdel, but this graphic novel ended up differing for me in its achingly honest representation of living with a mental illness, along with exploring the author's bisexuality. It also raises to light the significance of answering questions through a mix of research, storytelling, and honesty. From exploring the stereotype behind the crazy artist to questioning if bipolar disorder and creativity are actually linked, and answering the big one of "If I take meds to prevent my mood swings, am I choosing to be less creative." This is a deeply complex, dark, personal, raw, fully fleshed graphic memoir unlike anything I've read in the past. Towards the end, in particular, when the issues raised were part medical, part philosophical, was when the memoir left me most grounded. It was a relief to discover that aiming for a balanced life doesn't mean succumbing to a boring one. And I think now is a good place to let the work speak for itself by sharing some of my favorite pieces. I'll cherish this educational, eye-opening, and personal read for a long time to come. By the end of it, Ellen Forney even shares an accurate visual of reaching that dreaded ending in your favorite books. Note: I'm an Affiliate. If you're interested in buying *Marbles*, just click on the image below to go through my link. I'll make a small commission. Support creators you love. Buy a Coffee for [nat](#) [bookspoils](#) with [Ko-fi.com](#) [bookspoils](#). If you're bipolar, don't look for much friendly banter with your psychiatrist. ELLEN: I don't want to take lots of heavy meds like Lithium. SHRINK

Well, for untreated bipolar, there's a high suicide rate and an increased chance of hospitalization. This is as clumsy as Ellen's shrink ever gets. The following week SHRINK: How's your sleep ELLEN: All over the place. SHRINK: Are you taking the Klonopin ELLEN: Yeah. SHRINK: Let's raise it to 2mg. The following week SHRINK: I'm concerned about how your platelet level is dropping on the Depakote but let's stick with that and add some Celexa. I imagine this is intoned in a monotone like a chant. ELLEN: I'm worried that all these meds will make me lose my creative energy. SHRINK: Well, maybe they will and maybe they won't. We'll have to wait and observe. ELLEN: Gee, well, I guess you're right about that. The following week ELLEN: I'm so sensitive and weepy all the time. Is this mixed states or rapid cycling. Getting into the jargon. SHRINK: Well, rapid cycling means four or more episodes in a year and mixed states means symptoms of both mania and depression. Maybe we just need to adjust your meds. Urrrrghhhh. So shrinks either state the blindingly obvious. You seem to be a little bit down when the client is bawling her head off or chant the mantra we need to adjust your meds. And I don't know if Ellen is libelling her shrink, but the way she adjusts her meds is to flick through a text book and say: Here's one we haven't tried before, let's try that one. THE SUB TEXT OF THIS BOOK: It's an investigation into the distressing question: are humans just soft machines. We're all very happy with the idea that our bodies are machines cut that bit off and transplant a new one in, and I'll be right as rain or even replacing limbs with actual machinery that's no problem. But we get ticklish when we think of our brains in the same way. In this book, Ellen is forever struggling with not wanting her creative self which is uniquely her to be crushed by Lithium and other heavy stabilisers. We've all seen *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, so we know what she means: the fear of the chemical cosh. Her worries aren't misplaced. The psychiatric industry says that if we shove a drug in your brain you will feel whatever the drug programs you to feel. Your mind is just a lot of complex chemical reactions. If we get the meds right, you'll feel okay. But right now, the science is in its infancy. Come back in a while when we've done all the research there'll be no bipolar people, no schizophrenics, no mental illness at all. This is something we can figure out. So I think I would say two things: yes, we are all soft machines, I think it's obvious, no

souls, nothing like that, from nowhereville camest we, and back to nowhereville wilt we goeth and, all bipolar sufferers should maybe come back in a hundred years or so. Everything will be fine then, if we have still got a functioning planet, of course Between then and now, you re stuck with the chanting shrinks I think we should adjust your meds, I think we should adjust your meds, I think we should adjust your meds I should add that this candid book is way optimistic than I am

