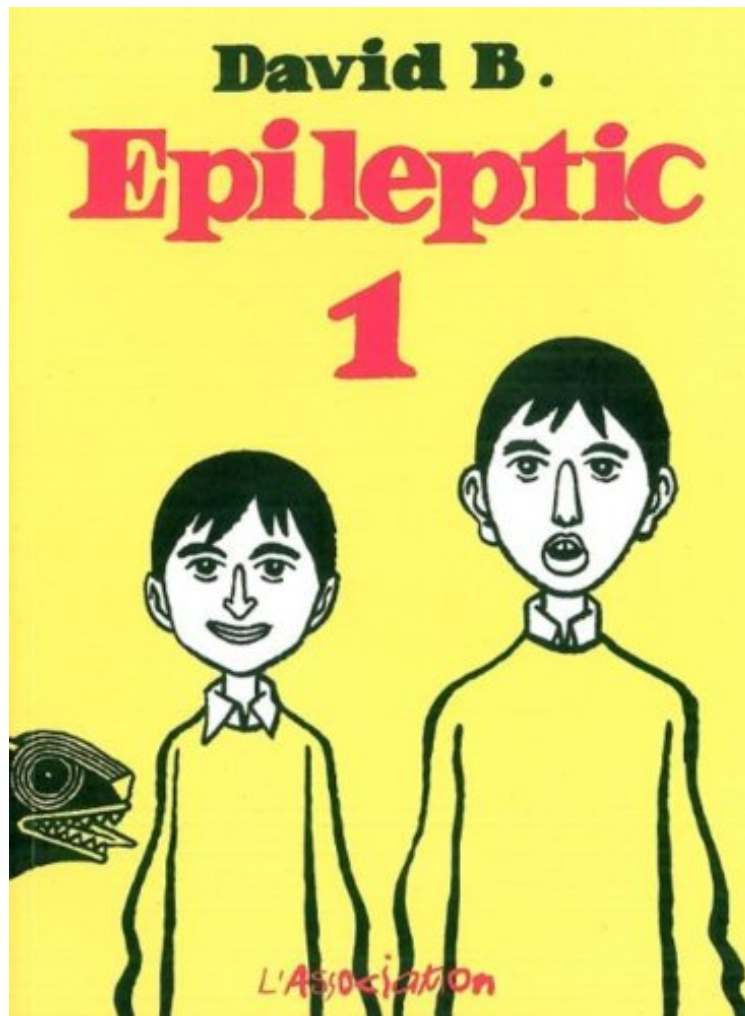


(Download free pdf) Epileptic

Epileptic

David B.

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#7993336 in Books Fantagraphics Books 2002-07 Original language: French PDF # 1 .69 x 7.54 x 10.221,
Binding: Album 168 pages | File size: 56.Mb

David B. : Epileptic before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Epileptic:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Fantastic! By Tokiwa Very unorthodox story and art of David B., maybe also in US eventually becoming a household name. 2 of 3 people found the following review helpful. unknown Confessions By mfg the only prior experience I brought to this reading of a graphic novel was 'Jimmy Corrigan: The Smartest Boy in the World,' which is why I recommended it to me. Ultimately, I think that the genre is all that connects them. This book is much more intimate, personal, passionate, and chilling. All things 'Smartest' wanted to be but only got 4/5's of the way there. I myself am an epileptic and there are fewer diseases that this book relates to than just ones that are 'out of control.' The effects of epilepsy are far more psychological than physical. Where a cancer victim is at the mercy of the disease and body, the epileptic, like many schizophrenics is affronted by dark and sinister shadows,

lurking demons. however, it's one thing for an epileptic to be able to voice this. i find it amazing that David B., the brother and author, found so many ways of accurately depicting the demons' influence and sympathetically already fighting in his own way to overcome them with the tools of a child. both graphically and through the course of the story you learn of the ways the family and David B. adapt to confront the shadow, though the epilepsy ultimately remains intractable. another thing about this book that opened my eyes, is that for the epileptic, the story is told in first, second, and third person. for the family member, where it may always seem superficially to be a disease to which the family remains a third party, one may realize the struggles endured that were ignored. if i were to ask my mother how it felt for her to go through many of the struggles faced in this book, she might not think much of them. but upon reading and seeing the struggles afresh, she might realize that she had much more at stake than anyone, even herself, gave her credit. this book is so moving and deep because of David B.'s ability to so comprehensively annotate each of five family members' struggle. the autobiographical aspect takes a backseat to the chronicling of a dark disease that is never cured, much like alcoholism, but only ever treated and hoped against. the ending is particularly potent on this point: it is a tenuous grasp that is held to consciousness, and a varying relationship any of us have to reality, but when we hold together we aren't scattered below. .mfg0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Hard to get through due to size of lettering and pictures, plus some of the words aren't even in English. By Ovaltine Jenkins A bit hard to read. Lettering is too small and pictures are too packed in.

Epileptic est une grande première pour l'Association, puisqu'il s'agit de son premier livre en langue étrangère. Voici déjà quelques temps, l'idée de traduire directement en anglais quelques fleurons du catalogue s'est concrétisée. Il a paru récemment de commencer avec l'Ascension du Haut Mal de David B. D'un format intermédiaire entre Ciboulette et Eperluette, Epileptic reprend en un seul volume et en anglais les trois premiers tomes du Haut Mal. Si l'essentiel du tirage est destiné aux États-Unis, diffusé par Fantagraphics Books, ce sera aussi l'occasion de faire découvrir ce chef-d'œuvre dans tous les pays non francophones. Depuis son début, l'Ascension du Haut Mal s'est assurée une place de classique non négligeable, multipliant attentions, presse, prix, etc. Cette version anglaise devrait amplifier le rayonnement international de David B. qui était déjà distingué comme Meilleur Auteur dans le Comics Journal en 1998, alors sans aucune traduction disponible.

From Publishers Weekly David B. is one of the founders of the French experimental comics collective L'Association, and this hallucinatory work (the first of two volumes) is a sort of refracted story of his childhood when he was known as Pierre-François. On a literal level, it's a fascinating memoir of how his brother's epilepsy became the driving force of his family's life in the 1960s and '70s. Desperate to find a cure for his brother's condition, his parents turn to ascetic macrobiotic cults, deeply esoteric spiritualists and more in search of something that might help him. They encounter all manner of cruelty and quackery but occasionally find something that helps. B.'s own fascination with history and war seems to protect him from the despair that perpetually surrounds the family. His visual retelling of their suffering is a masterpiece of surrealist cartooning and fantastic imagery. Readers see B. as a child; as his mind blurs the distinction between reality, metaphor and fiction, so does his art. He draws a macrobiotic healer as a cartoon tiger, and fills the book with iconic metaphors for disease (epilepsy is like a demon from a cave drawing). He has a fascination with Swedenborgian mysticism and Samurai warriors, who are vehicles for gorgeously stylized illustrations of warfare and bloodletting. The narrative thread peels aside for digressions to depict young Pierre-François' dreams or to carefully denote the family's endless efforts to find relief for their son and ultimately for themselves. Almost every panel is a graphic balancing act between representation and psychological distortion. This is truly a remarkable and powerful piece of comics narration. Copyright 2002 Cahners Business Information, Inc. From School Library Journal Adult/High School—This autobiographical work plumbs the psychological, social, and symbolic reaches of the author's experiences in a family that must deal with a devastating disease. Growing up in the 1960s and 1970s in France's Loire Valley, Jean-Christophe developed grand mal epilepsy around the age of 11. Pierre-François, nine, observes his brother's battle with the physical and social implications of the disease; their parents' efforts to find management of it through medical, macrobiotic, and even psychic interventions; and the author's own development in this milieu as a boy obsessed with history and warfare and as a dedicated artist. This is a full-strength novel with well-developed characters, subplots concerning both World Wars, and riffs on the popular culture of the period in which hip Westerners looked to the East for solutions to health and spiritual maladies. David B.'s black-and-white panels spin with Jungian figures of serpents and offer snapshots of commune kitchens, woodlots haunted by his recently deceased grandfather, and street alleys where neighborhood children fantasize the distant past and uncharted future. This volume comprises half of the eight titles originally published in French, and readers will eagerly await its companion. Teens who have read Don Trembath's Lefty Carmichael Has a Fit (Orca, 2000) or Lauren Slater's Lying: A Metaphorical Memoir (Random, 2000) may find this book to be the one that encourages them to become aficionados of sophisticated, graphic-novel literature. Francisca Goldsmith, Berkeley Public Library, CA Copyright 2003 Reed Business Information, Inc. From The New Yorker The French cartoonist Pierre-François Beauchard (he changed his name to David B. as a teen-ager) had an unremarkable childhood in nineteen-sixties France, until his older brother,

Jean-Christophe, began to have epileptic seizures. This graphic memoir depicts, with an admirable lack of sentimentality, how dealing with illness can become a power struggle as desperate and corrupting as that of war. The family's youngest child, Florence, attempts suicide; Pierre-Francois fantasizes about killing his brother; and Jean-Christophe's rages become increasingly unmanageable and violent. The Beauchards' futile quest for a cure takes them from surgeons to macrobiotic diets to spiritual mediums. David B. draws these potential solutions as totemic symbols, and, in one haunting panel, his mother is surrounded by their jeering, insistent forms. "So long as my mother hasn't tried every single one she'll be tormented by guilt," he writes. Copyright 2005 The New Yorker