



## Lithium for Medea

*Kate Braverman , Rick Moody (Foreword by)*

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**Lithium for Medea** Kate Braverman , Rick Moody (Foreword by)

Lithium for Medea is a tale of addiction: to drugs, physical love, and dysfunctional family chains. It is also a tale of mothers and daughters, their mutual rebellion and unconscious mimicry. Rose grew up with an emotionally crippled, narcissistic mother while her father, a veteran gambler, spent his waking hours in the garden cut off from his wife's harangues. Now an adult, Rose works her way through a string of unhealthy love(less) affairs. After a brief, unhappy marriage, she slips more deeply and dangerously into the lair of a parasitic, cocaine-fed artist whose sensual and manipulative ways she grows addicted to in the bohemian squalor of Venice.

### Lithium for Medea Details

Date : Published March 5th 2002 by Seven Stories Press (first published January 28th 1981)

ISBN : 9781583224717

Author : Kate Braverman , Rick Moody (Foreword by)

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## From Reader Review Lithium for Medea for online ebook

### **Bud Smith says**

Lush with psycho poetry implanted in clear view prose. Thoughts on Los Angeles as hallucinations and as wide eyed revelations. A novel about a girl who is raised by a narcissistic TV show producer mom, and a professional horse track gambling father, who has survived cancer once but has it again. Braverman writes incredibly compelling sentences, paragraphs and ughhh all her commas and punctuation marks are compelling too. Part love story, part hate story. Part vision quest while scaling the Hollywood Hills, part drowning in a lagoon owned by a 4 foot tall artist freak named Jason. Glimpses into what it must be like to be off your rocker. Cats strangled. Cocaine injected. Faces cut apart. Lives saved or survived. A novel flooded with odd moonlight and blinding sunshine, flowers hosed down by a man in the yard avoiding confrontation. 300 + pages of flinches and grins.

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### **Jason says**

This is an astonishing, poetic masterpiece. At times it can be somewhat difficult to digest, but the writing is well crafted and absolutely beautiful. This is not a charming story, but a very well-written novel about a woman who self-destructs through a series of bad relationships and drug use, yet performs a balancing act, trying to redeem herself by maintaining a tenuous bond with her narcissistic mother and cancer-ridden father. Braverman's presentation of this dichotomy between self-loathing and familial commitment is nothing less than spectacular.

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### **Mosker says**

O.k. MFA people needing a critical paper topic, here's one: Mentor & pupil. Kate Braverman and Janet Fitch. Books about crazy mother daughter relationships, with and without cocaine. Start tracking down those interviews, because with another decade added to their careers, this could make a kickass journal article or if Fitch gets a few more movie deals, even a small press run book. (Note to self, pitch AWP if nobody else does).

Oh yes? THE book. Read it. Sparser, more detail filled than Palm Lattitudes. Minor classic.

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### **Rebekah says**

10 stars

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### **Carolyn says**

Move to LA read a novel about leaving LA. It's good. Gets better as you move along till it is really really good by the end. Love her poetic inverted style. Should be on a shelf of books about death - or near-dying.

### **Jason says**

Definitely a difficult read, almost to the point where it's unpleasurable. However, there are moments that are so beautiful that it makes it worth it. The word schizophrenia is only mentioned once, but my impression throughout the book was that all her perceptions were partially hallucinatory....a story of a young woman's life...lost..I read believing it was true....as it's autobiographical-ish..I only later realized maybe it's not....

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### **Anne Martens says**

A lost and found, or possibly just lost, story of what runs through our heads when we have been betrayed. Poetic language and psychological realism.

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### **m. soria says**

this can be really dark at times, but the language is beautiful and really worth reading.

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### **Robert Vaughan says**

Harrowing prose, poetic and forcibly depressing. No relief from the relentless and dazzling onset of darkness and decay. And all this from a master tactician/ writer/ artist.

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### **Caterina Fake says**

Poetic, overwrought story of a pathetic 27-year-old woman whose (gambling-addicted) father is dying of cancer, whose mother is an overachieving neurotic with a secret past and who is herself involved in a masochistic dependent relationship with a junkie. She becomes a junkie herself in order to win his love. She listens to her father go on piteously about his dying, murders a cat as a means of self-empowerment? or to break up with the guy? or to propitiate the death god? or something?, recollects a pointless and masochistic marriage with a libidless intellectual, and decides at the end that abandoning her recovering father and taking a trip is what she needs to get her life in order. Hello? Gumptionless, passive self-subordinating women without agency, clue or job in the thrall of domineering men makes for a profoundly discouraging read, no matter how poetic the text. Avoid.

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### **Zhara says**

Masterpiece!Couldn't put it down.Time well spent. Hope to read more from this author.

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### **Bebop2 says**

Kate Braverman is a brilliant writer. An amazing first novel. I just re-read this book for the third time. It keeps getting better. She is one of the best writers today. How I wish she would come out with another novel!

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### **Meg Tuite says**

Kate Braverman is pure brilliance! I am reading through all of her books! Powerful, explosive, magnetic, like being in the middle of the best concert of your life on hallucinogenics! Her language is unparalleled and mesmerizing! Just get a copy of any book of Braverman's and let go of anything else you had to do. You won't be able to walk away once you begin!

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### **Robert says**

This is a very good book. Famous when it came out. I met her once.

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### **Julene says**

Underground classic about addiction.

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### **Crissy says**

This is more of a 326 page poem than a book. It is beautiful and painful to read. The images are like bright Polaroids that are overexposed and require some squinting to put them into focus.

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### **Frances Coles says**

Another L.A. book I like. This one a novel. Kate Braverman seems really wacky and kind of egomaniacal. I saw her read once (while I was living in L.A.) and she read with a student of hers, and she seems to be the sort of writing teacher who makes all of her students write exactly like her. But she also seems to have this really romantic idea of the artist as outsider, and I like that. And I just re-read this book for the first time in about 20 years and I still find it to be pretty great, in a bordering-on-purple way. I'm glad this book exists, put it that way.

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### **Leota says**

Wow. Braverman can write her ass off: stunning, sharply beautiful prose, fascinating characters. There is a

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hypnotic rhythm to this book - even when I wanted to look away, I couldn't.

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### **Amie says**

There is writing and then there is heart-crushing, soul exploding, boundless writing. Kate Braverman's ability to wander adeptly and yet freely through word forests while maintaining a sense of style and direction is astounding. The story is not told in a straight line but it's told beautifully. I had to read sentences and paragraphs over and over to absorb their full power. Highly worth the read, even when sometimes the main character seems thick headed, when all the characters seem thick headed, actually.

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### **Suzanne says**

Argh! I don't know which storyline of this book was more depressing: Rose's drug habit, her willing victimization by her narcissistic boyfriend, or her anguish at watching her father being slowly chipped away by cancer and surgeries. There were some interesting themes about family, heritage, memory, and damaged people, all told in Kate Braverman's usual florid language. However, while I have enjoyed her nearly over-the-top poetic style in other books, this was her first novel and I think she had not yet learned to calibrate the excessive, almost baroque use of language that can be, when held just at the edge of almost-too-much, quite stunning. Here it sometimes seemed self-indulgent and so took me out of the story while I was wading through it.

I still liked the book moderately well and toward the end I enjoyed being able to root for Rose, as much of a mess as she was. But I would not recommend this one as a starting point for dipping into Braverman's work. Begin instead with *Palm Latitudes* or her short stories in *Squandering the Blue*.

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