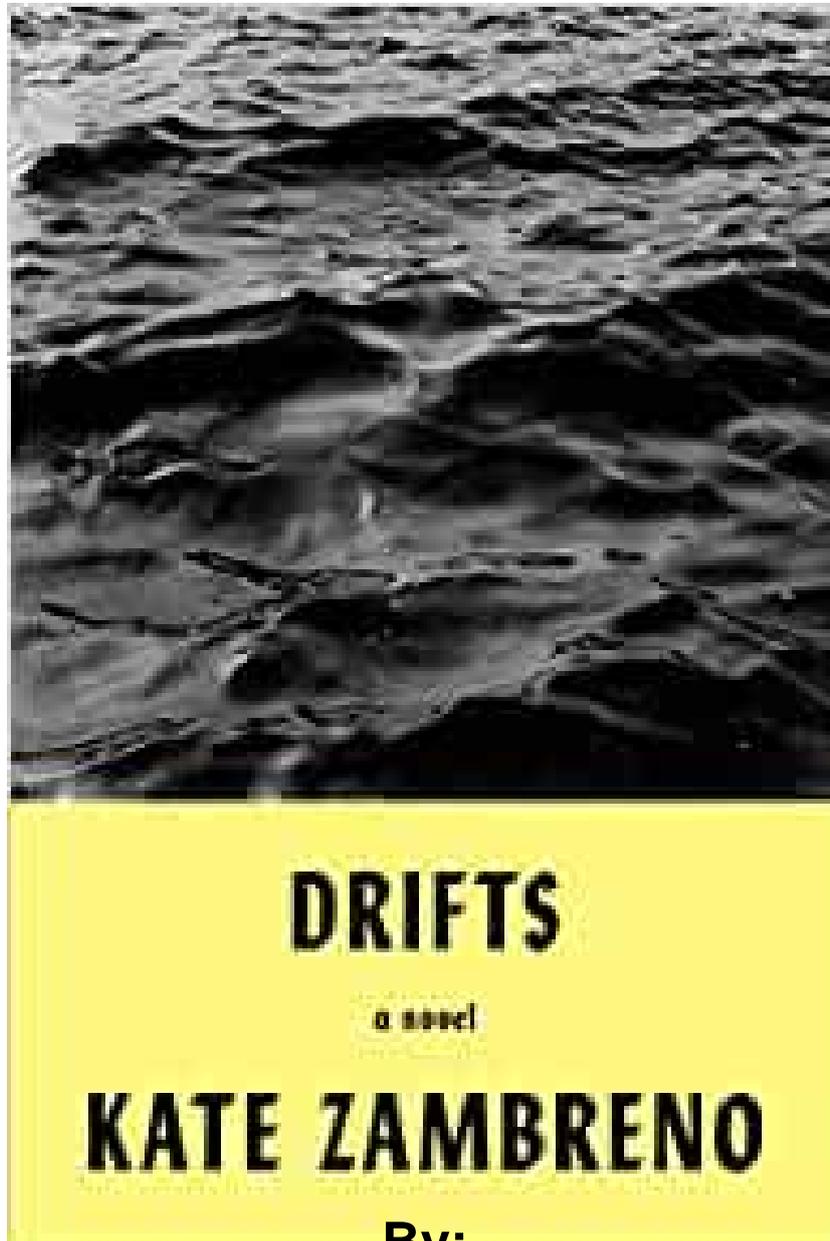


## Drifts Book PDF Download



By:  
Kate Zambreno

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## What people Say:

### Michael

in meandering prose chronicles the daily life of a writer struggling to finish a contracted book while making sense of her relationship to time, her body, and motherhood. Zambreno mixes together memoir / autobiographical fiction, biography, and criticism, in a way that recalls that of Maggie Nelson, Rachel Cusk, and, especially, Chris Kraus, who even appears as a character in the plot. this could easily be branded as autofiction, but it doesn't dramatize personal history, as in Knausgaard's work

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### Doug

2.5, rounded down.

Well, first let's address the elephant in the room: this is by no stretch of even the most liberal definition of the term a novel - and call me cynical, but the author and publishing company

attempting to foist it off as such belies their knowledge that if they marketed it as what it IS, few would want to read it. I was expecting something along the line of Rachel Cusk's meta-fictional Outline trilogy, since this seemed to similarly deal with the foibles of an author/writing t

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The first section (60% of the whole) congenially follows along as she muses over various authors and artists (the intelligensia's usual suspects: Rilke, Rodin, Kafka, DÃ¼rer, Walser, Chantal Akerman, Chris Marker, etc), while trying to finish a book entitled 'Drifts', and is a lot of collage a la Maggie Nelson (who indeed also gets namechecked), along with occasional photos and illustrations a la Sebald (ditto). This is readable and semi-interesting, quickly moving as there is a LOT of white space - but it also made me restless, since there was never much point to anything, and a lot of it is so much solipsistic navel-gazing.

However, what is obliquely referred to as 'an intense and tender disruption' in the synopsis turns out to be (SPOILER ALERT) Zambreno's own first pregnancy - and the final 40% is basically a pregnancy journal, with the author/narrator going on and on ad nauseum about such. Readers of the female gender might find this of more interest than I did, but it is like reading a novelization of

. Zambreno can write, no doubt about that, but this 'bait and switch' infuriated me and killed any kindly feelings I had towards the book.

PS: As if it wasn't bad enough she named her poor dog Genet, we learn in the acknowledgements that the resulting daughter of said pregnancy was saddled with the name LEO - no doubt after Tolstoy!

**Sam Glatt**

Right now, we are surrounded by so much death. It felt good to read something that made me want to live forever.

## Lauren

Time is a slippery thing. Zambreno reckons with the problematic relationship writers have with time. Periods of time necessary for research, writing, reading, and reflection don't always sync up with the constraints of deadlines, teaching, care for relatives and pets, unexpected events, and just life as we know it. Meditating on long dead writers and artists, corresponding with friends and fellow writers, connecting with her dog Genet, Zambreno puzzles out the challenge of being a writer today.

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**Rebecca H.**

I love this book so much. Brilliant.