



# *Circadian*

ESSAYS BY

Chelsey Clammer

Winner of the 2015 Red Hen Press Nonfiction Award, *Circadian* is a lyric, cyclical, and inventive form of narrative, reminiscent of Anne Carson, Eula Biss, Maggie Nelson, and Lidia Yuknavitch.

*Circadian* is a collection of lyric essays that reach beyond personal narrative and exist in the vast landscape of curiosity and intrigue. With an astute attentiveness to language and form, Chelsey Clammer poetically weaves personal stories into the narratives of different—yet connecting—fields of study. Through this, she explores experiences of trauma, mental illnesses, and the rhythmic and oscillating desires for solitude and connection. Using math to figure out the problem of an alcoholic father, weather to reconsider trauma, the history of sexism and the facts of its lingual effects, anatomy as a way to process memories, and even grammar to question our identities, these “facts” don’t work as metaphors, but frameworks and forms that naturally circle around one another. Each essay in *Circadian* stands as a witness to the brilliant and destructive cycles that create our lives.

## ADVANCE PRAISE

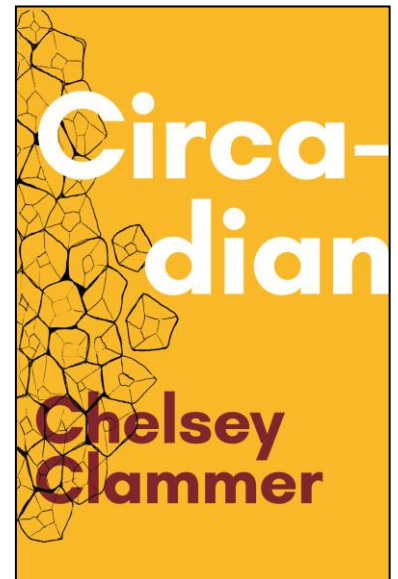
“I have never read an interrogation of language, gender politics, or aftermath quite like Clammer’s passionately searing *Circadian*. Though evocative of writers from Anne Carson to Kate Zambreno, Clammer’s urgency and electricity here create a flash of lightning all her own.”—**Gina Frangello**, author of *A Life of Men* and *Every Kind of Wanting*

“In these beautifully written essays, Clammer considers the intricate, confounding, and powerful connections between story and body, narrative and physical form. She examines the subject of trauma through a series of innovative frames, casting a fearless and curious gaze on her material and bringing new insights to life.”—**Marya Hornbacher**, author of *New York Times* bestselling author of *Wasted* (Pulitzer Prize finalist)

“In sharp, beautiful language, Chelsey Clammer creates elegant, intimate prose about the violence of being female, being a daughter, the way PTSD engraves itself upon us, altering us body and mind, majorly shaping our experience of our own lives. A powerful book.”—**Michelle Tea**, author of *Black Wave*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**Chelsey Clammer** is the author of *BodyHome*. Her work has appeared in *The Rumpus*, *Essay Daily*, *McSweeney’s*, *The Water~Stone Review*, and *Black Warrior Review*, among many others. She is the Essays Editor for *The Nervous Breakdown*, a reader for *Creative Nonfiction* magazine, Editorial Coordinator of *World of DQ*, and Founding Editor of Inside/Out Editing Services. She holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the Rainer Writing Workshop and an MA in Women’s Studies from Loyola University Chicago. She lives in Austin, TX.



**PUB DATE:** October 3, 2017

**ISBN:** 978-1-59709-603-4

**SIZE:** 5 in x 8 in

**FORMAT:** Tradepaper

**EXTENT:** 178pp

**PRICE:** \$14.95

## **MEDIA CONTACT**

Keaton Maddox  
Associate Editor/Publicist  
626-356-4760  
[publicity@redhen.org](mailto:publicity@redhen.org)

## **REDHEN PRESS**

### **DISTRIBUTED BY**

Ingram Publisher Services  
*an exclusive distribution entity*

## **ORDERING INFORMATION**

Tel: 800-252-7012

[ips@ingramcontent.com](mailto:ips@ingramcontent.com)

[ipage.ingramcontent.com](http://ipage.ingramcontent.com)



**MORE PRAISE FOR *CIRCADIAN***

“Chelsey Clammer’s new book of essays, *Circadian*, is a lyrical, playful, and delightfully idiosyncratic exploration of everyday wonder, language, and the ‘poetics of pain.’ Her voice is surefooted and smart, deftly guiding her reader through rich landscapes of memory and meaning; but it’s also equally critical and confrontational, holding a light up to experiences that demand our witness and daring us to think deeply.”—**Steven Church**, author of *One with the Tiger: Sublime and Violent Encounters Between Humans and Animals* and nonfiction editor for *The Normal School*

**FROM *CIRCADIAN***

There are a few different types of memory:

1. Flashbulb
2. Short-term
3. Long-term

This is what I remember:

His dead body on a table, scabs on his temples from trying to rub away the cluster headache pain, the pain that clung to him, that incited his skin to become cold, hued with death. Expired.

Flashbulb: The flash of an unforgettable moment. Sitting in my truck, punching the passenger side seat when Mom tells me on the phone Dad’s dead.

Short-term: Temporary memories. Whether or not we finished piling the wood wasn’t important enough for me to remember. That’s not what this is about.

Long-term: I will never escape these memories. Him, in his bathroom on the other side of my bedroom wall, howling through his pain. My ceiling and walls are covered in glow-in-the-dark stars, coaxing me to momentarily believe I am somewhere other than here. Somewhere safe, special, celestial. And then he yawps again, and I’m ripped from that feeling. I will never forget this moment.

Our brain is physically altered by the experiences we have. As we continue to live, different pathways to our histories continue to be trampled on, packed down, creating a permanent trail on which we can pace around our pasts. When we recall our memories, we re-fire the same neural pathways to get to the origins of the sense of that memory. How the smell of Diet Sprite will fizz into my nose and bring back memories of the empty cans he used to fill with vodka, the plan to be sneaky unsuccessful. And how his brain had its own path. How his hand kept returning to the bottle. A mindless motion. The circumstance of many disorders clustered inside him.

And his rituals to stop the cluster headache pain terrified me. His pacing, his shouting. Oxygen tanks tugged around by a middle-aged man. So much pain I never wanted to witness.

But I witnessed it from the very beginning.

The moment of the ghastly gash, sliced skin. The blood wept back then, then ten years later I wept over him, stood next to his dead body.

Memories.

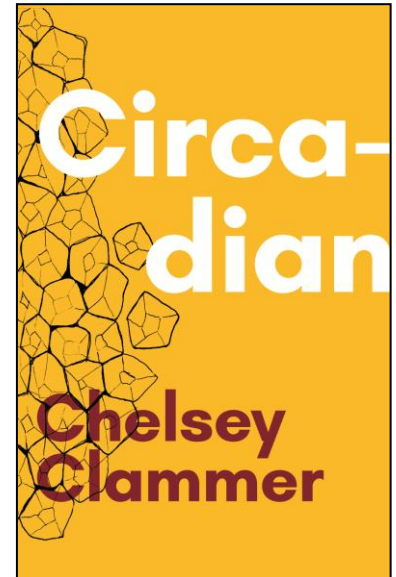
Groans. Sheets twisted tight to make a noose. Somewhere, a gun.

Now, I pace the maze of my mind. Back and forth and up and down. I have yet to find a way out. I am stuck. Tied. Helpless. Hopeless.

Pounding recollections.

The trampled path of these memories.

I pace.



**PUB DATE:** October 3, 2017

**ISBN:** 978-1-59709-603-4

**SIZE:** 5 in x 8 in

**FORMAT:** Tradepaper

**EXTENT:** 178pp

**PRICE:** \$14.95

**MEDIA CONTACT**

Keaton Maddox

Associate Editor/Publicist

626-356-4760

[publicity@redhen.org](mailto:publicity@redhen.org)

**REDHEN PRESS**

**DISTRIBUTED BY**

Ingram Publisher Services

*an exclusive distribution entity*

**ORDERING INFORMATION**

Tel: 800-252-7012

[ips@ingramcontent.com](mailto:ips@ingramcontent.com)

[image.ingramcontent.com](http://image.ingramcontent.com)