

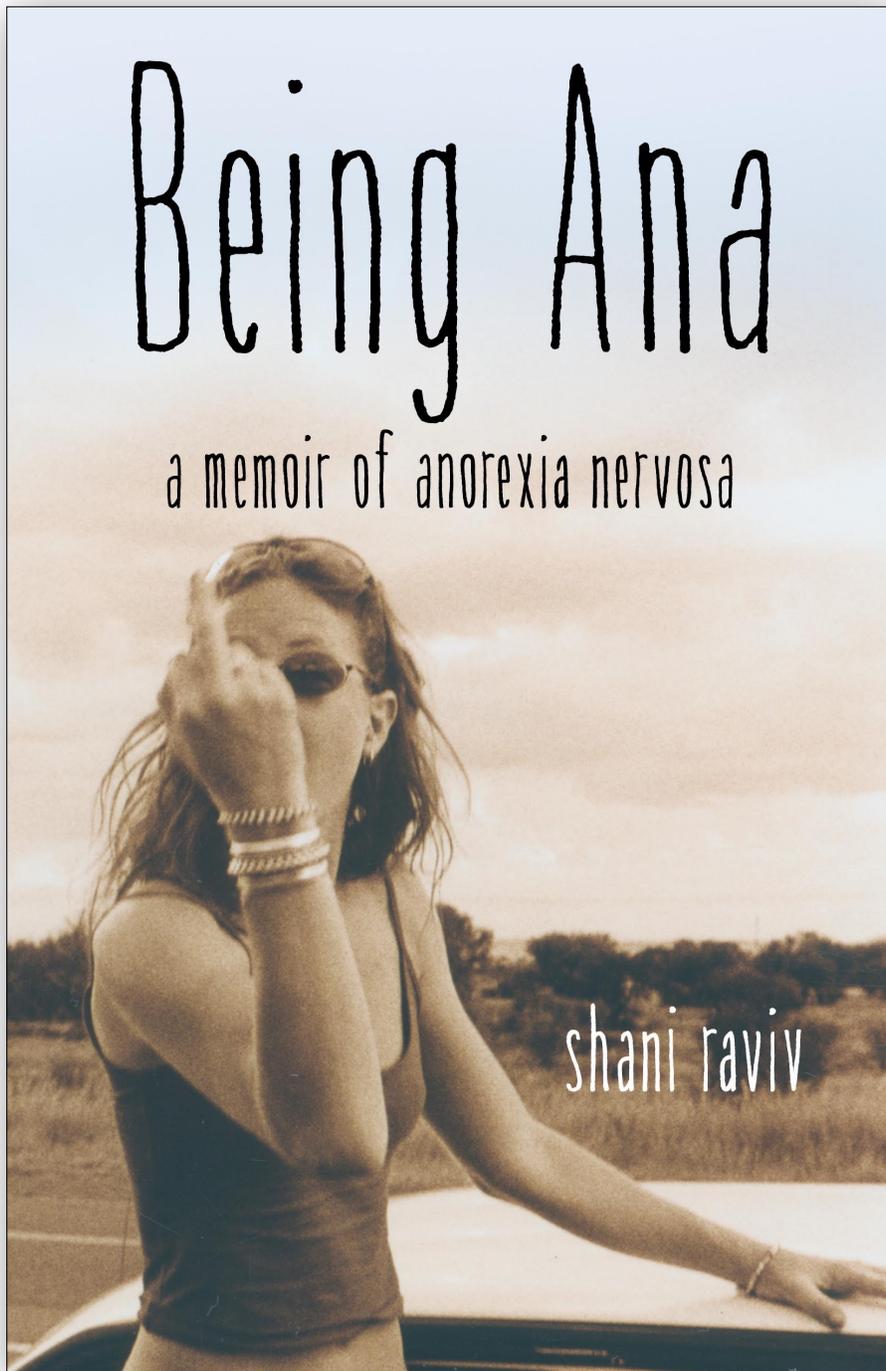
SHE WRITES PRESS

Being Ana: A Memoir of Anorexia Nervosa
by Shani Raviv

She Writes Press | July 11th, 2017 | \$16.95 | 978-1-63152-139-3

Distributed by Ingram Publisher Services

Contact: Eva Zimmerman Public Relations | EvaZimmermanPR@gmail.com



FORTHCOMING RELEASE:

Publication Date: July 11th, 2017

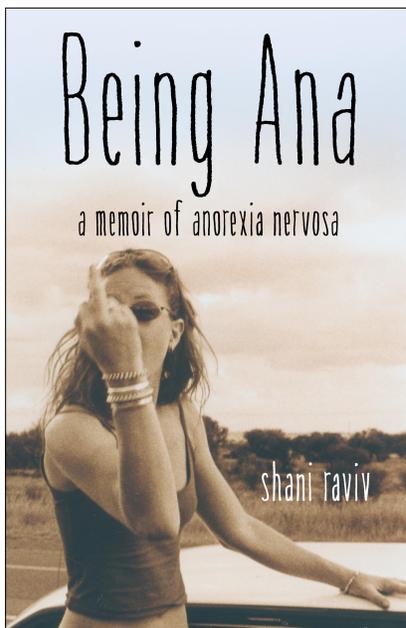
Media Inquiries | Interview and Excerpt Requests

Contact: Eva Zimmerman Public Relations

EvaZimmermanPR@gmail.com

510.292.8678

Raw, vivid, and ultimately hopeful, *Being Ana* captures a young woman's decade long battle with anorexia nervosa—an illness with one of the highest death rates of any psychiatric disorder—and proves, against all odds, that there is life at the end of the tunnel.



Up to thirty million people currently suffer from eating disorders in the US alone. (ANAD: National Association of Anorexia Nervosa and Associated Disorders). Shani Raviv is a survivor. At its onset, she was a misfit fourteen-year-old whose fad diet suddenly spiraled into full-blown anorexia nervosa—an illness that few people in her local South African community knew little about. Shani's battle with anorexia would rage for ten years.

Being Ana: A Memoir of Anorexia Nervosa (She Writes Press | July 11th, 2017 | \$16.95) describes Shani's journey from exercise addict to Israeli soldier to rave bunny to spiritual seeker. Through her experience with anorexia, Shani uses sex, drugs, and above all, starvation, to numb the world around—and within—her. After six years, at age twenty, Shani awakens to the reality that if she doesn't break her denial, and seek help,

she will die. It takes another three years before her journey towards healing begins—the journey to let go of “being Ana” and learn to love herself.

Being Ana is a powerful exploration into the soul and psyche of a young woman wrestling with anorexia's demons—one that not only exposes the real horrors of a day in the life of an anorexic girl but also reveals the courage it takes to stop fighting and find healing.

“Shani Raviv shares her story with genuine honesty, courage, and heart. Her book gives an in-depth look at the struggle and victory over this horrific disease. Shani is living proof that you can overcome Anorexia.”—**Michelle Smith**, former program director of The Victorian, an eating disorder treatment center

About the Author:

Shani Raviv is an award-winning writer, writing coach, copywriter/content producer, and speaker who was born and raised in South Africa. She disputes the belief that an anorexic mindset is a life sentence and considers herself fully recovered. She lives in the Bay Area of California with her son.

Learn more and connect with Shani:

<http://www.shaniraviv.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/BeingAnaMemoir>

<https://twitter.com/ravivshani>



Advance Praise for Being Ana:

“A fascinating window into the frightening and relentless world of anorexia and, equally, young womanhood.”—**Katherine Boyle**, Veritas Literary Agency

“Ms. Raviv is a fabulous writer and did an amazing job of not only showing how her eating disorder functioned to keep her from being conscious of the underlying issues while in the depths of it, but showing the reader how all of her behaviors, thoughts and feelings were directly related to those underlying issues.”—**Susie Roman**, MA, former programs director at the National Eating Disorders Association

“Shani Raviv’s openness and clarity in sharing her experience with anorexia gave my students a unique opportunity to gain empathy and understanding...”—**Dr. John Deninno**, eating disorder clinical psychologist and adjunct faculty in counseling and health psychology, Bastyr University

“Shani Raviv is a great inspiration to the many millions out there struggling with eating disorders. Her book *Being Ana* is honest, sensitive, witty, brutal, and so much more.”
—**Graham Alexander**, eating disorder clinical psychologist and director of Crescent Clinic Eating Disorders Unit, South Africa

“*Being Ana* is not only an insightful, raw, and thought-provoking memoir detailing a subject most people know little about, it is also a work by an author who understands how to present a difficult subject with humor and aplomb. Even though the book took her eight years to complete, there is an aching immediacy within these pages.”—**Leighanne Law**, Elliott Bay Book Co.

“Beautifully bold and authentically told, *Being Ana* is the best autobiography I’ve read to date about a young woman’s struggle to find herself and to learn to love the self she finds, as is.”—**Joan Krakowiak**, eating disorder therapist, MSW, LICSW

An Excerpt from *Being Ana: A Memoir of Anorexia Nervosa*:

Drugs and alcohol got me through the night and helped me party until sunrise, but I needed something to get me through the days, to occupy me in the downtime and to keep me active when clubs were closed or aerobics classes were over. The work I had found at restaurants and bars over the years actually supported my lifestyle and matched the cardiovascular workout I got from dancing and exercising. One would think it ironic for an anorexic to choose waiting tables as a full-time occupation, but it was perfect. Waiting tables involves tasks that are repetitive, regimented, and mindless, which stops overanalyzing and obsessing.

The work was a tainted form of meditation for me because although I was confronted all day long with food, thoughts about my personal consumption were obliterated. I raced around memorizing orders, pushing production, small talking, and serving customers' unrelenting carnal needs all day and those of hungry drunk perverts all night. There was never a second to think about my own needs. Managers were always on the lookout for waitresses desperate for something—be it money or a respite from their minds. Their businesses depended on waitresses working double shifts.

And so, after living for a few months in Pretoria, I found a job waiting tables at a busy restaurant seven days a week. My weekend shift started at 7:00 a.m. on Friday. On our fifteen-minute break at 10:00 a.m., the other waiters ordered bacon and eggs, French toast and omelets. I ordered two slices of thin toast with butter. On our half-hour break at 4:00 p.m., the other waiters ordered barbecued chicken, hamburgers, and French fries. I ordered three side orders of spinach. Then I was back on my feet, pushing through the night downing diet sodas laced with alcohol until 3:00 a.m. on Saturday, when I would drive home drunk, skipping all the red lights.

For twenty non-stop hours, I served a raucous crowd of unhappily married suits that arrived in droves with their week's worth of pent-up aggression and their life's worth of demands. They were all bald, ugly, pot-bellied, middle-aged men who were there to get as pissed as their pockets would allow and to bet their sick luck on waitresses whose sole aim was to get them to order more booze and therefore increase their tips at the end of the night.

I skirted around tables and chairs, bombarded by the perverted murmurs of drunken men. One morning, I sidled up to a boozed-out old sod who brought his wife and kids in for brunch on Sundays, and I offered him another drink. He grabbed my waist and slipped his hand down to pat my ass and rested it there, and I let him because I wanted his money.

For those twenty hours, I was forbidden to lean against a wall, a counter, the bar, or even near the kitchen behind the waiters' station. I was fined every time the manager caught me leaning. Sometimes, after midnight, I snuck behind the waiters' station and crouched down from exhaustion, sick from all the booze I stole off the tables and the lack of food in my stomach and the insane hours. But the manager always found me and told me to get back on my feet and get out there—to put on a happy face and serve my customers.

It was voluntary slavery. And I could not do without it. Hard work was the fuel that kept me going. As long as I worked hard, I escaped myself. And as long as I escaped myself, I made it through the day. On the rare occasion that I wasn't allocated a shift, I begged another waiter to let me cover his or her shift so I wouldn't have to spend one minute alone.

After a year, however, I was fired. Even though I was secretly sick of working there, I would never have admitted it because it was my salvation. But firing me that day was like confiscating my drug. Permanently. It was forcing me to go cold turkey. The manager called me into his office to tell me he was tired of getting complaints from customers about my service and that it was time

to let me go. In protest, I screamed at him, kicked his chair, and told him he had no right to betray me and that I would take him to court for unfair dismissal. He stared at me with blank eyes and told me to leave.

I stormed out, tore off my apron, marched to the restroom, slammed the door behind me, crouched down, held my gut, and cried silently. When I heard knocking on the door, I pulled myself up off the floor and punched the wall and slammed the door behind me and stomped out. The entire restaurant stared at me. I didn't care. I passed the table that got me fired, and I wanted to spit in their faces and swear out loud. But I didn't. I controlled my rage and hissed vile words under my breath.

And all the anger that I felt at the world and at managers who had molested me and fired me and at men who had used me and abused me accumulated in that moment, and I wanted to explode. I wanted to destroy and hurt and beat and punch and kick—but the only way that I knew how to cope with such emotions was to internalize them. So that is what I did. I took all that immense, burning build-up of insurmountable fury, and I internalized it.

I starved another day.

About She Writes Press:

She Writes Press is an independent publishing company founded to serve members of SheWrites.com, the largest global community of women writers online, and women writers everywhere. A curated press that's both mission-driven and community-oriented, She Writes Press aims to serve writers who wish to maintain greater ownership and control of their projects while still adhering the highest editorial and production standards.

Publicity Contact:

Eva Zimmerman Public Relations

www.EvaZimmermanPR.com

EvaZimmermanPR@gmail.com | 510-292-8678