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Rebekah Beddoe. *Dying for a Cure: A Memoir of Antidepressants, Misdiagnosis and Madness*. Random House, 2007.

Review by Gillian Dooley, *The Adelaide Review* 2 March 2007, p. 18.

This is a terrifying book. Rebekah Beddoe consulted her GP for help coping with her newborn daughter. She was referred to a psychiatrist, and her next three years became hellish. She was given more and more unsuitable and dangerous medication, although, despite increasingly serious diagnoses, it seems that there was no underlying psychiatric illness, and the treatment was actually a futile attempt to correct the effects of the existing drugs. She gradually lost all control over her life: with her new irresponsible and suicidal personality, any challenge she made to her treatment was regarded as part of her illness. This happened in Australia in the twenty-first century.

She tells the story in the first person, along with extracts from her mother's diary, but interspersed with these personal accounts are expositions of the very thorough reading she has since done on the whole question of psychiatric treatment. So, although the narrative of how she pulled herself out of this predicament makes riveting reading, the reader has been well prepared for the revelations which so astonished her at the time.

Beddoe is not a scientist, and some of her conclusions might be questioned, but this book will make you think again about modern psychiatry.