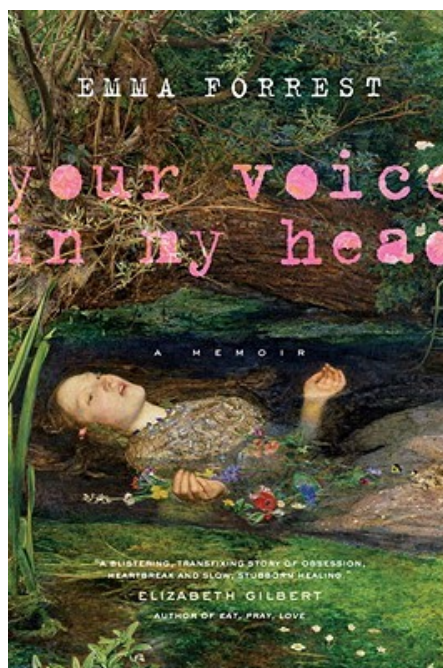




Your Voice in My Head

Emma Forrest

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Your Voice in My Head Emma Forrest

Emma Forrest, an English journalist, was twenty-two and living in America when she realised that her quirks had gone beyond eccentricity. A modern day fairy tale of New York, *Your Voice in My Head* is a dazzling and devastating memoir, clear-eyed and shot through with wit. In a voice unlike any other, Emma Forrest explores depression and mania, but also the beauty of love—and the heartbreak of loss.

Your Voice in My Head Details

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Author : Emma Forrest

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From Reader Review Your Voice in My Head for online ebook

Alex Templeton says

As someone who spent five years with an absolutely wonderful therapist in New York, I was intrigued by the premise for this memoir: Emma Forrest would be writing about how her relationship with her therapist had an incredible impact on her, something she realized especially after his untimely and sudden death. Unfortunately, while I believe that Forrest intended to write her book as a tribute to what seems to have been an amazing individual, I don't feel that she succeeded in that task. To me, the book ended up feeling more like just another addition to the memoir literature about experiencing mental illness, and Forrest's therapist is only addressed as a figure who is in her orbit as she experiences breakdowns and heartbreaks, rather than one who was a major player in her life. I think that is an error in structure more than anything else. As written, with the therapist way on the sidelines, the book comes off as a diary about Forrest's experiences with mental illness, and one that is unfortunately often self-indulgent at that. The prose is also somewhat free-associational, which made the connections that I imagine Forrest wanted to make elusive. Still, it's difficult to leave reading this book without wishing Forrest peace of mind, and other individuals to help her reach it.

christa says

My boyfriend had a writing professor in college who said: "Don't write about your dead grandma because I don't want to give you a D on a story about your dead grandma."

I should maybe alter that to: "Don't read memoirs with mentally ill protagonists because I don't want to give someone a D on a story about suicide attempts, cutting and bulimia." Especially not someone who has already been pummeled with toxic internet sledge by Colin Ferrell fanatics who found her too fat, too ugly to be the actor's girlfriend in the latter part of the 2000s.

Emma Forrest's memoir "The Sound of Your Voice in my Head" is billed as a love letter to Dr. R, the therapist who, for the most part, kept her off the ledge and helped her cope with life-long demons that were pushing her to end it all. It is also about those demons. But mostly it is about her relationship with a character she calls GH ("Gypsy Husband"), who is, according to the giant decoder ring in the sky, that easy-on-the-eyes, hard-on-the-heart actor Colin Ferrell -- with whom she she was in a relationship for somewhere between six months and a year. Dr. R dies in a way that is sudden to his patients -- he hadn't told them about the lung cancer -- right around the same time that GH tells Emma he needs space and that, oh yeah, the baby they had planned on making, Pearl, is going to be a no-go.

Emma Forest's story starts with Ophelia, the painting she regularly visits at the Tate in London. She's a teen-aged girl sitting in front of it weeping. Scanning the background of the painting by Millais for a super secret man in the bushes who will emerge and save the woman in the water. This is an easy metaphor: Our protagonist will spend the rest of the book looking for a dude in the bushes to save her.

She's young, but already a rock journalist and novelist, when she moves to New York City, which seems to pull her issues to surface level in a way that her mother likens to a fever breaking. There is bulimia and there are instances of cutting that are coaxed along by a boyfriend who shares this predilection and spends time with her in the bathroom and in bed carving into her flesh. She lands in Dr. R's care, which is immediately followed by a suicide attempt which is followed by a more earnest attempt at healing.

The second half of the book is GH-heavy. This long distance, text heavy relationship that had Mr. H sending

her gifts from location, including a worn T-shirt with a poem written on it. They are talking through the building of a life together, despite the negative online critiques she is receiving from the kind of people who post anonymous comments on celeb gossip websites.

The writing is nice. Sometimes even funny. The story is interesting in that way that all stories about being one fistful of pills and a warm bath from a funeral dirge are interesting -- but also quite similar to everything that is shelved around it.

The protagonist, however, is a little hard to take. She never misses a moment to point out a chance meeting with an unnamed famous writer, a named famous former White House intern, or the story about the time she told Brad Pitt before interviewing him that her boyfriend was way hotter than him.

During a session with Dr. R, Forrest mentions the band Coldplay.

"OK. Fine. You're seeing one of them?" He asks.

"Hell NO! Jesus, Dr. R! Why do you assume that?"

"Track record."

(Barf). I've spent a lot of time this past week thinking about what it is about namedropping that is so insufferable and have come up with this: It isn't, per se. It is when there is a feeling that the namedropper is using the roster of Page Sixers to somehow validate her story. In post-publication interviews Forrest has said things like: It's not necessarily Colin Ferrell that I'm writing about. I date a lot of movie stars.

Forrest is a good writer, descriptive and thoughtful. Sometimes even funny. At one point she writes about a random man she is diddling:

"The cat rescuer comes back for me, once, twice. We don't know each other's number, he just appears. Each time I am caught unawares and wearing something more schlumpy, bizarre and unflattering than the last. Like I have on a poncho and worms are coming out of my eyes and one of my arms is made out of Dudley Moore."

Dudley Moore. But she shoots herself in the foot by leaning too hard on the tell-all side of the story. The I'm hanging out with a famous writer and we are writing together in this cabin and he's downstairs and I'm downstairs and he's famous and I'm singing and he comes upstairs and tells me to stop singing so loudly ... moments that she can't resist finding a way to drop into her story. I'd love to see something written by her -- and maybe this exists, but I doubt it -- that doesn't include a lick of her own life.

Holly says

And here's entry numero dos in my Books Whose Narrator People Love to Complain About series. I read this alongside I Await the Devil's Coming, whose narrator Mary MacLane is mocked almost across the board by readers for her melodrama and expression of inner turmoil.

But here's what bothers me the most about the criticism of Emma Forrest's personality and writing: the general public *loves* a quirky male writer. I'm talking cult-like devotion. David Sedaris, Chuck Klosterman, David Foster Wallace, Chuck Palahniuk, Dave Eggers. The general public loves a David and a Chuck. Loves an intellectual, wacky, slightly unstable man. They're great. They're genius. They're hilarious.

A Mary or an Emma? A woman's pain, a woman's humor about her pain? The audacity.

Emma Forrest is an extremely successful screenwriter and novelist who suffers from bipolar disorder and major depressive disorder. Her thoughts are disorganized, along with her life. She has one suicide attempt and another near-attempt behind her. She knows a lot of famous people and names them. She had a high profile relationship and talks about it. And this is enough for people to not only write off her memoir, but Emma Forrest as a person. People don't like her because she's self-destructive, because she's a namedropper, because she's melodramatic, because they just don't understand why she wants to die. Because she's a cutter, because she's bulimic, because she's pretty and thinks she isn't.

But I loved Emma Forrest because of all of this. It's always a huge risk to write about depression when you have an audience of people who don't understand it. But Forrest knows this:

I know that feeling, inside sadness, seeing it, being able to articulate it calmly and clearly, and it doesn't make any difference.

Forrest doesn't have a lot of answers to her problems. The ghost of her therapist, Dr. R, looms over her. She felt her best when she was with GH, and she openly worries about the fact that she felt her best because of a man. She defines a period of her life by a relationship, which everyone knows makes a woman a weak, insipid loser. Nevermind the fact that so much of what is considered Great Literature can be reduced to a man's sad moaning about a woman.

But the worst crime of all, I think, is that Forrest learns to love herself. It's a love that was there the entire time, impressed on her boyfriends and her family. She writes gorgeously about her growth and it's amazing to see her use her hardships as stepping stones. And why so many people find this story so objectionable, I don't quite understand.

Saloma Miller says

Of all the good memoirs out there that never make it into print, how in the world did this one make it? I skimmed it because I wanted in the worst way for Emma to face up to the truth... to find her Self. To do so, she would have had to face the underlying reason for her self-destructive behavior in the form of cutting, bulimia, promiscuity, suicide attempts. And that is not to mention losing her Self in every relationship and then being completely bereft when he leaves her. The one moment... just the one... is what kept me reading the book, to give her every chance to come clean with her Self, her counselor, her parents, and her readers. It is the moment when she is confronted with the knowledge that her cutting could be a sign of abuse in her childhood. She steers around that, and has herself believing it all started when she was sixteen when she was raped. I am not a counselor, but I know the signs all too well. She is a classic example of someone who identifies with the perpetrator. I, too, endured childhood abuse. I, too, developed bulimia. I know all too well how painful the healing process can be. But at some point, I faced that pain and I steered through it, not around. Thank goodness... I could have been stuck in this kind of insanity the rest of my life.

If you want to get pulled into Emma Forrest's insanity, read this book. Otherwise spare yourself this and read a book that doesn't leave you feeling like you've just wasted your time.

Valentina says

Oh Lordy. This book should be retitled: Your Voice In My Head: a Humblebrag in 224 pages.

Allow me to paraphrase...

I am so messed up, it almost obscures how precocious and brilliant I am. I am full of self-loathing and body image issues in spite of being a beautiful, fashionable waif. I have terrible taste in men - the movie stars, über talented writers, and poetic souls i date are all gorgeous (and tall!) but totally wrong for me. My amazing, eccentric, perfect family are stuck with me and my mental illness, but they never complain because between suicide attempts we get along like a house on fire, and they really dig my famous gorgeous boyfriends.

Seriously. That's basically the whole book. Oh yeah, there's the stuff about her shrink too. Which would have been kinda touching if it wasn't also kinda squicky. The book is dedicated to her therapist's widow and two sons, which made me super cringe-y every time she dropped some lurid detail. I mean, it's bad enough to lose your husband/dad, but then one of his patients has to memorialize him with graphic details about her sex life. And Colin Farrell's sex life. That has got to be a little weird.

And don't get me started on how my head exploded every time she described herself as middle class or complained about her lack of health insurance. While she was living in the West Village! And dating movie stars. Blergh. I mean, maybe move to New Jersey and spring for the good healthcare. Sigh.

Frances says

At the last few pages, the narrator referenced Jane Eyre, which my copy just came in and is my next book to read.

How timely.

Alexis says

Dear Sweet Jesus. This book was a car wreck. I gave it two stars because I literally couldn't stop reading it, even though I wanted to. Emma Forrest is a journalist who writes about celebrity. She's also bipolar, and cuts herself. In this book, she writes about her suicide attempts, numerous boyfriends and the death of her therapist. She also gets into a serious relationship with Colin Farrell, who she calls her Gypsy Husband.

One of the messages that I learned from this book is that I should never ever date Colin Farrell. Lesson learned!

Read this book if you want to feel sane. I am very, very healthy and happy in comparison.

Honey-Squirrel says

This memoir is a navel-gazing train wreck of obsession and self-pity from a middle-class product of a tight-knit family. Lacking sufficient external reasons to suffer, the author chooses to become her own worst enemy. Mired in narcissism and committed to self-destructive behavior, Forrest details her cutting rituals and suicide attempts and her dependence on her therapist before building a monument to pain out of a failed romance with bad boy actor Colin Farrell. Such confessional works only serve to promote stereotypes of women as emotionally disturbed creatures with love addictions.

This was another book I reviewed for Elle magazine, which seems to highlight literary wallows and promote memoirs by "victims" more than any other types of nonfiction.

Isabel says

Disappointing. There's the famous writer who is more gifted than anyone of our generation (whatever that means), the movie star who was her soul mate until he wasn't and a handful of other more forgettable beaux. There are a few oddly placed pop culture references. Forrest comes across as an attention seeker, seemingly more driven to convince us all of her desirability to famous, gifted men than anything else. There were a few passages which were quite moving about her struggles but the emphasis on her relationships, in particular her relatively short relationship with the actor Colin Farrell (coily called Gypsy Husband) come across as superficial and childish. The whole thing seems to be out of focus. A decades long relationship with the man she claims saved her life is almost entirely eclipsed by a year long romance with a movie star. There are many more details about the relationship with the movie star than there are about her work with the doctor or any meaningful sharing of her struggles with anything other than breaking up with men. I also found much of what she wrote about Farrell to be unnecessarily exploitative. The pain of a break-up as part of the story is one thing but this really feels much more like a kiss and tell than anything I've ever read.

Readers looking for a memoir about surviving mental illness or even a tribute to a gifted doctor will likely be disappointed. I was.

Valentina says

I just finished reading this memoir. I received it from NetGalley and have been unable to put it down since I started it.

This is an honest book. If you're looking for powdered-sugar lies, then this is not the right book to read. If, like a large number of us, you have suffered through major depression or manic depression, this is a must read.

Ms. Forrest writes beautifully, there's no denying that, but it's not the beauty of her phrases that captivate the mind, but the spine of truth that allows each sentence to reach that deeper goal: understanding. I found myself nodding to her words in open-hearted agreement.

Now, it is not all fabulous. The relationship with GH (Gypsy Husband) drags on for too long, taking precedence over anything and everything, so that Forrest does not touch base with us. I yawned through yet another description of GH's sensitivity, his tender whispers, his deep text messages. Eh. Did not do it for me. The relationship with her psychiatrist fares much better. Dr. R becomes a real person in our eyes not just some teenage fantasy.

Once she takes the focus off this relationship that consumed her writing as much as her life, she shines once again. The last few pages are glorious, and I do not use that term lightly.

This book is on my list of favorite memoirs, go read it and add it to yours.

Anthi says

I'm trying to find ways to describe this book but it's a difficult task because my mind is overwhelmed... in a good way. Emma Forrest is a charismatic and gifted writer, she's also a bipolar. At the age of 16 she was a columnist in The Sunday Times and by the age of 21 a contributor to the Guardian. And then to Vogue and Vanity Fair and The Independent. She interviewed rock bands, writers and Hollywood stars (even dated A-list actors and famous writers). She also published 3 books at that time, all acclaimed. Then she sold a screenplay to Brad Pitt's production company, Plan B. In her early 20's she moved to Manhattan and a few years later to Hollywood.

Sounds like a charming life doesn't it? Emma seems blessed with talent and good fortune, but she's also cursed with manic-depression, a chronic cutter and bulimic with serious self-destruct tendencies. During her stay in NY she had an unsuccessful suicide attempt. That's the time she meets Dr. R, a well-rounded, good-hearted and eternally optimistic psychiatrist that helps her fight and cope with this disease. When Emma moved to California she continued having phone sessions with him and felt she was getting stronger. But then Dr R died unexpectedly of lung cancer -none of his patients knew he was sick- while Emma was already living in L.A. And a few months later the man she thinks is the love of her life, her Gypsy Husband as she calls him and a big Hollywood star (just google it if you're a gossip hungry bitch - I know I am!) breaks up with her and she's left to deal alone with heart ache and loss.

This memoir is as much an account of her struggles in the deep, dark, cold waters of depression as it is a tribute to the doctor who helped her and in a way became a father figure and an anchor (as was her knit-tight family) during her gloomiest moments.

This is not a self-help book, it does not dwell in Oprah-territory, Forrest doesn't offer advice or cope-mechanisms. And if it seems self-obsessed at times, well...isn't an autobiography by definition self-centered? Emma does what most seasoned writers always give as an advice to new ones: "write what you know best". And in our limited view of the world, do we know anything better than ourselves? Even when we aren't being honest about it?

Descending into the mind of a manic-depressive person is a bumpy ride, but Forrest has weaved her magic with her spartan and simultaneously lush prose. The result is (sorry in advance for the abundance of adjectives, but I can't describe it any better) irreverent, funny, witty, sarcastic, insightful, frank, heart-breaking, hilarious, raw, self-deprecating, gut-wrenching, brave and cathartic.

Her narration isn't linear, she jumps here and there, back and forth in time and space and is interspersed with her thoughts. Like seeing a surreal impressionistic painting and yes I know these were different movements in Art, but that's the picture she created in my mind.

It's been a long time since a book made me go through an emotional roller-coaster, I cried and laughed so many times that I can't remember! And there are so many quotes and passages I loved that I would probably need to write half the book down. Instead I'll close my review with only one passage:

*"Dr. R scratches out a note on his pad.
"Losing you both was only the practice pain, wasn't it? For my mum and dad..."
He puts his finger on his lips, his elbow at his chest, not racked with cancer. "Yes."
"And when that happens, this will seem like nothing."
He nods.
"When it happens," he asks me, "what will you get you through?"
"Friends who love me."
"And if your friends weren't there?"
"Music through headphones."
"And if the music stopped?"
"A sermon by Rabbi Wolpe."
"If there was no religion?"
"The mountains and the sky."
"If you leave California?"
"Numbered streets to keep me walking."
"If New York falls into the ocean?"
Your voice in my head.*

Fran says

A autobiografia de Emma foi um livro que me apareceu de surpresa e despertou toda a minha curiosidade.

O relato da autora, apesar de triste, é doce e divertido de se acompanhar, a leitura flui naturalmente e os capítulos são curtos - o que contribui para ler rapidamente. Durante as passagens é impossível não sentir o que Emma passou durante tantos anos e não se comover, mas de um jeito bom, daqueles que só queremos abraçar a pessoa e dizer que vai ficar tudo bem. É possível acompanhar como ela melhorou e se recuperou das coisas que enfrentou gradativamente, como seu tratamento foi eficaz e como a própria consegue avaliar seus erros e gatilhos sozinha.

Um livro rápido e intenso que vale a pena.

Sarah says

This is one case where I wish we could give ratings in half-star increments - three stars is too much, two too little.

I'm attracted to memoirs. I'm intrigued by mental illness, its debilitation and its manifestation: namely, addiction. In the case of this book, said addiction is self-injury and bulimia. It seems Emma's (to call her 'the author' is too academic; 'Ms. Forrest' too austere) initial intention is to chronicle her battle with these compulsions, along with a touching homage to her late therapist, Dr. R, to whom she gives almost exclusive credit for helping her conquer her mania. Got it. Ready for it. Go.

I will admit, roughly the first half of the book had me hooked. Though it seems many other readers were not enamored with Emma's writing style, I liked it: as a whole I found it casual enough to invite but not insult, while many passages wooed me with voice and language complex enough to impress, but not patronize. In terms of a writing opinion, I enjoyed Emma's tone and would read more of her work.

However, the content quickly became an issue. While I can appreciate the tragedy of loving & losing - who can't? - that's not why this book piqued my interest. And while I'm as interested in celebrity encounters as the next person - I quickly sour from namedropping. Combine the two, and you have a great majority of this memoir: brief, ineffectual exchanges with local actors and musicians, and a tumultuous but tiresome love affair with a dashing, surreptitiously nicknamed actor. I was hoping for a dissection of depression, or of cutting, or of bulimia, or of mania. I was hoping for an overview of therapy, or an analysis of Emma's specific relationship to Dr. R. I even hoped there might be a glimpses on writing itself & it's involvement with depression. These components were depressingly absent.

Ultimately, I was compelled by her struggles but quickly alienated by the stories she chose to tell. Her bipolar disorder never throws her writing or success into question - by her account, she remains wildly successful throughout the majority of the book. Her cutting is stark and severe, but she never discusses how it helps her, or why it is her recourse; similarly, her bulimia quietly fades into nothingness. What I DID learn, however, is that Colin Farrell text messages a lot, may or may not have some neurosis of his own, and at one point purchased a cute baby coat for a baby that didn't yet exist. This is a book about a woman's struggles, and while she's absolutely free to write about whatever she wishes - I almost feel manipulated, as if she used her mania as a cloak in order to pen a kiss and tell.

Sheldon says

Your Voice in My Head by Emma Forrest can be very uncomfortable to read, not because it is a memoir about mental illness, depression, mania, cutting, attempted suicide, and death, but because it is a *humorous* memoir about mental illness, depression, mania, cutting, attempted suicide, and death.

To start, I have a confession to make. I didn't know who Emma Forrest was before reading this book. She's published a few other books, written screenplays, blogs, worked as a journalist, and has been involved in a high-profile Hollywood romance. And yet I didn't know about her before now. So I started reading this book without any foreknowledge of who she is or what she's done.

The book follows the author's journey through being diagnosed with mental illness (more particularly as a manic/depressive) and meeting with a therapist, identified simply as Dr. R, who she credits with saving her life and being an eternal optimist. At one point, she calls his office to make an appointment and gets a machine saying that the office is closed, and then receives an email a couple of weeks later informing her that her therapist had died suddenly. None of his patients knew he was sick and was fighting lung cancer for several months. The book is sprinkled with short testimonials from Dr. R's other patients about what he did for them or their relationship with him (these patients are not identified except for a first name or an initial to maintain confidentiality, as Dr. R is said to have had some high-profile patients).

Emma Forrest could be described as a serial dater, at least by her descriptions of her relationships in this book. During her dating trials, she settles into a relationship with a man she refers to only as her "Gypsy Husband," or GH, who is a popular actor and celebrity. He is never actually named otherwise in the book, but it's fairly obvious who it is, and you can find out who through a quick internet search. This relationship does not last, and is dealt with as one of the most heartbreaking moments in her life because they had been planning a family and they truly seemed to love each other. Be warned that this is not a tell-all book. Only the emotional parts of the relationship are described in detail, and only for a short time until the break-up. In fact, much more time is spent talking about the aftermath of the break-up than the relationship itself.

The writing style in this book is engrossing, to say the least. At times, it's hard to say what's real, what's artistic license, and what is simply in the author's head. Most of the time, it seems fairly obvious, but at times, I'm not too sure. But it's also extremely disjointed, which may be a symptom of the author's mania. The book is not told in an entirely linear manner, which sometimes gets a little confusing, but not too much so that it takes away from the book.

The voice in the author's head is obviously supposed to be the therapist, to whom the book feels as though it could be written to as a single long letter. However, this sometimes becomes questionable as the author hears several voices in her head, such as GH (especially post-breakup) or her parents. It can sometimes be downright scary as the reader genuinely wonders if there really are voices in her head, or if these voices are the same ones that everyone imagines at some point while they think things through.

Even with all of this, the story is generally told in a rather funny style. The author uses side thoughts and quips throughout the narrative that indicates that she has a sense of humor about herself and her own foibles. She's genuinely able to look back and laugh at herself, even at times that seem inappropriate. During these humorous parts, the reader can feel weird or bad by laughing at things that it would be otherwise inappropriate to laugh at if the author hadn't been describing it in a funny way and obviously laughing at it herself, and even then you can feel a little guilty about it. However, the book gets more serious and loses most of the humor near the end, which made the book very uneven. While the author ultimately moves on with her life, it still makes the book end on a down note.

I can definitely say that I liked the book, but I don't know that I can say that my feelings extend much beyond that. While the book is humorous and interesting, and it explores aspects of therapy and mental illness that aren't often explored, such as what happens to the patients emotionally when a therapist suddenly dies, it's also very uneven and feels whiny after a while. My sympathies extend to the author for her struggles and for her heartbreak, but it reaches a point where I don't want to read about her self-pity anymore. It feels excessive. Other readers may feel differently, much like how different friends will have different tolerance for their friends' self-pity during hardships. I feel for the author, but my pity can only go so far.

Overall, it's a decent book with interesting aspects, but can get very frustrating at times, especially in the second half after her break-up with GH. It's a personal story told from a unique perspective that deals with the emotion aspects of therapy and relationships and when they go wrong rather than simply the practical side of these events. But the author begins to wallow in self-pity so much that it becomes difficult to get through as you get to the end. This is what I would describe as almost a purely emotional memoir. Most of what we're told is what the author is thinking or feeling, rather than what is going on in the real world. An interesting look inside the head of someone in mental and emotional turmoil, but frustrating, nonetheless.

Your Voice in My Head earns three out of five stars.

Note: A copy of this book was sent to this reviewer for free by the publisher (Other Press) through the Goodreads First Reads program. This did not affect this review in any way.

Stephanie says

Emma Forrest has a way with conducting a story. Her talent shines as she weaves her memoir into a tale that reads like fiction, yet presents constant reflection--almost as a third party--to her experiences, doing so in a charming and funny, yet heartfelt and honest way. I laughed, I cried a bit, commiserated tons, and just faced the fucking facts: We all have our struggles and living is the hard part; but perseverance is always a path awaiting our pursuit, if we choose it. I think this also sums up the brilliance of Emma's writing abilities.

Though many people reading this may be unable to understand exactly the madness and struggle and pain a person with such mental illness experiences, she managed to bring recognition to the common griefs we share throughout life as human beings, and bridged a connection we all could share in some how.

Emma Forrest, talented English writer, has been suffering from mental illness since her early teens. She's Bipolar--the most severe form of manic-depression. *Your Voice in My Head* is mostly a tribute to the person she credits with saving her life, Dr. R, her psychiatrist whom she met in NY a couple weeks before trying to commit suicide in her early 20s. Dr. R died abruptly (to her, because she didn't know he was sick) from cancer complications in May 2008. This memoir served as a way to honor him for his efforts in helping her on her journey to wellness, including accounts of her deepest times of despair and struggles with the dark days, as well an endeavor to remember his guidance in order to help her charter the dark waters she now faces in her present without his counsel...a means of self-preservation without her life preserver if you will, as the battle to live--for her--is a revisiting struggle she wears like a garment of clothing.

I imagined writing *Your Voice in My Head* was also something Emma undertook to help her cope with his absence in her life. The retelling basically synchronizes their time together and how his counsel has led to her getting healthy.

I hope that she keeps living her life, writing, and experiencing new things that make her happy. I hope one day she will indeed make love last and come to know her true Gypsy Husband. And I most certainly hope that Dr., R will always be a comforting voice, a voice of reason, in her head.

Thank you for sharing your story, Emma.
