

## Book Reviews

humanist science of man”, and seventy pages to translations from Bastian’s work—the bibliography of which ran to over sixteen printed pages ten years before he stopped writing. One does indeed come away from Koepping’s presentation with a sense of what Bastian’s anti-Darwinian “evolutionism” was about, as well as an appreciation of the varied influences that formed it (Fechner, Helmholtz, both Humboldts, Herbart, Comte, Kant, Herder, Vico, and Leibniz, to mention only the more important). And if one brings to Koepping’s book a prior familiarity with the thought of Franz Boas, its roots in Bastian’s can be uncovered in the material Koepping presents—despite the fact that the evidence he himself uses to argue this connexion is rather unconvincing.

Thus, while Koepping’s book provides the basis for an appreciation of Bastian’s thought and influence, it nonetheless has serious deficiencies as intellectual history. Given more space, these might be elaborated in some detail (for example, we are told on page 129 that Bastian “never used the word ‘evolution’”; but on pages 164–169, under the subtitle ‘Cultural Evolution’, we are presented in translation a passage from his work in which the word appears no less than five times). To keep the issue at a more general level, however, one may say that there is a persistent problem of intellectual historical stance, which is reflected in Koepping’s characteristic presentation of Bastian’s thought and (even details of his biography) in the present tense—and in his translation of “*Gesellschaftsgedanken*” as “*collective representations*”. Rather than to understand Bastian historically, Koepping’s primary goal seems to be to convince us that Bastian is the unappreciated ancestor of a wide range of subsequent anthropological currents, beginning with the diffusionists who rejected him and continuing to Levi-Straussian structuralism. To put the matter in Bastianian terms: Koepping has been so intent on finding apparent similarities of anthropological *Elementargedanken* that he has given short shrift to the complex intellectual historical relationships and conceptual milieux of the anthropological *Völkergedanken* in which they have manifested themselves. Even so—and despite its splayfoot cardboard binding—the book may be regarded as a useful addition to the library of the history of anthropology.

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WILLIAM OSLER, *Aequanimitas, with other addresses to medical students, nurses, and practitioners of medicine*, with introduction by H. A. F. Dudley, London, Keynes Press (British Medical Association), 1984, 8vo, pp. xiv, 319, col. front., £40.00.

R. PALMER HOWARD, *The Chief: Doctor William Osler*, New York, Watson Science History Publications, 1983, 8vo, pp. xiii, 194, illus., \$20.00.

I first read *Aequanimitas* before starting my clinical training, having been given a copy by a medical uncle who presumably hoped that the high ideals of student life laid down in the addresses would inspire me. At the time, most of the book seemed tedious and pompous, much of it irrelevant, and some totally unreadable, so that I wondered what kind of men they bred in North America who would understand and follow these precepts. The gift, and my reaction to it, must have been fairly common among many student generations. Reading it again thirty years later, I am impressed by the image that Osler wished to perpetuate of himself, as a highly cultivated and successful late-Victorian doctor, totally convinced of his own correctness and the medical way of life he represented, in which success was gauged by achievement, and greater virtue accrued if the struggle had been hard. The portrait is one of a great transatlantic collector. He collected prestigious jobs, and the honours that went with them, in two continents. He collected people as students and friends, whose continual presence at his houses must have been extremely trying for his family, and as patients among the wealthy and influential who consulted him professionally. His collection of good descriptions of diseases ensured the success of his textbook, but above all there was the acquisition of books, which he generously distributed after extracting the quotations that so frequently ease his prose.

*Aequanimitas* today gives a good start to the study of one kind of nineteenth-century doctor, with its emphasis on classical and literary studies and the assumption that social life should be

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subordinate to medical duties. It also gives rise to thoughts about medicine's need to venerate its own great men, and the biographical forms used in doing it. This edition is very easy to read thanks to the size of page and clear typography, but it is appreciably more expensive than secondhand copies of earlier editions that are readily available. This volume with its realistic introduction by Hugh Dudley is a credit to the Keynes imprint of the British Medical Association.

Howard's book illuminates the relationship between Osler and the Howard family. Palmer Howard acted as Osler's teacher and friend, a role that Osler himself performed for his godson, Campbell Howard, Palmer's son. The book contains much of interest to students of North American medicine, and to anyone finding out for himself about Osler's life.

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LORD MORAN, *The anatomy of courage*, with a foreword by Denis Williams, London, Keynes Press (British Medical Association), 1984, 8vo, pp. xxix, 159, £35.00.

This is a beautifully produced book, even though the choice of a predominantly yellow William Morris design for the cover made me wonder whether there was some hidden influence at work. It is almost worth reading purely for the introduction by Denis Williams, who delightfully bridges the transition from the somewhat rudimentary views of human psychology extant in 1914 to the greater state of awareness of 1939. This is essential, because Moran based his book on the diary he kept as a Medical Officer in the trenches, and of his experiences at a higher level in 1939 when he subsequently became Churchill's doctor. It is to his credit that he gives his diary, which was kept with meticulous care, without trying to re-interpret his emotions and assessment at the time, and it is fascinating to see over the four years of the most stultifying and bloody war of attrition in history, how he changed his views and learned to appreciate the forms and evidence of mental breakdown. The opening paragraph tells all.

One of the sergeants was "out of sorts". I found him sitting staring into the fire. He had not shaved and his trousers were half open. He seemed a morose fellow; I could get nothing out of him . . . , besides he did not appear to be ill . . . But next day when everyone had gone up the line he blew his head off. I thought little of this at the time; it seemed a silly thing to do.

This was in 1914, and by 1916 he was able to write:

"My dysentery is damned bad Doc", the colonel said, as he passed his hand through his thin hair as if brushing it back, and when I did not speak he went on, "I am afraid I'll have to go sick. It is a nuisance, isn't it." His long back bent forward, his head drooped. His eyes kept blinking. He looked old and troubled. For a quarter of a century he had been a soldier preparing no doubt for the real thing. It had come and this was the end.

His diary is full of important anecdotes of this sort, from which he constructs a much larger framework to bear his ideas on courage, cowardice, and all those factors which he felt were important. It is inevitable from the words he uses that there will be semantic difficulties, as in his statement that "Courage is a moral quality". Fortunately, not too much is lost in these difficulties, and his examination of those factors which particularly lead to breakdown were easily translated to the great effort in 1939 to remove quickly the frail from active service. Shell shock of 1914 became LMF (lacking moral fibre) in 1939, and the effort to preserve the morale of the sufferer and of his comrades then became an important consideration. For me, the generalizations are of less interest than the anecdotes since I have become rather more critical of some of the bases of his beliefs about human nature, and yet it is churlish of me to question his self-confidence since he rebuilt his Medical School by a process of his selection, of which I was one.

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