



MIKHAIL BULGAKOV

Mikhail BULGAKOV (1891-1940) *Russian physician, novelist, playwright, journalist, and short story writer. Bulgakov was born in Russia (Kiev), the eldest of six children of a theology professor. He studied medicine at Kiev University and for eighteen demanding months worked as a general physician in truly frontline-district medical outposts (usually one-doctor hospitals of about forty beds). The stories here, from this period of Bulgakov's life, may summon up the feelings of inadequacy many young physicians have in their early clinical encounters. He specialized in venereology in Kiev for a time, but then gave up medicine for writing. Like many Russian artists, Bulgakov encountered political problems from Stalin and the authorities during the years before World War II. His works, including masterpieces such as *The Master and Margarita*, were not all published in Russia until the 1980s.*

THE STEEL WINDPIPE

So I was alone, surrounded by November gloom and whirling snow; the house was smothered in it and there was a moaning in the chimneys. I had spent all twenty-four years of my life in a huge city and thought that blizzards only howled in novels. It appeared that they howled in real life. The evenings here are unusually long, and I fell to daydreaming, staring at the reflection on the window of the lamp with its dark green shade. I dreamed of the nearest town, thirty-two miles away. I longed to leave my country clinic and go there. They had electricity, and there were four doctors whom I could consult. At all events it would be less frightening than this place. But there was no chance of running away, and at times I realised that it would be cowardly. It was for precisely this, after all, that I had been studying medicine.

‘Yes, but suppose they bring me a woman in labour and there are complications? Or, say, a patient with a strangulated hernia? What shall I do then? Kindly tell me that. Forty-eight days ago I qualified “with distinction”; but distinction is one thing and hernia is another. Once I watched a professor operating on a strangulated hernia. He did it, while I sat in the amphitheatre. And I only just managed to survive. . .

More than once I broke out in a cold sweat down my spine at the

thought of hernia. Every evening, as I drank my tea, I would sit in the same attitude: by my left hand lay all the manuals on obstetrical surgery, on top of them the small edition of Doderlein. To my right were ten different illustrated volumes on operative surgery. I groaned, smoked and drank cold tea without milk.

Once I fell asleep. I remember that night perfectly—it was 29 November, and I was woken by someone banging on the door. Five minutes later I was pulling on my trousers, my eyes glued imploringly to those sacred books on operative surgery. I could hear the creaking of sleigh-runners in the yard—my ears had become unusually sensitive. The case turned out to be, if anything, even more terrifying than a hernia or a transverse foetus. At eleven o'clock that night a little girl was brought to the Muryovo hospital. The nurse said tonelessly to me:

‘The little girl’s weak, she’s dying. . . Would you come over to the hospital, please, doctor. . .’

I remember crossing the yard towards the hospital porch, mesmerised by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp. The lights were on in the surgery, and all my assistants were waiting for me, already dressed in their overalls: the *feldsher* Demyan Lukich, young but very capable, and two experienced midwives, Anna Nikolaevna and Pelagea Ivanovna. Only twenty-four years old, having qualified a mere two months ago, I had been placed in charge of the Muryovo hospital.

The *feldsher* solemnly flung open the door and the mother came in—or rather she seemed to fly in, slithering on her ice-covered felt boots, unmelted snow still on her shawl. In her arms she carried a bundle, from which came a steady hissing, whistling sound. The mother’s face was contorted with noiseless weeping. When she had thrown off her sheepskin coat and shawl and unwrapped the bundle, I saw a little girl of about three years old. For a while the sight of her made me forget operative surgery, my loneliness, the load of useless knowledge acquired at university: it was all completely effaced by the beauty of this baby girl. What can I liken her to? You only see children like that on chocolate boxes—hair curling naturally into big ringlets the colour of ripe rye, enormous dark blue eyes, doll-like cheeks. They used to draw angels like that. But in the depths of her eyes was a strange cloudiness and I recognised it as terror—the child could not breathe. ‘She’ll be dead in an hour,’ I thought with absolute certainty, feeling a sharp twinge of pity for the child.

Her throat was contracting into hollows with each breath, her veins were swollen and her face was turning from pink to a pale lilac. I immediately realised what this colouring meant. I made my first

diagnosis, which was not only correct but, more important, was given at the same moment as the midwives' with all their experience: 'The little girl has diphtherial croup. Her throat is already choked with membrane and soon it will be blocked completely.'

'How long has she been ill?' I asked, breaking the tense silence of my assistants.

'Five days now,' the mother answered, staring hard at me with dry eyes.

'Diphtheria,' I said to the *feldsher* through clenched teeth, and turned to the mother:

'Why have you left it so long?'

At that moment I heard a tearful voice behind me:

'Five days, sir, five days!'

I turned round and saw that a round-faced old woman had silently come in. 'I wish these old women didn't exist,' I thought to myself. With an aching presentiment of trouble I said:

'Quiet, woman, you're only in the way,' and repeated to the mother: 'Why have you left it so long? Five days? Hmm?'

Suddenly with an automatic movement the mother handed the little girl to the grandmother and sank to her knees in front of me.

'Give her some medicine,' she said and banged her forehead on the floor. 'I'll kill myself if she dies.'

'Get up at once,' I replied, 'or I won't even talk to you.'

The mother stood up quickly with a rustle of her wide skirt, took the baby from the grandmother and started rocking it. The old woman turned to the doorpost and began praying, while the little girl continued to breathe with a snake-like hiss. The *feldsher* said:

'That's what they're all like. These people!' And he gave a twitch of his moustache.

'Does that mean she's going to die?' the mother asked, staring at me with what looked like black fury.

'Yes, she'll die,' I said quietly and firmly.

The grandmother picked up the hem of her skirt and wiped her eyes. The mother shouted in an ugly voice:

'Give her something! Help her! Give her some medicine!'

I could see what was in store for me and remained firm.

'What medicine can I give her? *Go* on, you tell me. The little girl is suffocating, her throat is already blocked up. For five days you kept her ten miles away from me. Now what do you want me to do?'

'You're the one who's supposed to know,' the old woman whined by my left shoulder in an affected voice which made me immediately detest her.

‘Shut up!’ I said to her. I turned to the feldsher and ordered the little girl to be taken away. The mother handed her to the midwife and the child started to struggle, evidently trying to cry, but her voice could no longer make itself heard. The mother made a protective move towards her, but we kept her away and I managed to look into the little girl’s throat by the light of the pressure-lamp. I had never seen diphtheria before except for mild, forgettable cases. Her throat was full of ragged, pulsating, white substance. The little girl suddenly breathed out and spat in my face, but I was so absorbed that I did not flinch.

‘Well now,’ I said, astonished at my own calm. ‘This is the situation: it’s late, and the little girl is dying. Nothing will help her except one thing—an operation.’

I was appalled, wondering why I had said this, but I could not help saying it. The thought flashed through my mind: ‘What if she agrees to it?’

‘How do you mean?’ the mother asked.

‘I’ll have to cut open her throat near the bottom of her neck and put in a silver pipe so that she can breathe, and then maybe we can save her,’ I explained.

The mother looked at me as if I was mad and shielded the little girl from me with her arms, while the old woman started muttering again:

‘The idea! Don’t you let them cut her open! What—cut her throat?’

‘Go away, old woman,’ I said to her with hatred. ‘Inject the camphor!’ I ordered the feldsher.

The mother refused to hand over the little girl when she saw the syringe, but we explained to her that there was nothing terrible about it.

‘Perhaps that will cure her?’ she asked.

‘No, it won’t cure her at all.’

Then the mother burst into tears.

‘Stop it,’ I said. I took out my watch, and added: ‘I’m giving you five minutes to think it over. If you don’t agree in five minutes, I shall refuse to do it.’

‘I don’t agree!’ the mother said sharply.

‘No, we won’t agree to it,’ the grandmother put in.

‘It’s up to you,’ I said in a hollow voice, and thought: ‘Well, that’s that. It makes it easier for me. I’ve said my piece and given them a chance. Look how dumbfounded the midwives are. They’ve refused and I’m saved.’ No sooner had I thought this than some other being spoke for me in a voice that was not mine:

‘Look, have you gone mad? What do you mean by not agreeing? You’re condemning the baby to death. You must consent. Have you no pity?’

‘No!’ the mother shouted once more.

I thought to myself: ‘What am I doing? I shall only kill the child.’
But I said:

‘Come on, come on—you’ve got to agree! You must! Look, her nails are already turning blue.’

‘No, no!’

‘All right, take them to the ward. Let them sit there.’

They were led away down the half-lit passage. I could hear the weeping of the women and the hissing of the little girl. The feldsher returned almost at once and said:

‘They’ve agreed!’

I felt my blood run cold, but I said in a clear voice:

‘Sterilise a scalpel, scissors, hooks and a probe at once.’

A minute later I was running across the yard, through a swirling, blinding snowstorm. I rushed to my room and, counting the minutes, grabbed a book, leafed through it and found an illustration of a tracheotomy. Everything about it was clear and simple: the throat was laid open and the knife plunged into the windpipe. I started reading the text, but could take none of it in—the words seemed to jump before my eyes. I had never seen a tracheotomy performed. ‘Ah well, it’s a bit late now,’ I said to myself, and looked miserably at the green lamp and the clear illustration. Feeling that I had suddenly been burdened with a most fearful and difficult task, I went back to the hospital, oblivious of the snowstorm.

In the surgery a dim figure in full skirts clung to me and a voice whined:

‘Oh, sir, how can you cut a little girl’s throat? How can you? She’s agreed to it because she’s stupid. But you haven’t got my permission—no you haven’t. I agree to giving her medicine, but I shan’t allow her throat to be cut.’

‘Get this woman out!’ I shouted, and added vehemently: ‘You’re the stupid one! Yes, you are. And she’s the clever one. Anyway, nobody asked you! Get her out of here!’

A midwife took a firm hold of the old woman and pushed her out of the room.

‘Ready!’ the feldsher said suddenly.

We went into the small operating theatre; the shiny instruments, blinding lamplight and oilcloth seemed to belong to another world . . . for the last time I went out to the mother, and the little girl could scarcely be torn from her arms. She just said in a hoarse voice: my husband’s away in town. When he comes back and finds out what I’ve done, he’ll kill me!’

‘Yes, he’ll kill her,’ the old woman echoed, looking at me in horror. ‘Don’t let them into the operating theatre!’ I ordered.

So we were left in the operating theatre, my assistants, myself, and Lidka, the little girl. She sat naked and pathetic on the table and wept soundlessly. They laid her on the table, strapped her down, washed her throat and painted it with iodine, I picked up the scalpel, still wondering what on earth I was doing. It was very quiet. With the scalpel I made a vertical incision down the swollen white throat. Not one drop of blood emerged. Again I drew the knife along the white strip which protruded between the slit skin. Again not a trace of blood. Slowly, trying to remember the illustrations in my textbooks, I started to part the delicate tissues with the blunt probe. At once dark blood gushed out from the lower end of the wound, flooding it instantly and pouring down her neck. The *feldsher* started to stanch it with swabs but could not stop the flow. Calling to mind everything I had seen at university, I set about clamping the edges of the wound with forceps, but this did no good either.

I went cold and my forehead broke out in a sweat. I bitterly regretted having studied medicine and having landed myself in this wilderness. In angry desperation I jabbed the forceps haphazardly into the region of the wound, snapped them shut and the flow of blood stopped immediately. We swabbed the wound with pieces of gauze; now it faced me clean and absolutely incomprehensible. There was no windpipe anywhere to be seen. This wound of mine was quite unlike any illustration. I spent the next two or three minutes aimlessly poking about in the wound, first with the scalpel and then with the probe, searching for the windpipe. After two minutes of this, I despaired of finding it. ‘This is the end,’ I thought. ‘Why did I ever do this? I needn’t have offered to do the operation, and Lidka could have died quietly in the ward. As it is she will die with her throat slit open and I can never prove that she would have died anyway, that I couldn’t have made it any worse. . .’ The midwife wiped my brow in silence. ‘I ought to put down my scalpel and say: I don’t know what to do next.’ As I thought this I pictured the mother’s eyes. I picked up the knife again and made a deep, undirected slash into Lidka’s neck. The tissues parted and to my surprise the windpipe appeared before me.

‘Hooks!’ I croaked hoarsely.

The *feldsher* handed them to me. I pierced each side with a hook and handed one of them to him. Now I could see one thing only: the greyish ringlets of the windpipe. I thrust the sharp knife into it—and froze in horror. The windpipe was coming out of the incision and the *feldsher* appeared to have taken leave of his wits: he was tearing it out.

Behind me the two midwives gasped. I looked up and saw what was the matter: the *feldsher* had fainted from the oppressive heat and, still holding the hook, was tearing at the windpipe. 'It's fate,' I thought, 'everything's against me. We've certainly murdered Lidka now.' And I added grimly to myself: 'As soon as I get back to my room, I'll shoot myself.' Then the older midwife, who was evidently very experienced, pounced on the *feldsher* and tore the hook out of his hand, saying through her clenched teeth:

'Go on, doctor. . .'

The *feldsher* collapsed to the floor with a crash but we did not turn to look at him. I plunged the scalpel into the trachea and then inserted a silver tube. It slid in easily but Lidka remained motionless. The air did not flow into her windpipe as it should have done. I sighed deeply and stopped: I had done all I could. I felt like begging someone's forgiveness for having been so thoughtless as to study medicine. Silence reigned. I could see Lidka turning blue. I was just about to give up and weep, when the child suddenly gave a violent convulsion, expelled a fountain of disgusting clotted matter through the tube, and the air whistled into her windpipe. As he started to breathe, the little girl began to howl. That instant the *feldsher* got to his feet, pale and sweaty, looked at her throat in stupefied horror and helped me to sew it up.

Dazed, my vision blurred by a film of sweat, I saw the happy faces of the midwives and one of them said to me:

'You did the operation brilliantly, doctor.'

I thought she was making fun of me and glowered at her. Then the doors were opened and a gust of fresh air blew in. Lidka was carried out wrapped in a sheet and at once the mother appeared in the doorway. Her eyes had the look of a wild beast. She asked me:

'Well?'

When I heard the sound of her voice, I felt a cold sweat run down my back as I realised what it would have been like if Lidka had died on the table. But I answered her in a very calm voice:

'Don't worry, she's alive. And she'll stay alive, I hope. Only she won't be able to talk until we take the pipe out, so don't let that upset you.'

Just then the grandmother seemed to materialise from nowhere and crossed herself, bowing to the doorhandle, to me, and to the ceiling. This time I did not lose my temper with her, I turned away and ordered Lidka to be given a camphor injection and for the staff to take turns at watching her. Then I went across the yard to my quarters. I remember the green lamp burning in my study, Doderlein lying there and books scattered everywhere. I walked over to the couch fully

dressed, lay down and was immediately lost to the world in a dreamless sleep.

A month passed, then another. I grew more experienced and some of the things I saw were rather more frightening than Lidka's throat, which passed out of my mind. Snow lay all around, and the size of my practice grew daily. Early in the new year, a woman came to my surgery holding by the hand a little girl wrapped in so many layers that she looked as round as a little barrel. The woman's eyes were shining. I took a good look and recognised them.

'Ah, Lidka! How are things?'

'Everything's fine.'

The mother unwound the scarves from Lidka's neck. Though she was shy and resisted I managed to raise her chin and took a look. Her pink neck was marked with a brown vertical scar crossed by two fine stitch marks.

'All's well,' I said. 'You needn't come any more.'

'Thank you, doctor, thank you,' the mother said, and turned to Lidka: 'Say thank you to the gentleman!'

But Lidka had no wish to speak to me.

I never saw her again. Gradually I forgot about her. Meanwhile my practice still grew. The day came when I had a hundred and ten patients. We began at nine in the morning and finished at eight in the evening. Reeling with fatigue, I was taking off my overall when the senior midwife said to me:

'It's the tracheotomy that has brought you all these patients. Do you know what they're saying in the villages? The story goes that when Lidka was ill a steel throat was put into her instead of her own and then sewn up. People go to her village especially to look at her. There's fame for you, doctor. Congratulations.'

'So they think she's living with a steel one now, do they?' I enquired.

'That's right. But you were wonderful, doctor. You did it so coolly, it was marvellous to watch.'

'Hm, well, I never allow myself to worry, you know,' I said, not knowing why. I was too tired even to feel ashamed, so I just looked away. I said goodnight and went home. Snow was falling in large flakes, covering everything, the lantern was lit and my house looked silent, solitary and imposing. As I walked I had only one desire—sleep.

Appendix 2 - The Use of Force

They were new patients to me, all I had was the name, Olson. Please come down as soon as you can; my daughter is very sick.

When I arrived I was met by the mother, a big startled looking woman, very clean and apologetic who merely said, Is this the doctor? and let me in. In the back, she added. You must excuse us, doctor, we have her in the kitchen where it is warm. It is very damp here sometimes.

The child was fully dressed and sitting on her father's lap near the kitchen table. He tried to get up, but I motioned for him not to bother, took off my overcoat and started to look things over. I could see that they were all very nervous, eyeing me up and down distrustfully. As often, in such cases, they weren't telling me more than they had to, it was up to me to tell them; that's why they were spending three dollars on me.

The child was fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever. She did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually attractive little thing, and as strong as a heifer in appearance. But her face was flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high fever. She had magnificent blonde hair, in profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

She's had a fever for three days, began the father and we don't know what it comes from. My wife has given her things, you know, like people do, but it don't do no good. And there's been a lot of sickness around. So we thought you'd better look her over and tell us what is the matter.

As doctors often do I took a trial shot at it as a point of departure. Has she had a sore throat?

Both parents answered me together, No . . . No, she says her throat don't hurt her.

Does your throat hurt you? added the mother to the child. But the little girl's expression didn't change nor did she move her eyes from my face.

Have you looked?

I tried to, said the mother, but I couldn't see.

As it happens we had been having a number of cases of diphtheria in the school to which this child went during that month and we were all, quite apparently, thinking of that, though no one had as yet spoken of the thing.

Well, I said, suppose we take a look at the throat first. I smiled in my best professional manner and asking for the child's first name I said, come on, Mathilda, open your mouth and let's take a look at your throat.

Nothing doing.

Aw, come on, I coaxed, just open your mouth wide and let me take a look. Look, I said opening both hands wide, I haven't anything in my hands. Just open up and let me see.

Such a nice man, put in the mother. Look how kind he is to you. Come on, do what he tells you to. He won't hurt you.

At that I ground my teeth in disgust. If only they wouldn't use the word "hurt" I might be able to get somewhere. But I did not allow myself to be hurried or disturbed but speaking quietly and slowly I approached the child again

As I moved my chair a little nearer suddenly with one catlike movement both her hands clawed instinctively for my eyes and she almost reached them too. In fact she knocked my glasses flying and they fell, though unbroken, several feet away from me on the kitchen floor.

Both the mother and father almost turned themselves inside out in embarrassment and apology. You bad girl, said the mother, taking her and shaking her by one arm. Look what you've done The nice man...

For Heaven's sake, I broke in. Don't call me a nice man to her. I'm here to look at her throat on the chance that she might have diphtheria and possibly die of it. But that's nothing to her. Look here I said to the child, we are going to look at your throat. You're old enough to understand what I'm saying. Will you open it now by yourself or shall we have to open it for you?

Not a move. Even her expression hadn't changed. Her breaths however were coming faster and faster. Then the battle began I had to do it. I had to have a throat culture for her own protection. But first I told the parents that it was entirely up to them. I explained the danger but said I would not insist on an examination so long as they would take the responsibility. If you don't do what the doctor says you'll have to go to the hospital, the mother admonished her severely.

Oh yeah? I had to smile to myself. After all, I had already fallen in love with the savage brat, the parents were contemptible to me. In the ensuing struggle they grew more and more abject, crushed, exhausted while she surely rose to magnificent heights of insane fury of effort bred of her terror of me.

The father tried his best, and he was a big man but the fact that she was his daughter, his shame at her behavior and his dread of hurting her made him release her just at the critical moment several times when I almost had achieved success, till I wanted to kill him. But his dread also that she might have diphtheria made him tell me to go on, go on though he himself was almost fainting, while the mother moved back and forth behind us raising and lowering her hands in an agony of apprehension. Put her in front of you on your lap, I ordered, and hold both her wrists.

But as soon as he did the child let out a scream. Don't, you're hurting me. Let go of my hands. Let them go I tell you. Then she shrieked terrifyingly, hysterically. Stop it! Stop it! You're killing me! Do you think she can stand it, doctor! said the mother.

You get out, said the husband to his wife. Do you want her to die of diphtheria? Come on now, hold her, I said.

Then I grasped the child's head with my left hand and tried to get the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought, with clenched teeth, desperately! But now I also had grown furious - at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't. I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best. When finally I got the wooden spatula behind the last teeth and just the point of it into the mouth cavity, she opened up for an instant but before I could see anything she came down again and gripping the wooden blade between her molars she reduced it to splinters before I could get it out again.

Aren't you ashamed, the mother yelled at her. Aren't you ashamed to act like that in front of the doctor? Get me a smooth-handled spoon of some sort, I told the mother. We're going through with this. The child's mouth was already bleeding. Her tongue was cut and she was screaming in wild hysterical shrieks. Perhaps I should have desisted and come back in an hour or more. No doubt it would have been better. But I have seen at least two children lying dead in bed of neglect in such cases, and feeling that I must get a diagnosis now or never I went at it again.

But the worst of it was that I too had got beyond reason. I could have torn the child apart in my own fury and enjoyed it. It was a pleasure to attack her. My face was burning with it. The damned little brat must be protected against her own idiocy, one says to one's self at such times. Others must be protected against her. It is social necessity. And all these things are true. But a blind fury, a feeling of adult shame, bred of a longing for muscular release are the operatives. One goes on to the end.

In a final unreasoning assault I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth and down her throat till she gagged. And there it was - both tonsils covered with membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret. She had been hiding that sore throat for three days at least and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this.

Now truly she was furious. She had been on the defensive before but now she attacked. Tried to get off her father's lap and fly at me while tears of defeat blinded her eyes.

Appendix 3: University of Aberdeen Centre for Medical Humanities.

School of Language & Literature Course Guide, 2015-16, abridged reading list.

Introduction – Samuel Johnson

Samuel Johnson, *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia*

The Cullen Project, Case ID: 1686: 'Case of Dr Samuel Johnson who has asthma and dropsy':
<http://www.cullenproject.ac.uk/case/1686/>

Paul Fussell, *Samuel Johnson and the Life of Writing* (1971)

The Role of Narrative in Medical Ethics

Anton Chekhov, 'Ward Number Six' (1892)

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Tender is the Night* (1934)

Giskin Day, 'Tender is the Night', *British Medical Journal*, 335, no. 7631 (2007), 1215

Joanna Bourke, *The Story of Pain* (2014)

Milton R. Stern, *Critical Essays on F. Scott Fitzgerald's Tender is the Night* (1986)

Illness Narratives as Life Writing and Fiction

Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar* (1963)

John Diamond, *C: Because Cowards Get Cancer Too* (1998)

Rita Charon, *Narrative Medicine: Honoring the Stories of Illness* (2006)

Shlomith Rimmon-Kenan, 'What Can Narrative Theory Learn from Illness Narratives?', *Literature and Medicine*, 25: 2 (2006), 241-54

Jacqueline Rose, *The Haunting of Sylvia Plath* (1991)

Plague Narratives

Daniel Defoe, *A Journal of the Plague Year* (1722)

Jose Saramago, *Blindness* (1995 in Spanish; 1997 in English translation)

Bright, Gina M., *Plague-Making and the AIDS Epidemic* (2012)

Literature and the History of Psychiatry

Pat Barker, *Regeneration* (1991)

W.H.R. Rivers, 'An Address on the Repression of War Experience', *The Lancet*, 2 February 1918, 173-83

Sebastian Faulks, *Human Traces* (2005)

Katherine G. Nickerson and Steven Shea, 'W. H. R. Rivers: Portrait of a Great Physician in Pat Barker's *Regeneration* Trilogy', *The Lancet*, 350, issue 9072, 19 July 1997, 205-9

Roy Porter and Mark S. Micale, eds, *Discovering the History of Psychiatry* (1994)

Websites and Journals

Literature, Arts and Medicine database, New York University:

<http://litmed.med.nyu.edu/Main?action=new>

Literature and Medicine – an interdisciplinary journal devoted to exploring connections between literary and medical knowledge and understanding

Medical Humanities – a leading international journal that reflects the whole field of medical humanities

Medical Humanities – General

Brodie, Howard, *Stories of Sickness* (1987)

Csordas, G. Thomas, *Recovering Bodies: Illness, Disability, and Life Writing* (1997)

Gilman, Sander L., *Difference and Pathology: Stereotypes of Sexuality, Race and Madness* (1985)

Greenhalgh, Trisha, and Brian Hurwitz, eds., *Narrative Based Medicine: Dialogue and Discourse in Clinical Practice* (1998)

Hunter, Kathryn Montgomery, *Doctors' Stories: The Narrative Structure of Medical Knowledge* (1991)

--- *How Doctors Think: Clinical Judgment and the Practice of Medicine* (2005)

History and Literature of Medicine – General

Foucault, Michel, *Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason* (1988)

Porter, Roy, *The Greatest Benefit to Mankind: A Medical History of Humanity* (1997)

---ed. *Mind Forg'd Manacles: Madness and Psychiatry in England from the Restoration to Regency* (1987)

Allard, James Robert, *Romanticism, Medicine, and the Poet's Body* (2007)

Keen, Suzanne, *Empathy and the Novel* (2007)

Shuttleton, David, *Smallpox and the Literary Imagination 1660-1820* (2007)

Small, Helen, *Love's Madness: Medicine, the Novel, and Female Insanity, 1800-1865* (1996)

Smith, Andrew, *Victorian Demons: Medicine, Masculinity, and the Gothic at the Fin de Siècle* (2004)

Sontag, Susan, *Illness as Metaphor* (1978)

Surawicz, Borys, and Beverly Jacobson, *Doctors in Fiction: Lessons from Literature* (2009)

Vrettos, Athena, *Somatic Fictions: Imagining Illness in Victorian Culture* (1995)

Wood, Jane, *Passion and Pathology in Victorian Fiction* (2001)