Lessons in pity and caring from Dickens and Melville

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Suffering, grief, and marginalisation are just a few of the human experiences closely observed by authors in this issue of *Medical Humanities*. None of these are easy to endure or to witness, and yet the latter is exactly what these scholars have chosen to do. Using, among others, the prisms of literary studies, social history, and film and television studies, they ponder the role of healthcare practitioners—for good or for bad—in responding to what Barker and Buchanan-Barker term “problems in human living” (see page 110). According to Barker and Buchanan-Barker, as a society and as healthcare professionals, we have lost sight of what is required of us in the face of human suffering. When an individual is no longer able to cope psychologically with the challenges life offers, we no longer understand “what exactly are we called to do as people—whether as professionals, friends or fellow travellers”.

Rather than focusing resources and energy on simply containing or attempting to control those affected in this way, they suggest instead that the primary concern should be to help people to address and live with these problems. This proposed reframing of what is currently known as mental illness echoes the reframing of disability as a social rather than a medical concern, reminding us that “people need to be agents rather than patients”. Caring for people rather than controlling them will, they suggest, take courage—courage that Barker and Buchanan-Barker find sadly missing in their own profession of psychiatric nursing. Instead, they judge it to be intoxicated with the narcissistic allure of academic success and driven by political and economic imperatives. This apparently harsh evaluation has implications far beyond nursing, challenging society as a whole to answer the charge that fear—and not a desire to care—dominates a whole to answer the charge that fear—}
their sense of self. This is the world explored by Dakin’s paper on visual media from the 1960s, a frightening world in which psychiatrists are portrayed as unsympathetic agents of the state or malevolent manipulators (see page 80). A nightmare fantasy, yet one that resonated with audiences in the years after the Korean war, a war during which American prisoners of war were submitted to psychological tortures and deprivations in an attempt to break their will. Abhorrence at the idea of using psychological approaches to break the will of another, to control them, lies behind international efforts to stop secret rendition, detention and interrogation without trial of terrorist suspects. While the spectre raised by brainwashing is disturbing, it is a far more mundane and real fear that encounters with the medical profession can evoke for us all. It is the fear of loss—of our own life, of the future we had been counting on and, most frightening of all, of the companionship and comfort of those we love most in the world. So it is fitting to end this journey through the powerful human emotions encountered in this issue of Medical Humanities by drawing the attention of readers to the story of two grieving fathers, as recounted by James and Williams (see page 70). The source materials for this historical research are manuscripts written by two fathers in the early 20th century in England who lost much-loved sons to childhood disease. These two case studies reveal the “manner in which two Georgian fathers cared for their small children when sickness struck and reacted when death deprived them of their loved one”. In addition, it provides an insight into the medical market place available to affluent citizens at that time and a touching reminder of how close the relationship between father and child can be.

The emotions revealed are, as the authors recognise, timeless and, I would add, without geographical boundaries. I am reminded of my time as an inner city GP when a number of my patients were refugees fleeing war-torn countries. One woman had lost 6 of her 10 children. I hoped, but with little hope, that in a country where famine and war took so many children so young that somehow a certain resilience to the pain would have developed. I’ve heard similar thoughts expressed about England 100 years ago, or even 50, when people bore many children knowing that at least some of them would die. Gilbert, one of the grieving fathers, writing 7 months after the death of his 3-year-old son Charles, described how “the Temperament of my Mind has undergone a lasting change”. Suffering like this can be hard to witness, let alone to endure. Perhaps, by drawing on Rosenblatt’s mutual respect for our shared, imperfect, terrifying, vulnerable, embodied state, the people helping people faced with problems in life will find the courage needed to care.

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REFERENCES