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red-making for tender trainees. But psychiatry without scientific toughness lapses quickly into jargon and belief. Compared to the Lewis-Shepherd system of clean and logical questioning, the harangues of anti-psychiatrists (whether dressed up as politicians, sociologists, historians or special interest groups) are messily bewildering and often trample tender buds.

Certainly this volume is aimed at representing a harder school of psychiatry, concentrating on the nomothetic rather than the idiographic approach. Freud is mentioned hardly at all, and then as an historical figure. History itself is well served by Jean Starobinski, William Bynum, and Michael MacDonald, although Klerman and Weissman's review of anxiety disorders insists on asserting the Foucaultian notion of mental illness as "an 'invention' of the Enlightenment". The social sciences are well represented, in particular by Annette Lawson's piece, wherein she calls for the "epidemiologist who can incorporate the best of sociological theorizing" and "the sociologist or social anthropologist who maintains always a critical and sceptical eye". A section on 'The evaluation of psychiatric intervention' is nicely divided into 'Specific treatment approaches' and 'Service organization', with David Watt's sensible outline of institutional psychiatry showing that evaluation in this area has been dilatory and that community care is equally lacking in coherent direction.

Perhaps the clearest message of this collection is that, despite its broad scope and detailed investigations, the epidemiological approach is a tortuous and demanding path. Interviews, schedules, trials, data, and statistics throng the pages, and yet so little is known for certain. By contrast much that is thought to be "known" has been discounted, and such solid unglamorous work remains the backbone of contemporary psychiatric research. The "English sceptical" line of succession, deriving from Henry Maudsley, and transmitted via Mott, Lewis, and Shepherd, is well served in this book.

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PETER J. MORRIS and COLIN A. RUSSELL, *Archives of the British chemical industry 1750–1914: a handlist*, contr. ed. John Graham Smith, BSHS Monograph 6, Faringdon, British Society for the History of Science, 1988, 8vo, pp. xi, 273, £14.50/\$31.00 (BSHS members £9.00/\$19.00), (paperback). Available from the Executive Secretary, BSHS, 31 High St., Stanford in the Vale, Faringdon, Oxon. SN7 8LH.

This is the sixth in a series of monographs produced by the British Society for the History of Science. The work is not merely a useful "tool of the trade" (its stated aim) but well presented, and reasonably priced: moreover it offers enticing descriptions of primary sources awaiting study. The handlist covers records held by over 120 record offices, libraries and industrial firms, and includes the production of pure and inorganic chemicals ranging from pharmaceuticals to plastics and the manufacturing of acids, alkalis and dyestuffs. Whilst numerous pharmacists have been omitted, there is still much to interest the medical historian with entries ranging from descriptions of Lever Brothers' oldest invoice for soap, to the records of the Wellcome Foundation's research laboratories. Potential beneficiaries of the survey are the chemical industry itself; historians of technology and science; social, economic and business historians; and industrial archaeologists and archivists.

The preface gives a sobering description of the reasons why only a tiny amount of early material survives and of the dangers facing records that are extant. The lack of concern that fosters neglect of records is still evident: many firms, when approached, "cheerfully denied having any archives at all". Research was conducted by post and in person, and, as explained, there are inevitable inconsistencies in the detail of information given. It would be interesting to know which were the few firms that failed to respond, and which denied having any records. Persistence by the authors probably explains the fact that many county record offices are included, in spite of the prefatory note that many reported having no relevant records whatsoever.

The 180 entries, arranged by firms, cover products, location and history, indicate historical sources, and list the archives. In addition they are spiced with pertinent comments on content,

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physical state, arrangement and access to the records. Some of the historical sketches are tantalizingly incomplete, since so little is known of the firms. Descriptions vary from single items to quantities of material—often completely unsorted. Archives of many firms are scattered in several locations: those of British Xylorite Co. Ltd. (for example) are at Hackney Archives Dept., Suffolk Record Office, Vestry House, and the Science Museum.

The handlist is completed by five invaluable indexes to archives and repositories; personal names; firms and works; place names; products and materials; and subjects.

Records of organizations and individuals are not systematically included although a short appendix includes notes on a few of these. This would be a section well worth expanding and publishing separately.

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T. D. V. SWINSCOW, *Reap a destiny: divagations of a Taoist*, The Memoir Club, London, British Medical Journal, 1989, 8vo, pp. xii, 334, £14.95, abroad £17.50, USA \$29.00 (incl. air postage).

Douglas Swinscow's divagations have, in the best possible way, a faintly Victorian air. They seem to echo distantly the exploits of one of the great Victorian divagators, Francis Galton. Like Galton, Swinscow studied medicine, but became involved in administration rather than practice (in his case, as deputy editor of the *British Medical Journal*). Like Galton, he is an amateur scientist—a botanist, and founder of the British Lichen Society—whose amateurism has sometimes put the professionals to shame. Like Galton, he has chosen to pursue his scientific interests in the most exotic places, notably Africa. Throughout his adventures—whether parachuting into Holland, refereeing power struggles at the *BMJ*, or confronting racism in South Africa—he has displayed an unruffled decency that Galton might have struggled to achieve.

Hostility between his father and mother meant a difficult childhood, and perhaps motivated his search for philosophical and aesthetic, as well as scientific, principles of harmony. His memoir is engagingly written, and salted with mottoes and reflections, mostly of a Taoist tendency. (Is it Taoism that led him to reflect, when pinned down by exceptionally accurate mortar fire outside Arnhem, that the Germans “have a cultural affinity with the mortar bomb's parabolic flight, its trajectory having some resemblance to the gothic architecture that they favour and their elongate female nudes”?) But what stands out is the warmth and acuteness of his response to individuals. I particularly enjoyed the story of his half-brother, Alister, a perpetually improvident, perpetually cheerful man who lived out a “lifelong fantasy” of leisured wealth, cosmopolitanism, and secret service work. Someone should make a film about Alister.

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