

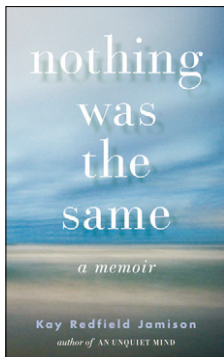
consultations, she prepared herself for sudden death. Alberti uses Latham's letters to her to reconstruct a subtle account of Martineau's interactions with her doctor and her own formulation of her illness. Martineau deserves further exploration from historians seeking to do "history from below", as Roy Porter called it, and put the patient more centrally into the history of medicine.

The case studies are revealing of Victorian attitudes to the heart, its diseases, and emotional reverberations. Although Alberti is concerned tangentially with the development of cardiology as a specialty, her analysis

here is patchy and not altogether satisfactory. She is better on Victorian emotions: how they were expressed and approached in the medical and literary writings of the period. Her central trope, of the contrast between the heart as an emotional centre and figure of speech, and as an organ with a range of diseases and malfunctions, recurs throughout her book. The real problem is that knowledge about the heart as a mere organ can be, and in the modern period, has been progressive, and this sits uneasily with the parallel history of emotions and their influence on metaphor. Angina is an appropriate diagnostic category

for Alberti's purposes, but other important heart diseases (rheumatic heart disease springs to mind) get completely omitted, which gives a skewed picture of what doctors were actually confronted with when their patients were diagnosed with heart disease. Nevertheless, *Matters of the Heart: History, Medicine, and Emotion* serves to remind us that the heart has always been special, and that modern medicine has been rather more successful in dealing with pumps than with emotions.

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Nothing Was The Same:
A Memoir
Kay Redfield Jamison.
Alfred A Knopf, 2009. Pp 224.
US\$25.00. ISBN 0-30726-537-4.

In brief

Book A memoir of lost love

The inner lining of the cover of *Nothing Was The Same* is imprinted with some of the letters between Kay Redfield Jamison and her husband Richard Wyatt. The letters offer primary-source data of what the book sets out to describe: the intense love between two passionate, intelligent people.

Nothing Was The Same recounts the marriage between Jamison—a psychologist specialising in bipolar disorder—and Wyatt—a psychiatrist-researcher focused on schizophrenia. To understand the backdrop of the book, though, one needs to have read Jamison's magnum opus *An Unquiet Mind*. This memoir of her experience as a patient with bipolar disorder and as a clinician who studies and treats bipolar disorder is a remarkable journey into the belly of the beast.

In *Nothing Was The Same*, Jamison refers frequently to her "madness" and how Wyatt helped keep it in check. But the mere telling of this pales in emotional force compared with the frighteningly palpable experiences rendered in *An Unquiet Mind*. Similarly, the telling of the

passionate love between Jamison and Wyatt is nowhere near as resonant an experience as the reading of the epistolary yearnings that literally bookend this memoir.

Wyatt was diagnosed with advanced, metastatic Hodgkin's disease when he was 33 years old, 10 years before he married Jamison. In the early 1970s, this was a universally fatal disease, but Wyatt underwent experimental treatment with massive doses of radiation and chemotherapy. His disease was cured—"a secular miracle", Wyatt termed it. In the 30 years that followed his treatment, the effects of the treatment became apparent. First Wyatt developed severe radiation-associated coronary disease. Then it was an aggressive lymphoma. Another secular miracle of medical science transpired, and he recovered. 6 months later, though, lung cancer developed—bilateral, metastatic, inoperable.

Jamison chronicles Wyatt's death and her emotional struggles before, during, and after this event. Many people have written about the pain of loss, but what is unique here is Jamison's probing into the effect of

grief on the mind, and the insights it sheds on mental illness. This, to me, is the most intriguing part of the book. She worries about losing her mind, about grief pushing her into mania and collapsing her already strained life. Many have said that "grief is a type of madness". As a now-veteran denizen of both worlds, Jamison disagrees. "There is a sanity to grief", she writes. "Grief...is a generative and human thing." She explains how "When I knew grief, I knew in an odd way and for the first time how very sick I had been when mad. It was the difference between a confused mind and a delirious one, between agonal sadness and a knife across the carotid."

Jamison's pain, as she wrestles with the loss of her friend, lover, mentor, and supporter, is palpable. This book will resonate most with those who have lost a loved one, who understand on a visceral level that after such a loss, nothing is ever the same.

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