

anatomy and disease and then betrayed his discovery by refusing to dissect the human body: His vainglorious claim to absolute scientific authority, without the necessary experimentation, retarded the development of medicine for 1500 years. The value of Nuland's biographical, narrative approach is that it shows that there is no history of medicine, only history of medicine *and* society. For example, the British surgeon Joseph Lister's discovery in the 1860s of anti-septic operating techniques—which made surgery a saver instead of a taker of lives—was initially opposed by the medical establishment. Doctors resisted it, Nuland says, because it impugned the way they were already practicing surgery. Today's controversies surrounding organ donations, euthanasia, rising insurance and health care costs, and malpractice suits show that the tensions between medicine and society, between medicine as an art and as a science, are very much alive.

APOLLO. *By Charles Murray and Catherine Bly Cox. Simon & Schuster. 512 pp. \$24.95*

On April 13, 1970, Apollo 13 was 205,000 miles from Earth when an explosion ruptured the craft's two main oxygen tanks, threatening the three-man crew with slow death. The emergency galvanized thousands of Earth-bound engineers in the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), who frantically improvised a way during the next three days to bring the crew safely back to Earth. This, more than the first landing on the moon in 1969, say Manhattan Institute fellow Murray and science writer Cox, epitomized the bold spirit behind President John F. Kennedy's promise in 1961 to put a man on the moon. "It was a spectacularly American response to crisis—unorga-

nized (in a way), with people in a hundred different places across the country racing to do their part." Improbable as it may sound, *Apollo* is a gripping *organizational* history, beginning with NASA's first years as a neglected stepchild of President Dwight D. Eisenhower and focusing on the 11 manned Apollo flights (1968–72). If the astronauts of Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff* recalled the mythical American cowboy, *Apollo's* flight directors and technicians seem more like Casey Stengel's storied Brooklyn Dodgers, an ill-matched assortment of quirky individuals who somehow pull together to accomplish the incredibly unlikely. There is nostalgia here, but a lesson, too. At a time when Americans wonder whether they are too individualistic to manage any kind of enterprise effectively, *Apollo* is a healthy reminder that we have done it before—in a big way.

