

sympathy with parts of the Nazi ideology was his deplorable treatment of Jewish scholars who were once friends, colleagues, and mentors (including Husserl himself).

Arendt's postwar response to this shameful record was almost as troubling. Although she left Germany in 1933 and eventually settled in the United States, she knew that Heidegger had been anything but blameless during the Hitler years. Writing in *Partisan Review* in 1946, she noted that he had banned Husserl from the Freiburg faculty "because he was a Jew." Yet within a few years, after resuming her correspondence with Heidegger, she accepted almost all of his self-justifications and evasions. Indeed, she became one of his more ardent apologists in the United States. For this gullibility Ettinger adduces a single reason: Arendt never overcame her youthful infatuation; nor did she cease, in Ettinger's words, "to believe that she was the woman in Heidegger's life."

That may well have been Arendt's belief, but as an explanation for her action it falls woefully short of adequate. Much more to the point is her complicated intellectual debt to the substance and style of Heidegger's thought, apparent in all of Arendt's work, including her masterpiece, *Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951). This influence she found impossible to shed. Even a book as short as Ettinger's might have hinted at how Arendt's defense of Heidegger was at least partially a defense of her own intellectual position. Alas, no such hint appears. Because Ettinger so assiduously avoids the entanglement of two minds, her study ends up being little more than high gossip, a sad record of treasons large and small, as slight in significance as it is in size.

Science & Technology

CHARLES DARWIN: Voyaging. (A Biography, Vol. I.) By Janet Browne. Knopf. 543 pp. \$35

The man who persuaded us that our forefathers swung from trees did not wish to scandalize. So he tucked his observations away in secret notebooks and suffered mysterious stomach ailments. In this latest of recent studies, Charles Darwin (1809–82) is once again the "tormented



evolutionist" of Adrian Desmond and James Moore's rather break-neck 1991 biography, which placed Darwin at the center of the social and political uproar of mid-19th-century England. Browne, a zoologist, historian, and editor of *Darwin's Correspondence*,

views Darwin "as his wife or friends" might have seen him—hiding from the public, puttering in his garden, studying worms. Although scholars may wish for more hard science, lay readers will find much to admire in her leisurely stroll through the great man's life.

Browne's book also adds weight to Gertrude Himmelfarb's argument in *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution* (1959) that Darwin was a "conservative revolutionary." His theory of evolution did not grow from radical social or political persuasions, Browne shows, but from a uniquely stubborn mind. Emotionally, he could not have been more conservative. As a child, he cared only for bugs, dogs, horses, and relatives. Two weeks before his 30th birthday, with no greater ambition than to be comfortably settled, he abruptly married a younger first cousin. Affectionate natures made for a happy marriage, though Emma Darwin's Anglicanism operated as a brake on her husband's evolutionary ideas. Intellectually, Darwin proved more adventurous. His father, a doctor, sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. But Darwin recoiled from the surgical techniques of his era and preferred to roam the countryside with other fanciers of bugs and rocks. He even tried the ministry but could not abandon his naturalist hobbies.

A Cambridge University mentor secured for Darwin the opportunity that launched his career: a five-year voyage aboard a naval surveying ship, the *Beagle*. At the tip of South America, he was exposed to a dazzling variety of geological formations and plant and animal species; contact with native "savages" impressed upon him the variations possible within our own species. Finally, the trip gave Darwin license to draw conclusions about change in the natural world; he was simply too far from home to

doubt his own powers of observation.

Darwin approached the natural sciences with a strong philosophical bent. Though never moved by notoriety to mount a soapbox, he could not help thinking more publicly about the origins of life as he grew older. When Browne's first volume ends, in 1856, Darwin has passed the midpoint of his life; he is redrafting his secret notebooks and reading such social critics as Thomas Robert Malthus (1766–1834) to gain support for his theory of natural selection. He stands ready at last to show his fellow Victorians his dark and godless truth. In Browne's words, "The pleasant face of nature was . . . only an outward face. Underneath was perpetual struggle, species against species, individual against individual."

Following the publication of his evolutionary theories, Darwin had two decades to live. Much of that time he spent sick and depressed. After *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871), he reverted to some humbler studies of flowers and worms. It will be interesting to see how Browne handles these distinctly unglamorous years, when Darwin's greatest voyage was long behind him.

SCIENCE AND THE QUIET ART: The Role of Medical Research in Health Care. By David Weatherall. Norton. 320 pp. \$25

"It was his part to learn the powers of medicines and the practice of healing," wrote the Roman poet Virgil in the first century B.C., "and, careless of fame, to exercise the quiet art." In Virgil's day, so little was known about the body's mechanics that medicine was indeed an art. But not today, maintains Weatherall, the Regius Professor of Medicine at the University of Oxford. For all the mounting distrust of medicine and interest in "alternative" remedies, medicine remains a science, and the miracles it performs are products of scientific research. As Weatherall demonstrates in this informative excursion through the history of medical research, to effect cures requires a deep understanding of biology.

For centuries Western doctors, armed with the elaborate belief systems of the ancient

Greeks, confidently bled and blistered their patients to restore the body's "humors" to balance. Few in this prescientific age thought to test whether such remedies did any good. A gulf opened between those who accepted blindly what they were taught and more skeptical healers who chose rather to acquire their knowledge and skills at the bedside. Thomas Sydenham, 17th-century England's most famous pragmatic clinician, was one of medicine's first scientists. He recommended only remedies whose worth he could see and stressed the importance of healthy habits, the body's ability to cure itself, and the doctor-patient relationship. Medicine has taken a long time to reach the same level of common sense by subjecting to rigorous clinical trials the new therapies research makes available.

Costly as modern medicine is, it has made colossal gains against disease and death. Yet medicine today is at an impasse. The spectacular success of antibiotics is now a half-century old, and the major modern scourges—heart and vascular disease, Alzheimer's, cancer, and stroke—are far too complex to be knocked out by a "magic bullet" or kept at bay with a vaccine. By living longer, we have become subject to the long-term interaction of our genes, habits, and living conditions, and to the myriad unexplained failings of old age. When the basic mechanisms of disease are not understood, doctors are reduced to managing symptoms.

If medical science fails, a public yearning for simple answers seeks them elsewhere. Statistics implicate diet, pollution, lack of exercise, and high cholesterol. But Weatherall's review of the latest findings shows that smoking is the only environmental agent conclusively shown to murder on a grand scale. Simple solutions are no solution at all. What is needed is more knowledge. Yet Weatherall has no faith in the directed-research blitz. It is basic research that must have broad support. He believes that if researchers studying the molecular, chemical, and genetic bases of disease are given sufficient time and support, they will eventually break the current impasse. And as general principles come to be better understood, the need for specialization will diminish and doctors will be able to view, and treat, patients as whole human beings.