

Hankey, A Student in Arms. Lewes: The Book Guild 2003: “Kissane has done much service as a primer for the general reader, in the unnecessary absence of a fuller study [...] but is synoptic and not based upon manuscript sources.” (see <http://www.history.ac.uk/reviews/review/1617>). Besides, the fact that Kissane’s book is listed in the bibliography on a wrong place in the alphabetical order is unfortunately one of too many typographical errors that slipped through.

Definitely more annoying, however, is the lack of attention for the general context. According to the series’ editor the “books published are aimed primarily at a post-graduate academic audience [...] whilst still being accessible enough to appeal to a wider audience of educated lay readers” (p. ii). In this case the possible audience is limited in practice to a British public that is supposed to be familiar with the Boer War, British foreign policy around 1900 and particularly British literature in this period, in order to gain the full of all the sometimes rather perfunctory references in this literary biography to Hankey’s contemporaries as sources of inspiration. At the same time the literary background and character of the book reveals itself in a very nice writing style and excellent intermediate conclusions. It is a pity though that Hankey’s religious sources of inspiration have received less attention, but maybe we should console ourselves with the idea that in this way something is left for future studies.

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HERMAND, Jost – *Culture in Dark Times: Nazi Fascism, Inner Emigration, and Exile*. Trans. Victoria W. Hill. New York: Beghahn Books, 2013. Pp. 278.

Jost Hermand, now emeritus professor at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, is the author, coauthor, or editor of more than fifty books on 19th and 20th-century German literature and culture. Most of these books were written in German, but many, like the one under review here, have subsequently been translated into English. There can be no quarreling with the fact that he has made major contributions to the field, opening up new areas for discussion and offering insightful syntheses of subjects as disparate as Beethoven and the literature of the German Democratic Republic. It is a synthetic book that we have before us, and one that draws some of its passion, perhaps, from Hermand’s personal experience as a boy forced to join the Hitler Youth during the Third Reich. There is much to learn from this book, especially for students of German history and culture who are not specialists in the period 1933-1945—though I must register a serious objection to the decision made by the author and the press not to use any end—or footnotes in the text, meaning that students will be unable to locate the sources of his information. The ‘selected bibliography’ at the book’s end is no substitute for real source notes. And there are also some aspects of the book that this reader, at

least, found perplexing and vexing. It is in recognition of Hermand's achievements and stature that I offer both an appreciation and a critique of this book.

Hermand's book is neatly divided into three sections: one on Nazi-sponsored cultural affairs; one on the so-called 'inner emigration,' treating writers, artists, and composers who remained in Germany but did not collaborate directly with the regime; and one on German intellectuals in exile. The best section of the book, in my view, is the first one, in which Hermand describes how the Nazis used the appeal to tradition to win favor from people he refers to as bourgeois humanists, people who hated modernism anyway, and were happy to go on cultivating *Bildung* and *Schönheit*, while simultaneously encouraging the production of frothy and distracting forms of entertainment for the working classes. Hermand helpfully describes this approach—which naturally also rested on the extrusion of Jews and 'degenerate' artists—as 'limited pluralism' (p. 77). In his telling, Goebbels appears as the mastermind who recognized that all politics all the time, in the form of party rallies, anti-Semitic caricatures, and völkisch paintings, would not suffice to keep the masses (or the humanists) happy. The regime, accordingly, sponsored the offering of Bach concerts, sci-fi novels (such as *Anilin*, which sold 920,000 copies in the years 1937-41), and silly movies with painfully ironic titles such as "Wenn wir alle Engel wären" (1936). In this section, as in the section on inner emigration, Hermand brings together a great deal of material, and reminds us that Nazi patronage was inconsistent, not to say promiscuous. Hermand notes, for example, that Goebbels made no move to curtail the playing of jazz at pubs, even after Alfred Rosenberg complained, and that Joachim von Ribbentrop commissioned Otto Dix to secretly paint portraits of his children (pp. 85, 159). Most of this detail has been available in other books and articles for some time, but Hermand nicely brings it together, and argues, convincingly, that 'limited pluralism' was instrumental in keeping the majority of culture-consumers satisfied throughout the Third Reich.

What I like far less about Hermand's narrative is his treatment of exile cultures, in which the author relentlessly blames liberal exiles for not producing politicized works and repeatedly insults the United States—the ultimate destination of so many exiles—for its profit-oriented 'culture industry' and its crass attitude toward modernist high culture. I'm afraid this a reprise of now very tired laments about the disunity of the left and the vacuity of culture under capitalist conditions, and it is a pity that Hermand has fallen back into these modes of analysis. I think it is disputable whether or not Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus* is absent of "any kind of critical perspective on fascism" (p. 218); I don't think it is disputable that Thomas Mann did his bit, in other ways, to raise consciousness of Hitler's evils. Would it have helped to win the war had Mann made Serenus Zeitbloom a self-righteous critic of fascism and a champion of proletarian unity? It certainly wouldn't have made *Doktor Faustus* a lasting contribution to literature. It is a shame Hermand hasn't learned the lesson Goebbels taught: too much politics in one's culture doesn't make for appealing, much less enduring, cultural products. And I am really not convinced, as Hermand intimates (pp. 251-2) that if German exiles had maintained a unified, socio-politically oriented cultural 'front' they

might have prevented the creation of two independent postwar states, one (the FRG) split between elitist modernism and ‘commercial unculture’ and the other eschewing trivial culture and promoting instead outdated bourgeois humanism and Marxist agit-prop. Nor am I at all convinced that national cultural unity is something desirable; to me, that smacks too much of authoritarian tutelage, or intellectual and social stagnation.

Finally, I feel I must protest Hermand’s peppering his text with anti-American jibes. It is certainly true that much of American culture-production in the 1930s and 40s was driven by the profit motive; that is even more true today. But one must remember that the market has many niches, and that even accounting for mystifications, it does allow for a more democratic system of cultural delivery than top-down *Besserwisserei*, whether in the form of Wilhelmine bourgeois or communist authoritarian. In his rush to condemn American shallowness, Hermand seems to forget that it was largely the private market, private charities, and private institutions such as the Institute for Advanced Study, or, yes, Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, which helped to keep so many German exiles afloat during the years their own state-funded institutions would not employ them. It is certainly true that Americans did not appreciate the talents of some émigrés, but is it fair to blame Americans for not reading modernist novels in German (p. 210)? Frankly, I found endearing an anecdote Hermand cites with horror, in which Arnold Schoenberg was greeted at a banquet by a film composer (whose name Hermand does not bother to cite) with the words: “Hi Arnie, who are you? Never heard of you. But your stuff must be good, because otherwise you wouldn’t be sitting here” (p. 198). What I hear in these words is friendly interest, not contemptible ignorance. I just wish Jost Hermand had given this form of limited cultural pluralism its due.

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JOHNSON, J.K. – *In Duty Bound: Men, Women, and the State in Upper Canada, 1783-1841*. Montreal and Kingston: McGill-Queen’s University Press, 2014. Pp. 304.

A quarter century ago, in his book, *Becoming Prominent: Regional Leadership in Upper Canada, 1791-1841*, J.K. Johnson endeavoured to provide a “collective biography” of the Upper Canadian elite through a social and demographic analysis of the colony’s elected officials. In his new study of Upper Canadians and the state, he broadens his scope to include colonists of more modest means, and even those who lived in grinding poverty.

Generations of historians have delved into the voluminous correspondence between individual Upper Canadians and the provincial authorities, extracting rich material for specific regional and thematic studies. Yet Johnson recognizes that the thousands of individual petitions drafted by Upper Canadians offer a rare window