beliefs and worldviews of members of a culture." Or, in Blumenberg's words, metaphors "indicate the fundamental certainties, conjectures, and judgments in relation to which the attitudes and expectations, actions and inactions, longings and disappointments, interests and indifferences, of an epoch are regulated." One of the studies in *Paradigms for a Metaphorology* demonstrates how metaphors have influenced the direction of astronomical research and ruminations, the ways in which thinkers and scientists have adjusted their thinking to accommodate metaphorical "needs."

Paradigms consists of ten studies exploring the relationship between metaphorics and conceptual thought. Robert Savage, the talented translator who navigates nimbly through Blumenberg's Teutonic abstractions, regards *Paradigms* as a beginner's guide to the Victorian home–sized works of Blumenberg's that bear correspondingly capacious titles: *Work on Myth*, *The Legitimacy of the Modern Age*, *The Legibility of the World*, and *The Genesis of the Copernican World*. Blumenberg is to philosophy what Proust is to literature. Generally, people acknowledge their works as important, absorbing, even essential—yet few people have taken the time to read their work, since the books are enormous and complex. Still, as the author in the 1960s of *An Intellectual History of Technology*, Blumenberg perhaps anticipated the appeal of more Twitter-sized chunks of prose for a different kind of audience. *Care Crosses the River* is a wonderful example of that genre (and a companion to the only other example available in English, *Shipwreck with Spectator*). Which is not to say that this reader-friendly genre is less intellectually impressive than the larger works. Heideggerian philosophy is a frequent topic in *Care Crosses the River*, particularly in a piece entitled "The Narcissism of Care," where Blumenberg laments that no one pays attention to the crucial fable about Care in *Being and Time*. Care (Cura) is an allegorical figure who crosses a river for reasons left unexamined in Heidegger's text. Blumenberg connects the allegorical figure to a Gnostic myth, the upshot of which is that Cura makes the crossing "so that she can see herself mirrored in the river." Blumenberg interprets the story in a manner that wounds Heidegger's philosophy in the heart of *Dasein*, then wonders in an arrestingly lighthearted way about the future deaths of Heidegger's followers.

—Bruce Krajewski

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Gundula Kreuzer, *Verdi and the Germans: From Unification to the Third Reich* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010), 382 pp.

Reception history is all the rage among scholars of music. This form of research takes as its principal material writings in a country about a composer's work and often pays little heed to the works themselves and their own history. Interest lies

primarily in how critics and scholars *receive* what they take to be the music. In this world, where scholars frequently show extreme ignorance both about what is being performed and to what political or aesthetic camp the critics and scholars belong, Gundula Kreuzer's *Verdi and the Germans* is a remarkable achievement.

Professor Kreuzer has set out to demonstrate no less than what Verdi meant to the German peoples and how their vision of his operas and his persona changed from the period immediately preceding German unification of the mid-nineteenth century to the traumatic, post-Nazi, post–World War II period. Unlike many of her peers, she knows the works themselves thoroughly (although she seems to have little patience for what she refers to as an approach that insists upon *Werktreue*) and speaks precisely about just what German performers and theaters presented as Verdi's operas. She eloquently talks about the model of the "two cultures" (Germanic and non-Germanic) made familiar recently through the writings of Carl Dahlhaus but based on a contrast between Rossini and Beethoven already present in the writings of Raphael George Kiesewetter in the 1830s; she tackles the Wagner/Verdi axis that pervaded European thinking in the latter part of the nineteenth century; she forces a thorough revaluation of the so-called Verdi Renaissance that took place in Germany particularly during the Weimar period (but actually dates back to an earlier period of the twentieth century); she demonstrates how Verdi's operas were used by the Nazis, particularly in terms of their deepening involvement with Mussolini's Italy; and she indicates in a more sketchy fashion what a history of post–World War II movements, including *Regietheater*, might teach us.

Because Kreuzer knows the Verdi works well, she can demonstrate just how any given opera was "adapted" and "modified" in German theaters, making clear in the process that, when she (and her sources) talk about a work, they are always talking about what they know as *Nabucco*, *La forza del destino*, or *Don Carlos*, rather than what the composer and his librettists wrote. When Kreuzer strays from Verdi, however, her knowledge becomes more limited. It is fine to write about German reactions to Rossini, but nowhere are we told that what the Germans knew as *Il barbiere di Siviglia* was a score worked out in Vienna in 1818. When Germanic critics wrote about Rossini, they did so in utter ignorance of his Neapolitan serious operas, since these could not be performed by theaters that did not sport two major tenors to assume parts written for Andrea Nozzari and Giovanni David. In Paris, Stendhal knew these matters well and was able to indicate when French revivals of some of these operas were wretched. No wonder, then, that German critics despised an art they did not and could not know. Rossini's fame and reputation in Italy seemed utterly incomprehensible to the Germans, except as an indication of faults in the Italian character.

Fortunately this kind of problem, which continually dogs reception history, falls away when Kreuzer turns to operas that she knows much better. And she

is very sensitive to the political persuasions of those whose writings she quotes. They are not abstract names but writers (for example) for newspapers that are pro- or anti-Nazi and belong to specific sectors of opinion. She does not cite the writings of a Herbert Gerigk or a Wolfgang Boetticher without informing us who they were and under what auspices they were writing. In doing so, she largely escapes what Leon Botstein has called "The Perils of Method in Reception History."

—Philip Gossett

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Robert B. Pippin, *Nietzsche, Psychology, and First Philosophy* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010), 152 pp.

It has not been easy to accommodate what the philosopher Bernard Williams once called the "insistent continuities" between Nietzsche's concerns and our own while also acknowledging, as Williams certainly did, his challenge to the now-canonical understanding of philosophy in anglophone (and, increasingly, not only anglophone) countries. In line with such an understanding, Nietzsche has been read as a philosopher in the tradition of David Hume, an empirically minded thinker whose deep respect for science inspired him to try to explain all human behavior in the same causal, deterministic terms that explain the movements of inanimate objects. On this reading, when Nietzsche praises psychology as "the queen of the sciences," he is, if not actually thinking of, then at least anticipating the empirical science of today; and his extraordinary attacks on morality are squarely located within the terms of contemporary ethical debate. The trouble is that in this way Nietzsche's views turn out to be not just insistently but seamlessly continuous with ours. And so, little is made of his disdain for what passes as "reason" in philosophy, his startling charge that science (all science, including the humanities) is not the liberator of the spirit but the last stronghold of religious prejudice, and most everything else that makes reading him as disturbing as it is exhilarating. Impressed by the disturbing aspects of his thought, another approach—often influenced by the French "thought of '68"—finds in Nietzsche a wholesale rejection of traditional philosophy. This "first of the last metaphysicians" (in Ronald Hayman's apt phrase) breaks completely with everything "the West" has thought about Man, Nature, and God, and calls for a radically new language whose arrival is supposed to be as imminent as its nature is unpredictable.

Robert Pippin situates himself between these two extremes, and it is no accident that he dedicates his book to Williams's memory. Psychology is for