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VORWORT DES HERAUSGEBERS

Jeden Herbst kommen etwa drei Dutzend Fellows an das Wissenschaftskolleg, allein, mit Partnerin oder Partner, mit Kindern oder ohne. Die ganze Gruppe ist, was Alter, Sprache, Herkunft und fachliche Zugehörigkeit betrifft, bunt gemischt. Dazu kommt, dass die Fellows einander kaum kennen: Bis auf seltene Ausnahmen sind sie einander noch nie begegnet. „At this point,“ so überlegt eine Verhaltensbiologin, „they have not yet built a community, and it remains an open question how this collection of individuals will coalesce, what form this community will take.“ (71: Jennifer Fewell). Im Lauf einiger Monate ist der Prozess in aller Regel abgeschlossen; es bildet sich eine intensiv interagierende Gemeinschaft mit einer Gruppenphysiognomie, die ebenso unverwechselbar wie unvorhersehbar ausfällt: Sie trägt jedes Jahr andere Züge. Über die Jahre konstant ist allerdings eine gewisse Tendenz zur euphorischen Selbsteinschätzung: „As Fellows no doubt say at the end of every year, ours was the best group ever, the best of all possible cohorts.“ (138: Michael Lambek).

Begünstigt wird diese Gemeinschaftsbildung durch das Fehlen von Konkurrenzkämpfen und Rivalität (man vergleiche Carey Harrisons melancholische Betrachtung zur „inherent dividedness of academic life“, 89). Begünstigt wurde Vergemeinschaftung gerade in diesem Jahr aber auch durch einen externen Faktor: „Wir waren Fellows im Jahr der Trump-Wahl, in der ein gemeinsames Entsetzen den Zusammenhang des Wissenschaftskosmos' gegen eine verkommene Außenwelt stiftete.“ (155: Michael Moxter). Das Entsetzen hatte nicht zuletzt einen ganz unmittelbaren Anlass. Im Januar war Mohsen Kadivar angereist, ein in den USA lehrender iranischer Reformtheologe; eigentlich sollte er bis zum Ende des akademischen Jahres bleiben – aber kurz nach seiner Ankunft unterzeichnete Trump einen (ersten) Erlass zum Einreiseverbot für Bürger aus

sieben muslimischen Ländern; an der Spitze der Liste stand der Iran, und Kadivar war iranischer Staatsbürger. Zwar hatte er vor seiner Auswanderung aus dem Iran dort als Oppositioneller eine prominente Rolle gespielt und einige Jahre im Gefängnis verbracht; auch verfügte er inzwischen über eine gültige Aufenthalts- und Arbeitsgenehmigung in den USA. Dennoch war vollkommen unklar, ob das Einreiseverbot nicht auch ihn daran hindern würde, nach Ablauf seiner Fellowship wieder in die USA zurückzukehren. Als das Einreiseverbot von einem Gericht vorübergehend wieder außer Kraft gesetzt wurde, entschloss sich Kadivar dazu, der Empfehlung seiner Universität zu folgen und sofort wieder zurückzureisen. Dazu noch einmal Michael Moxter: „So verlor ich meinen Nachbarn auf der anderen Seite des Flurs, die Gespräche über Freiheitsbegriff und Gottesgedanken, über Religion und Fundamentalismus [...] konterkariert durch ein Politisches, das sich über Freund- und Feindunterscheidungen konstituiert und darum ein solches in Wahrheit nicht ist. Das simulierte Politische schränkt die Freiheit der Forschung ein, ersetzt bald darauf den wissenschaftlichen Diskurs durch irrlichternde Macht: Was Fakten sind, bestimmt der Souverän.“ (155).

Ein Politikwissenschaftler und Soziologe setzt den Akzent zum selben Thema etwas anders: „The year was indeed intellectually disruptive, and for this disruption, for wick Wiko and Donald Trump share responsibilities, I am profoundly grateful.“ (44: Rogers Brubaker). Wenn Rogers die Trump-Wahl hier als „intellectually disruptive“ bezeichnet, so bezieht sich der spaltende Effekt nicht auf den Zusammenhalt unter den Fellows (unter denen man vergeblich, was kaum überrascht, nach Trump-Sympathisanten gesucht hätte), sondern auf die produktive Störung eigener Denkgewohnheiten und Routinen. Als Reaktion darauf hat Rogers seinem Forschungsprojekt denn auch eine ganz neue Richtung gegeben, sich der Verwendung des Populismus-Begriffs zugewendet und analytische Kategorien zu dessen Klärung zu erarbeiten versucht.

Das ist kein Einzelfall. Eindrücklich beschreibt Tine Destrooper die Erfahrung, die auch sie, vom politischen Umbruch in den USA ganz abgesehen, mit der Auflösung eingefahrener Routinen gemacht hat: „The absence of institutional demands, teaching, meetings [...] initially left me restless. ‚Busy‘ had become my natural state of being. [...] Yet, at Wiko, ‚keeping myself busy‘ also came to mean something altogether unique: I granted myself entire mornings of unstructured time. [...] I purposefully created idle time, time for distractions, time to be surprised. [...] Just like I had not foreseen that idling would be what I would come to prioritize during the one year when I could finally ‚get some work done‘, I had not foreseen that being disturbed and being connected would

become two of the things I most appreciated about Wiko, because, after all, disturbing one's thinking process and creating connections is what Wiko has all been about.“ (48f.).

Die Erfahrung einer produktiven Störung zieht sich wie ein roter Faden durch viele der Berichte dieses Jahres. Jeder Fellow ist zunächst selbstverständlich darauf aus, sein Projekt zu einem erfolgreichen Ende zu führen. Oft scheint man fast schon am Ziel – wäre da nicht der Bibliotheksdienst, der einem sämtliche Bücherwünsche erfüllt; aber „the more you read, the more you realize how little you know, even about the broader context and implications of your own topic. As a result, what you thought was a work in progress soon becomes, as it were, a work in regress“ (196: Guy Stroumsa). Die Formulierung hat auch David Dyzenhaus eingeleuchtet: „In a real way, my year has been ‚work in regress‘ (a line I stole from Guy Stroumsa [...]). But since I had, as I discovered, to go backwards before I could begin to go forward, I cannot think of a more productive way to spend a year.“ (68).

Einen Schritt weiter geht die Ökonomin Mary O'Sullivan, die das Konzept der Produktivität an sich zu hinterfragen beginnt: „From an economist's perspective, you can be productive by producing more output or better output for every hour you spend working. In academia, where there is a veritable obsession with productivity, we are familiar with these possibilities, too, and, certainly, being productive at Wiko can be understood in these terms. What economic notions of productivity do not allow for, however, is the possibility of being productive without generating any output at all. What the Wiko made possible for me was one of the most creative years of my intellectual life precisely because it released me from the pressure, much of it self-inflicted, of producing.“ (168).

Ist es nicht unvermeidlich, dass Fellow-Berichte immer wieder um ähnliche Themen kreisen? Genau dies kann auch Anlass zur Klage geben: „Many Fellows – 1.650 to be precise – have left their memories and impressions behind. What could I possibly add or say that hasn't been said, and very eloquently so, hundreds of times before?“ (119 f.: Peter Kappeler). Gibt es keine Möglichkeit, einen durch und durch originellen Bericht zu verfassen? Einen guten Versuch (nice try!) in diese Richtung hat Michael Jennions unternommen. Dem Gesetz des Genres folgend ist auch sein Bericht (104–109) in der ersten Person geschrieben; aber wer hier ‚ich‘ sagt, ist nicht Michael, sondern der Bericht selbst; von Michael spricht der Bericht in der dritten Person; das ‚Du‘, an das er sich immer wieder wendet, bezeichnet niemand anderen als denjenigen, der gerade damit beschäftigt ist, den Text zu lesen, und dessen Erwartungen an den Text der Text selbst mit ironischem Witz zur Sprache bringt. Die fellow Fellows werden wohl gerade diesen Beitrag

mit besonderem Vergnügen lesen: Er appelliert noch einmal an die Gemeinschaft der Gruppe, betreibt ein Spiel für Insider. Wer sich davon ausgeschlossen fühlt, der mag sich an die handfeste Liste der von Michael Jennions in seinem Fellow-Jahr vollendeten Aufsätze halten (108).

Luca Giuliani

Arbeitsberichte



BLUMEN FÜR DAS WIKO
THOMAS ACKERMANN

Thomas Ackermann ist Professor für Bürgerliches Recht, Europäisches und Internationales Wirtschaftsrecht an der Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität München. Geboren 1966, Jurastudium in Bonn und Cambridge (LL.M. 1991), Promotion (1997) und Habilitation (2004) in Bonn, Professor für Deutsches, Europäisches und Internationales Privat- und Wirtschaftsrecht an der Universität Erlangen (2004–09). Forschungsschwerpunkte: Fragen der rechtlichen Verfassung von Märkten, insbesondere des Vertrags- und Kartellrechts. Monographien: *Art. 85 Abs. 1 EGV und die rule of reason* (1998); *Der Schutz des negativen Interesses* (2007). – Adresse: Lehrstuhl für Bürgerliches Recht, Europäisches und Internationales Wirtschaftsrecht, Ludwigstraße 29/III, 80539 München.
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Ein großer, wöchentlich wechselnder Blumenstrauß im Eingangsbereich der Villa Linde signalisiert: Reichtum, Überfluss, Buntheit, Anmut, Vergänglichkeit – kurz: vieles von dem, was das zehnmonatige Dasein als Fellow am Wissenschaftskolleg ausmacht. Man kann also ahnen, was auf einen zukommt, wenn man das Hauptgebäude als neuer Fellow zum ersten Mal betritt. Ich allerdings ahnte nichts. Ich nahm den Blumenstrauß überhaupt nicht wahr. Es war wohl schon die Hälfte meiner Berliner Zeit vergangen, als Lena Lavinas beim Essen von den schönen Blumen am Eingang schwärmte und ich mich beim Hinausgehen davon überzeigte, dass es sie tatsächlich gab. Selbstverständlich gehört auch das zum Erlebnis des Wissenschaftskollegs: Entdeckungen, und sei es auch nur des Offensichtlichen, sind beabsichtigt, stellen sich aber unerwartet ein.

An die Routine der Kolloquien und der Essen, für mich auch der Wochenendflüge und -fahrten zwischen Berlin und München gewöhnte ich mich schnell. Ich hatte mich für ein frühes Kolloquium gemeldet und konnte so gar nicht anders, als die an der Universität liegengeliebene Arbeit auch tatsächlich liegenzulassen und mich mit meinem Projekt zu befassen: „A Legal Theory of the Firm“, wie ich es in Anlehnung an einen berühmten Aufsatz des Ökonomen Ronald Coase nannte. In den Jahren zuvor hatte ich das Thema immer wieder gestreift; jetzt war die Gelegenheit, tiefer darüber nachzudenken. Das Erstaunen über die rechtliche Existenz von Unternehmen, die als juristische Person des Privatrechts organisiert sind, hatte im 19. und im frühen 20. Jahrhundert eine ausufernde theoretische Diskussion über das „Wesen“ der juristischen Person hervorgebracht. Dieses Erstaunen ist längst der Selbstverständlichkeit gewichen, mit der wir unternehmerischen Rechtsträgern in wirtschaftlichen Zusammenhängen, aber auch darüber hinaus begegnen. Andererseits hat die verbreitete zeitgenössische Kritik an marktwirtschaftlichen Fehlentwicklungen viel mit Eigenschaften der juristischen Person zu tun: Ihre von menschlichen Schicksalen unberührte Stabilität lässt sie zu Kristallisationspunkten wirtschaftlicher und politischer Macht werden. Zugleich erlaubt ihnen ihre Wandelbarkeit und Beweglichkeit, sich staatlichem Zugriff wesentlich leichter zu entziehen als Menschen. Dass sich juristische Personen des Privatrechts überhaupt gegen die staatliche Rechtsordnung wenden können, deren Geschöpfe sie sind, verdankt sich ihrer Ausstattung mit Grundrechten, mit deren Hilfe sie rechtswidrige staatliche Freiheitseingriffe abwehren können. Während die Gründung einer juristischen Person ursprünglich auf der hoheitlichen Gewährung eines Privilegs beruhte, entwickelte sie sich auf diese Weise zu einem dem Staat selbständig gegenüberstehenden Subjekt. Diese Wandlung vollzog sich in den Rechtsordnungen dies- und jenseits des Atlantiks praktisch umstandslos und ohne nähere Begründung – für mich ein Faszinosum, über das ich am Wissenschaftskolleg endlich länger nachdenken konnte.

Während sich der Laubvorhang vor meinem Schreibtisch in der Villa Walther lichtete und den Blick auf den Koenigssee Stück für Stück freigab, klärten sich meine Gedanken. Ich sichtete das Material, das ich mitgebracht hatte. Alle weiteren Literaturwünsche erfüllte die Bibliothek, kaum dass ich sie geäußert hatte. Keine Lehre, keine Fakultätsaufgaben, kein (ehrlicherweise: etwas) Lehrstuhlmanagement, ein Minimum an Herausgeber-, Gutachter- und Tagungsverpflichtungen: Die Bedingungen waren so, dass man entweder produktiv werden oder dem selbstverschuldeten wissenschaftlichen Scheitern ins Auge sehen musste. Ich entschied mich für maßvolle Produktivität, ohne die

Erfolglosigkeit meiner Bemühungen als jederzeit realistische Möglichkeit aus dem Blick zu verlieren. So entstand ein größerer, mittlerweile veröffentlichter Aufsatz, in dem ich die Transformation der unternehmenstragenden juristischen Person vom Privat- zum Grundrechtssubjekt im deutschen Verfassungsrecht aus einer individualistischen Perspektive rekonstruierte.

Einen benachbarten Beitrag zur europäischen Dimension des Themas nahm ich immerhin in Angriff, ehe mich im weiteren Verlauf des Jahres überfällige Veröffentlichungs- und Herausgeberpflichten einholten, die ich allerdings nicht ungen erfüllt. Aus einem auf einer spanischen Tagung 2016 gehaltenen Vortrag ging ein Aufsatz hervor, in dem ich versuche, Lehren aus den deutschen Erfahrungen mit internationalem Einheitsvertragsrecht zu ziehen. Ein Beitrag für die Festschrift eines Kollegen gab mir die Gelegenheit, über das vielschichtige, meist nur fragmentarisch wahrgenommene Verhältnis von Wettbewerbsschutz und Privatrecht zu schreiben. Die Teilnahme an einem Workshop der Columbia University veranlasste mich dazu, ein Paper zu verfassen, in dem ich die Grundfreiheiten des EU-Rechts als Instrumente eigentumsähnlicher Erwartungssicherung im grenzüberschreitenden Verkehr interpretiere. Ein eigentlich für juristische Praktiker konzipierter Vortrag über die Regulierung von Lebensmittelpreisen ließ mich neu über die Grundlagen gerechter Preise nachdenken. Mit der großzügigen logistischen Unterstützung des Wissenschaftskollegs organisierte ich schließlich einen Workshop in der Villa Jaffé, in dem das Editorial Board der von mir mitherausgegebenen Zeitschrift *Common Market Law Review* mit deutschen Kolleginnen und Kollegen die rechtlichen Herausforderungen der EU durch die Globalisierung diskutierte. Einige Ergebnisse dieses Gesprächs (dessen Nebenzweck, so paradox das klingen mag, die europäische Integration der deutschen Europarechtler war) griff ich in einem Editorial auf, das ich für das August-Heft unserer Zeitschrift verfasste.

Alles in allem also ein Jahr mit vorzeigbaren Resultaten. Soweit das Vorhersehbare. Aber diese Zusammenfassung fängt nicht ein, was den Charme des Wissenschaftskollegs oder, für prosaische Gemüter, seinen Mehrwert im Vergleich zum konventionellen Sabbatical ausmacht: die Chance zum akademischen *reset*. Als ich meinem Lehrstuhlteam mitteilte, ich werde demnächst ein Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg verbringen, bemerkte eine Mitarbeiterin, das sei doch „das Studentenwohnheim für Professoren“. Den spöttischen Unterton konnte ich ihr nicht verübeln; auch rückblickend ist er nicht unberechtigt: Selbstverständlich strahlte unsere Fellow-Gruppe die erwartungsvolle Verwirrtheit eines frischen Erasmus-Jahrgangs aus, als sie im September 2016 bei schönstem Sonnenschein

auf einer mir nicht genau erinnerlichen Route über diverse Berliner Gewässer schipperte. Selbstverständlich ergriff auch uns das hochmütige, von mir zuletzt als Student in Cambridge empfundene Gefühl, in einer sonst feindlichen Welt (Trump! Orbán! Die heimischen Kollegen und Universitätsverwaltungen!) auf einer Insel der Seligen gelandet zu sein. Und ebenso selbstverständlich löste sich die Gruppe bei näherem Kennenlernen in Individuen auf, deren Gesellschaft ich teils suchte, teils mied, bis sie sich schließlich nach zehn insgesamt konfliktarmen Monaten in der Abschlussparty noch einmal zu einem Ensemble vereinten, das mir nun wie ein Clan schrulliger, aber liebenswerter Verwandter vorkam. Aber mit diesem Rückfall in Formen studentischer Selbstwahrnehmung leben nun einmal auch Impulse auf, die zum Treibsatz jeder Forschung gehören, doch in der Universitätslaufbahn eines deutschen Juristen leicht abhandenkommen: der Mut zum intellektuellen Dilettantismus; der Wunsch, die eigene Arbeit an der Sache und nicht nur an Erwartungen der akademischen Peergroup auszurichten; das Bedürfnis, die eigenen Ideen mit einer – nicht nur gleich ausgebildeten und nicht nur gleich denkenden – Umwelt zu teilen.

Wie die Blumen im Foyer der Villa Linde: Alles offensichtlich, doch für mich eine Entdeckung und ein Grund, dem Wissenschaftskolleg zu danken.



AT HOME IN BERLIN
SINAN ANTOON

Sinan Antoon (Baghdad, 1967) is Associate Professor at New York University's Gallatin School. He holds degrees from Baghdad, Georgetown, and Harvard, where he earned his doctorate in Arabic Literature. His scholarly works include *The Poetics of the Obscene in Premodern Arabic Poetry: Ibn al-Hajjaj and Suḵḥf* (Palgrave, 2014) and many articles on modern Arabic poetry. He has published two collections of poetry and four novels: *I'jaam: an Iraqi Rhapsody* (San Francisco, 2007), *The Corpse Washer* (Yale, 2013), *The Baghdad Eucharist* (New York, 2017), and *Fihris (The Book of Collateral Damage)*, Yale, 2018). His literary translations include Mahmoud Darwish's last prose book *In the Presence of Absence* (New York, 2011), which won the 2012 American Literary Translators' Award. His translation of his own novel, *The Corpse Washer*, won the 2014 Saif Ghobash Banipal Prize for Arabic Literary Translation. His *Seul le grenadier* (Sindbad, 2017) won the 2017 Prix de la littérature arabe. His poems and novels have been translated into eleven languages. His articles and op-eds (in Arabic and English) have appeared in major Arab newspapers as well as *The Guardian*, *The New York Times*, and *The Nation*, among others. He is co-founder and co-editor of *Jadaliyya*. – Address: The Gallatin School, New York University, 1 Washington Place, Room 510, NYC, NY 10012.
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In 2008/09, I was a post-doctoral fellow with the Europe in the Middle East/Middle East in Europe program (EUME), an offshoot of the Wissenschaftskolleg. Back then I was delighted to have time away from my teaching responsibilities to work on turning my doctoral dissertation into a book. Being in Berlin was quite energizing and inspiring. I

had ample time and considerable mental space to make progress on several other projects and fronts as well, including a novel and a collection of poems (both of which were published in Arabic a year later). That year I came to know more about Wiko and the exceptional environment and resources it provides for scholars, writers, and artists. I envied the Fellows and fantasized about being one myself some day. It took almost a decade for that fantasy to be fulfilled.

I was ecstatic about returning to Berlin once again in 2016. It is always therapeutic and necessary, for me at least, to occasionally leave the United States for various reasons, even before Trumpism. At Wiko I was a nomad of sorts at first. I spent a few weeks in the studio on the top floor of the main building before moving to a bigger apartment in Villa Jaffé. The gain in space meant a loss in terms of light; it was a semi-basement apartment. Outside, autumn forced the trees to abandon their leaves, yet again, and it was a stunning sight. I was grateful for that, but autumn also deprived my apartment of the little light that remained. Perhaps the relative loss of light was perfect for the subject matter of the keynote lecture I was researching and preparing to deliver at Heidelberg in October: “The Inheritance of Loss: Collective Memory, Collateral Damage, and the Ruins of Ruins.”

The wonderful Wiko staff were incredibly helpful and accommodating, and by Christmas we (my wife had joined me) moved to an apartment that had become vacant in Villa Walther. With generous windows and a balcony overlooking the lake, I was “at home”. Not unlike most, I had arrived with ambitious plans, but with some baggage: late and unfinished projects. I finished the last few chapters of a novel I had been translating from Arabic to English (*The Book of Disappearance* by Ibtisam Azem). I had two late articles that I had to finish and that I did. The first, “Sargon Boulus and Tu Fu’s Ghost(s)”, was for a special issue of the *Journal of World Literature*; the second, “Difficult Variations: Saadi Youssef’s Impossible Return”, was for the *International Journal of Contemporary Iraqi Studies*. The first will become a chapter in a book on Boulus I have been working on intermittently.

In addition to writing my weekly opinion column for the pan-Arab Lebanese daily *As-Safir*, I managed to write seven poems (in Arabic) and translated them into English. These were added to the poems I had been working on in recent years and will be published in Arabic as *Kama fi’ l-Sama* (As It is in Heaven) in spring 2018 by Al-Jamal (Beirut). The English version is under consideration by Princeton University Press.

I was also able to write a good chunk of my fifth novel, *Intersections*, which is concerned with the damaged bodies and psyches of subjects who lived through the violence

of dictatorship and wars. The narrative alternates between two main characters. Both are Iraqi refugees, but from different generations. Omar is a young man who deserted the military in Iraq in 1995 and was arrested and tortured, leaving him physically and psychologically scarred. After his release, he escapes to neighboring Jordan and applies there for asylum in the United States through the UNHCR. When he arrives in 1997, he is placed in Detroit, Michigan, home to the largest Iraqi-American community in North America. But he is hell-bent on erasing the past and severing any and all bonds to his background and home country. Adnan, who is in his late sixties, was a very successful surgeon in Baghdad, with his own private practice. Following the outbreak of the sectarian civil war in 2006, he is kidnapped by a militia for belonging to the other sect and allegedly being loyal to the previous regime. The militia later occupies his house and his family is displaced. After a brief stay in Abu Dhabi with his daughter, he goes to New York City to live with his son who had settled there fifteen years earlier. Adnan cannot acclimate to his new “home”. He longs for and clings to a space that survives intact only in his memory. The two characters’ lives intersect in New York City.

Whether sitting in my office, on the balcony, or taking long walks in the forest, I got to know these two characters very well. I listened attentively and wrote down what they thought and said. I was not always there for them. I was tempted by social outings in Berlin with other Fellows and friends, and I succumbed.

My interlocutors in Berlin were not only fictional characters. The class of Fellows included a spectrum of characters, some of whom became close friends I will sorely miss.

The administration and staff are incredibly supportive and welcoming. I have one major complaint: ten months is too short. Future Fellows beware! You will be pampered, but weaned prematurely and thrust back into reality. So savor every day.



A SEMESTER IN BERLIN
SCOTT BARRETT

Scott Barrett is the Lenfest-Earth Institute Professor of Natural Resource Economics at Columbia University in New York City. He received a B.S., *summa cum laude*, from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst; an M.A. from the University of British Columbia; and a Ph.D. from the London School of Economics. Before moving to Columbia, he taught at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, DC and, before that, at the London Business School. He has also held visiting positions at the École Polytechnique, Princeton University, the Université Paris 1 Panthéon-Sorbonne, and Yale University. His research employs analytical and experimental game theory to show how institutions like treaties can be designed to promote international cooperation. He has applied this approach to issues like climate change, disease eradication, and governance of the oceans. – Address: School of International and Public Affairs, Columbia University MC 3328, International Affairs Building Room 1427, 420 West 118th Street, New York NY 10027, USA. E-mail: sb3116@columbia.edu.

I am sorry to say that I hadn't heard of the Wissenschaftskolleg until late 2014, when I was invited to attend a workshop at the Kolleg. Looking back, I can now see that this meeting had all the hallmarks of a classic Wiko event. It was about a fascinating topic (why societies ignore looming disasters). It involved people from a variety of disciplines (including evolutionary biology, law, and the humanities). It was lively and enjoyable and taught me new things. During my short visit, it was suggested to me that I might want to consider being a Fellow at some future date. As I am of the view that other people often have a better idea of what I should be doing with my life than I do, I took the suggestion

seriously. When I heard that people with my kind of training didn't often come to Wiko, I became even more interested.

I had hoped to raise enough funds to spend the year at Wiko, but this proved impossible, and in the end, I was only able to spend the autumn semester in Berlin. I'm very sure it would have been better to stay the whole year. It takes time to get to know the members of your group. It takes time to let go of your old ideas and to absorb new ones. Although Wiko asks applicants to say what they intend to do when they come, in a way Wiko succeeds most when applicants end up doing something different than they had planned. This is very hard if not impossible to do in the space of just a few months.

I had intended to spend my time at Wiko writing the first chapters of a new book on climate change. I was able to make a start on this project, but my main accomplishment was to do some of the background research needed to underpin the book.

My first achievement was to finish a paper I had started before arriving in Berlin. The topic of my research is international cooperation, particularly on issues relating to the environment. I've written a lot on this subject, but it wasn't until shortly before I arrived in Berlin that I understood that a Big Idea lay behind all of my work: countries are very bad at cooperating voluntarily to supply a global public good, but extremely good at coordinating voluntarily to achieve the same aim.

In some cases, the need to coordinate is obvious. One of the greatest achievements of international cooperation was the eradication of smallpox. Why did this succeed? The main reason is that, once each country came to believe that all other countries would eliminate the disease, each had a strong incentive to eliminate it, since each country would then determine whether the disease would be eradicated. This is a classic coordination situation.

To climate change negotiators it has seemed obvious that every country has to reduce its emissions. But some countries are only willing to act if others act, and the assurance that others will act on climate change is very weak. This is not a coordination situation.

I think this explains why the climate negotiations have been so frustrating. My research suggests that negotiators would do better to search for ways in which countries can coordinate the adoption of actions that would cause emissions to fall.

One way to do this would be to make cooperation on trade conditional on cooperation on climate change. Linking trade to climate change would create a coordination situation provided countries had a strong incentive to join the free trade group (in particular, the gains to having free trade relations with the other members would have to exceed the price of admission, namely a reduction in the new member's greenhouse emissions). If a

critical mass of countries were to join such a group, the incentive for the remaining outsiders to join it would become irresistible.

My main accomplishment during my stay at Wiko was to construct a model that would explain whether and under what conditions a climate change treaty could be enforced by the threat to impose tariffs on free riders. This was important to my book project because the main reason all previous climate agreements have failed, my research suggests, is that they were unenforceable (this is also true of the new Paris Agreement).

The challenge I faced was to construct a model that was very, very simple, and yet also yielded new insights. It's easy to construct a complicated model, but complicated models are difficult to understand and for that reason the results that spring from them are difficult to interpret. These models aren't of much help. The best models are both understandable and yield results that are surprising – meaning, surprising even to the researcher who constructed the model. When you look at these models, you can't anticipate what the results will be; and yet, once you've seen the results, you can understand, going back to the model, what gave rise to them. These models yield insight.

The model I developed in my room at Wiko shows that, because non-members of a climate coalition have an incentive to retaliate should tariffs be targeted against them, the circumstances in which tariffs can be used to support a climate agreement are limited. Punitive tariffs would only sustain cooperation on climate change if they transformed the game into one of coordination.

A theoretical model can't tell us whether real people would choose to impose tariffs when tariffs support a coordination situation and whether, in these cases, coordination will succeed. To answer these questions, you have to play the game “for real” (meaning, for money) with real people.

To do this, I teamed up with Astrid Dannenberg of the University of Kassel. Astrid is an experimental economist, and she and I designed an experiment in which we asked groups of undergraduate students in Germany to play the game I constructed at Wiko. Our results are not yet complete (Astrid has played the game with 600 people so far!), but they suggest that groups won't always try the coordination option. Moreover, some of the groups that try it fail to coordinate (meaning that they fail to address the climate problem and, in the bargain, engage in a trade war). This suggests that the idea of making trade cooperation conditional on climate cooperation holds some promise but is also risky.

Of course, I did more at Wiko than work. I chatted with the other Fellows. I went on runs in the Grunewald Forest. I explored Berlin.

I have some warm memories of my stay at Wiko: Joining Michael Jennions for a traditional German meal in town. Playing ping-pong with Andrea Bergmann. Drinking beer at a German pub with Steve Beissinger. Drinking a smoked cocktail at a bar with Andrea Bohlman, Menaka Guruswamy, and Barbara Kowalzig. Gossiping with Helena Jambor and Emily Sena in Helena's room after Helena's lovely daughter, Elli, had gone to bed. Watching Shaheen Dill-Riaz's film, *Ironeaters*. Watching the film, *Mädchen in Uniform*, starring Carey Harrison's mother, Lilli Palmer, and being spellbound by Carey's remembrances of his mother. Being treated to a meal by Frédéric Brenner at Dunia Najjar's restaurant. Discussing consciousness with Jihwan Myung. Discussing everything and anything with Carey.

I also have disturbing memories. One was joining other Fellows very early one morning to watch the election results in the United States. Sometimes you read history and wonder, how could that have happened? On the morning of November 9th, I learned how history happens.

One of Berlin's charms is the way it displays its history. The Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church was badly damaged in a bombing raid in 1943, and rather than repair it or raze it, Berliners chose to preserve it: a remembrance and a warning to future generations of the horrors of war. The Church is known as the "heart of Berlin", and Berlin is proud to let it be known that there is a hole in its heart.

In early December I walked through the Christmas market surrounding this church, and later that month, on the 19th, I was shocked to learn that a terrorist had driven a truck through the market, killing a dozen people and injuring more than fifty others. When something like that happens you wonder, how will people respond? I was moved when a crowd of people – Muslims, tourists, Berliners, a very mixed group – appeared at the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church holding flowers and candles, a display by ordinary people of their humanity.



ONE FINE YEAR
ASEF BAYAT

Asef Bayat, the Catherine and Bruce Bastian Professor of Global and Transnational Studies, teaches Sociology and Middle East Studies at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign. Before joining Illinois, he taught at the American University in Cairo for many years and served as the Director of the International Institute for the Study of Islam in the Modern World (ISIM), holding the Chair of Society and Culture of the Modern Middle East at Leiden University, The Netherlands. His research areas range from social movements and social change to religion and public life, Islam and modernity, urban space and politics, and the contemporary Middle East. His recent books include *Being Young and Muslim: Cultural Politics in the Global South and North* (with Linda Herrera, Oxford University Press, 2010); *Post-Islamism: the Changing Faces of Political Islam* (Oxford University Press, 2013); *Life as Politics: How Ordinary People Change the Middle East* (Stanford University Press, 2013, 2nd edition), and *Revolution without Revolutionaries: Making Sense of the Arab Spring* (Stanford University Press, 2017). He is currently writing a book on the everyday life of the Arab revolutions. – Address: Department of Sociology, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, 3086 Lincoln Hall, 702 S. Wright Street, Urbana, IL 61801, USA. E-mail: abayat@illinois.edu.

I cannot believe it is almost over: our Wiko life, I mean. It is July, and in a few days we will be heading back home to Illinois. One is not only consumed by the work of the eventual exit – packing, cleaning, and sifting through tons of papers and notes – but also confronted with that enduring question, “What have I done in these ten months?” I imagine that perhaps all of us wished these days were the start of the Wiko year, rather than the end.

I came to Wiko with a clear plan and a large amount of material to write a book, a second volume on the recent Arab revolutions, focusing on Tunisia and Egypt. The idea was to examine the “everyday life of the Arab Spring”, to show what these revolutions meant to ordinary people in their daily lives. I had begun thinking about the subject as soon as the first sparks of the uprisings in 2010 had taken the world by surprise. I had therefore set out to produce a book. I was in fact in the midst of research for this book when I was overcome by an urge to put that temporarily on hold and first do a different book that could explore these revolutions in their totality, in their historical and comparative perspectives. I set out to write volume 1 of my study of the Arab Spring. In fact, I had submitted the manuscript to the publisher before arriving at Wiko and the book has just been released as *Revolution without Revolutionaries* (Stanford University Press).

Once I settled in this wonderful apartment in Wiko’s Villa Walther overlooking the serene lake and sliding docks across the street, I was impatiently ready to pursue volume 2. I was initially confident that I would write the large bulk of the manuscript during my Fellowship at Wiko, but it soon became clear that this was too ambitious. As I went through my materials, I discovered that I had collected and brought with me a massive amount of data – interviews, field notes, newspaper clips, reports, videos, as well as published works – that I needed to analyze, tabulate, organize in the pre-digital way of writing down on notecards, and then use them to weave the narratives. I am happy to report that I have completed most of this rather difficult task of data analysis and organization and have begun to actually write. I imagine that I will be busy with writing for the next several months after I return home.

In my experience, work at Wiko is not limited to one’s intended and essential project. Truth is, one gets so much inspiration from activities at Wiko and there are so many productive distractions one encounters by being part of the scholarly communities of Berlin and beyond. One cannot resist participating in parallel thinking, listening, speaking, and writing. So, beyond working on my primary project, I also wrote two articles “Is There a Youth Politics” and a short piece “Reminiscing Gramsci”, which resulted from my trip to Sardinia, Italy. I also managed to carry out the groundwork for another book in production, *Global Middle East*, that I have been commissioned to prepare together with Linda Herrera. Linda and I are married, and this is the second book we are working on together. Our first joint book project on Muslim youth in the global South and North was a “success” – which means that it did not lead to divorce!! We are quite optimistic about this one, too.

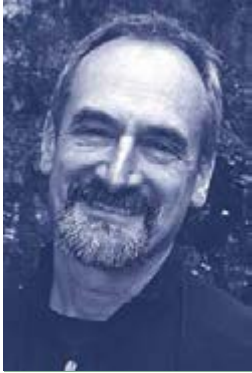
During the months at Wiko, I engaged in many public events. I gave public lectures in Germany at the Philipps-Universität Marburg, EUME in Berlin, the Technical University in Berlin, the Haus der Demokratie und Menschenrechte in Berlin, and the German Association for East European Studies, Berlin. I also traveled to participate in conferences at the Middle East Studies Association of North America in Boston, the American University of Beirut in Lebanon, the conference on “Contradictions Urbaines” in Paris, and a Gramsci conference in Cagliari, Sardinia. In addition, the proximity of Berlin to North Africa made it easier for me to take a research trip to Tunisia in June in an effort to follow up on questions about where the Tunisian revolution is heading – something I have been doing since early 2011.

Clearly, all these activities were greatly facilitated by the central location of Germany and my residence in Berlin’s Wiko. But in truth, Wiko itself offered much more than I had expected. The assembly of Fellows from very different disciplines – ranging from Biology, Theology, and Music to Sociology, Literature, Art, History, Law, and more – created a productive synergy reflected most vividly in the Tuesday Colloquiums – the hallmark of Wiko’s intellectual activity. Collusion between different perspectives was clearly evident, and the good humor and faith in learning generally brought us together rather than separated us. In fact, the exchange of ideas over daily lunch proved to be equally fruitful. Where else could I learn from a composer how a piece of music is crafted; or what goes into writing a novel; or how economic rationality finds religious justification? On Tuesdays, when the colloquia took place, discussions would continue with intensity and passion over the lunch, while the indefatigable and always attentive and gracious kitchen staff served us elaborate meals.

In fact, Wiko’s staff – whether those dealing with our housing, paperwork, IT, library, or the kitchen – allowed Wiko to function as a well-oiled machine. Their efficiency and good humor have been simply remarkable. In my career, I have never experienced a library as efficient and accommodating as that at Wiko; the speed with which the library responded to the Fellows’ requests and the library staff’s care and academic support on our behalf were quite extraordinary. I am most grateful for the support given to me by all these dedicated members of the staff, both academic and technical.

Beyond its own merit, a key advantage of Wiko is that it is located in Berlin – this remarkable city of art, exiles, and immigrants; the city of extraordinary mix and *mélange*, of public debate, and of public transportation; of Hegel, Brecht, and Arendt; and of lakes, forests, and museums. I had visited Berlin many times in the past decade, but this time I

found it an utterly absorbing city. With the rising Middle Eastern diaspora in economic, political, and intellectual fields, Berlin this time felt quite different – it felt more familiar. Strolling in the streets of Moabit, Wedding, or Neukölln often felt like walking in the humble neighborhoods of Cairo, Ankara, or Rabat – with the difference that here pedestrians actually stop at the red lights! Wiko has now become part of my intellectual experience and Berlin my second hometown. You don't believe me? Then visit our Berlin apartment, which we recently acquired in Neukölln, a quarter of extraordinary energy and ambience, quite a place to hang out! Where else could you find a home where your street is called Karl Marx and your neighbor Herr Nietzsche?



A LEFT-BRAIN, RIGHT-BRAIN YEAR OF
REDISCOVERY
STEVEN R. BEISSINGER

Steve Beissinger was born in 1953 in Philadelphia, USA and received a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan and an M.S. and a B.A. from Miami University. He joined the University of California, Berkeley in 1996 after spending eight years as a professor at Yale University. At the faculty at Berkeley he has been a Professor of Ecology and Conservation Biology since 1996; from 2003 until 2013 he held the A. Starker Leopold Chair in Wildlife Biology and he is a research associate of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. Steve's professional career has been devoted to producing ecological knowledge that can be used both to conserve biodiversity and to uncover basic processes in behavioral and population ecology that govern how nature works. His current research centers on two of the biggest challenges facing conservation and society – wildlife responses to global change and species' extinctions – with recent work carried out in protected areas and working landscapes in California and Latin America. He has authored over 200 scientific publications and is senior editor of three books, including *Science, Conservation, and National Parks* (2017) and *Population Viability Analysis* (2002). Steve is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) and the American Ornithological Society, which awarded him the William Brewster Memorial Award in 2010 for his research on Western Hemisphere birds. – Address: Department of Environmental Science, Policy and Management, University of California, Berkeley, CA 94720-3114. E-mail: beis@berkeley.edu.

Reluctantly Following in Footsteps

It was not clear from the start how I would fare in Germany. My father barely escaped the country with his life the day after Kristallnacht, and my grandfather endured weeks in Dachau before his release and eventual emigration to the US. What would I find in Berlin and how would I feel 80 years later? And how would I fare so far away from home and family in a country where I possessed no language skills?

This would not be my usual sabbatical routine. I would not be spending time with “like minds”, deepening skills I already possessed or learning new steps to old songs. Where would I find common ground with photographers and novelists? How would discussions with historians and classicists benefit my work as an ecologist and conservation biologist who mostly studied birds? How would so many different academic disciplines and cultures come together? If my little brother managed a Wiko year, so could I.

Within minutes of arriving at the Wiko, the staff made me feel at home. No matter who was at the reception, no problem was too small. It would be like that all year. Online in minutes. Fed in style. Need a reference, got it tomorrow. No German, no problem. On to the next challenges ...

A Two-Hour Colloquium?

My first thought was how would I ever survive a two-hour Tuesday Colloquium? As a biologist, I was firmly anchored in the traditions of my field: a 40–45-minute seminar followed by 10–15 minutes of short questions and slightly longer answers. How would we ever fill a whole second hour with questions and discussion?

Well, it wasn't very difficult. So many hands went up in the air at the end of each one-hour talk and so short was the second hour that we rarely ever got to everyone's questions. Fellows engaged, even in topics far from our original disciplines. It was an exciting challenge for me to develop a question in fields far from my own, stretching sides and parts of my brain that had not been used in years. It was a personal challenge that would carry through to my own work in ways I hadn't imagined.

Presenters made the talks and topics alluring and accessible. Who knew that one could speed-write novels? Or that the seas changed from barriers for the movement of ideas to superhighways of culture as technology changed? That credit could fuel poverty? Why constitutions are important? How you can create new sounds for old instruments

using spectral analyses? How to see the invisible in order to make a photograph? That building blocks of cells could act like mobs? Or that the facade could take on so many meanings? The fuss that arose when biologist colleagues applied evolutionary laws to the behavior of a vertebrate, *Homo sapiens*, was a bit surprising but produced a useful tension all year.

Back to the Roots of Scholarship

Wiko was a time to think again. As a conservation biologist, problems made by others often find me. How to conserve the last 30 Devils Hole pupfish that are found in a single, isolated pool in the bottom of Death Valley? What caused an endangered seabird to decline? How to reduce the risk of extinction to the world's last population of Puerto Rican Parrots? Will climate change in the Tibetan plateau be a tipping point for snow leopards? Can birds and small mammals survive warming and drying in Death Valley? How does a bird that acts like a mouse survive in tiny, accidental wetlands? These are examples of problems that come in my door and go out again with answers and management recommendations, some of which get implemented by agencies and society.

During my Wiko year, I was able to think again about problems of my own making and rediscovered my love for behavior. As part of the Working Group on "Causes and Implications of Adult Sex Ratio Variation in Vertebrates", I dug back into 30 years of data that my students and I have been collecting on a small parrot in Venezuela with a large excess of males in the population. The skewed adult sex ratio, highly stable pair bonds, and a shortage of cavities for nesting has led to the occurrence of two unusual behaviors: (1) *infanticide* by marauding pairs in search of a nest site or a better nest site and by step-parents to facilitate nesting with their new mate; and (2) *adoption* by stepparents, mostly males. Neither infanticide nor adoption is common in nature or in parrotlets. But by painstakingly accumulating 30 years of incidents, I now have an unusually detailed and large set of data on both behaviors.

It has been fun to look at old data again with new eyes and new ideas. My thinking was influenced by my Working Group mates – Tamás Székely, Peter Kappeler, and Michael Jennions – and other ecological and behavioral colleagues, Ferenc Jordán and Jennifer Fewell. Prevailing views predict infanticide to be the rule, rather than adoption, as a way to obtain resources in short supply (mates and nest site) and for stepparents to shorten the time until the next reproductive attempt. Adoption should be favored when

the fitness benefits to the stepparent from the current and following breeding attempts are greater than the future benefits gained from committing infanticide.

My analyses support the idea that marauding parents were often able to take over nest sites after committing infanticide at nests with intact pairs of parents. But I found no fitness advantages for stepparents that adopted offspring. However, long lunch discussions about the mean streets of parrotlet society and on various other topics with colleagues in fields far from my own – Andrea Bohlman, Frédéric Brenner, Tine Destrooper, Shaheen Dill-Riaz, Carey Harrison, Myles Jackson, Cornelia Jöchner, Lena Lavinas, Alberto Posadas, Juha Saarikangas, and Emily Sena – flipped my perspectives to consider the degree that parents were able to control the behavior of stepparents. Several forms of evidence suggest this process could indeed account for the variation among stepparents that adopted and committed infanticide. Adoption in these instances may be in the form of tolerance of offspring rather than providing parental investment.

Rediscovering Life

Why did everyone else see the fox before I did? All fall I kept hearing about the fox from fellow Fellows. There were tales of enchanting encounters by the Wiko and Villa Walther and of its multi-colored tail. Nary a glimpse, until it was nearly time to return home.

But the birds of Berlin called to me daily, and they were new and alluring. Binoculars in hand, I scanned the lakes as I walked to my office in Villa Jaffé each morning. It began with the coots, a half-dozen chatting away all night long throughout the fall. Great and blue tits, along with a woodpecker or two, ate me out of house and home all winter, and the latter nested in the Wiko garden. Wood pigeons cooed loudly all morning, until a goshawk picked one off in front of us in the Villa Walther yard.

For most of the year, however, it was the mute swans in the lakes by Villa Walther. They became a favorite conversation topic of Fellows. How long would they remain on the lakes? Where would they go as the lakes iced up? How long would they stay away? Would they return to the same lakes? Were they in family groups? How long do they live?

Then, as spring came, it was the dawn chorus, led by virtuoso blackbirds. The night-ingales were the crescendo. We had to wait until late April for them to return from wintering in Africa. But one particularly cooperative male made a home near Floh by the Grunewald S-Bahn and entertained us during a special Fellows evening outing.

Rediscovering Community

Whether it was Marching for Science, cheering for Hertha BSC, or commiserating about the need for counselling upon re-entry to the real world at the end of our Wiko stay, my fellow Fellows were a treasure. We came together daily as an intellectual and interconnected community and grew through these interactions all year long.

It was that sense of community that enhanced our individual intellectual pursuits. It was nurtured by each Fellow and sustained by the encouraging Wiko staff. I will especially miss this aspect of Wiko.

I found that I was not the only Fellow with ties to the dark past of Germany. About a half-dozen of us shared our unique family histories, and supported each other in explorations of our pasts with the outstanding help of the Wiko library staff.

It was a year of many kinds of discoveries.



BOUNTY
ANDREA F. BOHLMAN

Andrea F. Bohlman is Assistant Professor of Music at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, USA. She studied at Stanford University, the Humboldt University in Berlin, and Royal Holloway, University of London, before completing her Ph.D. in music at Harvard University. After a Mellon postdoctoral fellowship at the University of Pennsylvania, she moved to North Carolina, where she teaches courses in music and politics, sound studies, and European cultural history. She has written, with Philip V. Bohlman, a biography of the composer Hanns Eisler (*In der Musik ist es anders*. Hentrich & Hentrich, 2012), and she completed a manuscript on sound and protest in Poland (*Musical Solidarities*, under review) while at the Wissenschaftskolleg. Her research materials range from oral history archives to the digital techniques of musical composition to Secret Police files to soundmaps and musical travelogues. She has published on popular song (the Eurovision Song Contest and Beyoncé), sound recording history (magnetic tape and – in writings underway – the flexidisc), and avant-garde composers (Hanns Eisler and Witold Lutosławski). A recent article, “Solidarity, Song, and the Sound Document” (*Journal of Musicology*, 2016), was awarded the Alfred Einstein Prize from the American Musicological Society. – Address: Department of Music, University of North Carolina, Hill Hall, CB #3320, Chapel Hill, NC 27599, USA. E-mail: abohlman@email.unc.edu.

Autumn leaves, summertime sunshine. Heaps of books, conversational counterpoint at meals, a vast archive of ideas collected while sitting and listening. Pages and pages of my own polished prose and doodled (excited!) new ideas. Quiet reflection, urban stimulation. Inquisitive staff, visitors, and colleagues who astound with unexpected curiosity and

generosity. These are the undeniable bounties that flash through my mind as I remember the last ten months. The gifts of and from Wiko feel palpable and countable. But to narrate them in some kind of coherent work, journey, or product feels difficult. Not because I haven't had time (courtesy of the Wissenschaftskolleg) to analyze and digest: to take stock so that I might (re-)enter my other lives fortified and clear-minded. Or because I am too intimidated to share a grand narrative. But because I am confident that – to use a weary turn of phrase – “only time will tell” the story of my year in Grunewald. When I set my keys down on the spacious desk in my office that peered over the trees that flank Halensee to leave them behind, I didn't feel the weight of an exit but the excitement of a bounty.

Like many Wiko Fellows, I began the year with grand dreams. But lagging deadlines to finish off looked like they might keep me from digging into the project I had laid out for myself, a study of home recording in the People's Republic of Poland. I got to work, determined to make the most of my transplantation to Berlin, a city I knew well and now know better. It's an urban space that makes my work as an ethnographer and historian of music, sound, and politics in Central Europe easier – and seem more relevant – than my professional haunts in the United States. In fact, my projects looped me into contact with institutions and people nearby. And the deadlines that felt like hurdles soon shaped new paths toward big (hopefully) ideas. As I finished up an edited special issue of *Twentieth-Century Music* about tape and tape recording, I formed first musical bridges at Wiko with the Fellows there who worked with knowledge written in sound. Steve Beissinger's September recollections about learning bird calls would eventually set us loose to record Grunewald's nightingales in the spring, taking advantage of smartphones and a four-channel field recorder to map our way along their nests on the forest's edge. I strolled the vintage record shops of the city looking for old mixtapes and chatting with small-shop owners who cultivate personal relationships with record collectors in the city. Intimate stories (the little love letters and bootlegs on the tapes themselves) begat more intimate stories (about collectors and their care for the legacy of their music) and a research idea for my Wiko project was born. To give the simple objects at the base of my study human proportions, I would take my stash of 1960s and '70s home recordings from Poland – mostly flexidisks, but also tapes – through the meeting places (bars, cafes, bookshops, and homes) of the Polish community in Berlin. Through strolls to the small businesses and unofficial concert venues in the city, I also met the technician I would ultimately trust to “fix” an old record player built out of leftover components in 1980s Warsaw. Conversations

with Fellows about all kinds of networks (those of academics and those of social insects to name a few important ones) pushed me to put the tape work into conversation with the archives – of instruments and sounds – at the Ethnographic Museum in Dahlem and in the Media Studies Department at the Humboldt. I also wrote letters to send to old clubs, collectors, ethnographers, and studio technicians in Poland. I digested catalogs and tinkered with surfaces and wires. These are details that seemed quite unremarkable at the time – more like errands and due diligence than intellectual forays – but that colored the first presentations of this new research at Oxford University, the Humboldt University, and King’s College London, as well as at Wiko itself. Another way to measure this work on my Wiko project is that I have four chapters loosely drafted of what I imagine might be a book and a handful of new pen pals. But my immediate takeaway is more abstract. I plan to keep my finger hovering above and frequently deploying the pause button on these stories. The digressions, pushback, and broad ambitions that I observed through conversations with and around me revealed the bounty of taking time while keeping work in motion.

Sometimes over the course of the year, I really felt like a collector. I listened hard and noted down off-hand remarks that I heard across the Wiko campus. These were fuel as I focused on a different book manuscript: one on sound, protest, and 1980s Poland that I submitted at the end of the fellowship year. It is shaped most strongly by the little provocations I heard over lunch and in the flow of the “question” barrage that characterized our cohort’s colloquium discussions. Some concrete provocations that led me to rewrite a whole chapter: poetry about rivers, an afternoon listening to contemporary Greek Orthodox chant, a story about a lost bicycle, a question about war and translation, a beet salad. If I collected modes of questioning and observed styles of listening on Tuesday morning, lunch made way for another kind of collective experience. We shared our fierce worries and sorrowful concerns about the politics of the present through disciplinary, institutional, and geographic biases. When I returned to my desk after these often difficult conversations, I noticed the text that flowed out of my hands change tone. The volume was turned up, notch by notch, through the critiques of Eurocentrism and American insularity. My writing was also tempered by the joy I experienced unpacking music, especially popular musics and abstract experimental practices, and insisting on listening’s fundamental importance to intellectual thought to my fellow Fellows. Our heated debates about comparative methodologies challenged me and challenge me most. As I leave, I am committed to rethink that assumption about Central Europe as the basin for my research

material – even if I have a committed scholarly engagement with music and migration and work hard against assumptions of musical belonging or music’s belonging. As I leave behind the generative repository of ideas, the mind-blowing library, the challenging questions, and the community of interested listeners, I know I will hear particular voices echo in delightful cacophony and I will continue to aspire toward the disciplinary disregard a place like the Wissenschaftskolleg fosters.

The gift of time at Wiko is something I cannot hold onto, though it certainly defines the Wiko bounty. Everything and everyone made space for me to write a handful of articles across disparate topics; to travel to Frankfurt, Basel, Warsaw, Bremen, Bucharest, back to North Carolina, and twice to Dahlem in Berlin to give papers and meet new colleagues; and to read, read, read. As many Fellows know from my lunchtime appetite, I also built a luxurious bicycle commute of 32 km round trip – some 100 minutes total – around my daily stint in Grunewald. That, too, was time to think, my body setting a pulse at which to make progress. My challenge is to not experience time after Wiko as a loss, but to cling to the bounty and to reimagine back in my everyday life.



MY DREAM YEAR AT WIKO
FRÉDÉRIC BRENNER

Frédéric Brenner was born in 1959. He studied and graduated in social anthropology. Brenner is an acclaimed photographer, best known for the creation of monumental international art projects that explore questions of longing, belonging, and exclusion. His opus, *Diaspora*, was the result of a 25-year search in 40 countries to create a visual record of the Jewish people at the end of the twentieth century. This chronicle portrays the survival of a people with a portable identity and the multiplicity of its dissonant expressions. His most recent project, *This Place*, explores Israel and the West Bank, as place and metaphor, through the eyes of twelve major artists, including Jeff Wall, Thomas Struth, Wendy Ewald, Josef Koudelka, and Brenner himself. Their highly individual work combines to create not a single monolithic vision, but rather a diverse and fragmented portrait, alive to all the rifts and paradoxes of this important and much contested place. *This Place* consists of an international travelling exhibition and 12 books. Brenner has also had solo exhibitions in New York, Mexico City, Paris, Amsterdam, and Buenos Aires. Winner of Prix de Rome (1993), he has published seven books, including *Diaspora: Homelands in Exile* (2003) and *An Archeology of Fear and Desire* (2014). – Address: Amsteldijk 85 B, 1074 JB Amsterdam, Netherlands.
E-mail: fredericbrenner24@gmail.com.

While so many of my partner Fellows had heard about Wiko and dreamt of one day being invited to this luxurious residency, I had never heard of Wiko and, when I was invited, I didn't want to go. My only residency experience was 25 years ago at the French Academy in Rome (Villa Medici), and I thought nothing could ever equal one of the most important

years in my creative and personal life. I am therefore forever grateful to Stephen Greenblatt, who insisted I reconsider my decision.

Wiko put a red carpet in front of us, the Fellows, and we danced on it all year long. Were we dreaming? It was a royal experience. Will I ever be that spoiled again?

Wiko enabled me to implement what I had long contemplated but had not yet been able to enact in my creative process: *surrender*, the antidote to my oppressive propensity to master. Never before did I truly succeed in trusting and letting things simply come to me. I was caught in my will and the need for validation. Wiko enabled me to be willing to risk failure and to envision an alternative beyond the dichotomy of success or failure. I had been working toward this change long before, but had I not come to Wiko, I would have missed this transformative opportunity. The few photographs I took are a testimony to this, and this is the true blessing of this year.

The spectrum of perspectives I was exposed to was an overwhelming and humbling immersion in uncharted territories and stretched my field of consciousness. The Tuesday Colloquium became a ritual one didn't want to miss, as much for the presentation as for the questions that followed. Every time, there were fireworks of ideas and creativity that not only unveiled ideas and perspectives I had never thought of, but also the stimulation created a kind of "appel d'air" (vacuum) that, strangely enough, enabled me to articulate and narrow down the specificity of my quest and the terms of my own working hypothesis.

When all narratives seem to be collapsing and leave us very little to hold on to, the simultaneous crisis of meaning and of images obliges me to articulate questions to redefine my responsibility as an artist today. Wiko has certainly provided me with more tools to decipher an array of fictions and imagined orders and to understand the specificity of who I am and, more importantly, who I am not and the questions at the very heart of my journey. The marvelous spirit that prevailed among the Fellows this year provided the best conditions for an ongoing and fertile conversation that took each of us beyond our own obsessions.

While for long years otherness and redemption have been the leitmotif of my work, Berlin seems to have provided me with an ideal stage to deal with these same questions from a different vantage point. Today, difference is a problem of global scale. I look at Berlin today as "mundus in gutta" or "theatrum mundi", a way of examining otherness anywhere and everywhere.

But my residency in Berlin wouldn't have been the dream it has been without the attention, the sensitivity, and the grace of the entire staff of Wiko, who simply spoiled us

from beginning to end, exemplified in the fine food and the floral decoration. The German lessons enabled me to embrace and later fall in love with the German language – despite a deep, historically rooted family injunction that until now prevented me from learning the language – thanks to two teachers, Eva and Ursula, whose pedagogy, sensitive intelligence, and patience are exceptional.

Last but not least, the *point d'orgue* of this year in Berlin has been music. Music has always been a big part of my life, but this will remain its most musical year. From opera to chamber and contemporary music, music punctuated my residency in the most joyous and fertile way.

I know that it is far too early to make sense of this experience, but I know that this experience is already making sense of me, and rather than working at deciphering this journey and connecting the dots, I believe and I trust that these dots have already started connecting me.



“... AND YOUR SABBATICAL IS THROUGH”
ROGERS BRUBAKER

Rogers Brubaker is Professor of Sociology at the University of California, Los Angeles, where he holds the UCLA Foundation Chair. He was educated at Harvard University, the University of Sussex, and Columbia University and spent three years as a Junior Fellow in the Society of Fellows of Harvard University before joining the UCLA sociology department in 1991. He has served as a Senior Editor of *Theory and Society* since 1999 and as Recurrent Visiting Professor at the Central European University since 1996. Brubaker has written widely on social theory, immigration, citizenship, nationalism, ethnicity, religion, and (more recently) race and gender. His recent books include *Ethnicity without Groups* (Harvard, 2004); *Nationalist Politics and Everyday Ethnicity in a Transylvanian Town* (Princeton, 2006); *Grounds for Difference* (Harvard, 2015); and *Trans: Gender and Race in an Age of Unsettled Identities* (Princeton, 2016). – Address: Department of Sociology, UCLA, 264 Haines Hall, 375 Portola Plaza, Los Angeles, CA 90095-1551, USA. E-mail: brubaker@soc.ucla.edu.

I don't remember exactly what I said during the round of introductions in September. It was something about hoping to get off the productivist treadmill that leaves us so busy writing that we have no time to read, except in the extractive manner that instrumentalizes reading by reducing it to a narrowly targeted searching and mining exercise. I also recall expressing the hope for a genuinely disruptive break with my usual intellectual routines. I may even have claimed, only half in jest, that my goal was to write nothing and devote the year to reading and reflection.

Whatever it was that I said, it touched a nerve with my colleagues. And it ensured that I would be held accountable in the subsequent months, though sometimes in surprising

ways: was I succeeding, I was asked, in doing nothing, in taking it easy, in playing rather than working?

I was flattered by these questions, which credited me with capacities I wasn't sure I had. Alas, I did little to cultivate these capacities at Wiko. Nor did I succeed in writing nothing. Worse, having come perilously close to committing myself to writing a short book with a tight deadline, I can scarcely claim to have escaped the iron grip of productivity.

Yet the year was indeed intellectually disruptive, and for this disruption, for which Wiko and Donald Trump share responsibility, I am profoundly grateful. My original Wiko project was a study of religious and linguistic pluralism that I had been working my way into for several years. Yet already by the beginning of the year, the plans I had mapped out for a large book on the subject no longer seemed compelling. Linguistic and religious pluralism are both vast and heterogeneous fields of phenomena: there is so much variation over time, place, and context *within* each domain – even if one limits the scope of the inquiry to liberal democratic settings – that it's hard to undertake a comparison *between* the two domains. The project seemed to be growing in scope and complexity while losing its clarity of focus, and the book began to feel like a life sentence. By September, I had given up the idea of working systematically on the book in favor of pursuing a series of exploratory forays into territory that I hadn't marked out neatly in advance.

But what territory? And which forays? Just before arriving in Berlin, I had written a slight conference paper analyzing the increased salience of religio-civilizational categories in the discourse of the national-populist right in northern and western Europe. I had been intrigued by the ways a civilizational and identitarian “Christianism”, defined in opposition to Islam, was joined with a secularist stance, philosemitism, and even liberal rhetoric (with respect to gender equality, gay rights, and freedom of speech) in the discourse of parties like the Dutch Party for Freedom, the Danish People's Party, and the French National Front.

That paper had referred casually to the European “populist right”, but it had not subjected the qualifier “populist” to critical scrutiny. The twin shocks of the Brexit and Trump victories, however, and the subsequent proliferation of populism-talk obliged me to grapple with this elusive yet suddenly ubiquitous term. Could this deeply ambiguous and morally and politically charged category of journalistic and political *practice* possibly serve as a useful category of scholarly *analysis*?

I used the occasion of my colloquium – three weeks after the American election – to move from the slight paper on “civilizationist” populism toward what became a broader

and more sustained engagement with the extraordinary pan-European and trans-Atlantic populist conjuncture of 2014–16. As part of that engagement, I began to think seriously and read widely about populism – about the meanings and uses of the term, within and beyond the academy, and about the varied phenomena designated by the term, within and beyond the contemporary Euroatlantic world. Discussions with Fellows were enormously helpful, as were the magnificent library services.

It was during the long gray Berlin winter that I came closest to realizing my anti-productivist fantasy of a sabbatical spent reading rather than writing. Or rather, reading *and* writing, but writing as an accompaniment to reading, writing as exploration and self-clarification, writing as process rather than product.

As winter gave way to spring (which never quite gave way to summer), a series of lecture engagements gave shape to my reading, thinking, and writing, and the outlines of a short book began to come into focus. Truth be told, I was not unhappy to have my writing once again disciplined by these emergent “products” on the horizon, though I did regret the resultant time squeeze that shadowed my final months at the Wiko.

The short book, as currently envisioned, would be in two parts. The first part, which my Abendkolloquium gave me the opportunity to think through, would be organized around the deliberately ambiguous question “Why populism?” This is both a conceptual and an explanatory question; my plan is to devote a chapter to each. The first will rethink the category “populism”, reflecting critically on its uses and developing an account of populism as a discursive and stylistic repertoire. The second will seek to explain the populist conjuncture. How did we reach the point at which Brexit, Trump, Hofer, and Le Pen – but also Mélenchon and the 2015 Greek referendum rejecting the terms of further bailouts – all had a real chance of victory, and the Eurozone and Schengen system a real chance of collapsing, at around the same time?

My ideas for the second part of the book are much more tentative. This part would be more interpretive, diagnostic, and normative. And it would shift the focus of discussion from populism *per se* to the crisis of liberalism (and liberal democracy) that the populist conjuncture has accentuated and revealed with stark clarity.

The crisis of the neoliberal economic order has been amply discussed. My intention is to focus on three less widely discussed dimensions of the crisis of liberalism: the crisis of public knowledge in an age of digital hyperconnectivity (as indexed by the ubiquitous talk of fake news and alternative facts); the crisis of migration regimes (of which the 2015 refugee crisis was only a particularly visible and dramatic symptom); and the crisis of

emancipatory liberalism in the domains of race and ethnicity (especially in the US), religion (especially in Europe), and gender and sexuality (in the US and Europe). The latest waves of emancipatory liberalism have not only provoked a major backlash from conservatives; they have also exposed deep rifts and tensions within the liberal tradition itself.



EMBRACING IDLE TIME
TINE DESTROOPER

Before coming to the Wissenschaftskolleg, Tine Destrooper was a Scholar in Residence at the Center for Human Rights and Global Justice at NYU's School of Law. She also worked as a post-doctoral researcher with the Law and Development Research Center at the University of Antwerp and at the Center for Governance and Global Affairs at the University of Leiden. She obtained her Ph.D. at the European University Institute, Florence, where she studied the relationship between armed conflict, social movements, and gender. She holds a Master's Degree in Conflict, Security and Development from University College London and an undergraduate degree from the University of Leuven. She worked for several government agencies in Belgium, as well as for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. Her work has been published in, among other journals, *Human Rights Quarterly* and the *Journal of Human Rights Practice and Development in Practice*. – Address: New York University, 139 MacDougal Street, #514, New York, NY 10012, USA. E-mail: tine.destrooper@nyu.edu.

When announcing to my colleagues at New York University that I had been offered a one-year fellowship in Berlin, I was invariably asked, “Humboldt or Freie?” I knew then that coming to the Wissenschaftskolleg was going to be a blessing: the frantic New York crowd was not going to be looking for me here. Another advantage of being here in Berlin, I assumed, was going to be the six-hour time difference, which, I figured, would allow me to be disconnected most of the time.

Upon arriving in the beautiful Grunewald, I was welcomed by one of the most cheerful and hospitable people I *ever* met and was shown my flat and office – both with a view

(not of rusty water towers on Greenwich Village roofs, but of foxes and herons entertaining themselves in the garden and by the lakes). The tranquility of the place seemed to support my assumptions about being undisturbed and disconnected for ten months.

To some extent this was indeed the case: things slowed down, the two bright red exclamation marks next to e-mails became less frequent, and – eventually – I even had the impression that I had become the master of my own time.

I belong to a generation of young academics who became entirely accustomed to having our agendas shaped and defined by institutions and demands that sometimes have rather conflicting relations with our own actual research and ambitions. I would even argue that most researchers of my generation never knew anything else. Eat. Sleep. Grade. Repeat.

And I dare say that experiencing the dissolving of these structures and routines here at Wiko has been disorienting. Very much so. 5:30 am: no alarm clock – 6:30 am: no hour-long commute – 7:30 am: no endless list of e-mails that require an asap reply – 9 am: no teaching – 11 am: no faculty or departmental meetings – 12:30 pm: no student meetings during lunch – 1:30 pm: no staff meetings – 3:30 pm: no dozens of e-mails that accumulated in the last eight hours and make you feel as if you had been out of the office for days – 5:30 pm: no grading no teaching preparations – 6:30 pm: no compulsory network events of questionable use – 8 pm: no talks to attend or to give (unless you want to). None of that. So, what *was* left? I started to get worried.

In addition to belonging to that generation of academics that only knows this kind of high-paced routine, Wiko made me realize that I *also* belong to that group of academics that copes difficultly with a *lack* of high-paced routine. “Being busy” served as a kind of existential reassurance, a defense against emptiness, a guarantee that we are on the right track, and, most importantly, that we are important and sought after.

This belief had become so strong that I felt resentful, yes belligerent, when I drank my very first cup of Yogi tea at the Wiko and noticed that the little label attached to the teabag haughtily professed that “a relaxed mind is a creative mind”. This was not *at all* what I felt, and I spent most of that day having an argument with my tea cup, as its label stared back at me from across a desk on which no exams, briefs, or reports were piled.

(*Post facto* I can admit that the teabag was right and deserved to win that argument.)

Nevertheless, the absence of institutional demands, teaching, meetings, and distractions more generally – something that I had so yearned for – initially left me restless. “Busy” had become my natural state of being, and the “important” people I knew never

missed a beat in replying “busy” when asked how they were. And so, I found ways to keep myself busy – something I tend to be rather good at in any case, and even more so when what is on offer are interesting talks on topics as varied as the basic income, the meaning of life and death (no less), or Islamic feminism. Keeping myself busy felt more useful and inspiring than ever: during my fourth morning coffee, exploring with one of the biologists how their use of algorithms could be relevant for me as a political scientist is something quite different from what people usually refer to as “keeping myself busy”, and these inspiring encounters with other Fellows were the rule rather than the exception. They became part of my new daily rhythm, and – in some form or another – had an influence on my writing and future research projects.

Yet, here at Wiko, “keeping myself busy” also came to mean something altogether unique: I granted myself entire mornings of unstructured time, which I used for everything from marveling at the wonderful flower compositions in the buildings or sitting on the deck by the lake to read to chatting with writers and filmmakers whom I admired, and from inviting NGO leaders for the delicious Wiko breakfast or lunch to learning from the musicologist what her fellow musicologists were doing that was relevant to my own work.

I purposefully created idle time, time for distractions, time to be surprised, to appreciate the absence of institutional structures, and I found that having this kind of unstructured time was not merely indulgence or idleness (although sometimes it was), but that it was indispensable to my thinking and writing, that it constituted the necessary condition for making new connections, learning new things, and finding inspiration. As my idle time became an integral part of my working day, I started to feel more relaxed about my work – and even slightly less anxious about publishing and applying for jobs (though the “attaques du futur”, as a fellow Fellow called them, did not altogether vanish). Finally, I was getting work done. Finally, I saw that “being busy” was not inevitable and that it was hardly more than a self-delusion to be busy all the time.

I could – and should probably – stop there. This insight seems like more than what one could hope to take back from a year like this.

Yet, I want to return for a second to my assumptions about being undisturbed and disconnected for ten months. Just like I had not foreseen that idling would be what I would come to prioritize during the one year when I could finally “get some work done”, I had not foreseen that being disturbed and being connected would become two of the things I most appreciated about Wiko, because, after all, disturbing one’s thinking process and creating connections is what Wiko has been all about.

I was – quite fortunately – not living the blissfully tranquil monk’s life that I had imagined before coming to the Wiko. However, knocking on my door here were not the usual stressed students, but, instead, new ideas that challenged and reshaped my own thinking about my project – and sometimes about more than just my project.

Not having to defend a new probe or endeavor to some committee, supervisor, or grant-maker, and just being able to experiment with new ideas, put things together in new ways, and learn new methodologies – irrespective of whether they “fit the departmental profile”, “produce an immediate output”, or “contribute in a direct sense” to this or that agenda, has been liberating and enriching beyond imagination: early on, I embraced the idea of throwing most of my initial research proposal over board, in order to make space for other things that I had not imagined when I wrote the proposal. After dealing with the guilt and regret about not achieving what I had set out to achieve, I found new (and invariably more exciting) goals and enjoyed the steep learning curves inspired by some of the disruptions of my thought process.



Unlike any other professional experience I ever had, the rhythm at Wiko seemed human, focused on research and researchers, rather than on bureaucracies and institutions. Because of that, I can, for the first time in ten years, say that this year has genuinely been about research, about asking a question to which one does not know the answer yet, and about trying out different strategies to try to answer it. As a junior researcher, having an experience like this is invaluable – and, unfortunately, also quite uncommon.

Having time not just to do one’s own research and find new ways to answer new questions is crucial, but so is having the opportunity to reflect on the larger question of what this research is supposed to contribute to – on a personal, professional, and societal level. Or even, to quote Wendell Berry, to ask the questions that have no answers. Thinking about these questions does not usually happen (or at least not very well) between the fifth phone call, the seventh student meeting, the xth hour of teaching, and the last paper to be graded.

Moreover, unlike what I had expected, this year has also not been a year of beatific *disconnection* from the outside world. Despite being a perfectly inspiring environment to read, write, and do research, the Wissenschaftskolleg is so well connected that it almost felt as if the entire transitional justice community had relocated to Berlin with me. With the kind and enthusiastic support of the academic staff, I met some of the most prominent and inspiring people working in my field in Berlin and established connections and collaborations that will endure well beyond this ten-month stay at the Wiko, connections that will also be vital in shaping my future career path.

It is not only through these connections that my stay at the Wiko has had a decisive influence on my career. Having access to a wide range of interdisciplinary and prominent scholars and an excellent library service and having the time and (mental) space to ask myself what I want to be when I grow up has had a tremendous influence on the formulation of my next research project.

Reading as broadly as I was able to do here (from theater studies to programming in R and from social movement studies to an in-depth case study of the Extraordinary Chambers in the Courts of Cambodia), discussing both general ideas and finer points with colleagues, and finding the time and the energy to put all of this together in a creative manner – this is not something that commonly happens during the marginal bits of time we normally have left as modern academics.

Moreover, having a natural tendency to go into overdrive, I also agreed to give various talks and attend various conferences (most of which I accepted reluctantly: Wiko, after all, had soon become the kind of place one does not want to leave if one has a choice), all of which Wiko kindly facilitated; I went back to my academic home once (only to get immediate and unhealthy peaks in my cortisol level); I ordered several books per day from the library (from the *International Encyclopedia of Women Composers* to a handbook on social and economic rights and from the *Diary of Aung San Suu Kyi* to the *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*), all delivered within 24 hours by a remarkably kind and efficient library staff that never asked questions even about the oddest requests; and I decided I wanted to learn a new language and ended up learning three: German (admittedly not a new language for me, but I needed every bit of Eva's generously offered encouragement to learn to speak even a few decent sentences), R (admittedly not a language at all, but I approached it as one), and music scores (admittedly something that I should have started twenty years ago; but now, for the first time in my life, I had time to learn the difference between  and ).

I cannot speak for people who have been in academe for much longer than I have, but for me, this is the first time that I have really been allowed to be a scholar, that I have been allowed, to further quote Berry, to do one thing every day that won't compute. This is exactly what I signed up for.

Activities 2016/2017

Talks, Presentations, Conferences

Co-convenor of the North-South TJ Network.

Co-founding member of the emerging network on the Practice of Human Rights (with Sally E. Merry and Koen De Feyter).

Collaboration with the UN Special Rapporteur on Truth, Justice, Reparation and Guarantees of Non-Recurrence (Pablo de Greiff) on various reports to the Human Rights Council.

Co-organizer of the Human Rights and Tax in an Unequal World International Conference (CHRGJ, September 22–23, 2016).

The Participatory Dimensions of Accountability: Examining Transitional Justice Paradigms and Praxis (Clark University Center for Genocide Studies, April 7–9, 2017).

The Invisibilization of Social and Economic Rights in Transitional Justice Interventions (NYU School of Law, April 3, 2017).

North-South Dialogue: Bridging the Gap in Transitional Justice (UC Berkeley School of Law, March 17–18, 2017).

Tuesday Colloquium: The Future of Dealing with the Past (Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, December 20, 2016).

Workshop participant: Human Rights Activism in Cambodia (Brot für die Welt Berlin, October 16, 2016).

Theatre and Transitional Justice (Re-Moving Apartheid Conference, September 29–30, 2016).

The Future of Transitional Justice (expert meeting Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, September 28, 2016).

Victim Participation in the ECCC and Accountability for Economic and Social Rights in Cambodia (Human Rights for Development Conference, September 14–16, 2016).

Mobilizing for social and economic rights in post-conflict societies. Examining the legacy of the ECCC (AHRI Conference, September 2–3, 2016).

Publications

- Destrooper, Tine (2016). "Interest Representation in Belgium." In *Lobbying in Europe: Public Affairs and the Lobbying Industry in 28 EU Countries*, edited by Alberto Bitonti and Phil Harris. Basingstoke: Palgrave.
- Destrooper, Tine (2017). "Uprooting the Curious Grapevine? The Transformative Potential of Reverse Standard-Setting in the Field of Human Rights." *Journal of Human Rights* 16, 4.
- Destrooper, Tine and Antonry Pemberton (2017). "Transitioning from Injustice: the Role of Embodiment, Imagination and Play." *Journal of Law and Society*, under review.
- Destrooper, Tine and Stephan Parmentier (2017). "Gender-Aware and Place-Based Transitional Justice in Guatemala: Altering the Opportunity Structures for Post-Conflict Women's Mobilization." *Social and Legal Studies*, July 2017, SAGE Publishing. DOI: 10.1177/0964663917718050.
- Destrooper, Tine and Pascal Sundi Mbambi (2017). "A Praxis-Based Understanding of New Duty Bearers Examining Contextual Realities in the DRC." *International Journal of Human Rights* 21, 2: 142–166.
- Destrooper, Tine (2017). "The Extraordinary Chambers in the Courts of Cambodia and Accountability for Social and Economic Rights Violations." *International Journal of Transitional Justice*, under review.
- Destrooper, Tine (2017). "The Invisibilization of Social and Economic Rights in Transitional Justice Interventions: New Evidence from the Extraordinary Chambers of the Courts of Cambodia." *Pacific Review*, under review.
- Destrooper, Tine. "The Participatory Dimensions of Accountability: Examining Transitional Justice Paradigms and Praxis." *International Journal of Legal Discourse*, under review.
- Destrooper, Tine (2017). "Victim Participation in Transitional Justice: a Scenic Anthropology Perspective." *International Journal of Law, Language and Discourse*, under review.
- Destrooper, Tine (2017). "Performative Justice? The Role of Theatre and Performance in Facilitating Transitional Justice." *South African Theatre Journal*, under review.
- Destrooper, Tine (2017). "On Travel, Translation and Transformation." In *Human Rights Tax in an Unequal World*, edited by Tine Destrooper and Sally Merry. Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania University Press, forthcoming.
- Idem. "Localization 'Light': The Travel and Transformation of Non-Empowering Human Rights Norms." In *Ibidem*, forthcoming.

Contributions to the Public Debate

Destrooper, Tine. “Cynisme verandert niets in Saudi-Arabie dialoog misschien wel.” [Cynicism won’t help Saudi Arabia, dialogue might]. *De Morgen*, April 30, 2017.

Destrooper, Tine. “Para. Een oefening in luisteren naar wat niemand zegt.” [Para, or an exercise in listening to what nobody is saying]. *MO Magazine*, December 4, 2016.

Destrooper, Tine. Dossier: “Trump en mensenrechten.” [Trump and human rights]. *MO Magazine*, October–November 2016.

Grant Proposals

Mobilizing for social and economic rights in societies in transitions. Vidi Grant proposal, NWO.

Victim Participation in transitional justice processes. Starting Grant proposal, ERC.



ENDLICH NUR LESEN, SCHREIBEN UND
TRÄUMEN ...
SHAHEEN DILL-RIAZ

Shaheen Dill-Riaz wurde 1969 in Dhaka, Bangladesch geboren. Ende der 80er-Jahre engagierte er sich als junger Filmaktivist für die unabhängige Filmszene in Dhaka und arbeitete als Filmjournalist. 1992 kam er als Student nach Berlin. Nach dem Studium der Kunstgeschichte an der Freien Universität Berlin begann er 1995 ein Kamerastudium an der Filmuniversität Konrad Wolf in Potsdam-Babelsberg. In Eigenregie realisierte er 2002 seinen ersten abendfüllenden Dokumentarfilm „Sand und Wasser“. Nach weiteren Filmprojekten wie „Die glücklichsten Menschen der Welt“ (2005) und „Korankinder“ (2008) gewann er zwei Mal den Grimme Preis für seine Filmprojekte „Eisenschmeißer“ (2010) und „Der Vorführer“ (2012). Shaheen Dill-Riaz übernimmt Lehraufträge an Universitäten und bietet Blockseminare über Theorie und Praxis des Films an. 2010 war er „Artist in Residence“ des Exzellenzclusters „Kulturelle Grundlagen von Integration“ am Kulturwissenschaftlichen Kolleg der Universität Konstanz. Seit 2012 lebt er hauptsächlich in Wiesbaden und arbeitet als freischaffender Autor, Regisseur und Produzent in Europa und Südostasien. – Adresse: Mayalok Filmproduktion, Planufer 93a, 10967 Berlin. E-Mail: shaheen@dill-riaz.com.

Als ich 2014 erfuhr, dass ich als Fellow des Wissenschaftskollegs vorgeschlagen worden war, war ich etwas überrascht. Ich hatte nicht gedacht, dass ein Filmemacher wie ich die Aufmerksamkeit von Wissenschaftlern wecken könnte. Mein voreingenommenes Bild von einem Wissenschaftler, der logisch, rational, widerspruchsfrei sei und ständig bemüht, konkrete Antworten auf alle möglichen Fragen zu finden, stand konträr zu meiner eigenen Arbeit. Meine Filme basieren auf Beobachtung, entdecken oft unlogische,

irrationale und sich widersprechende Fakten im Leben, um komplexe Zusammenhänge anschaulich zu machen. Meistens bleiben viele Fragen offen, es werden sogar mehr aufgeworfen als beantwortet. Mein reduziertes, rudimentäres Bild von der Wissenschaft hat sich jedoch im Laufe meines Aufenthalts am Wissenschaftskolleg maßgeblich geändert. Ich war sehr angetan von der Offenheit und Neugierde, mit der die anderen Fellows meine Arbeit betrachteten. Einige der Wissenschaftler wirkten auf mich eher wie Künstler. Im Grunde war das gar keine neue Erkenntnis für mich, sondern bestätigte meine Überzeugung: Jeder Mensch ist ein Künstler!

Vor etwa fünf Jahren verließ ich meine Heimatstadt Berlin, wo ich über 20 Jahre gelebt hatte. Als ich mich gerade an meinem neuen Wohnort Wiesbaden eingelebt hatte, kam das Angebot, wieder für zehn Monate als Fellow am Wissenschaftskolleg nach Berlin zu ziehen. Das hat mich überglücklich gemacht, auch wenn ich zunächst von dem Wohnort Grunewald nicht sehr begeistert war. In meiner gesamten Zeit in Berlin war ich nur zwei Mal in diesem Stadtteil, weil ich in den 90er-Jahren dort meine Visa für Polen und Afghanistan abholen musste. Nachdem ich in den letzten Monaten den Grunewald so gut kennengelernt habe, fühle ich mich im Nachhinein etwas beschämt über meine Ignoranz. Als Schauplatz der Geschichte ist Grunewald von großer Bedeutung. Auch die naturnahe Umgebung meiner Wohnung in der Villa Walther, die sich mir als Rückzugsort anbot, war ideal für die Arbeit, die ich mir während dieses Aufenthalts vorgenommen hatte.

Wenn ich mich fragen würde, welche der Arbeitsphasen, die bei einem Filmprojekt anstehen, mich die meiste Kraft kostet, wüsste ich sofort die Antwort: das Schreiben. Ich glaube, da bin ich unter den Filmemachern auch nicht alleine. Bei jedem Projekt hinterlässt der kraftzehrende Weg vom Drehen bis zur Postproduktion eine langanhaltende Müdigkeit. Parallel zur Produktion muss ich immer schon für das Folgeprojekt schreiben. Und dieses Schreiben ist für mich eine Qual, weil ich sehr wenig Zeit dafür habe und ständig unter einer gewissen Erschöpfung leide. Seit dem Ende meines Studiums wünschte ich mir deshalb eine Ruhezeit, in der ich mich nur auf das Schreiben konzentrieren könnte. Außerdem trage ich zum Teil jahrzehntealte Filmideen mit mir herum, die ich bis jetzt nicht zu Papier bringen konnte. Nun kam endlich die Chance!

Ich begann Mitte Oktober mit einer unvollendeten Arbeit: Schreiben eines Treatments für den Kino-Dokumentarfilm „021 – Tehran and the Unwanted Music“, das ich zwei Monate vorher recherchiert hatte. In dem Filmprojekt geht es um die Underground-Musiker der Stadt Teheran, die trotz offiziellen Verbots ihre Musik in den Teheraner

Kellern spielen und sogar heimlich in bestimmten Cafés der Stadt aufführen. Parallel zum Schreiben habe ich eine 13-minütige Zusammenfassung der Filmaufnahmen geschnitten, die ich mit einem Team bei der Recherche im Juli 2016 gedreht hatte. Damit war dieses Projekt Ende November 2016 abgeschlossen. Seitdem bemüht sich mein Produzent um die Finanzierung des Projekts bei Fernsehsendern und Förderern.

Als die Tage im Grunewald kälter wurden, stieg bei mir die Motivation, meine Ideen und Gedanken zu Papier zu bringen. Es fiel mir aber oft sehr schwer, die Nachwirkungen der wunderbaren Vorträge der Fellow-Kollegen aus dem Kopf zu bekommen. Manchmal saß ich nächtelang über irgendwelchen Referenztexten, die mir bei einem Dienstags- oder Abendkolloquium äußerst spannend erschienen und die ich unbedingt noch lesen wollte. Ich muss ehrlich zugeben, dass ich dadurch meine eigene Arbeit manchmal vernachlässigt habe. Die Chance, mich mit den Themen der Kollegen zu beschäftigen und mich mit ihnen darüber zu unterhalten, wollte ich mir nicht entgehen lassen. Schließlich sind wir genau dafür an diesen Ort gekommen.

Mit meinem zweiten Vorhaben für den Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg wollte ich mich an fiktionale Stoffe heranwagen. Als erstes hatte ich einen Kurzfilm im Kopf, den ich unbedingt umsetzen wollte. Der Titel heißt „Once in a While“. Das zentrale Thema des Films ist Eifersucht. Es ist die Geschichte eines schwulen Paares, das morgens aufwacht und den Tag gleich mit einem Streit beginnt, in dem es um das Verhalten des einen Partners auf der Party der vorherigen Nacht geht. Die anfänglichen Sticheleien beim Frühstück werden mit der Zeit immer hässlicher und die ganze Streiterei eskaliert. Am Ende des Films wissen weder die Zuschauer noch die Figuren selbst, ob es vielleicht nicht bloß ein schrecklicher Albtraum war. Zum Schreiben der Dialoge musste ich zwar eine Autorin zur Hilfe nehmen, aber am Ende war ich auf das Ergebnis ziemlich stolz. Zum ersten Mal nahm ein Film konkrete Gestalt an, bevor er überhaupt gedreht wurde. Bis jetzt war es bei mir immer umgekehrt: Ich bin an meine Dokumentarfilm-Stoffe mit einer abstrakten Vorstellung und absoluter Offenheit herangetreten; die konkrete Geschichte kristallisierte sich erst am Schneidetisch aus dem gedrehten Material heraus. Ich war es also gewohnt, meine Geschichten anhand der vorliegenden konkreten Bilder zu entwickeln. Bei diesem Kurzfilm entwarf ich die Geschichte anhand eines geschriebenen Manuskripts.

Während die anderen Fellows sich gegen Ende des Jahres auf ihre Weihnachtsferien vorbereiteten, musste ich für meinen Dreh in Bangladesch die Technik-Koffer packen. Wegen der Residenzpflicht am Wissenschaftskolleg war ich gezwungen, den Dreh an

den Feiertagen zu planen, sonst wäre er nicht realisierbar gewesen. Ich bin sehr dankbar, dass die Leitung des Wissenschaftskollegs mir diese Wochen freigegeben hat, damit ich die erste Phase dieses schwierigen Auslandsdrehes abschließen konnte. Es geht bei diesem zweiteiligen Dokumentarfilm für die Fernsehsender SWR/ARTE um Bambus – von der Abholzung im Dschungel bis zur Herstellung von Bambusprodukten. Wir haben bei diesem Projekt beobachtet, wie die Bambusarbeiter unter äußerst schwierigen Bedingungen im Wald den Bambus schneiden, wie die Flößer dann tausende von Bambusstämmen als Riesenfloß durch die Flüsse transportieren und zum Schluss, wie aus diesem Bambus die unterschiedlichsten Produkte entstehen. Der Film fokussiert aber in erster Linie auf die Geschichte der Menschen, die mit dieser Arbeitswelt zu tun haben. Die zweite Drehphase dieses Projekts fand nach meinem Wiko-Aufenthalt im August und September 2017 statt. Der Film wird in Berlin geschnitten und soll bis Ende April 2018 fertiggestellt sein.

Als ich nach meiner ersten Drehphase Ende Januar zurückkam, ging es schon mit der Berlinale los. Das ist die Jahreszeit, in der ich mich der überwältigenden Anziehungskraft des internationalen Kinos nicht entziehen kann. Die zwei Wochen anhaltende Begeisterung über die intensive Sichtung der Filme und die Begegnungen mit Kollegen aus der ganzen Welt schwappte auf meinen Wiko-Alltag über. Die anderen Fellows merkten schnell, dass ich nur noch über Filme redete, die ich gerade gesehen hatte. Auch ist es mir gelungen, einige Fellows in Filme des Festivals zu locken. Die Berlinale ist die Zeit, in der ich für verschiedene Zeitschriften Filmkritiken schreibe. Dazu waren die ruhigen Abende in meiner Wohnung am Wissenschaftskolleg genau das Richtige.

Mit dem Frühling kehrte bei mir wieder etwas Ruhe ein und ich setze mich für mein nächstes Vorhaben an den Schreibtisch: „Past is Present“. Das ist ein autobiografisches Dokumentarfilmprojekt, an dem ich seit mehr als acht Jahren arbeite. Es geht um meine Familienmitglieder, die auf vier Kontinenten zerstreut sind und ständig versuchen, trotz der Entfernung und quasi „Entbindung“ eine Familie zu bleiben. Das Projekt wurde von Anfang an durch Eigenmittel finanziert und muss jedes Jahr aktualisiert werden. Neben dem Schreiben muss ich zwischendurch auch drehen und schneiden, weil manche Ereignisse später nicht nachgedreht werden können. Ich stand mit der Projektentwicklung kurz vor dem Abschluss und hoffte auf eine Finanzierung. Im März und April 2017 schrieb ich an dem Treatment des Projekts weiter und schnitt aus dem bisher gedrehten Material mehrere Clips. Mein Anliegen war es, endlich etwas davon einem Testpublikum zu zeigen, um die Reaktionen kennenzulernen. So habe ich dieses Projekt zum Thema

meines Dienstagskolloquiums gemacht und die Clips den Fellows gezeigt. Die Reaktionen waren überwältigend. Einige Fellows waren von dem emotionalen Konflikt der Protagonisten so sehr berührt, dass bei ihnen Tränen flossen – manche reagierten geradezu verstört, weil die Nähe und Intimität in den Aufnahmen für sie „zu viel“ waren. Von den Diskussionen und Anmerkungen habe ich eine Menge profitiert, was mir für die Weiterarbeit an dem Projekt sehr hilfreich sein wird.

Das schwierigste Unterfangen, das ich mir je vorgenommen hatte, ist, das Drehbuch für einen abendfüllenden Spielfilm zu schreiben, womit ich ebenfalls während meines Wiko-Aufenthalts begonnen habe. „Flexi Load“ heißt der Spielfilm, dessen Geschichte in Bangladesch spielt. Die Idee zu diesem Film beruht auf wahren Begebenheiten. Es geht um einen 17-jährigen Jungen, der in einem Telefonladen arbeitet, wo er das Guthaben auf Pre-Paid Sim-Karten auflädt. Diese Telefonläden sind in Bangladesch überall zu finden und heißen „Flexi-Load-Booth“. Um ein Guthaben aufladen zu lassen, muss man seine Handy-Nummer angeben. Der Protagonist des Filmes fängt irgendwann an, die Nummern von jungen Kundinnen zu notieren, um ihnen nachher eine SMS zu schicken. Die Nachrichten schickt er aber jedes Mal von anderen Sim-Karten, die er zu Dutzenden illegal irgendwo besorgt hat. Zunächst reagieren die Frauen auf die Nachrichten nicht, dann im Laufe der Zeit irgendwann doch, weil die Texte ihr Interesse wecken. Der Junge entwickelt ein regelrechtes Dichtertalent und schreibt sehr einfühlsame Ein- oder Zweizeiler, die neugierig machen. Er kreierte aus sich selbst heraus eine Phantomfigur, die nur in der virtuellen Welt existiert und die niemand zurückverfolgen kann. Er benutzt nämlich die Simkarten nur kurz zum Empfangen und Senden der Nachrichten, damit man ihn nicht aufspüren kann. Was für ihn als ein seltsames Spiel begann, entwickelt sich für die Frauen zu einer komplexen und ernsten Geschichte, die ich hier noch nicht verraten möchte. So ist das mit „Work in Progress“.

Bei meinem Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg habe ich noch etwas intensiv betrieben, das manche Fellows gar nicht verstehen konnten. Ich schrieb mich von Anfang an bei dem Deutschkurs ein, obwohl ich seit über 25 Jahren in Deutschland lebe und einigermaßen sprechen, lesen und schreiben kann. Es war mir bewusst, dass ich eigentlich immer noch jede Menge sprachliche Defizite habe. Das hat sich auch im Unterricht bei Frau von Kügelgen bewahrheitet. Sie hat mir in diesen zehn Monaten geholfen, auf die richtige Spur zu kommen, um mein Schreiben und Lesen zu verbessern. Leider schreibe ich immer noch nicht fehlerfrei, aber ich gebe mir Mühe, immer besser zu werden. Leider ist das Leben zu kurz, um wirklich perfektes Deutsch zu lernen.

Ich wünschte mir während meiner Fellowship oft, dass ich gar nicht selbst arbeiten müsste, sondern nur noch den anderen Fellows zuhören und ihre Bücher lesen, ihre Fotos anschauen oder ihre Musik anhören könnte. Das wäre schon genug Beschäftigung gewesen. Selbst dafür hätten die zehn Monate nicht gereicht. Jedes Gespräch, das ich mit den anderen Fellows führte, war für mich äußerst bereichernd.

Nicht nur das Schreiben und Lesen und die vielen Unterhaltungen haben mich während der Monate im Grunewald beglückt, sondern auch das Essen, Trinken und Träumen. Jeden Tag freute ich mich auf den Anblick des Blumenstraußes am Eingang zum Vestibül des Hauptgebäudes, den Katarzyna jede Woche sehr liebevoll neu gestaltet, auf das Frühstück mit gutem Kaffee, auf die Mahlzeiten im Wiko-Restaurant, die wir von der wunderbaren Mannschaft der Küche serviert bekamen, die köstlichen Weine, die Dunia uns einschenkte und deren Namen ich sorgfältig notiert habe, auf die Ruhe in dem Klubraum, wo ich oft gearbeitet habe, auf die neuen Zeitungen und Zeitschriften, die ich alle lesen wollte und es doch nie geschafft habe, auf die schöne Wiese im Garten, wo ich oft die Sonne genossen habe, auf den anliegenden See, in dem ich unbedingt schwimmen wollte und mich bis zum Schluss doch nicht getraut habe. Für alle diese wunderbaren Dinge möchte ich mich bei den Engeln des Wissenschaftskollegs ganz herzlich bedanken.



MEINE ZWEI AUFENTHALTE AM WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG, EINER UNIVERSITÄT OHNE STUDENTEN
EL HADJI IBRAHIMA DIOP

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Es gibt fast keine Disziplin, die am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin nicht vertreten ist. Insofern kann diese Institution durchaus als Universit t bezeichnet werden. Wer einen Blick in die Publikationslisten der Fellows aus dem In- und Ausland und auf das Schaffen der K nstler am Kolleg wirft, wird wohl einsehen, wie vielf ltig und substanziell die Forschungsertr ge sind. Das Wissenschaftskolleg ist weltoffen. Viele Nationalit ten sind hier anzutreffen. Vielf ltige Diskussionen, die w hrend der Workshops und Kolloquien gef hrt werden, pr gen den Alltag. Kontakte zu Hochschulen sowie zu Forschungs- und Bildungseinrichtungen in Berlin und Potsdam werden gepflegt.

Weltoffenheit ist Voraussetzung f r Internationalit t. Internationalit t kann in der Wissenschaft auf zweierlei Weise entstehen: erstens durch die Vielfalt der Herkunftsl nder

der Wissenschaftler oder zweitens durch den weiten Horizont ihrer Forschungsprojekte. International muss die Wissenschaft deshalb sein, weil es keine nationale Wissenschaft geben kann, sondern bestenfalls nationale Förderpolitiken, die aus nationalstaatlichen Divergenzen, Differenzen bzw. Diskrepanzen entspringen.

Auf die Art der Internationalisierung, für die das Wissenschaftskolleg steht, kann Deutschland als Standort weltweiten Lehrens und Lernens stolz sein. Denn Internationalisierung ist heutzutage zwar eine Zauberformel, sie bedarf jedoch zu ihrem guten Funktionieren grundsätzlicher Überlegungen und Weichenstellungen. Die englische Sprache ist – wie bis zum Ausgang des 18. Jahrhunderts Latein und Französisch – *Lingua franca* und sicherlich von Vorteil für alle, die eine Brücke zur Verständigung suchen. Dennoch muss Internationalisierung nicht Anglizisierung sein: Sprachliche Pluralität, das heißt eine intelligente Mehrsprachigkeit, bringt Nutzen für alle. Sie ist als Gegenbewegung zur Monokultur eine kulturelle Bereicherung und wirkt somit für die Wissenschaft besonders fördernd. Eben dies wird am Wissenschaftskolleg praktiziert. Als Germanist in Goethes Heimat äußere ich mich gern in der Sprache des Gastlandes. Darüber hinaus bietet die Institution allen Fellows Deutschunterricht, organisiert Kino- und Theaterbesuche, und sie leistet eine beachtliche Übersetzungsarbeit. In der Bibliothek des Kollegs sind Publikationen von Fellows der vergangenen Jahrgänge in vielen Sprachen zu finden, was Ausdruck des gelungenen Engagements für sprachliche Diversität ist.

Zwischen dem Wissenschaftskolleg und einer Universität gibt es Unterschiede und Gemeinsamkeiten, die Voraussetzung für eine bereichernde Symbiose sein können: Ein Unterschied liegt darin, dass das Kolleg keine Studierenden hat. Diese Aussage ist allerdings zu nuancieren, weil jeder Fellow sozusagen „Pflichtveranstaltungen“ zu besuchen bzw. anzubieten hat, etwa die Dienstagskolloquien und Donnerstagsdisputationen mit den Fellows, die am Kolleg den Rhythmus des akademischen Lebens prägen. Nach jedem einstündigen Kolloquiumsvortrag folgt eine einstündige Diskussionsrunde. Die Fragen und Antworten sind echte Bewährungsproben. Das Publikum erwartet Klarheit und pädagogische Zielgerichtetheit, und jede/r Vortragende versucht, aus der eigenen Lehrerfahrung das Beste zu machen.

Durch die Erfahrung des Kolloquiums wurde mir klar, dass mein ursprüngliches Forschungsthema „Spuren der Aufklärung in Afrika“ treffender mit „Streitkultur und Kulturen des Streits im Islam südlich der Sahara“ umschrieben werden kann. Durch die umfangreiche Literatur, die mir freundlicherweise von der Bibliothek zur Verfügung

gestellt wurde, kam ich zur Erkenntnis, dass es möglich ist, in unterschiedlicher Art und Weise über Aufklärung zu sprechen. Warum muss eine afrikanische Aufklärungsforschung die Methoden und Ziele einer (meiner germanistischen) europäischen Aufklärungsforschung „importieren“? In der internationalen Wissenschaftslandschaft ist nicht jeder Methodentransfer ein Glücksfall für die Erschließung des lokalen Wissensbestands.

Dass ich mich zweimal am Wissenschaftskolleg als Fellow zur Forschung aufhielt (von September bis Dezember 2016 und von September 2016 bis April 2017), ist eine Ausnahme und keine Regel. Dies war weder von mir noch von der Verwaltung des Kollegs geplant. Aber im Leben gibt es nun einmal schicksalhafte Momente. Und in dieser Situation kam mir die Verwaltung verständnisvoll entgegen, und ich nahm ihr Angebot dankend an, meinen Aufenthalt in zwei Teile aufzuteilen.

Es sei mir erlaubt, zwei kurze Geschichten und ein besonderes Ereignis in diesen Bericht aufzunehmen. Die erste Geschichte betrifft mich persönlich; sie hat mein Interesse an einem Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg, von dessen Existenz ich nur vage Vorstellungen hatte, geweckt: Ich traf Wolf Lepenies im Pariser Quartier Latin, und zwar in der Maison Fondation des Sciences de l'Homme, 18, rue Suger. Wir sprachen dort über die Freundschaft zwischen Senghor und Brandt, ein Thema, mit dem ich mich ganz am Anfang meines Studiums der Germanistik beschäftigt hatte. Senghors Interesse an deutscher Kultur und der Förderung des Germanistikstudiums im Senegal durch die Bundesrepublik sind wichtige Momente, in denen Biografisches und Institutionelles verschmelzen. Wolf Lepenies erzählte von Senghors berühmtem, in Tours aufgenommenen Foto, wo der spätere Präsident Senegals als Lehrer für Latein und Griechisch tätig war. Von diesem Bild wusste ich nichts. Als ich im Kolleg ankam, bestellte ich Lepenies' Buch, dessen Titel *Qu'est-ce qu'un intellectuel européen? Les intellectuels et la politique de l'esprit dans l'histoire européenne* lautet. Dass ich in meinem Bericht von diesem Buch spreche, hat mit dem Umstand zu tun, dass ein Abschnitt des letzten Kapitels den Titel *Senghor et Rossini* trägt. Hier sah ich das Foto und wurde durch die dazugehörige Kapitelüberschrift zum Nachdenken angeregt: *Les Intellectuels d'un vieux continent et la fin de la domination européenne*. Dieser Reflexion über Senghor geht im selben Kapitel eine andere voran, welche den Titel *L'époque des migrations et la traductibilité des cultures* trägt. Das Werk erschien 2007 im selben Verlag, *Seuil*, der auch Senghors wichtigste Schriftenreihe *Liberté* über Geschichte, Kultur, Politik, Philosophie und Literatur herausgab.

Der Abstecher zu diesem Text ist mir wichtig, weil dieser mir eine geistige Klammer zum Verständnis anderer Erlebnisse und Eindrücke während meines Aufenthalts am

Kolleg bietet: Als Obama unlängst nach Deutschland reiste, um sich vom Westen als Amerikas Präsident zu verabschieden, sprach er von der Notwendigkeit, humane Werte zu schützen. Seine Unterredung mit Bundeskanzlerin Merkel über ihre Menschenrechtspolitik ist von historischer Bedeutung. Sie dokumentiert eine Wende in Europa, die für die internationalen Beziehungen in der Welt zukunftsweisend ist. In Obamas Rede und in der Antwort der Bundeskanzlerin deutet sich dieses Verständnis von Menschenrechten als Kampfansage gegen politischen, kulturellen und kommerziellen Protektionismus an.

Dieser Moment der Hoffnung wurde von anderen Ereignissen konterkariert, die nur auf den ersten Blick zusammenhangslos neben dem erstgenannten stehen: Auf dem Weihnachtsmarkt nahe der Gedächtniskirche wurde 2016 ein Attentat von unvorstellbarer Grausamkeit verübt. Die Tat entstammt der gleichen Ideologie, die in Timbuktu 2012 wertvolle islamische Schriftgüter und Mausoleen zerstörte. Kirchen und Moscheen sind Ziele der Fundamentalisten geworden, weil sie Menschen sowie jedes kulturelle Bildungsgut, das Humanität fördert, hassen. Gleichzeitig erlebte ich während meiner beiden Aufenthalte zwei weitere völlig widersprüchliche historische Momente: die Willkommenskultur in Deutschland im Sommer 2016 und die nationalistische Welle in Nord-, West- und Osteuropa, auf welche die Wahl von Donald Trump zum Präsidenten des mächtigsten Staats der Welt folgte.

Diese Ereignisse führen mich zu Lepenies' Buch zurück, das ich – wie jeder Leser – durch meine eigene Brille betrachte. Ich bringe Lepenies' Appell an die Verantwortung der europäischen Intellektuellen mit den Worten Senghors zusammen. 1949, aus Anlass einer UNESCO-Konferenz über Goethe und den 200. Geburtstag des Dichters, schrieb Senghor einen Aufsatz mit dem Titel *Le message de Goethe*. Aus Senghors Feder lesen wir: „Es war Ende des Jahres 1941. Ich war in Poitiers, in einem Kriegsgefangenenlager für Kolonialsoldaten. Meine Fortschritte im Deutschen hatten mir schließlich ermöglicht, Gedichte von Goethe im Original zu lesen. Das war eine Offenbarung, die mich bewog, die großen Werke des Meisters erneut aufmerksamer zu lesen. In meiner winzigen Bibliothek stellte ich nun *Faust* und *Iphigenie* neben die *Äneis*, die Gedanken von Pascal und die Dialoge von Platon, die zu meinen Lieblingsbüchern gehörten.“ An einer wichtigen Stelle seiner Goethe-Ansprache warnt Senghor vor der „Gefahr, nur auf das eigene Volk, die eigene Nation, auf die eigenen Tugenden bauen zu wollen.“

Beim Abschied kommt mir weiterhin der halb scherzhafte, halb feierliche Satz eines Co-Fellows, einem Schweizer Komponisten, in den Sinn. Er wurde formuliert, als wir im Rahmen einer Evaluation des Wissenschaftskollegs gebeten wurden, unsere Meinung

über den Forschungsaufenthalt kundzutun: „Wenn Sie etwas Negatives über das Kolleg schreiben, dann komponiere ich eine Symphonie gegen Sie alle.“ Ich verstehe recht gut, dass die Verwaltung des Wissenschaftskollegs daran interessiert ist zu wissen, was noch besser gemacht werden kann. Meine Antwort diesbezüglich lautet: In der heutigen Zeit großer Unsicherheiten ist es eine gewaltige, unermessliche Leistung, wenn das Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin den exzellenten Standard, den es erreicht hat, weiterhin absichert.

Schließlich erscheint mir noch folgendes Ereignis, das ich Mitte Februar 2017 erlebte, ein guter Grund dafür zu sein, die im Wissenschaftskolleg gepflegte Tradition für heute und morgen zu wahren. Es betrifft einen Fellow namens Mohsen Kadivar, der aus dem Iran stammt, aber in den USA lebt und arbeitet. Die Geschichte seines Aufenthalts am Kolleg charakterisiert eine Zeitenwende und spricht für die Bedeutung des Kollegs. Um das Geschehen wiederzugeben und meinen Bericht abzuschließen, finde ich keine besseren Worte als die des Rektors des Wissenschaftskollegs, Luca Giuliani, der in der Ausgabe vom *Tagespiegel* vom 21. Februar 2017 den Hergang des Ereignisses schildert:

„Das Einreiseverbot [...] kennt keine Nuancen, es kennt nur den Unterschied zwischen Freund und Feind, zwischen ‚uns‘ und den ‚bad dudes‘, die man an ihren falschen Pässen und der Religion erkennt. Es entzieht Exilanten, Dissidenten und Reformern den politischen Schutz, den intellektuellen Nährboden und die materielle Existenzgrundlage. Es treibt die Gefährdeten bestenfalls ins Limbo, schlimmstenfalls zurück in die Arme ihrer Verfolger. Es bestärkt den Zynismus derjenigen, die immer schon wussten, dass die Amerikaner es mit ihrer Humanität nicht ernst meinen. Und es fordert uns heraus zu sagen, wie ernst wir es mit unserem Einsatz meinen. Die Anwälte der Duke University raten Kadivar am 7. Februar, so schnell wie möglich in die USA zurückzukehren, keinesfalls jenseits des 90-Tage-Banns, der ursprünglich verhängt wurde. Vor einem bestimmten Flughafen als Ort der Wiedereinreise warnen sie. Die Universität trägt die finanziellen Lasten. Am 16. Februar ist Mohsen Kadivar in die USA zurückgefliegt.“



A WORK IN REGRESS (AND WHY THAT'S
A GOOD THING)
DAVID DYZENHAUS

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A week ago, two weeks from the end of my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg, I started work in earnest on my project for the year. I came here with the draft of a book manuscript, titled *The Long Arc of Legality*, which seeks to show that Thomas Hobbes provided a sophisticated legal theory of the modern state that, when properly elaborated, can help to sort out pressing problems in contemporary philosophy of law. Given that I had a manuscript of some 200 pages in reasonably good shape, I thought it would be fairly easy to revise it to the point where I could submit it to a publisher at about this time.

With that in mind, and because I did not want to spend the year fretting about my colloquium on my work in progress, I signed up for the first available colloquium. That event happened in October. I found it daunting but very useful to prepare a talk for biologists, novelists, a photographer, humanists of every description, and so on. And I thoroughly enjoyed both the attempt at conveying to this audience my ideas about the role of legality in constructing our legal and political orders and the question period that followed. But I did get two questions, one from the Rector, Luca Giuliani, another from a fellow Fellow, Katharina Volk, that set me a clutch of puzzles. Both questions focused on the role of the legal subject in my account, as I want to make central to philosophy of law the question posed by someone subject to law: “But, how can that be law for me?”

My argument is intended to show that once we see that the modern legal order is structured by principles that make it possible for the subject to get an answer that enables her to make sense of her subjection to legal authority – to understand why such authority is legitimate – the way is open to make progress in philosophy of law. In particular, we can get over the impasse in current debates between legal positivists and natural lawyers, i.e., legal theorists who argue that there is no necessary connection between law and morality and those who argue that law always has a moral quality to it.

As it happens, I had also arrived with a standard set of commitments: to write three papers, one for a festschrift and two for conferences; and after the colloquium I decided to finish work on the first before I turned to my main project. But when I attempted that turn I found myself stuck, except for a brief interlude when I was inspired for a few days by a wonderful colloquium on the history of capitalism by Mary O’Sullivan, which suggested to me a way of dealing with the complexities in the account I wish to set out. I then decided again that I was making no headway and turned to the other papers I had to write, because it seemed to me that I could use them, in combination with the first, as a vehicle for solving the puzzles set for me at my colloquium.

These three papers circle around the same set of problems, the role of the legal subject in philosophy of law, the relationship between the public law of national order and international law, the relationship between the private law regimes of different national orders, the reach of national public law rules beyond the territorial borders of the state, and the role of social contract theory in explaining constitutional, legal order. And in all three, the central figure is the great Austrian legal positivist Hans Kelsen, since it seems to me that once I can show how legality’s arc stretches from Hobbes to Kelsen, my project is done.

I finished the third paper just a few days ago and presented it at a workshop, magnificently hosted by the Wissenschaftskolleg on “The Double-Facing Constitution”. The workshop brought together academics from Canada, the USA, New Zealand, the UK, and Berlin, and for a day and a half we had intense discussion of what became our dominant theme, first articulated in my abstract, of “the Janus-faced constitution”. This idea refers to the fact that a constitution looks both inwards and outwards. That fact, however, is equivocal. Janus is usually thought of as the Roman god of doors, and doors can be shut and barred against the outside. But he is also the god of *doorways*, thresholds, passages, and transitions, which gives us an alternative way of understanding the act of self-constitution as not an exclusionary, but a liminal act – one that establishes not a barrier so much as a threshold or point of transition between spaces. I draw attention to this only because the idea was directly inspired by Cornelia Jöchner’s description of her project at the Wissenschaftskolleg, as well as her colloquium, on the place and history of the facade in architecture.

With that paper done, I am now in a position to start work on my project in earnest. So in a real way, my year has been a “work in regress” (a line I stole from Guy Stroumsa’s colloquium talk). But since I had, as I discovered, to go backwards before I could begin to go forward, I cannot think of a more productive way to spend a year.

Of course, having a year to spend thinking and writing about these kinds of issues is in itself invaluable. But there is also the magic of the Wissenschaftskolleg. One can point to the tangible things that are the preconditions for the magic to happen, both the generosity of all the people who worked tirelessly to make things so easy for us to have a productive year and the social and intellectual company of my fellow Fellows and their partners, who quickly formed a friendly and collegial community. But the whole is much, much bigger than the sum of its parts.

Here is one of many illustrations of how the Wissenschaftskolleg worked its magic. Another of the projects I undertook this year was to preside over a translation of a book by Hermann Heller. Heller was one of the leading public lawyers and legal and political theorists of the Weimar era, which is high praise, as his main interlocutors were two of the giants of twentieth-century legal and political thought, Hans Kelsen and Carl Schmitt. However, Heller is hardly known outside of Germany, in large part because he, a Jewish socialist and militant opponent of the Nazis, died in exile in Spain in 1933, aged 42. This book – *Die Souveränität: Ein Beitrag zur Theorie des Staats- und Völkerrechts* [1927] – is his attempt to intervene decisively in a debate about sovereignty to which both Schmitt and

Kelsen had already made important contributions. Oxford University Press has agreed to publish the book in their series, *The History and Theory of International Law*, and I engaged a translator to prepare an initial draft of the translation. She and I have been over this translation line by line three times and it is now complete. Once I go over the text one more time and write a long introduction, the task will be done.

The Wissenschaftskolleg provided an ideal environment for this work. First, there is the serendipity that Heller wrote the book near the Schlachtensee, just a few kilometers from Grunewald. Second, the incomparable librarians were able to supply me with the material, often very hard to find, that I needed from time to time. Third, Heller assumed that his many quotations – Latin, Greek, French, Italian – needed no translation, and I could (and did!) call on my fellow Fellows and their partners (Barbara Kowalzig, Giacomo Todeschini, Jim Zetzel) for help with translation and on a theologian (Michael Moxter) and an historian of the Church (Hubert Wolf) for help with some of his allusions.

Finally, I must mention that the magic of the Wissenschaftskolleg extends to the partners of Fellows. Cheryl Misak, my wife, is a philosopher who works on pragmatism. She is writing an intellectual biography of Frank Ramsey, who died in 1930 just before his 27th birthday, but managed in his short life to make contributions of the first importance to philosophy, economics, and mathematics. Her significant progress on this project was in large part made possible by the librarians who procured hundreds of books and other material that would have been hard to find in any one institution and who took care to reassure her that, as the partner of a Fellow, she was just as welcome to this magnificent resource. She was also helped by some of my fellow Fellows who were happy to help her navigate the areas of Ramsey's extraordinary reach.

These last weeks are strange, marked by the last colloquium, the last book the librarians will get for us, the last time Dunia and her fabulous staff in the kitchen make some last-minute adjustment so that they can serve a guest a delicious meal, the last trip to the shops or the Floh along Hasensprung, the last run or bike ride in the Grunewald, and above all the last time I will go to lunch in happy anticipation of sitting for at least an hour in the company of people whom I did not know a year ago, but now know in a way that usually takes two decades in an ordinary academic institution.

While it will be hard for both of us to leave the Wiko, the inevitable day will be made bearable by the knowledge that these friendships will be lasting ones.



ANTS AND INTELLECTUALS
JENNIFER H. FEWELL

Jennifer H. Fewell is a Behavioural Ecologist interested in the evolution and organization of complex social groups. She received her Bachelor of Arts in 1979 in Neurobiology and Behaviour at Cornell University, followed by a Master's of Science in 1985 and a Doctorate in 1988 from the University of Colorado under the direction of Michael Breed. Her dissertation work and NSF Postdoctoral Fellowship, with Mark Winston at Simon Fraser University, examined the regulation of foraging behaviour in ants and honey bees. She moved to Arizona State University as Research Faculty in 1991. During this time, she worked collaboratively with Robert Page, at the University of California, Davis, using self-organizational models to address the question of how division of labor can emerge and evolve. This became a primary research focus throughout her career. She transitioned into an Assistant Professorship at Arizona State University in 1993, where she currently holds the position of President's Professor. In 2005, she co-founded ASU's Center for Social Dynamics and Complexity and served as its first Natural Sciences Director. She additionally has served as Faculty Leader of the Organismal, Integrative, and Systems Biology Group in ASU's School of Life Sciences, and as Associate Dean of Faculty in ASU's Teachers College. – Address: School of Life Sciences, Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ 85287-4501, USA. E-mail: j.fewell@asu.edu.

Those Fellows reading this report have likely already experienced the first day of Wiko. As we did in our September session, they have congregated in the seminar room and introduced themselves by their expertise and planned projects. At this point, they have not yet built a community, and it remains an open question how this collection of individuals

will coalesce, what form this community will take. A Wiko group could, in theory, move through the year as a loose collection of individuals, each one continuing their projects from home institutions, albeit in a very lovely space. If so, it would be a productive but boring year. Wiko offers the opportunity to expand intellectually and culturally far beyond what any Fellow brings upon arrival. I suspect this is, in actuality, the hidden function of this space – a project in community emergence.

As humans and as intellectuals, we grow opportunistically from our communities, and this was certainly the case for me. Over the year, our group of Fellows became something more coalescent, something more cohesive and perhaps something more interesting than a loose association of intellectuals. A community emerged from our collective selves. I suppose I should not be surprised at this. After all, my research centers on the emergence of social organization. It focuses primarily on the organization of work in insect societies, scaling in size from small social collectives to the thousands (millions) of workers coordinating tasks within a mature social insect colony. We are clearly not ants, but there are still insights to be gained, and one of these is that groups self-organize. Whether humans, social primates, or social insects, individuals brought together with a common purpose form cohesive societies; we see the emergence of a cooperative group.

As an academic, however, the question is how this new community might influence or expand a research program. How do we move outside of our intellectual comfort zones, or break through our intellectual facades? In that first 2016 Wiko meeting, a brave colleague stood up and declared that perhaps our success should be measured not in the projects that we accomplished, but instead in not accomplishing that project at all. If so, then I can report partial success. Although the year was valuable in advancing my main project, many of my more valued “breakthroughs” in this year came from intersections with colleagues far outside my field. This resulted in a collection of new inspirations, only some of which may materialize as products, but all of which have expanded my perspective.

At Work at Wiko: My core project at Wiko was to draft a synthesis on division of labor and the organization of work in animal systems. I have spent much of my research career on this topic, and there is currently no grand synthesis. The book, in progress, presents the argument that division of labor is in large part a product of social self-organization. By this, I mean that it emerges spontaneously when individuals coordinate and participate collectively in the multiple tasks they perform as a society. The emergence argument

makes the case that members of a social group spontaneously divide work, producing a division of labor in which different individuals specialize in different tasks. This task specialization is initiated through natural variation in individual task propensities; different individuals have intrinsically different sensitivities to the need for a given task. It is also driven by the consequence that performing a task reduces subsequent need for that task. Simply put, we only wash the dishes when we see there are dishes to be washed, and some of us see this before others do. Because some individuals are more responsive to the need for a task, they are more likely to perform it. When they do, they reduce the likelihood that others perform it also – they become the specialist. Because different individuals have sensitivities for different tasks, a division of labor naturally emerges.

This seems at first to be a simplistic vision of the complexities of work organization. Indeed, multiple layers are added during the evolution of division of labor in insect and vertebrate societies. These include the adaptive coordination and regulation of work within cohesive societies, as exemplified by the social insects. On a more individual level, other social dynamics are also involved. Task performance is often determined by dominance hierarchies, and also by social policing. All of these contribute to the organization of work. They also potentially generate emergent disparities in work performance, influencing the social costs and benefits of working together. Thus, emergent division of labor can generate advantages for a social group (as is the case with the highly social insects), or alternatively disrupt social evolution, as when the costs of specializing in a difficult task fail to outweigh the benefits of cooperating.

Models of the emergence of division of labor in insect societies have been explored in detail for decades now. What is less apparent is how ideas about work organization in animal societies could inform, and in turn be informed by, sociological and economic perspectives on human social organization. Although one cannot become a sociologist or economist in a year's sabbatical, it was a goal of mine to use the interdisciplinary community of Wiko to gain insights into the possible connections between human and non-human systems. The many discussions I had with researchers in these fields and the associated reading lists (I simultaneously thank you and complain) presented invaluable additions to my work. In turn, I was able to assess the level to which my work on the biological underpinnings of division of labor might connect with a much broader audience than the one to which I am typically exposed. A summary take-home is that the emergence of division of labor and its social consequences – in ants, in mammal societies, and particularly in human social relationships – is about much more than who is washing the dishes.

Facades and How to Break Them: My project on division of labor fit well with my initial view of the utility of Wiko. It required a shift in my perspective, however, to go beyond this and realize the more transformational benefit of this space and the community temporarily residing within. A partial wake-up occurred during a seminar by a Fellow on historical architecture. In her seminar, she spoke of architectural facades, their symbolism and function. From this, two thoughts struck me. The first, quite in keeping with my biologist mind, involved the potential parallels and limitations of architectural use by humans and animals. Does architecture provide a unifying theme, or is it a way to separate the cultural human from the human as biological being?

The second thought was more personal. What of our own intellectual facades? Instead of providing points of intersection, do the academic faces we present to each other actually generate intellectual barriers? From this, I began to move beyond considering the weekly Fellows presentations as useful summaries of our projects, to potentially valuable and varied sources of intellectual connections. Some of these have led to useful project ideas. I hope, for example, to join with my Co-Fellows in interdisciplinary workshops on the human and animal faces of architecture. I had a lively series of discussions with a classicist on human versus animal use of identifying tags, perhaps as a general mechanism for deciding with whom to cooperate; these again allowed me to connect basic principles between the human and animal realms. I also particularly enjoyed arguing alternate biological interpretations of Shakespeare, which had no bearing at all on my research but were pure fun. A subset of these connections may gel into cross-disciplinary products, but even if they do not, they widened the boundaries of my research and provided much enjoyment.

The discussions and exchanges in our Fellows group also exposed me to a diverse set of political, ethical, and religious values. These exchanges were empowering, and often less than comfortable. They widened my perspective beyond the bubble that I normally inhabit. This was the case in November 2016, when the US went through one of the most unusual and in some ways disturbing leadership changes of its modern history. The solidarity of the Fellows group at this moment, again during the Women's March in January 2017, and for the March for Science in March 2017, exemplified the power and even the joy that facing challenges as a community can bring.

Leaves and the Spaces Beyond: When I initially thought of how to organize this report, I thought first in terms of space use. Any designed environment, an ant nest or an institute,

channels individual communication to shape what individuals do and how they communicate. In an institute, this happens during seminars and associated discussions, but it also occurs in the myriad less formal spaces in which we meet. The intellectual space that a year at the Institute gave was of immense value. Wiko gave me the breathing room needed to move the division of labor project forward. Of the spaces that I occupied during my time there, most of my measurable productivity occurred in the seclusion of my apartment office. This was a lovely space, where I could look out over the walkways and take tea breaks while watching the birds. Other Fellows distributed themselves among offices, coffee shops, side rooms, and the library. There are multiple spots to choose. In this space, we did the work we came for.

These spaces, however, cannot be where the most exciting points of intersection occur. The most interesting and emergent “distractions” occurred in less formal places than the seminar room or my office. Discussions initiated in the restaurant over meals and wine were continued as Fellows met along the sidewalk of Koenigsallee, on our daily walk from the main buildings to the Villa Walther, and on across the Hasensprung. We met unexpectedly on walks and explorations into the forest Grunewald, or even on the M19 heading downtown. One day on my way out of the seminar, I passed another Fellow, a photographer shooting pictures of the leaves falling on the sidewalk. I expressed my dismay at my own photography skills, and he explained that a photograph of a leaf “is not about a leaf. It captures the element of you that you see in the leaf”. I explained that leaves must fall for the tree to survive the winter, and I showed him the juncture built into the leaf’s stem for it to fall more easily. He liked that information, and so we went on an adventure in discovering leaves. I spent many hours away from my book on division of labor, watching how leaves fall on the sidewalk, thinking of how they decay, critically assessing hundreds of leaf photographs – all beautiful – and contemplating the biology of leaf abandonment. That beautiful distraction, to me, is Wiko.



A YEAR WITHOUT WRITING
ADRIÁN GORELIK

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In Buenos Aires, soon before traveling to Berlin, I had the opportunity to meet Franco Moretti, who was in the city presenting two of his books that had recently been translated into Spanish. Thanks to a friend in common – José Emilio Burucúa, an ex-Wiko-Fellow himself – I managed to chat with Franco and catch a glimpse of the pleasant moments we would share in Berlin, every time he came to visit – fortunately, quite often. If I mention it here, it is because this was a revealing, almost premonitory meeting: as soon as he got to know about my prospective stay at Wiko, Franco produced a sentence I initially took for

a *boutade*, although its echoes would come back to me during my whole stay: “There is no worse plan for taking advantage of a stay at Wiko than to try to write a book.” At that moment, though, I only managed to smile in complicity, as if I knew what he was talking about – we had barely met, and I would not let his well-known provocative style catch me off guard. I obviously didn’t mention the fact that my plan was precisely that – what else would a scholar expect to do when offered a year-long period, free of academic commitments, in an atmosphere of intellectual work that everyone who had been at Wiko coincided in describing as idyllic? The fact was that Moretti’s sentence was far from a *boutade*: first, it worked almost like a curse; later on, it became a redemptive prophecy.

As soon as I arrived, I was immediately struck by the contrast between my prospect of productive seclusion and the intensity of intellectual exchanges that were offered to me at every step. It was a contrast that plunged me into a mixture of excitement and anxiety. Since I had begun my stay a month late, I initially thought that such a situation was the consequence of my difficulty keeping up with the rest of the Fellows, who seemed settled and comfortable with the Wiko lifestyle. But I soon realized that there were deeper reasons for my state of mind – reasons shared by many Fellows, whose apparent “comfort” was simply the distorted effect of my anxious perspective. It was not simply a matter of lack of time, but rather of an incompatibility between two types of spiritual and intellectual attitudes: openness to the new and the need to concentrate in order to fulfill a writing task. I realized, in sum, that a book – and not any other piece of writing, but *a book* (and here Franco’s phrase resonated once and again) – requires a certain degree of isolation from the world.

My book project, thus, continued, but the world in front of me offered too many temptations. To begin with, each conversation with Wiko Fellows entailed a fascinating trip to a double geography: that of their places of origin, loaded with social, political, and cultural experiences, and that of their regions of knowledge and expertise, full of resources that enlarged one’s own. Second, Wiko’s library, available for all the sorts of curiosity aroused by those conversations and experiences. Third, the German classes, in which our phenomenal teachers, Eva and Ursula, introduced us weekly not to a language, but to an entire civilization – indeed, it was in those classes that I gathered the core of my first group of complicities: Lena, Frédéric, Emily, Marina, Claire, Hitomi, Jihwan, Jennifer, John, and obviously Graciela. Finally, of course, Berlin itself, an endless urban experience. If these temptations generated during the first months a disturbing state of mind, in which the thrill of experimentation could not be easily differentiated from the guilty

awareness of the hours I was stealing from writing, it was thanks to Franco's dictum that I eventually managed to see the situation as a dilemma that had to be solved: I abandoned the book entirely and indulged without reservations in the exploration of the new.

I mention here only three of its territories. I devoted myself to reading, to the point that I realized how much the academic world would improve if it recovered some of Jorge Luis Borges's attitude: "Let others boast of pages they have written, / I take pride in those I've read" (*In Praise of Darkness*). In times when scholarly written and published production is reaching an unmanageable – and dubious – scale, and academic institutions lightheartedly remain within the productivistic logic according to which they make quantitative evaluations of texts that nobody could ever manage to read, it might be wiser – and, why not, revolutionary – to write much less and much slower, so that we can make sure that every word we add to the world deserves its place in it. In other words, to apply a principle of "slow science", which I embraced since my experience at Wiko.

Reading is hospitable to stimuli: it welcomes and multiplies them. Yet, its base, the roadmap that on that occasion guided me to the construction of a new personal library, came, as said, from continual intellectual exchange with the closest Fellows. This state of continuous conversation led me to reflect more seriously about an essential dimension of the experience at Wiko: the question of translation. It was not simply a matter of the translation across the different languages we used – with all my limitations to do it properly. What was most stimulating was, rather, to be forced to think and express myself in terms that could be understood by this set of demanding interlocutors who didn't have the implicit knowledge my research topics presupposed. The translation effort required to reframe my research in broader cultural terms led me to rethink it critically. I certainly have to acknowledge dear Fellows like Lena, Giacomo, Marina, Alberto, Esther, Mary, Cornelia, Frédéric, Asef, Linda, David, Mike, Barbara, Andrea, Carey, Claire, Rogers, Susan ... – some of them close friends, others not as close as I would have desired – for their empathy and for the rigor they imposed on the task.

Last but not least, I devoted myself intensely – or *we* did, I should say, including Graciela – to Berlin. It is well-known that any city can be understood as an open-air museum of its society's history – as a cultural cartography. But Berlin takes that general fact to an extreme and exquisite degree of fulfillment. I don't mean here simply the massive evidence left by the conscious work of memorialization that distinguishes this city: in Berlin there is almost no spot without history, nor any piece of history that has not been turned into a *lieu de mémoire*, and that has not been the object of harsh controversy concerning its

monumentalization (I have always found the *Stolpersteine* project the most subtle and moving case of this type of process). I mean also that Berlin, being more than any other city the epicenter of the destructive violence that characterized the 20th century, managed to leave material traces of each of its past epochs, thus allowing the observer to reconnect its pieces and – like someone who can read the lost order of the world in a geological cross-section – to rewrite the city’s history simply by walking its streets. It is worth mentioning that I did not have the systematicity nor the insane genius of Michael, who devoted himself to plot the entire city in his walks – a plan that, I confess, I envied as soon as I got to know about it. My experience was more modest, but I like to think, equally intense.

This was my third time in Berlin. My first two stays, however, had been shorter, only allowing me to consciously and conscientiously survey its main museums, its theaters, and its most notable urban and architectural sites – from Schinkel to the interwar *Siedlungen*, from Scharoun to the 1980s’ IBA. It felt as if I had gathered all the dots on the plan, but without the lines that convey meaning to it. This time, based on that prior knowledge and favored by the length and the conditions of my stay, I was able to have another type of experience, putting into practice the famous motto that opens *Berlin Childhood*: “Not to find one’s way around a city does not mean much. But to lose one’s way in a city, as one loses one’s way in a forest, requires some schooling.” The very fact of living in Grunewald – something I initially disliked, since I felt it exterior to Berlin proper – acquired new meaning: it was the heart of Benjamin’s Berlin, the West around which his worlds orbited. Or, at least, it was the point of departure from which I could plan an overall attack on the city: to walk towards Mendelssohn’s Schaubühne, or even further up to Shklovsky’s Zoo; to take the S7 that opens the entire East to you; or the M19, combining with the U2 in Wittenbergplatz or getting straight up to Kreuzberg; all these were means not simply to get somewhere, but rather to let oneself be carried away, getting off at any point and randomly walking through the different neighborhoods, in a journey of discovery and appropriation.

With typical surrealist wit, Guy Debord once mentioned the experience of a friend of his who had used a map of London to ramble through a German city. It is an anecdote that contains much of the situationist program: the transgressive and ludic use of the city through the disorientation and the denaturalization of the given. It is a program that Georges Perec would use to produce the best of his literature and that I have always found exciting. Yet, I discovered this time in Berlin that such a program is valid only for locals, who need to become estranged from their own city in order to understand it. Instead,

when we go through a city as actual strangers, denaturalization is our natural state: we always carry with ourselves – in our heads, but even more strongly below our feet’s soles – other cities and, first and foremost, our own. So, we establish spontaneous parallelisms, made out of constant and minuscule comparisons and contrasts, which somehow make the situationist game redundant and, more importantly, useless. In contrast, if there is anything I can congratulate myself on from this stay in Berlin, it is that – thanks to a strenuous work of naturalization, thanks to the fact that this time I did not set out to “get to know” the city, but rather to become one with it – my mind, and especially my feet, managed for some few and sublime moments to forget Buenos Aires.

But now I’m back home, and I can finally begin to write the book I didn’t write in Berlin. I am confident that all I have done and learned through my year at Wiko will somehow become palpable in my writing. I am certain, in fact, that it is already perceivable in my post-Wiko life. And, most importantly, I now know what to recommend to any prospective Wiko Fellow: “There is no worse plan for taking advantage of a stay at Wiko than to try to write a book.”



SEEING DIFFERENTLY
MENAKA GURUSWAMY

Dr. Menaka Guruswamy practices law at the Supreme Court of India. She is also B. R. Ambedkar Research Scholar and Lecturer at Columbia Law School. In her law practice she has litigated cases ensuring access of disadvantaged children to elite schools, ensuring large scale bureaucratic reform in the country, challenging the colonial era sodomy law and ensuring prosecution for extra judicial executions. She has advised the United Nations Development Fund, New York and the United Nations Children’s Fund, New York on various aspects of International Human Rights Law. She was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, a Gammon Fellow at Harvard Law School, and a gold medalist from the National Law School of India. She has law degrees from all three schools, with a Doctor of Philosophy in Law (D.Phil.) from Oxford University. She has been a Visiting Faculty Member at Yale Law School and New York University School of Law. Her most recent publications include essays on constitution-making in South Asia, in *Handbook on Comparative Constitutional Law* (Edward Elgar, forthcoming 2018), and “Crafting Constitutional Values: An Examination of the Supreme Court of India.” In *An Inquiry into the Existence of Global Values* (Hart Publishing/Bloombury, 2015). She is admitted to the Bar in New York and in Delhi. – Address: D 1007 New Friends Colony, New Delhi 110065. E-mail: menaka@post.harvard.edu.

I almost couldn’t bring myself to write the Wiko year-end report – for how does one describe such a life-altering experience adequately? As I sit and write amid the bustle of Manhattan, I remember the gently swaying trees of the Grunewald, the solitude offered

by my Wiko home, and the jovial but ever thoughtful weekday lunches (and the Thursday dinners!) with my fellow Fellows and the members of the Kolleg.

It was a different life from my usual one – the frantic pace and uninterrupted demands of a busy litigation career in New Delhi – where my time was everyone’s but my own. What I had craved before was the ability to enjoy a quiet solitude – to read and write and to learn about fields that were not my own. All of that is possible at the Wiko. From painting to music, my daily conversations spanned worlds that were otherwise reserved for only weekend readings, if at all. These multi-disciplinary conversations alter the lens that one applies “to see”. I now seek out other disciplines and crafts more than I would before the Wiko. And that is a wonderful gift to take as we left as Fellows – to more widely appreciate the world around us.

Life at the Wiko was gentle by design – it reflected the enormous efforts of the staff and members of the Kolleg – so that all Fellows need to do is focus on their chosen projects. The extraordinary care, the grace that all the staff and members of the Wiko typify, was singularly revelatory to me. The friendships offered, the care delivered, and the home that was created for us Fellows will always stay with me. The Rector, Thorsten, Daniel, Vera (both!), Dunia, Dennis – I cannot capture all of those who made it such a special year for me. Thank you, Wiko for your “grace”.

For me, I wrote more than I have ever written, but I also learned to see in ways that I have not seen before. Leaves, poetry, long quiet walks, and wondrous bike rides (that I had not experienced since college). While it is very lonely if one comes without one’s partner (and this I would not do again!), Berlin affords one much engagement, given how cosmopolitan it is. But, a better way to truly experience the Wiko is to come with your loved ones.

A special treat for me – was ping-pong a.k.a. table tennis. Be warned, new Fellows, the Wiko holds within it ferociously talented and competitive players – and they know the table better than every incoming class. My game (I am a rather competent player) – also improved dramatically! Imagine my surprise when a table tennis buddy from the Wiko was in today’s New York Times discussing his other life – that of a radical literary critic. © That is the Wiko for you!

In my own discipline of constitutional law, I truly appreciated the opportunity to organize and host a conference on “What Accounts for Enduring Democratic Constitutionalism” with over 15 scholars and practitioners in June 2017. That the Wiko will support such initiatives that are crucial to one’s own disciplines is yet another privilege of being a Fellow. I particularly enjoyed preparing for both my Evening Lecture and the Fellows’

Colloquium. Both offered the challenge of presenting a lecture and one's ongoing work to a predominantly non-legal audience. To present one's work to an accomplished and discerning audience(s) truly improves the way one communicates. The feedback that I received is also rather different from what I get when presenting to colleagues within the discipline (or to judges in a courtroom!).

However, even at the Wiko there is some scope to push further the reach of the Institute and the worlds that it engages. I would have liked a wider range of disciplines covered by the Fellows represented – especially in “new knowledge”, fields like artificial intelligence, contemporary economics, political analysis, contemporary art, etc. I write this with great respect for the arts and the classics. But, if we must better appreciate the world around us, we must also have access to those engaged in unpacking the present and predicting the future.

While lessons from the past are hugely consequential to our future, I found my class of Fellows skewed mostly toward those appreciating only what has gone by. This is the nature of much academic scholarship, but there are promising critics, scholars, and activists of our contemporary times whom the Wiko must consider reaching out to. Traditional academia, while invaluable, offers partial views of the world. Given our times of muscular populism, repudiation of science and intellectuals, denial of climate change amid greater environmental devastation, and ever widening inequalities – those who afford ways of making sense of these current and future challenges must be nurtured. I can think of no better environment for that than the Wiko!

Publications written and/or published while at Wiko:

- “The Irrelevance of Liberal Constitutionalists: Germany, India and the United States.” Int'l J. Const. L. Blog, Jan. 25, 2017, at: <http://www.iconnectblog.com/2017/01/the-irrelevance-of-liberal-constitutionalists-germany-india-and-the-united-states-i-connect-column>.
- “The Constitutional Burden of the Global Imagination.” Int'l J. Const. L. Blog, Mar. 29, 2017, at: <http://www.iconnectblog.com/2017/03/the-constitutional-burden-of-the-global-imagination-i-connect-column/>.
- “A Secular Theocratic Constitutional Court?” Int'l J. Const. L. Blog, May 31, 2017, at: <http://www.iconnectblog.com/2017/05/a-secular-theocratic-constitutional-court-i-connect-column/>. This piece was also cross-posted in <http://verfassungsblog.de/triple-talaq-before-the-indian-supreme-court/>.

“Giving Life Back to Liberty in India: Unique Identification and Beyond.” Int’l J. Const. L. Blog, Jul. 26, 2017, at: <http://www.iconnectblog.com/2017/07/giving-life-back-to-liberty-in-india-unique-identification-and-beyond-i-connect-column/>.

All these pieces also were published on *scroll.in*, the leading online news space in India.

Work in progress: Draft of book on South Asian Constitutionalism, written substantially at the Wiko, which I hope to finish by the end of this year.



BIG PUZZLES, TENTATIVE ANSWERS
WILLIAM V. HARRIS

William Vernon Harris was born in Nottingham, UK, the son of a socially conscious architect. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford and, having fallen under the spell of Italy at an early age, started to pursue Roman history at the British School at Rome. He migrated to New York and Columbia University at the age of twenty-six and has stayed there ever since (apart from travels in every continent except Australasia). He chaired the Columbia History Department for six years. His most impactful books have been *War and Imperialism in Republican Rome* (1979); *Ancient Literacy* (1989); *Restraining Rage: the Ideology of Anger-Control in Classical Antiquity* (2002); and (he hopes) *Roman Power: a Thousand Years of Empire* (2016). In recent years, he has concentrated on subjects that overlap with the natural sciences and with economics (the environmental history of the Mediterranean, mental disorders in antiquity, the history of ancient money). He divides most of his time between New York and Pisa. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and a Corresponding Fellow of the British Academy. – Address: Department of History, Columbia University, 624 Fayerweather Hall, New York, NY 10027, USA. E-mail: vvh1@columbia.edu.

In superbly hospitable and endlessly stimulating circumstances, I spent ten months trying to answer some large historical problems, and also some existential ones of purely personal significance. In neither case did I find clear decisive answers. On the other hand, one of the articles I wrote (which will later, like most of the other work I did at the Wiko, become part of my dangerously ambitious book about the ancient Mediterranean environment) was – how shall I say it? – one of the least dreadful articles that I have ever written.

I came to the Wiko with a large project about the environment still in its early stages and a secondary project that essentially consisted of refining and expanding a 64-page article that I published in 2016. The latter project – the history of popular medicine in classical antiquity – made very modest progress; I did little more than gather some new material. But the project is very much alive, not least because of the interest in it I encountered among other Wiko Fellows.

The reason why I didn't do more on this subject comes down to deplorable lack of foresight. I did not realize that any "spare time" I might have would be consumed by unplanned reversions to earlier subjects of research, in particular literacy. In November 2016, I was the keynote speaker at a conference in Zurich about literacy in the ancient world, and I had to write up that paper afterwards. Since I have been deeply involved in historical controversies about literacy ever since my book *Ancient Literacy* (1989), this distraction was hard to avoid. And I was able to discuss some new evidence, including just-published writing tablets from the first years of Roman London, in addition to making some methodological observations. And in my eyes at least, literacy is a subject of vital importance for the history of the classical world – not least because it is almost a matter of "making bricks without straw", as the historian Lawrence Stone said to me when I first worked on the subject. Should we idealize the classical world or try to understand the dynamics of its social and cultural development? Anne Kolb of Zurich is editing a volume in which my answer will be (re-)stated.

A year of relative tranquillity was nonetheless invaluable for my environmental history project. It gave me time to re-organize the project and identify the problems that deserve to be answered and can realistically be answered. An interesting tension has emerged that is implicit in all environmental history but seldom recognized: are humans at the centre of the story or not? Normally they take that role; indeed much of what passes for environmental history is little more than the history of what human beings have *said* about various aspects of their environments. And humans are taking up a very large part of my book manuscript – it was humans who cut down trees and planted things; even in the case of climate, which was only to a limited degree affected by anthropogenic change in antiquity, humans come in, not only because they were (of course) affected by climate change but because big theories have been built on that fact (a new book just coming out with a leading academic publisher in the US argues that climate change caused the fall of the Roman Empire – which is nonsense, I think). Human diet, human migration, and human exploitation of metal resources are all topics that I worked on at the Wiko. Questions about agency and technology are insistent.

Nonetheless, an environmental historian needs to resist *to some extent* the anthropocentric approach. I recall Michael Jennions' colloquium talk: looking around that very large room he asked us to imagine the tiny amount of space that one species (us) occupies in the total of all animal species. So one question for me is what trees and bushes and grasses and animals and fresh water and workable minerals – and so on – there were in the Mediterranean world in 1000 BC (there's another serious problem – periodization) and how they interacted with each other over the next millennium and a half (or rather more).

That leads me to remark that one of the greatest advantages of a Wiko year for me was the scientific majority. This quite apart from being able to ask questions over lunch with a superlative economist, not to mention being able to go to the opera with a superlative musicologist (see below!). We historians were in a very small minority, and I would have regretted that if it had not been for the fact that in normal life I am surrounded by historians. Few of the latter know the tough questions to ask about environmental history; with scientists it is different. The soil is thin in Mediterranean lands, said a highly informative scientist at my colloquium talk. Four months later, I had learned a lot of things that an environmental historian needs to know about soil. My work has gradually come to depend more and more on natural scientists, and I owe increasing debts to quite a number. But there was another, less predictable but also useful effect of listening to scientists' colloquium talks: I now realize more clearly that they are not omniscient either.

Mentioning soil leads me to my most solid results of the year in the area of environmental history. I succeeded in putting together what I think is a quite satisfying model of the relationship between marginal land, inheritance patterns, fertility practices and migration in the Mediterranean world throughout antiquity. The concept and identification of marginal land had never been investigated properly, and migration has been the subject of a long-running controversy. This paper argues that when there were no strong Malthusian "positive checks", the natural growth of Greek and Roman populations, together with their succession practices, created a dilemma for many of the poorer people: they could try to survive on marginal land or they could emigrate – except that the latter option, wide open in some periods for mainly political and military reasons, was in other periods not available, or at least not available to many. The paper will come out in 2018, in a German journal, *Historia* (but in English).

The use of metals is another deeply intriguing topic. One might be able to write a history of the ancient Mediterranean around the history of gold, silver, tin, copper, lead

and iron. There are many puzzles. I confess that I spent six weeks at the Wiko trying to make some history out of the change from bronze tools, weapons and so on to iron. Without success – lots of details, no patterns; that material is now on the shelf. But then I turned to metal use in the high and then declining Roman Empire. Lots of puzzles once again (did resources fail before the “barbarian” invasions or only in the wake of them?). Very soon I shall have the complete draft of a chapter on this subject.

But all that is only half the story of anyone’s year at the Wiko. There are such layers and layers in Berlin that it enters into your psyche in ways that are hard to keep track of. Some Fellows wish that the Wiko were somewhere in the centre of the city. But the greenery and lakes of Grunewald are a wonderful grandstand. How satisfying, too, to stroll along the shores of the Hubertussee, even if one is the sort of aspiring environmental historian who often needs to consult the *Kosmos Baumführer* to identify the trees. Should I have spent even more time being a tourist (all year I meant to go up to the Baltic coast, where I have never been) or making local friends? Only on the very last day did I visit the Museum Berggruen. Time, time ...

And friendship means time too. That is a lifelong problem. Like most of the other Fellows, I have spent my life so far in a university full of people it would be fascinating to get to know – but there is only time to know a very few. So too, alas, at the Wiko – there were missed opportunities as well as the beginning of some (I hope) lasting friendships.

Then there was the music. Living in New York is not awful in this respect, but our only opera house is expensive, and the best concerts often sell out very fast. I will not forget the Komische Oper’s production of Mussorgsky’s *Der Jahrmarkt von Sorotschinzi* or Carolin and Jörg Widmann performing Schönberg and Bartok at the Pierre Boulez Saal.

Such was one person’s experience at the Wiko, first in the late summer and bland autumn, then in the depths of winter. Never have I welcomed spring less – the beginning of the end. But to conclude, hearty thanks to everyone on the Wiko staff for making all this possible. I can’t single out any one person from such a wonderful group – yes, I can, Anja Brockmann, who not only obtained books for me, but also advised me what to read; and Eva von Kügelgen, who struggled so patiently to improve my German conversation. But I miss you all, staff and Fellows alike.



REPORT
CAREY HARRISON

Recent activity 2016/17: July 2017 *Clear to Kill*, a novel, published by Dr. Cicero Books, UK; June 2017 Keynote Speech, “Walking to Auschwitz”, at the Einstein Forum’s annual 3-day conference (on “Imagine Solidarity”) in Potsdam. Subsequently elected to the Board of the Einstein Forum; June 2017 “Politics and Fiction”, talk given to the Fellows of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. 2017 also includes: *Hitler and the Wolf-Child*, screenplay for Borsig Films, Berlin; *The Heart Beneath*, novel quartet published in a single omnibus edition by Odyssey Press, UK, as well as separately by Endeavour Books, UK; *Where Every Stranger (is a ghost)*, a novel quintet commissioned by Dr. Cicero Books, US, work in progress; *Emily’s Penis*, a novel, work in progress; five public readings from my novel, *How to Push Through*, at the Geschichten in Jurten literary festival, Berlin, and at the Z-Bar Literary Salon, Berlin. 2016 includes: *How to Push Through*, a novel, published by Dr. Cicero Books, US, and by Endeavour Books, UK; *The Heart Beneath*, novel quartet published by Dr. Cicero Books, US; “A Writing Life”, talk given to the Fellows of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. – Address: Brooklyn College, City University of New York, 2900 Bedford Avenue, New York, NY 11210, USA. E-mail: ranald.carew@gmail.com.

I owe the astonishing good fortune of my ten-months’ Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin to a variety of fortuitous circumstances and a number of individuals including Stephen Greenblatt, the eminent literary critic and historian and former Permanent Fellow at the Wiko, as well as to the generous goodwill extended by the Wiko itself – whose Rector, Luca Giuliani, cited my work and gave it a new, burnished gloss. My academic output is modest – which is to say that although I have held down professorships at

many universities in the UK and America, including the Universities of California and Texas and the City University of New York, as well as Cornell and the Florida Institute of Technology, and Essex University in my native Britain, I have contributed little in the way of academic writing: a few talks but no books, no articles – or none that deserve to be remembered. My output has been extensive in the realms of fiction, but this still leaves me feeling among true scholars much as W. H. Auden said he did when he found himself among scientists – “like a shabby curate who has strayed by mistake into a roomful of Dukes”. Hence my especial gratefulness to the Rector and the Board for including me in this year’s collection of scholarly Dukes.

Such a gathering might have been rather haughty and exclusive – I, who had known geniuses but never been in such a handpicked gathering of high flyers, would not have begrudged them their sense of exclusivity. In the event it was quite the opposite. I have never encountered all at once so many brilliant people who were as open and as warm and welcoming as the Fellows amongst whom I found myself at the Wiko. Some of this openness can perhaps be attributed to the very concept of the Wiko, bringing together the finest minds in different fields, gifted people who had no reason to be defensive about their talents, or guarded about their field of study, since none of us – or very few, hardly any – were in any sense rivals. What I’m accustomed to from the professoriate, and I’m sure I’m not alone in this, has been the inherent dividedness of academic life, with battle lines drawn between its own members. All the departments (ranging from English to Comparative Literature to Psychology) of which I have been a member have been alike in this. University faculties, even under the most benevolent of chairpersons, form themselves into factions along many different lines, chiefly political, but also by age, by race, by gender, by pedagogic style. No matter how or why, division there will be – and rivalry, inevitably, along with the compensatory solace of sharing a faction and a stance in relation to department politics. The Wiko, by definition, circumvents this trench warfare. The variety of different fields, the absence of a teaching requirement which would soon separate us along pedagogical lines, and the relative brevity of our presence at the Wiko, all function to mitigate the very things that make academic life fractious and to replace them with an unthreatened sense of achievement, each individual proud to have been chosen and taking pleasure in his or her own field, and with a willingness to share ideas and information. Every encounter I had with the many scientists present in my Wiko year was a welcome eye-opener. I learnt more during my time in Berlin than I ever learnt during my science-starved schooldays.

To be so luxuriously accommodated – in terms of our apartment, which hosted my wife and youngest daughter as well as me – and to be so well fed, in such comfortable surroundings, has been no less extraordinary. We swiftly got used to the splendours of the main building, but awed visitors never ceased to remind us how fortunate we were. And this was without visiting other parts of the Wiko campus. I rejected the offer of an office, having always worked by preference “on the hoof”, in restaurants, in buses, on park benches; rarely in offices; almost never in libraries. But the main building’s Fellows’ Library, with the doors left open, restored to me the sense of bustle, of coming and going, even of welcome interruptions, that accompany my favoured working spaces. In time I became such a fixture there – the Rector even told me that seeing me at my post, as he descended the main stairs, gave him a sense that all was well – that others joined me, and by the end we were usually two or even three, working at the same table. This was comfortable and – for me – soothing. I understand why most, though not all, of the other Fellows, jumped at the chance of a well-appointed office in the new, adjacent building, but even the word “office” strikes claustrophobia into my soul.

I share with all the Fellows of our year, and surely of past years too, a sense of the great privilege of our access to a superb library staff in the Weiße Villa, where Sonja Grund helped me in my researches with exceptional kindness and diligence. These were not academic or even fiction-related researches, but rather research in an area in which my ten months in Berlin have supplied information more life-changing than any book or article. Many of my family perished in the Holocaust; with one exception it was from Berlin that they were deported to their death in the camps. The exception was a great-aunt who had married in Landshut and, when the SS came to fetch her, jumped to her death from her bedroom window. She too had been raised in Berlin, and in her death I add her name to the 7,000 Berliners estimated to have taken their own lives rather than be deported to the death camps. I had been in Berlin often, but facts and figures such as these were unknown to me. Unknown too, were the details of my family members’ murder.

I first came to Berlin as a child, with my grandmother, to visit my grandfather’s grave in Weißensee. We did this more than once; East Berlin is a clear, familiar memory. My far-sighted grandfather, the chief surgeon at the Israelitisches Krankenhaus on Elsässer Straße, which is now Torstraße, sent his wife and three daughters out of Germany in 1933. He died of a heart attack in ’34 and was spared a worse fate. His own father was still alive, and died only in ’39, at 91, after being nursed in his old age by one of his daughters, my great-aunt Selma, who thereby forfeited her escape. Her husband had died in the

First World War (during which my grandfather won the Iron Cross); her sons escaped to Israel; but for her it was too late, in '39; she was trapped and sent to suffer an appalling death in Lithuania, at the infamous Ninth Fort in Kaunas. Among the pilgrimages this Wiko-year has enabled me to perform has been to visit Kaunas, in her memory. It also enabled me to visit yet again my grandfather's grave, in Berlin, and to track down my great-grandparents' grave, also in Weißensee, to which my grandmother never took me.

I doubt if she knew exactly where it was. When the war ended she and her daughters discovered which of their cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws had simply vanished. But they had no idea where and when they had died. I had returned to Berlin, briefly, on numerous occasions over the past 50 years, usually as a result of radio plays of mine translated and broadcast by Deutschlandradio, and now and again for a talk. (One of these talks was at the Einstein Forum, where this June I was fortunate to be able to return, thanks to my Wiko-year, and give another talk and wind up with a new and lasting relationship to this Institute as a Board Member.) Now, with time and Sonja Grund's help, and that of *Stolpersteine* activists, I was able to trace in gruesome yet grounding detail the fate of my relatives; the story of their attempts to evade the dragnet; the day of their enforced departure, be it for Auschwitz, Belsen, Buchenwald or Theresienstadt, and the day (often the precise date) of their death. I had been to these camps, but all the piety in the world lacks the sense of completion, of connection, that knowledge has provided.

I have photocopies detailing my relatives' last accounting – doggedly preserved by the authorities – of property and possessions; on these documents, my relatives' handwriting. We have four commemorative *Stolpersteine* on Viktoria-Luise-Platz. I have been able to clean these, with my daughter. And thanks to my year at the Wiko, she has made herself a home in the new Berlin. Literally so: she has an apartment and a place at Humboldt University to do her Master's degree. Not least of the extraordinary things the Wiko has brought me – which the Wiko could not have foreseen, and neither could I – is the re-establishing of this family continuity: my mother was raised in Charlottenburg, where my daughter now lives, close by, and where in '45 my 24-year-old cousin Lotte Alice hid until found, or betrayed, and dispatched to Auschwitz. My daughter too is 24. Her presence in Berlin, for at least the next two years, is a *mitzvah*, a blessing not to be captured in words. To be here has been gruelling as well as wonderful; I'm not sure if, had my daughter not decided to stay and study in Berlin, I would have returned as easily as I came, last September. So many frightened, bitter ghosts are now so real for me, on so many streets. But

happily I *will* come, since the Einstein Forum beckons annually, and I will be able to return to the Wiko and greet its wonderful staff once more.

They are the ones to whom this brief account should be dedicated. (I haven't spoken of the novels I've worked on – or which, more exactly, have been working on me; if they could speak they might have something to tell you; my part in it is simply to be spoken through, an empty – as empty as possible – but grateful bullhorn. I would be lying if I claimed I had anything to tell. It is for others to decipher what my work has to tell.) When I arrived I immediately asked to be allowed to give the opening talk, hoping to help create an initial mood that contained something of the gratefulness and delight I felt, at being here; I didn't yet know how much this mood was already guaranteed by Thorsten, by Daniel (especially Daniel, a spirit of unstinting encouragement in my affairs) and by the Rector, whose unfailing presence and whose wit and gentle humour set the tone for the year. Then, along with them and with Sonja, comes the wonderful assistance provided by Anja and Stefan in the library, by Andrea (how unfailingly helpful she has been!), Vera and Sophia, and the unflappable and supremely helpful ladies of the Empfang. I look forward so much to seeing them all again. Stefan Schlak too, whose sparks of wit and brilliance I need to sit before, annually; Stefan who pointed me at another pilgrimage belatedly made – to Marbach, where amid the voluminous archive, I was able to extract the manuscript of the novel I most revere, Sebald's *Austerlitz*, and sit with it, paying reverence. Finally, most wondrous of all the Wiko's gifts to us: Dunia. Dunia, and the ladies of the kitchen – their kindness has topped everything. Dunia was already a mother to us all, watchful for everyone's dietary needs and preferences (I can't say my real mother ever watched so carefully); when I turned vegan – to universal disbelief – she simply created vegan food for me *every day*. This my mother would never have done.

If I were to begin to talk about the relationships I have forged among my fellow Fellows, there would be no end to this account. I have never made so many good friends so fast, not even in happiest schooldays. And this I owe not only to the good fortune of a Wiko year perhaps wonderfully attuned by sheer chance to what I might seek in a friend, but to the founding idea of the Wiko: almost a home for the manufacture of friendship. A species of university in heaven. Except that the 10-month term, the brevity, is a key factor that no university could accommodate. And except that, also – I miss my teaching! Which allows me the final luxury: that I can go home eagerly, despite leaving such a wonderful experience behind. Thank you, Wiko, your staff and your founders! I might have hoped, in ignorance, for an experience half as profound and half as memorable; but in truth I

couldn't have come anywhere near anticipating the richness of a year as a Wiko Fellow. Not only I but also my daughter benefited, perhaps decisively for the rest of her life; my wife, as everyone knows who saw her exhibition at the Wiko, was inspired by our stay to produce wonderful art. I envy those for whom this prize, a Wiko year, lies in the future. Once more, thank you, Wiko – on behalf of my family no less than myself.



WORKING IN CONCERT: A CULTURAL
HISTORY OF SCIENCE AND MUSIC FROM
THE 18TH TO THE 20TH CENTURY
MYLES W. JACKSON

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While at Wiko I was able to conduct research on two different topics. The first was gene patenting and race and genomics. I worked with molecular biologists at the Charité in Berlin on how German molecular biologists do not (and indeed may not) use “racial” or “ethnic” markers, but rather other genetic markers linked to various diseases. This work

will proffer an interesting contrast: while biomedical researchers in both the US and Germany are strongly committed to the future of personalized medicine, critical differences in approaches, based on history, are very informative. I also researched the history of gene patenting in Europe with colleagues at the European Patent Office in Munich. Such a study illustrates that different patent regimes reflect the political and economic interests of various countries: the US patent system is neither “natural” nor inevitable.

My second project is a book-length study of how physicists, physiologists, (later) engineers, and musicians collaborated to generate new forms of musical aesthetics from the 19th century to the 1960s. It is an elaboration of my earlier work, *Harmonious Triads* (MIT Press, 2006), and I spent the majority of my time at Wiko fleshing out this project. I link the acoustical research of the 1830s and '40s to Theobald Böhm's famous improvements on flute design and the scientist Charles Wheatstone's invention of the concertina. I then tackle Hermann von Helmholtz's contribution to the physics of acoustics, the physiology of hearing, and the improvement of musical instrument manufacture, particularly Steinway pianos, for which he served as a technical advisor. The doyen of physics held strong views about the superiority of just temperament over equal temperament for keyboard instruments. He experimented on musical instruments as if they were scientific ones. Both the piano and the harmonium helped him to study issues of beats, upper partials, consonance, dissonance, and various tuning temperaments.

I am also interested in how late 19th- and early 20th-century physiological works influenced numerous musical pedagogues teaching the requisite skills of pianists and bowed-instrument players. Of particular interest is the role that the so-called universal principles of mechanics in the natural sciences played when musicians wished to communicate their knowledge to their pupils. The story that unfolds touches on an interesting historical theme, namely how other forms of contemporary culture, in this instance, music, perceived the roles of physics, anatomy, and physiology in pedagogy. Some musicians, rather controversially, saw natural scientists as possible allies in pedagogical matters. A number of 20th-century physicists and musicians argued that musical treatises based on scientific research enabled students to enhance their own styles of playing. In this case, by drawing upon the universal principles of natural science, the individual could cultivate her or his own technique.

The move during the last two centuries of a number of musical pedagogues to draw upon the mechanical principles of the natural sciences in order to improve playing technique and the teaching thereof also sheds light on the interactions between experimental natural philosophers (and later natural scientists) and musicians. On the one hand, these

principles were seen as a way to standardize the techniques characteristic of certain conservatoires. Inevitably, it was in part about training and disciplining groups of musicians. Numerous composers felt that musicians should be as rigid and disciplined as machines, expressing their consternation over liberties taken with their compositions. The mechanism of the piano had progressed so far by the early 20th century that the music teacher and composer Adolf Ruthardt triumphantly proclaimed, “Our age enjoys the advantage of being able to look back on a definitively concluded evolution in piano playing, or let’s say, in the virtuosity of the instrument; for no proof is needed any longer than the mechanics and technique of this branch of the art and have not achieved their respective culminations.” For Ruthardt at least, “virtuoso” now referred to the instrument, not its player. One is reminded here of Karl Marx’s discussion of the relationship between the worker and the machine: “It is the machine which possesses skill and strength in place of the worker, is itself the virtuoso, with a soul of its own in the mechanical laws acting through it; and it consumes coal, oil, etc. (*matières instrumentals*), just as the worker consumes food, to keep up its perpetual motion.” On the other hand, however, some also argued that these same principles of physics, anatomy, and physiology also augmented the performer’s artistic potential. Many physicians and musicians alike felt that, with the assistance of science, performers could develop and sharpen more efficiently their own individualistic technique. They stressed the individuality of the performer, as only a human could provide nuanced timbre on a piano: in this respect, player pianos, the quintessence of mechanism, were a failure and deemed “soulless”. Technology did not thwart individual interpretation, but rather increased it for those skilled enough to use it.

I also examine the influence of radio in Germany during the 1920s and ’30s on the production of electronic musical instruments such as the traultonium. The objects and practices associated with the origins of radio, telegraphy, and telephony throughout Europe and the United States were the very same ones that created a new musical aesthetic and challenged musicians and composers to redress the use of the “mechanical reproduction” of music. Many composers, such as Edgard Varèse and Carlos Chávez, saw the new technologies of electrical and radio engineering as liberators of music from the tyranny imposed upon it by the Classical and Romantic composers. A new, creative aesthetic was now possible. Yet there were those who feared the loss of the human: musicians were being reduced to automata. Indeed, in some instances, they were being replaced. The ensuing debates were taken up within a larger framework of the role of technology in general in society during the late 19th and early 20th century.

The 1920s were a fascinating decade for Berliners. In the immediate aftermath of World War I, it seemed unfathomable that the city would soon become the world's third-largest municipality. Despite the immediate political and economic turmoil, there was cause for optimism. The Bauhaus centered in nearby Dessau was establishing itself as the leading German school of architecture and design. German cinema was flourishing, featuring what would become classics, such as "Dr. Mabuse, der Spieler" (Dr. Mabuse the Gambler) and "Metropolis", both directed by Fritz Lang. Berthold Brecht and Kurt Weill were entertaining the theater-going throngs with rather poignant political morals, while similar messages from the pen of journalist and cultural critic Walter Benjamin could be read in the city's newspapers. The capital could boast that it was the home of some of the world's leading scientists, including the likes of Albert Einstein, Max Planck, Max von Laue, Gustav Hertz, Otto Heinrich Warburg, and Fritz Haber. And German radio was beginning to fill the airwaves with news and music. With this period of renewed industrialization and cultural, technological, and scientific achievements, a group of applied physicists, physiologists, engineers, and musicians were tinkering away, inventing new musical instruments and genres. The technical expertise of radio engineers, combined with the musical expertise present in the Berlin Hochschule für Musik and the financial backing of German companies and the Prussian Ministry of Science, Art, and Popular Education, enabled the production of a new electric musical instrument, the *trautonium*, which could be used for microtonal pieces and could mimic the timbre of numerous more traditional instruments.

Radio and the research of applied, technical physicists, however, are not the only contexts in which we need to situate electric music in Germany during the late 1920s and '30s. Also critical was the research by physiologists on analyzing and synthesizing human sounds, particularly vowels and their corresponding formants, by using gramophones. It was also a period of a new aesthetic, *Neue Sachlichkeit*, and of composers such as Paul Hindemith, Igor Stravinsky, and Arnold Schönberg, who were trying to push the envelope of what constituted music and in essence saw themselves as following Ferruccio Busoni's calling in 1907 to create a new form of music based on atonality, among other things. Such an aesthetic wished to distance itself from one of (for lack of a better phrase) the mechanical reproduction of music.

In the aftermath of World War II, a new musical aesthetic arose out of the ashes. It was one that, similar to the music of the inter-war period, required the cooperation of musicians, scientists, and engineers. Once again, radio played a critical role in the development of this new musical genre, whose foundations were being laid between 1948 and

1953. It was a musical genre based on electronic circuitry, amplifiers, and loudspeakers. Much of it relied upon storage devices such as film soundtracks, phonographs, tape recordings, and later computers. Generally, there were three distinct groups belonging to the genre of electronic music. *Musique concrète*, which originated in Paris in 1948, was initially based on recording natural sounds via microphones onto discs and tapes and then manipulating and transforming these sounds using various apparatus. Pierre Schaeffer and Pierre Henry were the principle protagonists. Cologne's "elektronische Musik", located at the studio of Norddeutscher Rundfunk (Northern Germany Radio), later Westdeutscher Rundfunk (West German Radio), featured the collaboration started in 1951 between the physicist Werner Meyer-Eppler, the sound engineer Robert Beyer, and the composers Herbert Eimert and later Karlheinz Stockhausen. While they too manipulated stored sounds, they stressed the production of sound by various objects, including the melochord, the monochord, and most importantly generators/oscillators. The sounds were organized following the serialism of Arnold Schönberg and Anton Webern. Finally, the music for magnetic tape of John Cage and Bebe and Louis Barrons and the tape music of Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky dominated the New York music heard in the early 1950s. These two New York traditions, which were by and large independent, drew upon natural and electronic sounds recorded onto tape. The principles organizing the sound, however, varied with their aesthetic views.

While at Wiko I was able to work in numerous relevant archives in Berlin, Munich, and Cologne. I collaborated with colleagues at the Max Planck Institute for the History of Science in Berlin, where I offered three papers. I also gave two lectures in Jena (one at the University and one at the Max Planck Institute for the Science of Human History) and one at the University of Vienna. Finally, I offered an after-dinner speech to a gathering of the Alexander von Humboldt Foundation in Washington, D.C.

As everyone correctly states, the staff here is truly phenomenal. The librarians will find things for you that you did not know existed! The Fellows are treated incredibly well: unlike at the American Academy, we are actually considered important to the institution. My only recommendation: I strongly encourage future Fellows to seriously consider living outside of Wiko. Living in Grunewald seems to me like living on Staten Island. And, given the renovation of Villa Jaffé and the neighboring villa, which has the approximate surface area of the state of Baden-Württemberg, sleeping and working were often difficult, although I do thank the staff for accommodating me by offering other rooms. It does not look as if the renovations will end any time soon.



RIBONUCLEIC ACID BIOLOGY AND IMAGES
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Everything as planned, nothing as planned summarizes my stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg in Berlin. To work on hidden messages in ribonucleic acids, I used my precious three months to learn the necessary computational skills. But I also allowed myself to drift off course and to trace the history of visualizations of ribonucleic acid data from the beginning of this field of research until today.

Everything as Planned

Ribonucleic acids are a main component of all cells on this planet, be it of plant, bacteria, or human origin. Besides water, cells are composed of DNA, the genetic material; lipids, which form a really thin, semi-permeable barrier surrounding the cellular content; and proteins, which perform most tasks. Around 20% of the dry weight of cells is ribonucleic acids. This high abundance alone indicates that ribonucleic acids have critical importance.

The most famous task of ribonucleic acids is to transport genetic information from the DNA to the protein translation machinery, a process termed gene expression. In a way,

the ribonucleic acids thus work as a mobile and transient form of genetic information. In eukaryotic cells, instead of being translated into protein right away and thereby fulfilling their biochemical task, ribonucleic acids undergo an incredible number of regulatory steps, each of them slowing down the process in which a DNA is made into protein. In a circular turn of events, ribonucleic acids are not only the template for protein synthesis, but also actively control this process: specific classes of ribonucleic acids – ribosomal ribonucleic acids, transfer ribonucleic acids, and other small ribonucleic acids – are involved in all key steps and are found at the active center of the molecular machines that complete translation. The ribonucleic acids control the rate and efficiency of translation and can block it entirely. Moreover, ribonucleic acids not only control their expression into proteins, but also control which part of the DNA is even made into ribonucleic acid, how fast, and which parts are silenced for entire lifetimes. In other words, the key processes that sustain life would not function without the participation of ribonucleic acids.

Ribonucleic acids, however, cannot achieve any of these functions alone. Instead, they must functionally interact, work together with other ribonucleic acids, lipids, DNA, or proteins. Interestingly, we do not understand very much about how these interactions occur and how molecules in cells recognize the particular ribonucleic acids that they should interact with. This recognition is determined by the specific sequence of the four individual nucleotides adenine, uracil, guanine, and cytosine along the ribonucleic acids chain (*primary sequence*) or by the two- and three-dimensional shape into which the ribonucleic acid molecule can twist itself. Such secondary and tertiary structures are of course pre-defined by the arrangement of nucleotides along the ribonucleic acid, which can be up to several thousand nucleotides long. Secondary and tertiary structures are influenced by the chemical composition of its surroundings – such as the molecular density (*crowding*), the electrical charge of macromolecules, and the number of ions. To understand how specific ribonucleic acids work, we therefore must get a comprehensive understanding of their location, their cellular context, and how they associate with interaction partners.

As an example, I work with ribonucleic acids that, upon being formed in fruit fly ovary cells, exit the nucleus and, instead of being translated into protein immediately, are transported through the large cytoplasm of these cells to a specific destination within the cell. This “localization” process is essential for determining the embryonic axis, and when ribonucleic acid transport is disturbed, the fly embryo can develop without a head or abdomen. But in other cells the location of ribonucleic acids is also critical, such as in neuronal cells or in epithelial cells that form barriers lining the body surfaces (e.g. lungs,

and intestine). In the oocyte, ribonucleic acids must traverse up to 500 micrometers, which sounds rather little, but is very far for a tiny molecule. To cross this distance with diffusion alone would take two weeks, too long for cells that can divide faster than this. Mechanisms to achieve faster active transport evolved to overcome the limitations of relatively slow diffusive transport; these active transport mechanisms rely on interactions with proteins. To now search for hidden motifs that are required for this specific molecular interaction, we must know a few things: 1. Which ribonucleic acids accumulate at specific locations within the oocyte? 2. When do we observe them there? 3. What is the primary sequence when they localize? 4. What proteins bind to them? and 5. What kind of sequence motifs are we looking for? With this knowledge, we are then able to computationally search and find commonalities and motifs in the ribonucleic acids. In my previous work, I collected all the necessary data: we know the thousands of ribonucleic acids that can localize and the 591 ribonucleic acids that do so at a specific time; we know exactly the primary sequence of the ribonucleic acids accumulating and what proteins they must interact with. And for several ribonucleic acids, we have narrowed down the region where the motif must be hidden.

Understanding basic motifs in ribonucleic acids is rewarding on several levels: given that ribonucleic acids have been around for four billion years and were likely very much involved in the emergence of the first life forms on this planet, it is exciting to think of such motifs as a possible starting point for cells altogether: some kind of motif must have allowed the first ribonucleic acids to interact with molecules of other kinds, to then form a somewhat more permanent assembly and allow formation of a protected environment in the turmoil of the early Earth. It is also fascinating that, as today ribonucleic acids have pretty much the same role in all organisms, their basic principles of functioning must have been around very early on – and therefore, motifs in ribonucleic acids must in principle be interchangeable across organisms, too. Thus, deciphering the rules of how, when, and for what purpose ribonucleic acids interact with other molecules is a universal question.

Nothing as Planned

Ribonucleic acids are key for all life forms, yet, they are not as popular and as widely known as other molecules. All work on the molecular scale is visible only with electron microscopy or by leaving a molecular trace, which is challenging to communicate and requires a visual code, and this is also true for the history of nucleic acids. For the longest

time, we did not know that ribonucleic acids even existed – nucleic acids were discovered in 1871 by Friedrich Miescher, but it took almost another century until it was discovered that there are two forms, one being ribonucleic and the other nucleic acid. Soon after it emerged that there were two classes, DNA was discovered to be the heritable material, and ribonucleic acids sank back into irrelevance. It wasn't until the 1960s that ribonucleic acids garnered attention again, when their role for protein translation was elucidated. But now, their role was entirely that of a helper in the cell – helping the proteins perform an important job and helping to express the DNA code into protein machinery. Only in recent years, with the discovery of ever more classes of ribonucleic acids and their respective roles as active regulators of cellular fate, are ribonucleic acids slowly gaining recognition.

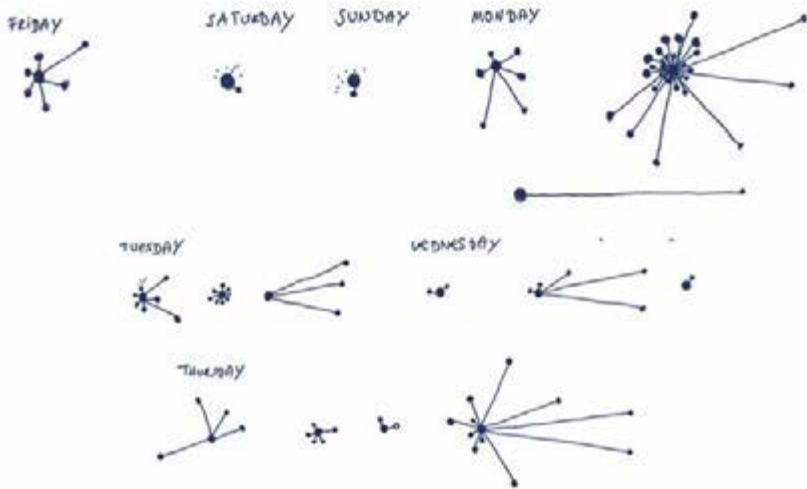
What were the factors that delayed the discovery and investigation of ribonucleic acids? For one thing, ribonucleic acids are much more fragile than DNA – and they are also much shorter, some so short that they were considered fragmented junk for the longest time. Ribonucleic acids are also very heterogeneous in their functions – from being an enzyme to encoding proteins, from being a sponge that collects cellular dirt, to acting as small signaling molecules and serving as a platform for complex cellular assemblies. And last, ribonucleic acids are not photogenic – they can constantly change their shape, length, and structure and can even adapt their structures through small fluctuations in local ion composition. As a result, the history of ribonucleic acid research is poor in images.

When reporting on the discovery of all nucleic acids, Miescher wrote a 30-page text with only tables as supporting evidence. Later, the first discovery and the description of the different ribonucleic acid forms were documented mostly in text, with mostly tables and one line chart showing adsorption spectra.

For cytoplasmic ribonucleic acids, the topic of my research, first descriptions come from the sea urchin egg. These observations were documented with text (in French) and tables. The authors observed that after fertilization of the egg, the pool of ribonucleic acids rapidly disappears. The author states that this rapid clearance is also the reason for the absence of a detailed graph, as the process was not observable. Cytoplasmic ribonucleic acids thus were not very photogenic from the very first time they were observed, which certainly is a difficult starting point for arguing for its cellular importance. Another report from 1949, providing exciting evidence of a dynamic presence of ribonucleic acids in the cytoplasm, was entirely devoid of any figures or tables. This work, despite being highly relevant today, lacks convincing images, which could be one of the reasons it has not been cited a single time in its almost 70 years of existence.

The first visualization of a cytoplasmic ribonucleic acid is a powerful image of a thin section through a cell in which the ribonucleic acids are visualized just as they are released into the cytoplasm. Since its publication in 1963, many such images have been published, always illustrating different aspects of cytoplasmic translocation of ribonucleic acids, and I added around 50,000 images to this growing collection. However, until today, we mainly see the cell in such images, and the ribonucleic acid is always visualized very indirectly. Until today we lack an iconographic representation of this central molecular class.

After spending my time with old and new images of ribonucleic acids, I then used my data to try out new computational tools to visualize large amounts of data. As I teach my students to start every visualization by hand, I also challenged myself to try new visualization strategies with pen and paper. One example is the sketch shown below – it summarizes what the Wissenschaftskolleg was for me – a chance to interact every day with many different people, from different fields, with different perspectives.



Conversation during the first week with colleagues (dots), mostly during meal times. Line length encodes conversation length. Dotted lines: footsteps outside my door. Note: the boat was Monday afternoon.



TEN MONTHS PASSED – FOUR HOURS
LATER, THIS
MICHAEL JENNIONS

Michael Jennions was born prematurely in Manchester in 1968. He would have preferred somewhere else. He was raised in South Africa and received his M.Sc., studying sperm competition in frogs, from the University of the Witwatersrand in 1992. He then did his Ph.D. (1996) at Oxford University, followed by a post-doc at the Smithsonian Institute in Panama and a fellowship on Okinawa. He studied fishes, crabs, plants, finches, and damselflies. In 2001, he joined the Australian National University, and he has been there ever since. By studying crickets, fish, and phalluses, he monkeyed his way to full professor in 2008. He has co-authored over 190 articles on topics ranging from mate choice and parental care to plasticity in plants, aging, and publication bias. Until he has written a book, however, he will not consider himself a real academic. – Address: Department of Ecology and Evolution, Research School of Biology, The Australian National University, Canberra 2601, ACT, Australia. E-mail: michael.jennions@anu.edu.au.

Well, well, aren't you just the sexiest looking reader I have ever seen? I love the way your clear, calm eyes look down at me, lingering on my every curve and swirl. And to think that, of all the reports in this book, you chose to read me. I am touched. Thank you! I adore you.

Of course, I know I am probably not the first report that you have read. I am not your first love. The first report you read was surely your own. You inspected your CV. It was magnificent and you felt comfortingly pleased. You congratulated yourself on the balance between working-class modesty and details of your presence at a set of fabled institutes; between journeywoman/man professionalism and hints of exceptionalism. Well done, you! And then you gazed briefly at your photograph, trying to remember when the

portrait was taken. There was a momentary pang of guilt that you should keep it more up-to-date. But then you started to question whether the image, even if of a younger you, was even of *you*. The face gazing upward from the page did not truly resemble you. It definitely did not look like the person that you see in your mind's eye. But you are wrong. You cannot see yourself. Only others can see you. As it is for your face, so it is for your personality, your intellect, your spirit. No matter what image you have made for yourself – be it rustic or refined, cautious or cavalier, passive or aggressive – you can forget it.

Somewhere in the pages of this volume you might discover a few truths about yourself. Ten months is too much time to sustain a facade. Other Fellows saw you for who you are – not who you said you were. You professed to be of the left, but did you acknowledge the endlessly patient table servers who waited upon you? You spoke of neoliberalism and the necessity of putting a price on everything, and yet you always gave freely of your time (*pro bono* as a biologist might say). You assumed a relaxed posture and wore bright clothes, but your sunken eyes darted looking for a place to rest their worried gaze. Unfortunately for you, they saw this all. Then again, you saw this too: you are judge, witness, and legal subject.

Nervous to read more? You should be, or not. Perhaps you started out, before you got to me, cheerfully skimming pages and looking for your name. You hoped for a call out for being smart, creative, kind, funny, eloquent, diligent, popular, well dressed – something, anything, to affirm you exist. Most of all you wanted acknowledgement of what you know best about yourself – that part of you of which you are most proud. Perhaps you even went to the trouble of creating a brand-new version of yourself to road test at Wiko. This freshly minted replicon was a spontaneous improvisation that developed rapidly in the first few weeks at your new school. Initially it seemed an improvement over who you were back home, but eventually you felt disappointed that, despite all your efforts, there were traits you could not excise: some hereditary propensity to speak like your father, or reenact your mother's mannerisms. Even so, people must, surely, have seen how fabulous this new version was?

So, as you look down on my companion reports, who lurk in the pages above me and below me, I truly hope you find the sentences you desire, praising you for being you. But, then again, what about reports that do not say anything about you? Reports like me. How should you interpret their silence, their disinclination to single you out for being, in some way, special? Is it something you should worry about? Sweet baby Jesus, no! Please don't do that, because I and all my fellow reports were written by people trapped in a dream.

These people were transported from the real world. They were encouraged to regress: fed like babies; herded like toddlers; entertained like royals. The world's best parents took care of their every need. And so, like children in a kindergarten, they fell in love with the idea of being in love with everyone. At stages this love verged on the physical – many backs were patted, shoulders squeezed and embraces given and received like a troop of monkeys hugging each other after a tropical deluge. Fortunately, a cultural tradition seen in some Capuchin monkeys in Costa Rica – to sit quietly with a finger inserted in another's nostril or, worse, a companion's eye socket – never took off.

My point? I don't have one, I simply relay what my author tells me. He says these Fellows bonded so much that they cannot even begin to tell their reports who they cared for the most, or why. But they do want to name you and please you. (To be honest, I am now confident my author is, typically, talking mainly about himself.) They might pick something obvious – your enthusiasm, your attentiveness, your light-heartedness, your brilliance, your sadness, your cynicism – but often they run out of space for names. Maybe I was wrong to have said earlier that how others see you is the true measure of who you are. Perhaps, only you know you. Besides, who cares what others say? Me, I'm merely another little-read, self-defensive report. If you want me to be honest I can't be. I am written by a liar. I know I have a few bedfellows tucked in alongside me in this volume, some of them are only the thickness of a sheet of paper away. It is not, of course, that my author did not adore you. He almost certainly did. He's full of love, although after a year watching people struggle to define terms and fix boundaries he still can't tell you what "love" means. Even if you were the person who made no sense to him, he still found you engaging and intellectually intriguing. If you were one of the Wiko staff he undoubtedly adored you. The Wiko selection process ensured that he walked with angels – some had dirtier faces than others, but all were full of grace. So I cannot name you because he will not let me do so. You remain unnamed. But if you want to be named and noted, you have only to ask him. He will be truthful. But, as a report, I am denied this information.

I was made to lie a little though. He wants, at the risk of alienating others, to thank two people by name. He hints they might be emblematic of the type of person he admires and respects most: appropriately, one is a Fellow and the other from Wiko. But I have been messed around enough by him (write, delete, replace, rearrange, cut, paste – make up your mind!) that I suspect he does not know how he picked two chocolates from a box crammed with unique concoctions. Even so, I am told to thank Eva and Shaheen: two people who were always authentically themselves. Despite his paranoia, he never worried

about fake smiles or feigned attentiveness – even though both must, by profession, be masterful at maintaining an air of engagement regardless of their true feelings. He simply trusted them. Of course, he has a long list of people whom he liked immensely. The list of those he did not like, is shorter than my next sentence. You are many. Some were loud, some quiet. A few he got to know well, many he sadly did not. Some were voraciously interested in everything, others doggedly pursued their obsessions. I am told to reiterate an early observation of his that “there are no bastards here”. This seems a distressingly low bar to set, but, based on his experiences and those that others Fellows related about their daily working lives, such people emerge like rats from Grunewald drains. They are the hemorrhoids of social groups. One of Wiko’s finest talents is its ability to minimize the impact of disruptive super-egos. But, as the joke goes, “If there is no nutter on the bus, then you are that person,” so he remains open to the prospect that Wiko failed. I am sure that someone reading me is nodding their head. If so, I apologize on his behalf for anything he did that made your life worse, not better. He should moderate his opinions. But know that he is often ashamed, and frequently embarrassed, by his ill-chosen words, be they spoken or written.

And now I am told to send a message to our generous, angelic sponsors. *Should you keep on funding Wiko? “Yes” in fat, bold, exclamatory font.* But why? Is it because it creates new ways of understanding? Because it generates multi-disciplinary research? Because it yields mountains of books, articles, and artworks? Nah! These statements are all demonstrably true, but the former are too rarely the outcome, and the latter can be achieved elsewhere. Instead, you should proudly note that Wiko is *unique* in giving everyone who is associated with it – Fellows and staff – a feeling of dignity and self-worth that is almost indescribable. *Dignity* is the key. Wiko Fellows are simultaneously humbled by being forced to place their own work in a broader context and buoyed by the eventual recognition that what they do is of genuine interest to others. And that, in turn, should lead to Fellows, and hopefully their charming partners, who re-enter their own worlds with the unfiltered desire to produce their best, and the confidence to do so in ways that they might once have fearfully shied away from. Love has replaced fear. Wiko extends and enhances the working life of its Fellows. Through wise stewardship, warmheartedness and, behind the scenes, Herculean work, Wiko has assembled an incredible team who want, can, and do make this transformation possible. That is the not so little miracle of Wiko. It is enough to make one believe in god. Well, almost enough. A very nice try though! Good-bye, beautiful.

Technical Notes:

1. Honestly, how can I ever thank the staff of Wiko enough? I can't. You were all incredibly kind, unstintingly generous, and astonishingly effective. You generate superlatives like an amplifier dialed to 11. Thank you from the depths of my heart. However shallow that might be, it is the deepest I can go.
2. Secret Project: This emerged spontaneously. It began with a desire to use hot pink to color in on a map every street inside the Berlin Ringbahn. This is easy to do: a child can color in. The catch, however, was that each and every street had to be walked in its entirety before it could turn pink. The project began in September 2016 (the exact day is unknown) and, 1,011 km of streets (about 2,200 km of walking) later, it ended on July 2. There was no fanfare. No press release. No waiting journalist. No photo exhibit. No book. But if you would like to read about why I did this, my brain and I discuss it in Issue 6 (March 2017) of the online Newsletter of the Fellows' Club. Warning: this short article contains no big words. It does, however, implicitly ask: Can an artless scientist match a real performance artist? Or is an act only art when captured in another format? Now that is a Wiko question!
3. The pathetically needy need to present evidence that, despite my secret project, I did some real work too. Here is a list of peer-reviewed papers badged with a Wissenschaftskolleg address because I co-wrote them during my stay in Berlin:
 1. Marsh, J. N., Vega-Trejo, R., Jennions, M. D., and Head, M. L. (2017). "Why does inbreeding reduce male paternity? Effects on sexually selected traits." *Evolution* 71, 11: 2728–2737.
 2. Head, M. L., Kahn, A. T., Henshaw, J. M., Keogh, J. S., and Jennions, M. D. (2017). "Sexual selection on male body size, genital length and heterozygosity: consistency across habitats and social settings." *Journal of Animal Ecology* 86, 6: 1458–1468.
 3. Jennions, M. D. and Fromhage, L. (2017). "Not all sex ratios are equal: the Fisher condition, parental care and sexual selection." *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society Series B* 20160312.
 4. Jennions, M. D., Szekely, T., Beissinger, S., and Kappeler, P. (2017). "Sex ratios." *Current Biology* 26: R790–R792.
 5. Vega Trejo, R., Head, M. L., Keogh, J. S., and Jennions, M. D. (2017). "Experimental evidence for sexual selection against inbred males." *Journal of Animal Ecology* 86: 394–404.

6. Iglesias-Carrasco, M., Head, M. L., Jennions, M. D., and Cabido, C. C. (2017). "Secondary compounds from exotic tree plantations change female mating preferences in the palmate newt (*Lissotriton helveticus*)." *Journal of Evolutionary Biology* 30, 10:1788–1795. DOI: 10.1111/jeb.13091.
7. Iglesias-Carrasco, M., Head, M. L., Jennions, M. D., Martin, J., and Cabido, C. C. (2017). "Leaf extracts from an exotic tree affect responses to chemical cues in the palmate newt (*Lissotriton helveticus*)." *Animal Behaviour* 127: 243–251.
8. Kelly, C. D. and Jennions, M. D. (2017). "Sperm competition theory." In *Encyclopedia of Evolutionary Psychological Science*, edited by T. K. Shackelford and V. A. Weeks-Shackelford. Cham: Springer International.
9. Harts, A. M. F., Booksmythe, I., and Jennions, M. D. (2016). "Mate guarding and frequent copulation in birds: a meta-analysis of their relationship to paternity and male phenotype." *Evolution* 70: 2789–2808.
10. Vega Trejo, R., Jennions, M. D., and Head, M. L. (2016). "Are sexually selected traits affected by a poor environment early in life?" *BMC Evolutionary Biology* 16: 263.
11. Head, M. L., Jennions, M. D., and Zajitschek, S. (2016). "Sexual selection: incorporating nongenetic inheritance." *Current Opinion in Behavioral Sciences* 12: 129–137.

Submitted Papers with a Wissenschaftskolleg Address:

12. Vega-Trejo, R., Head, M. L., Jennions, M. D., Kruuk, L. E. B. (2018). "Maternal-by-environment but not genotype-by-environment interactions in a fish without parental care." *Heredity* 120: 154–167.
13. Vega-Trejo, R., Kruuk, L. E. B., Jennions, M. D., and Head, M. L. "What happens to offspring when parents are inbred, old or have had a poor start in life?" *Journal of Evolutionary Biology* (in revision).



„JA, MACH NUR EINEN PLAN ...“
CORNELIA JÖCHNER

Cornelia Jöchner ist seit 2011 Professorin für Kunstgeschichte der Frühen Neuzeit mit Schwerpunkt Architektur an der Ruhr-Universität Bochum. Nach der Promotion in Marburg war sie Post-Doc in Hamburg am Graduiertenkolleg „Politische Ikonographie/ Stadt“, aus der ihre Habilitationsschrift hervorging. Stationen: Lehrstuhl für Theorie der Architektur an der Brandenburgisch Technischen Universität Cottbus, Kunsthistorisches Institut in Florenz (Max-Planck-Institut), wo sie das Forschungsprojekt „Piazza e monumento“ aufbaute (gem. mit Alessandro Nova); Sprecherin des DFG-Netzwerks „Räume der Stadt. Perspektiven einer kunsthistorischen Raumforschung“. Arbeitsgebiete: Frühneuzeitliche Gartenkunst, Architektur der Neuzeit; neuzeitlicher Städtebau; Geschichte und Methodologie der Architekturforschung; Sakralbau und kultische Handlungen. Jüngste Publikation: *Gebaute Entfestigung: Architekturen der Öffnung im Turin des frühen 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts* (= Habilitationsschrift Universität Hamburg), Berlin/München/Boston, 2015 (= Studien aus dem Warburg-Haus, 14). – Adresse: Ruhr-Universität Bochum, Kunstgeschichtliches Institut, Universitätsstraße 150, GA 2/58-Süd, 44801 Bochum. E-Mail: cornelia.joechner@rub.de.

Meinem Thema der „Fassade als Kräftefeld“ diametral entgegengesetzt, hatte mir das Team des Wissenschaftskollegs für meinen Aufenthalt einen Arbeitsplatz zugeordnet, der sich an zwei Seiten durch eine vom Boden bis zur Decke reichende, von wenigen Holzrahmen unterteilte Glasscheibe auszeichnete. Diese Raumdisposition bescherte mir einen scheinbar unbegrenzten Zugang zum anliegenden Garten, dessen Zyklus sich nur eine Handbreit entfernt vom Schreibtisch abspielte: im September gelbleuchtendes Gebüsch;

später eine ungewöhnlich oft strahlende Wintersonne; Vogelstimmen, Fuchs und Katze; tropisches Grün, schnell wachsend im abrupten Wechsel von Sonne und Regen der Sommermonate. Die Natur als Gegenüber wurde eine der Konstanten in meinem Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg, zu denen beispielsweise auch die Fellow-Bibliothek im Hauptgebäude gehörte. Von hier ging Ruhe aus, alles andere war vom Gesetz des Zufalls bestimmt: die Themen und Gesprächspartner, die Dynamik von Diskussionen, die Stimmung bei den gemeinsam eingenommenen Mahlzeiten.

In die Matrix von Plan und Zufall, Ordnung und Zäsur, gehörte mein täglicher Weg durch das Grunewald-Viertel, der nicht nur zu unbekanntem, großen und teilweise großartigen Bauten führte, sondern es mir vor allem erlaubte, einer kunsthistorischen Tätigkeit zu frönen, die durch den inzwischen beengten universitären Rahmen zurückgedrängt wird: Sehen im Gehen. Verlangt die wissenschaftliche Auseinandersetzung mit Architektur jenes „sehende Gehen“, so ist gerade die nicht intendierte Begegnung mit Gebäuden für Kunsthistoriker besonders wertvoll, da sie vielfach der Alltagserfahrung ihrer Nutzer und Rezipienten entspricht. Das Geschenk eines Jahrs am Wissenschaftskolleg zeigte sich für mich in besonderer Weise an zuweilen versonnenen Gängen durch ein architektonisch geschlossenes Quartier, das sich hierfür durch den Fund eines qualitativvollen Objekts revanchierte: Haus Bernhard von Hermann Muthesius (1906/07).

Meiner Intention entsprach es keineswegs, die am Wissenschaftskolleg aufgenommene Recherche für eine Geschichte der neuzeitlichen Fassade gerade mit einem neuen Exemplum zu starten. Meine Bücherliste der ersten beiden Monate zeugt von einem ganz anderen Vorhaben: systematisch zu erschließen, was seit Beginn der Neuzeit unter gestalteter Wand und dann, *sub specie*, unter Hausfassade verstanden wurde. In diesen ordentlichen Arbeitsplan drängte sich nun nicht nur Muthesius' nordisch verstandenes, auf einen künstlichen Hügel gestelltes Haus, sondern bald auch die frühe Moderne der Siedlungsbauten, die Fassade nur mehr mit Farben zu erzeugen suchte. Aus dem Ort und der Region entstand die Dynamik des Forschens.

Zu der Spannung von *geplant* und *ungeplant* gehörten unbedingt die Personen am Wissenschaftskolleg und dessen Umfeld. Eine blitzsaubere, chronologische Geschichte der neuzeitlichen Fassade hatte mir ohnehin nicht vorgeschwebt. Aber wie sollte erzählt werden, was ein Bauteil vermag, der mit ganz unterschiedlichen Mitteln während der gesamten Neuzeit auftritt und trotz aller Kritik und Leugnungsversuche durch die Moderne als Anspruch und Metapher bis heute bestehen bleibt? Diese „Geschichte“, so meine Absicht, sollte durch strukturelle Parameter deutlich werden, die gewissermaßen

unterschiedliche Lösungsansätze für Fassade zeigen sollten. Keineswegs war dabei absehbar, dass hierfür Impulse vom Wissenschaftskolleg kommen würden. Das phänomenologische Verständnis von Fassade zeigt deren Doppelcharakter: Trennung, zugleich aber auch Verbindung von Innen und Außen. Diese Eigenschaften verlangen es, Fassadenstrukturen und -strategien von Öffnen und Verschließen sowie durch sie evozierte soziale Praktiken darzulegen. Viel zu schnell, so lautete mein Befund, ging die Disziplin der Kunstgeschichte über solche Eigenschaften hinweg, so dass der aktive Part der Fassade bisher eher verdeckt ist. Nicht nur die am Kolleg in diesem Fellow-Jahr erfreulich starke Präsenz von Phänomenologie und Anthropologie sorgte dafür, dass für mich relativ bald die formale Gestaltung – die ich für wichtig halte – als eine *Funktion* der Leistungen von Fassade deutlich wurde. Konnte dies noch der Kunst des Wissenschaftskollegs zugeschrieben werden, die passenden Fellows zusammenzustellen, so war der Rest pure Kontingenz.

Im Zentrum stand nun die Topologie, die hier – Ernst Cassirer hatte sie 1910 unter den Relationsbegriff gebracht – aus dem Dasein eines bloßen Dieners für mich befreit wurde. Durch Vermittlung des Wissenschaftskollegs konnte ich mit dem Biografen des Sozialpsychologen Kurt Lewin (1890–1947), Wolfgang Schönplflug (ehem. Ruhr-Universität Bochum und FU Berlin) diskutieren, was Fassade als „Feld“ (ein von Lewin benutzter Begriff für topologische Anordnungen des Raums) leistet. Ins Rollen gebracht wurde dies durch Zufälle, die jenes eigentümlich dichte Szenario wissenschaftlicher Auseinandersetzung schafft. Mit Clifford Geertz gesprochen, fand hier „thick description“ statt, wodurch die Instrumente meiner Studie wie unter einem Vergrößerungsglas deutlicher sichtbar wurden. Genau dies aber, so meine feste Überzeugung, war die Voraussetzung dafür, dass mir plötzlich Aspekte von mehreren der im Dienstagskolloquium vorgestellten Themen im Bereich der Naturwissenschaften als heuristische Vergleichsobjekte für die Häuser meines Buchprojekts in den Sinn kamen: Zuallererst die kunstvoll präparierten Außenseiten der Architekturen von „social insects“ (insbesondere Ameisen), über die meine Mitkollegiatin Jennifer Fewell arbeitet, dann im Laufe von (nun schon gezielten) Gesprächen die vielfältigen Eingänge in Vogelnester bei Steve Beissinger, aber auch die jede Nacht aufs neue errichteten Schlafmatten der Primaten, die Peter M. Kappeler untersucht.

Das situative Ermöglichen eines solch individuellen, nicht absichtsvoll betriebenen Ineinanders von Plan und Zufall erscheint mir nach Phasen der Verunsicherung als das heimliche Potential des Wissenschaftskollegs. Alles fügte sich, hatte man nur das Prinzip

verstanden. So diente eines der letzten Mittagessen mit den genannten Kollegen dazu, die Arbeitsschritte für ein gemeinsames Fellow-Forum zu verabreden, das die epistemologischen Möglichkeiten eines Vergleichs von tierischen und menschlichen Bauten auf der Basis der Begriffe von Information und Kommunikation ausloten soll. Weiterhin wurde die zweite Hälfte des Aufenthalts für den Aufbau eines Projekts genutzt, das auf topologischer Basis mittelalterliche und frühneuzeitliche Pilger- und Wallfahrtskirchen miteinander vergleichen soll.

Plan und Zufall, die beiden Antagonismen als Ermöglichung von Forschung bereit zu halten und bei Bedarf gemeinsam zu durchleben – dies leistet die Institution Wissenschaftskolleg in einmaliger Weise. Dass das auf dem Hintergrund überwiegend öffentlicher Mittel geschieht, gibt Anlass zur Hoffnung: Möge der Gedanke, dass Wissenschaft den Zufall und die Zeit braucht, diesen reifen zu lassen, wieder seinen Weg zurück in die *Planung* von Wissenschaft (sprich: Politik) finden. Der Ort des Wissenschaftskollegs, seine in der sozialen Interaktion geschaffenen räumlichen Anordnungen, die gemeinsam verbrachte Zeit, vor allem aber die KÖPFE – all dies ist selbst Topologie, wie Ferenc Jordán und ich an einem Dienstagnachmittag in einer kurzen Analyse zu zeigen versuchten. Das Motto hierfür lautete: *Topology is your friend, not your enemy!*



LAKESIDE INSPIRATION
FERENC JORDÁN

Ferenc Jordán, born in 1973, is a Hungarian biologist, a theoretical ecologist with an M.Sc. in biology and a Ph.D. in genetics from Eötvös University, Budapest. His key interest is how to quantify the importance of species. The hope this line of thinking offers is to make conservation efforts more objective, efficient, and successful. For this, he takes a systems ecology approach and performs network analysis on food webs. But he is also interested in animal social networks, landscape graphs, and other interesting network problems in biology. He spent five years at the Collegium Budapest, Institute for Advanced Study, as a Branco Weiss Fellow (from ETH Zürich, 2003–2008). Then he was principal investigator and group leader at Microsoft Research – COSBI in Trento, Italy (2008–2014). Currently he is scientific adviser and group leader at the Danube Research Institute of MTA Centre for Ecological Research (Budapest, Hungary), Associated Professor at Stazione Zoologica Anton Dohrn (Naples, Italy), and Visiting Professor at the University of Antofagasta (Chile). He is an active reviewer (e.g. *ERC*) and editor (e.g. *Ecology Letters*), as well as the Editor-in-Chief of the journal *Community Ecology*.
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My Year in Grunewald

Sitting on the balcony of Villa Walther, watching the swans swimming on Herthasee and drinking a Sherry Amoroso Medium Sweet, I really cannot focus on my task, writing this report. The storm is just over, the birds dance in the sharp sunshine, and the sherry is

better and better. But the bottom-right corner of my laptop takes me down to earth: 2017.07.11. So, the end is close, back to the mission.

According to my own expectations and the working conditions, I am closing an absolutely refreshing and super-productive year in Wiko. Surrounded by wonderful fellow Fellows, a fantastic staff, the sweet babysitters of the Thursdays' Kinderparties, and the nice people of Grunewald, it was not hard to be productive. The peace of mind one can experience at Wiko is surely unique and helpful for creative work.

Let me start with the social context. Even if I cannot classify myself as a sportsman, my social roles were focused on physical activities. First, I infinitely enjoyed the coordination and transportation of Fellows to and from the Olympiastadion. This year we had an exceptionally large number of Fellows interested in football, and two, three, or sometimes six of us were regular visitors at Hertha BSC matches. With beer and bratwurst, this is the best way to get to know each other better and better. Strongly advised to future Fellows. Second, it was a privilege to organize the Wiko Ping-Pong Championship, and, with the excellent support of the staff, this resulted in a nice day bringing people very close to each other. It could have happened much earlier! Very strongly advised to future Fellows. Football and ping-pong proved that they can create communities.

And Now About Science

My main research theme has not yet resulted in a submitted paper, but I have made great progress. Integrating interspecific interaction networks (e.g. food webs) with animal social networks seemed to be an easy exercise. I was basically interested in how social networks and food webs shape each other. Premium examples are the increased cohesion of baboon social networks under predation pressure (in one direction) and the increased success of predator avoidance in groups of well-networking marmots (in the other direction). First, I wanted to collect the available data and perform a meta-analysis. Then I changed my mind and intended to collect case studies and write a review. Now I see the almost total lack of data, so the whole idea seems to be evolving toward an "opinion" or "perspectives" paper. Yet, all of the difficulties perfectly underscore the need for this kind of research. I expect to finish this work around September [7]. I will send it to some of the Fellows (Gadagkar, Fewell, Kappeler, Beissinger for sure) and, based on the feedback I hope to get from them, the paper will be submitted in some months' time. If I can finish it properly, this piece of work will be a massive bridge between community ecologists and behavioral/socio-ecologists.

I did not want to invite too many people, but three short visits made my year even richer. The short visits of two of my young Hungarian colleagues resulted in a published [2] and two submitted [3, 4] papers. Juliana Pereira and I wrote a technical piece on landscape ecology and habitat networks [2]. In this paper, we present some methodological developments on multi-node centrality approaches in studying and quantifying habitat networks; we demonstrate our techniques with the example of forest birds in Catalonia. This can be helpful for making conservation management more efficient. With Anett Endrédi, we discussed and concluded a research project and finished two papers on food webs [3, 4]. One is about trophic hierarchies [3]. It aids us in understanding how structure can help predict dynamics in ecological communities. The other is a simulation effort supporting the multi-species view of maximum sustainable yield assessment in marine fisheries [4]. These have been long projects, but the Wiko environment provided a perfect scene for concluding them. Both of these young colleagues were mesmerized by the Wiko atmosphere and showed how to convert inspiration into efficient work.

My third guest over the year was Volker Grimm (Leipzig). We had long and interesting discussions but, since he has an extremely busy year, we did not plan anything explicit. Yet, I am invited to visit his lab in Leipzig in the not very distant future, and he will send some of his students to a conference I am organizing.

I had a chance to visit Alexander Wacker and Ursula Gaedke at the University of Potsdam; I gave a talk and enjoyed the company of their great group. We planned more collaboration for the end of the year, but we ran out of time. They have excellent data on lake ecosystems, and my approach might provide interesting results for them. I think we will be able to work on our ideas.

I was also able to give a talk in Göttingen at Teja Tschardt's lab. He is reportedly one of the leading German ecologists and it was wonderful to see his colleagues and research lab. We have shared collaborators, so many interesting topics came up during a great dinner in this charming city.

In the first few weeks after my arrival, I wrote a little piece [1]. The topic is the learning of ecosystems, which is becoming an increasingly hot issue, and we certainly need more research in this direction. My paper is only a response to an earlier paper published in *Trends in Ecology and Evolution*, but the prestige of this journal is so high that even these little pieces can make their impact on science. We will see. Anyway, this is exactly the kind of paper I would never have written at home – but in the Wiko atmosphere it just poured out of my keyboard.

I have made great progress on two additional projects as well, where papers are close to submission [5, 6]. Colleagues in Naples (Stazione Zoologica) and I have been working a lot on a network approach to better understanding marine phytoplankton communities [5]. There is a need to better study the microbial compartment of the food web and complete our knowledge in this direction. If the ecosystem is composed of mammals, birds, and the “rest”, according to the views of many conservationists, the “rest” is very important and interesting. We definitely want to contribute to a systems view of ecology and we want to emphasize the importance of invertebrates and microorganisms in natural ecosystems. Colleagues from Rome (Istituto Casa Sollievo della Sofferenza-Mendel) and I did some modelling work. We performed a large number of simulations to better understand the difference between network types (e.g. random, scale-free, small world) from the viewpoint of how nested their multi-node centrality sets are [6]. We compare the idealized network types to real food webs, and this research is a nice parallel to our research on landscape graphs, too [2]. Both research lines will contribute, in different ways, to make conservation management more efficient and quantitative.

My strategy is always to have short but efficient conversations, I am not the one who speaks for hours and hours over a coffee. I had great conversations and there is a chance for future collaboration with my fellow Fellows Jihwan Myung, Jennifer Fewell, Peter Kappeler, and Steve Beissinger. We did not want to load each other with lots of extra work, but potential collaborations are clearly being shaped on the horizon (Jihwan and I actually have a pre-preliminary manuscript). I learned a lot from all of them (about parrots, ants, and lemurs, as well as clocks). It was also extremely interesting to see and compare the working style of many of us. We have the speakers, the writers, the thinkers, the integrators, et cetera. I think that my own working style has also matured a bit.

Varietas delectat – and also important, as all biologists know very well. Listening and talking to the non-biologist Fellows was always so interesting and refreshing! I was influenced mostly by the talks of Maria Mavroudi and Cornelia Jöchner. Following the talk of Maria, I just bought and read a book about Byzantium and I felt angry about not having heard much more about it during my school years. Historians and biologists are deeply related, anyway; we know this. Cornelia and I performed a little project on the topological analysis of the four Wiko villas. It started in the Teeküche of the Neubau and invaded our minds. Finally, we gave a talk about it in July. The small but enthusiastic audience (as many Fellows as staff members!) gave interesting and very useful comments. Following earlier research on the Medici, we studied the topological constraints of the

Wiko workspace. This will probably not turn into a paper, but it was great fun, for sure – and potential collaboration is possible; I plan to visit Cornelia and talk to her students. If they are as enthusiastic as expected, we could eventually write a paper on our findings. But having long and thoughtful chats with Carey Harrison, on many things, on almost everything, was maybe the key feature of my Wiko year. I cannot imagine not seeing him in the future, maybe over a vegetarian bratwurst.

All in all ... Several minor projects instead of a single major one. But it is impossible to focus on a single topic in this intellectual environment! The several minor opuses are interrelated and synergistically help each other. All of them will make me remember the context they were born in. It was a year that gave me mental munition and motivation for a long time, I am sure. Thanks for all, Wiko!

Publications with Wiko Affiliation:

- [1] Jordán, F. (2016). “How can mature ecosystems become educated?” *Trends Ecol. Evol.* 31: 893–894.
- [2] Pereira, J. and Jordán, F. (2017). “Multi-node selection of patches for protecting habitat connectivity: fragmentation versus reachability.” *Ecological Indicators* 81: 192–200.
- [3] Endrédi, A., Senánszky, V., Libralato, S., and Jordán, F. (2018). “Food web dynamics in trophic hierarchies.” *Ecological Modelling* 368: 94–103.
- [4] Mórész, Á., Endrédi, A., and Jordán, F. “On the additivity of pairwise perturbations in food webs: a step towards multi-species MSY assessment.” *Theoretical Ecology*. Manuscript submitted.
- [5] D’Alelio, D., Jordán, F., and Ribera d’Alcalá, M. “Key players and key interactions in different regimes of a planktonic food web.” Manuscript in preparation.
- [6] Capocefalo, D., Mazza, T., Jordán, F., and Scotti, M. “A multi-node approach to non-local network safety.” Manuscript in preparation.
- [7] Jordán, F. “Interactions between food webs and social networks of animals.” Manuscript in preparation.



THE WIKO DNA
PETER M. KAPPELER

Peter Kappeler holds a chair for Sociobiology/Anthropology at the University of Göttingen and is the head of the Behavioral Ecology and Sociobiology Unit at the German Primate Center. He studied Biology and Psychology at the University of Tübingen (Dipl.-Biol.) and at Duke University, where he obtained his Ph.D. in Zoology in 1992. As a postdoc, he worked at the German Primate Center and obtained his Habilitation in Tropical Ecology from the University of Würzburg. Before moving to his present position, he was the head of the Behavioral Ecology Department at Leipzig University. His research interests focus on the social systems of non-human primates. His empirical work has examined the social and mating systems of Malagasy primates, carnivores, and birds, which he and his students have been studying in Kirindy Forest. At the Wissenschaftskolleg, he was a member of the Focus Group “Causes and Implications of Adult Sex Ratio Variation in Vertebrates” to pursue his long-standing interests in the evolution of mammalian sex roles. – Address: Department of Sociobiology/Anthropology, University of Göttingen, Kellnerweg 6, 37077 Göttingen. E-mail: pkappel@gwdg.de.

I am frustrated whenever I need to submit a one-page CV with an application or a grant proposal. Is it really possible to summarize an entire life and academic career on a single page? The exercise definitely makes you feel humble. Even though Wiko is more generous with space, summarizing the multifarious experiences, interactions, and events of the past ten months on a few pages seems like a similarly daunting task. Browsing through the previous yearbooks makes the task appear even more overawing. Many Fellows – 1,650 to be precise – have left their memories and impressions behind. What

could I possibly add or say that hasn't been said, and very eloquently so, hundreds of times before? Perusal of only a handful of randomly chosen reports of former Fellows provides a very clear impression of what emerges as what one might call the Wiko DNA: everybody enjoyed the privilege of having uninterrupted time for reading and writing, the blessing of widening one's personal horizon through interesting discussions over lunch or during the weekly colloquia, the newly formed friendships and collaborations, the only administration in the world that works *for* scientists, and the many cultural and natural distractions offered by this wonderful city. So, no need to say all of that again, even though I would emphatically underline every single one of these points, and only struggle to find different words. But what about the other 23 letters of the alphabet? Is there more to Wiko than these dominant alleles of its DNA? What follows is therefore an attempt to capture some of these additional aspects, represented by key words covering the entire alphabet, that only the 2016/17 Fellows will remember and appreciate:

Adult Sex Ratio. The topic of the by far best and most productive Focus Group this year. I had the privilege of exploring the many causes and consequences of the number of adult females and males in a population with Tamás, Steve, and Michael, and I want to thank them for all these insightful, albeit sometimes chaotic discussions, either over Thursday lunch or a bottle of wine on Monday evening. We organized a topical workshop, edited and published a special issue in the world's oldest scientific journal, and struggled successfully to summarize all our newly gained insights in a review article. Although this single sentence summary does not look like much, that's about as much as a focal group can achieve in ten months.

Breakfast. Everybody in previous yearbooks has raved about the wonderful dinners. I enjoyed the Wiko breakfasts just as much. The selection of food is sensational and it is much quieter than during lunch or dinner, offering a less stressful environment for unexpected discussions. I definitely enjoyed mine with the few regulars, especially with Hubert and Shaheen.

Champions League. Very fond memories of the meetings in front of the Weiße Villa kitchen TV with the other football crazies. I will not forget Avishai's sharp analytical comments and Alberto's joy over winning it all, even though almost everybody else was rooting for Juve. At least Bayern didn't win – right Myles?

Dunia et al. I hardly find the words to thank Dunia and the entire kitchen staff for every single meal. It was not only absolutely delicious, but also served with so much love and attention to personal needs. I wish the alphabet had two Ds so I could write another page devoted to their desserts!

Evening colloquium. All wonderful encores for the intellectual thirst for additional learning and stimulation. Thanks to all who presented one for their additional work! Because Fellows continued wondering until the end about who got chosen as a speaker by whom and why, it might be good to provide some transparency on this issue early on for future Fellows, however.

Facebook. No – not the boring one on the Internet. Thanks to Frédéric, we have our very own collection of professional portraits. It was a very special and intense experience of staring at Frédéric's camera, and the collection of photos will be a unique Wiko souvenir. Thanks also to Hetty for organizing it all!

Gesprächskonzert. A new concept and term to me. Wonderful idea, but, honestly, I would have enjoyed one with Beethoven or Puccini even more.

Home page. Amazingly organized and up-to-date source of information about activities and previous Fellows. With our March for Science video statements, we left our mark by adding a new category.

Internet. Wiko must have been even better in the days before the Internet. I am just old enough to remember those days before the www. Can you imagine a time and place without review requests or e-mails from administrators, staff, and students interrupting your work? By funding a full-time replacement, Wiko created an effective buffer, however, and I am very grateful for that privilege.

Jogging. Grunewald offers so many beautiful options for a creative, active break. It is easy to forget that we're living in a city of four million. I will definitely miss my Trimm-Dich-Pfad and the possibility of integrating a run into my schedule at any time of day. I'm sure that Mary, David, and Thomas will agree on this point, even though this in-group includes two lawyers.

Koenigsallee. It epitomizes so much about the Wiko experience. It is full of history, from the Stolpersteine to the Villa used by Hermann Göring for his “Reichsbund Reichsjäger-schaft” to the place of Walter Rathenau’s assassination. The beautiful old villas, whose details were much more appreciated after Cornelia’s colloquium and the tour with the local lady in September. The little lake offers an ideal place for a welcome sunbath on the way home after lunch. Maybe only Michael’s campus in Canberra can compete?

Library. Most people think of the fabulous service of the Wiko library. My foremost association is with the few very informal discussions on sex and gender issues organized by the ASR focal group in the club room, aka “the other library”. Without a rigid list of discussants (perhaps worth trying in the colloquia?), lively discourse ensued. On those afternoons, the Wiko spirit was most tangible for me.

Mahlzeit! No one from the class of 2016/17 will ever be able to have lunch again without remembering Myles’ cheerful salutation on the way to lunch.

Nur nach Hause gehen wir nicht! The hymn of a mediocre local football club (apologies to Carey and Myles) encapsulates the dominant emotion in early July. Nobody wants to go home again! Couldn’t we just occupy Wiko?

Opera. My favorite way of making use of the many cultural temptations of Berlin. Always fun to chat with William, Tine, or Frédéric about the latest productions and to initiate Michael J. into this world.

PowerPoint. The length and sophistication of this presentation tool during the Tuesday colloquia was nearly bimodally distributed between “the scientists” and the rest (it never occurred to me before that historians and lawyers were not scientists), Giacomo being a notable outlier. Differences between disciplines were also evident in the language used and the way questions were asked, but I enjoyed the open, constructive, and egalitarian discussions we had. This is apparently not a given, as some Permanent Fellows report, and I am glad to have been a member of this particular cohort.

Questions. The discussions following the Tuesday Colloquia offered some memorable highlights and examples of the kinds of interdisciplinary experiences one can have at

Wiko. Here's a one-minute transcript from a non-random, but fortunately also non-representative example to illustrate this point: "To invoke the zombie category, is modernization the very natural alternative to a zombie category, or is it really a potentially fruitful and perhaps even necessary category that itself can be re-imagined and developed in a different way than a non-teleological way, non-prescriptive, non-reductionist, mannered multi-dimensional, open-ended, etc., that – yes – appeals to classic notions like urbanization and social mobilization in a Deutschian (?) sense, but also the spread of market relations that develop in a modern bureaucratic state, globalization, the Scaler effect, and the extension of scale of networks, medialization, expansion of media experience; all these dimensions including cultural ... (laughter) ... but it has also an autonomous cultural dimension that involves processes like individualization, maybe even secularization, but certainly the diffusion of all the individuals, citizenship, categories like the city itself, the state, individuals, citizenship, people, sexuality, ..." I think the question mark came another 40 seconds later.

Research. Just in case somebody is interested in the details: in addition to contributing to the group output, I wrote a review on my official Wiko topic (consequences of variation in the adult sex ratio for mammalian behavior), drafted five other reviews on a range of topics, and secretly started working on two books. In comparison, this was a very productive year for me, but I am just one data point in the sample size of nearly 1,700 in this matched-pairs design (before vs. during Wiko), demonstrating that productivity at Wiko is way higher than at our home institutions.

Science, March for. One of the personal and collective highlights of the year. The Wiko team in its royal blue T-shirts and many funny and highly visible banners, demonstrating for academic freedom in the freezing April wind. Great team performance!

Trump. Definitely the most discussed person of the year. To say the first good thing about him, in retrospect, I think he did more for our in-group formation than any other event or person in the last ten months.

Unexpected. I was initially not really prepared to meet and interact with our photographer, writers, filmmaker, composer, and other artists. In retrospect, interactions with these special Fellows made the Wiko experience so much richer than the more predictable glimpses into the world of lawyers, economists, or historians.

Visitors. What a great, generous opportunity to invite colleagues to Wiko for a couple of days! I had some of the most enjoyable and productive days with my visitors. Not just because they were so envious, but also because we produced several publications within a couple of days in this inspiring atmosphere.

Walking Berlin! Only Michael J. could have come up with this idea – and he followed through with it. None of the previous 1,650 Fellows could possibly have had a crazier plan for the long winter nights, and few would have had the stubbornness to complete it. Way to go Mike!

AtaraXia. A key personal discovery during this year. Many thanks to Katharina for introducing me to Epicurus and his philosophy. The following quote will hopefully provide the necessary guidance for my life after Wiko: “It is not by an unbroken succession of drinking bouts and of revelry, not by sexual lust, nor the enjoyment of fish and other delicacies of a luxurious table that produce a pleasant life; it is sober reasoning, searching out the grounds of every choice and avoidance, and banishing those beliefs through which the greatest tumults take possession of the soul.” Epicurus, “Letter to Menoeceus”.

Young scientists. It was very enriching to interact with the bright young colleagues from the College for Life Sciences. Not just because they were fellow biologists. It was rewarding, and hopefully helpful for them, to be able to offer some career advice, for example. Too bad they could not be here for a full year.

Zusammenfassung. A truly amazing year in a truly amazing environment. Thanks to all involved in the selection process for making this year possible for me, and thanks to all members of the staff and my fellow Fellows for making it such a special experience – both personally and professionally. *Auf Wiedersehen!*



WRITING
ELIAS KHOURY

Global Distinguished Professor of Middle Eastern and Islamic Studies, novelist. Born in 1948, Elias Khoury is one of the pre-eminent intellectuals of the Arab world. Trained in sociology, in the mid-seventies he began to develop from a militant Palestinian freedom fighter to one of today's most significant Arab authors. He has taught at Columbia University, New York, the American University of Beirut, the Lebanese University, the Lebanese American University and New York University. Between 1993 and 2009 he served as editor of *al-Mulhaq*, the weekly cultural supplement of the Lebanese daily newspaper *an-Nahar*, where he has repeatedly sought (self-)critical confrontation with social and political conditions in the Middle East. Since 2011 he is editor of the *Journal of Palestine Studies*. Publications: *The Broken Mirrors* (2016). *Yalo* (2009); *Gate of the Sun* (2005); *Al-Dhakira al-Mafquda* [= the Lost Memory] (1982). – Address: Ashrafieh, Sioufi, Furn Kashaan St., Khoury Bld. 5th floor, Beirut, Lebanon.

“... and no one could have watched him without reaching the conclusion that a writer is a man to whom writing comes harder than to anyone else.”

Thomas Mann, *Tristan*



DOES NATURE MAKE A RATIONAL
CHOICE?

BARBARA KOWALZIG

Barbara Kowalzig is Associate Professor of Classics and History at New York University. Her work focusses on the religion and anthropology of ancient Greece and the Mediterranean. She holds an M.A. (1996) from the University of Freiburg (1996) and an M.St. (1995) and a D.Phil. (2002) from Oxford. She has taught at University College, Oxford (2000–2005) and at Royal Holloway, University of London (2006–2010), and held fellowships at Cambridge; the Maison des sciences de l’homme/EHESS, Paris; the Leverhulme Foundation; the IAS at Princeton; the Stanford Humanities Center; and was an NEH Fellow at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. She has published widely on ancient song culture, poetry and drama in their ritual and social contexts and at the intersection of religion and economic anthropology, notably *Singing for the Gods: Performances of Myth and Ritual in Archaic and Classical Greece* (Oxford, 2007, ppb. 2011); *Dithyramb in Context* (ed. with P. Wilson, Oxford, 2013); “Musical Merchandise ‘on every vessel’: Religion and Trade on the Island of Aigina.” In *Aigina: Contexts for Choral Lyric Poetry*, ed. D. Fearn (Oxford, 2010); “Festivals, Fairs and Foreigners: Towards an Economics of Religion in the Mediterranean *longue durée*.” In *Economies of Sacred Travel*, ed. A. Collar and T. Myrup Kristensen (forthcoming Leiden). – Address: Department of Classics, New York University, 100 Washington Square East, Room 503, New York, NY 10003, USA. E-mail: barbara.kowalzig@nyu.edu.

Does nature make a rational choice? I stole this question from a work of art by Susan Ossman, anthropologist, artist and 2016/17 Wiko spouse. She in turn had extrapolated it from my musings upon her question to us all – what did we take away from our year as

academics and as human beings? Early on, we had been told that every year, a sort of beauty contest emerges between fields – over who has the more gracious method, model, argument or even access to “truth” – and more often than not the competition arises between the Humanities and Social Sciences, on the one hand, and the Life Sciences, on the other. Our year was no exception, except that with a Focus Group of evolutionary biologists working on “adult sex ratio”, a somewhat aggressive language of natural selection and reproductive success became part of our daily vocabulary. Michael Jennions’ stimulating yet highly controversial colloquium at the beginning of the year using sex and sex roles among humans to explain how evolution by natural selection might work was probably creatively misunderstood by most humanists, including me. But it did leave a lasting impression that here a vocabulary was being crafted that ultimately was designed, or in any case would be unconsciously used, to describe and understand human development. And that also means to interpret historical processes, to explain why some types of society survive and others do not; why some cultures incorporate others and prevail; why some religious forms keep traction and others do not.

Why would a classicist be concerned with these problems? I am working on a book entitled “Gods around the Pond: Religion, Society and the Sea in the Early Mediterranean Economy”. The project examines the interaction of religious practices and economic patterns in the first-millennium BC Mediterranean, that is to say the role of myth, ritual and cult in shaping and being shaped by economic processes, activities and ideas. This is a period of radical social transformation and economic growth, characterized by constantly changing patterns of mobility and exchange by sea, incessant adaptations to, and exploitation of, the opportunities offered by the maritime environment. Using literary sources, epigraphy and archaeology from Spain to the Black Sea, the project’s objective is to pinpoint a conceptual link between religious and economic systems by identifying religious practice and cognition as the context for the enactment of principles of contemporary economic theory, economic sociology and moral economics, such as rationality, risk, regulation and ethics. I argue for Greek religion as Mediterranean religion, emerging out of maritime, transcultural economic mobility rather than the landed city-state. Embedded in patterns of seaborne connectivity, the forging of religious ties and the ritualisation of economic relations emerge as cultural mechanisms inculcating, and materializing, trust, credibility and reliable social bonds lasting across time and space in a volatile Mediterranean ecology. The development of polytheism and economic transformation in the Mediterranean will emerge as interdependent and inextricably intertwined.

One might say that such a project pitches qualitative and quantitative approaches against one another. Religious historians tend to be anthropologically informed and believe in the agency of collective imagination, cultural constructs and social conventions; economists and an increasing number of economic historians have moved away from economic anthropology into rational-choice derived models based on methodological individualism and market dynamics to explain social and economic transformation. As historians of the ancient world, we are of course aware of the messy historical conditions in which economic choices are made; but even neo-institutionalism, popular in the field, is only a step away from unadulterated profit or utility maximization.

Much of my work on this project has been trying to bridge qualitative and quantitative approaches: the sort of maritime polytheism of my model appears as both regulating but also as productive in economic processes, enabling transformation and not least economic growth. The additional step into the vocabulary of evolutionary biology, however, and the possible misunderstandings that this can cause, have made me more cautious. What I had not, or not consciously, realized, is how close the thinking behind game theory and utility maximization in Economics or some branches of Political Science is to the evolutionary models theorizing the “survival of the fittest” with their singular goal of reproductive success in the Life Sciences. It is one thing to use such approaches to experiment with deliberate reductionism within your own field, where your colleagues’ knowledge of the data enables them to appreciate strengths, flaws and subtleties of the model in application to the evidence. When talking to others, however, one can no longer claim modelling as merely a playground for the construction of plausible scenarios; models become ideological and their uses prone to dangerous misunderstandings. Moreover, while many of these methods are good to think with, there is a risk that isolating factors from their context and simplifying data through quantification may reduce the complexity of historical processes, obscure the beautifully unclear causalities, straighten out the arbitrariness of cultural life. Many of our discussions ended up being ideological and I don’t believe that anyone moved greatly from their positions. Nevertheless, the constant dangling of mirrors in front of you taught you something – and if only an amused awareness that the same terms can mean entirely different things depending on your discipline’s methodological persuasion.

If I single out this particular discussion, it is simply because it conveniently framed the entire year, setting it off in September with Michael Jennions’ (Biology) colloquium and completing it in July with a dispute between him and Michael Lambek (Anthropology).

Inside, this frame included a wealth of perhaps less fundamental but certainly more refined discourses that it would be impossible to do justice to. On previous fellowships of this sort, I have sometimes refused to travel widely and avoided giving papers in order to have the time and leisure to absorb it all. This year, I went for a different approach: I structured my work on the project in such a way as to deliver substantial, i.e. hour-long papers approximately every four to five weeks at a variety of institutions in Europe and North America. Each of these lectures was based on new material, a different thematic dossier and a new set of methodological questions; none was a repeat performance. This allowed me to make swift and significant progress on three of five chapters of the book. At the same time, it gave me the opportunity to revive long-standing contacts in Europe that, for reasons of time and geographical separation, had fallen somewhat by the wayside after my move to the US in 2010. These papers included two public lectures in Athens, at the American School of Classical Studies (October 2016) and at the University of Athens (May 2017); a lecture at the University of Oxford (November 2016); at the Annual Meeting of the Society for Classical Studies in Toronto (January 2017); at the Centre ANHIMA (formerly Centre Gernet) in Paris (May 2017); at the Radcliffe Institute at Harvard (June 2017); and at the University of Göttingen (June 2017). I also participated in conferences in Louvain (December 2016) and London (July 2017).

This programme might sound like a bit of a challenge – and it was, especially if you don't want to miss out on everything else on offer at Wiko, academically, socially, culturally, let alone the attractions of the city of Berlin. But whatever deadlines were looming in front of me, I could be sure that for every dossier that came up, I had willing and inspiring interlocutors (or victims) giving me their discipline's perspective at lunch or dinner, at the photocopier, in the corridors, at the bus-stop, on the way from the Villa Walther to the main building. Without getting too deeply into the minutiae of my project, let me give a few examples of analogies between fields that led to intriguing thought experiments.

A goal for a set of papers was to build the case for Greek religion as a maritime belief system and to explore the resulting dynamic for economic interaction. The pre-modern Mediterranean with which we work today is a network of interconnected routes of travel without centres and peripheries; a web of incessantly interacting but highly fragmented major and minor seaborne ecologies, a world exposed to volatile climates, uneven resource division, and irregular productivity. These necessitate frequently changing patterns of redistribution, resulting in a thoroughly transcultural space where maritime mobility and exchange are as much a strategy of survival and risk mitigation as a source of unlikely

opportunities. Central to my project is the idea that religious practice and imagination played a vital role in counteracting, while also benefitting from, the unpredictability of this maritime world, organizing the sea cognitively and psychologically, socially and economically.

In “Converting Risk into Knowledge: Religion and the Economics of the Sea at the Bronze Age-Iron Age Transition”, I argue that a fundamental change in attitudes towards the sea took shape in the precarious, stateless world resulting from the so-called Bronze Age decline, ca. 1200–800 BC. This entails a valorisation of, and investment into, interconnected coastal locations, allowing for the use of the sea as a productive force in social and economic relations. Myths, rituals and cults tied into the epic cycles appear to underlie new conceptions of seaborne economic connectivity and come to structure the formation of what I tentatively term “cabotage religion” – a broadly diffused belief system spanning maritime regions in short-haul trajectories, bound up with landscape, ecology and the rhythms of navigation, and underlying the geography of mobility throughout antiquity. It is superficially a paradox that in a period of crisis and uncertainty people would choose the risks of settlement by the coast. But coastal regions provided security because of their interconnectedness; this is where survival lay, and even a degree of prosperity. While I might be preoccupied thinking about maritime mobility as a gateway to self-sufficiency, the biologists (e.g. Jon Harrison, 2016/17 Wiko spouse, and Steve Beissinger) respond that coastal zones are biologically the most productive, measured by protein accumulation and characterized by species richness, diversity and innovation; and that delta landscapes, a massive driver of economic growth in the Mediterranean from the 6th century BC onwards, are the most nutritious due to their concentration of resources (i.e. proteins).

The maritime perspective also offers insights into the interaction of religion and cross-cultural trade and the construction of the divine in transcultural environments. Comparatively speaking, maritime belief systems, far removed from regulating authorities, often develop their own religious forms; shared risk and the focus on survival tend to elide social and cultural difference. A paper on “Assimilation, Acculturation, Adaptation in Ancient Polytheism? The View from the Sea” proposes that in the institution-less yet highly mobile world of travelling Phoenicians, Greeks and others following the demise of Bronze Age civilizations, transcultural divinities emerge, literally, from the sea, whose powers develop to enable economic interaction – the most familiar such divinities are Aphrodite: Phoenician Astarte; Zeus Soter (“saviour”): Baal; Herakles: Melqart. None of

these, however, appear to have a maritime or economic dimension “at home” or in their Bronze Age past, but as soon as they embark on a boat, they turn into something different – the sea has transformative power even for the gods. Instead of thinking about translation, syncretism or acculturation in ancient religions, we might rather wonder about the mechanisms of trust that allow for these gods and their multi-cultural worshippers to emerge. Jennifer Fewell, an evolutionary biologist working on social insects, at first jokingly, then more seriously, identified this as a problem of cooperation, comparing it to the “green-beard effect”, a model in the biological sciences used to explain selective altruism: cases in which actors recognize that helping is valuable and reciprocity carries mutual benefits. Such a display of reciprocity is not arbitrary; rather individuals direct their behaviour to those who are seen to have “tags” or “traits”. In animal systems, different helping behaviours are reciprocated as commodities – e.g. grooming and feeding, a language deliberately chosen to allow it to be projected onto the trading of commodities and services in human social interaction.

The interaction of religion with actual historical economies also appears in a different light when seen from the perspective of a maritime belief system. If, from the early fifth century BC onwards, Hellenic Demeter stood as Ceres in Rome’s earliest river port, this shows the future megalopolis’ distinct awareness of its dependence on cereals arriving from across the sea. Antiquity was a world of economic interdependence and reciprocity where communities, cities and states operated through network dynamics to ensure survival. In “Déméter, le grain et la mer: entre religion et économie politique en Grèce ancienne”, I presented a model that I had been thinking about for a while: that of a “political economy of religion”, in which the adoption and development of public cults is tied to the needs of a civic economy that is part of a broader network of maritime connectivity in the Mediterranean. This allows for innovation and change in religious practice alongside economic growth. Demeter is a goddess intimately associated with grain, growth and wealth; her role in public cult neatly embraces the changing policies of grain provision in the cities of Aegean Greece from the archaic to the early Hellenistic periods between ideals of self-sufficiency, civic pride and Panhellenic interdependence. I picked the intersection of religion and the grain supply because 18th-century notions of “political economy” arose out of the conundrum of state control versus free trade, in which cereal provision was likewise central to a state’s moral economy. Discussions with Mary O’Sullivan (Economics) and Daniel Schönplflug (History) about these early modern contexts revealed how different solutions were found to ultimately not dissimilar problems.



Raoul Dufy. Cérès au bord de la mer, 1928.

It would be easy enough just to continue listing fertile conversations that routinely produced new ideas. Giacomo Todeschini (Medieval History) was a sounding board on all matters religious and economic; in particular, in writing about the religiosity of the maritime trader (“At Sea with the Merchants”), his insights on how early modern merchants justified economic profit in religious and social terms led me to understand how ancient Greek merchants’ concerns with risk, profitability and travel are echoed in the construction of their deities. Thinking about “Economic Theory, Economic Anthropology and the Study of Greek Religion” offered the chance to engage in a widespread reconsideration within history, economics and anthropology of towering figures such as Adam Smith, Max Weber and Karl Polanyi, together with social scientists with a more immediate stake in the debate: in addition to those already

named, Rogers Brubaker (Sociology), Jackie Solway (Economic Anthropology, 2016/17 Wiko spouse) and Lena Lavinias (Economics). Nor were discussions about “what is religion?” in short supply or definitions easily agreed upon by presentist social scientists and historians. And finally, one of the most enjoyable and sustained conversations through the entire year was with Michael Lambek (Anthropology) about the nature of polytheism: a topic curiously under-conceptualised in anthropology, it is perhaps over-rationalized in the study of Greek religion. A goal for the future, and for a workshop in the making, is to develop the intellectual tools that can pinpoint the workings of a pluralistic divine in a comparative context.

But I did not work solely on my project. Much of my research in the past has been on ancient song culture in its social process, that is to say, how music and ritual performance generate social and political transformation in the ancient world. I returned to this in a conference on music, aesthetics and philosophy in Louvain and on Music and Memory in the Ancient World at the Radcliffe Institute, Harvard. “Music, Landscape and Memory on Crete” argued that long-term memories of regional economic integration were transmitted through music and ritual performance from the archaic and classical period to the Roman Empire. Thanks to Andrea Bohlman (Music), I could venture into the exciting world of sound studies, all the while learning about the budding field of ecocriticism from an ethnomusicological perspective. One of the most delightful undertakings was to introduce Philipp Deines, another artist and 2016/17 Wiko spouse, and the concepts and techniques behind his graphic novel. This is set, not unlike Mediterranean mythologies, in a milieu of empires and colonization, producing hybrid cultural and social forms narrated in sequential images, again not unlike images of heroic narrative in ancient art. Among the many and varied topics of conversation I shared with my neighbour along the office corridor, Cornelia Jöchner (Art History), I single out topology, the mathematical model that underlies network theory, a popular method in current ancient Mediterranean studies; with Maria Mavroudi (History), the world of Byzantium and modern Greece; and the Mediterranean as a poetic space generative of maritime epic with Gianna Pomata (History). One special treat at the Wiko is to be thrown in together with artists, writers, composers, journalists, filmmakers, photographers – a substantial minority demanding very different things from their work, including a different attitude towards public reach, diffusion and communicability. I thank them all here collectively for their insights and subtlety in identifying the human condition in academic research!

I left Germany some twenty years ago for the UK and later the US. It would take a separate report to detail my impressions of contemporary Germany. In retrospect I feel

like having been on a turbo-track of acquiring an adult perspective on my own country, taking in anything from Berlin's recent cosmopolitanism built on the remnants of a Cold War city, to political activism and environmentalism, to the very different role of research in the public domain; the extraordinary amount and level of cultural events, from the theatre landscape, the Berlinale, the Leipziger Buchmesse, the documenta, to a whole array of contemporary music festivals.

On one of my last Berlin days, I persuaded my brother to help me carry some 500 books back from my flat and office to the library. If this process took several hours of glancing at titles regarding anything from Bronze Age ancient coastlines to Byzantine hagiography to early modern mercantilism to contemporary Islamic mysticism, this gives tangible testimony to the extraordinary breadth, depth and variety of competing discourses that the Wiko allows us all to keep in mind all at the same time. I am extremely grateful to everyone at the Wiko for having created this space for us, to Vera Pfeffer for solving any practical problem within it, and above all to the library staff for helping me get all those books!

Papers referred to, 2016/2017

"Converting Risk into Knowledge: Religion and the Economics of the Sea at the Bronze Age-Iron Age Transition." American School of Classical Studies at Athens, October 2016.

"Assimilation, Acculturation, Adaptation in Ancient Polytheism? The View from the Sea." Ancient History Seminar, Oxford, November 2016.

"Economic Theory, Economic Anthropology, and the Study of Greek Religion." God the Anthropologist, Panel, Society for Classical Studies, Toronto, January 2017.

"Lesbians at Sea: Myth, Cult, and the Maritime World of Early Greek Lyric." University of Athens, May 2017.

"Déméter, le grain et la mer: entre religion et économie politique en Grèce ancienne." Centre ANHIMA, Paris, May 2017.

"Music, Landscape and Memory on Crete." Music and Memory in the Ancient Mediterranean. Workshop, Radcliffe Institute, Harvard University, June 2017.

"Religion and the Economics of the Sea in the Early Mediterranean." Althistorisches Kolloquium, Universität Göttingen, June 2017.

"At Sea with the Merchants." Belief and the Individual in Ancient Greek Religion. Conference, Institute of Classical Studies, London, July 2017.



A LA RECHERCHE ... DU TEMPS
MICHAEL LAMBEK

Michael Lambek was born in Montreal and educated at Antioch, McGill, and the University of Michigan, where he received his Ph.D. in 1978. He has taught at the University of Toronto and for three years at the London School of Economics. He is currently Canada Research Chair in the Anthropology of Ethical Life at the Department of Anthropology, University of Toronto Scarborough and Chair of the Anthropology Department there. His books include *Knowledge and Practice in Mayotte: Local Discourses of Islam, Sorcery and Spirit Possession* (1993); *The Weight of the Past: Living with History in Mahajanga, Madagascar* (2002); and *The Ethical Condition: Essays on Action, Person, and Value* (2015), as well as edited collections, including *Tense Past: Cultural Essays on Trauma and Memory* (1996); *Illness and Irony: On the Ambiguity of Suffering in Culture* (2003); *Ordinary Ethics: Anthropology, Language and Action* (2010); and *A Companion to the Anthropology of Religion* (2013). – Address: Department of Anthropology, University of Toronto, 19 Russell Street, Toronto ON M5S 2S2, Canada. E-mail: lambek@utsc.utoronto.ca.

I came to Wiko for the gift of time, ten precious months to write and think as much as one would like. As our stay draws to a close, my overwhelming feeling is that the time passed much too quickly, as if there was not nearly enough of it. The gift was received with immense gratitude and pleasure; that it was consumed so rapidly is a matter of wonder.

It can only be because in fact there was so much to do. To sit and read or to go out into the world? To walk in the forest or explore a new neighbourhood? To linger over lunch with friends or return alone to the study? Each of the alternatives were good; there was nothing to escape from.

There were also the events inexorably unfolding in the world beyond the forest that took time to assimilate. In the fall we bemoaned the alternatives, yet debated anxiously the outcome of the American election. The morning after, we huddled in small groups on the sidewalk above the lake trying to take comfort from each other's disbelief. I thought about how reasonable German citizens must have met that way in the 1930s. The significance of being in Berlin never seemed more powerful. And yet, as Jackie Solway phrased it, the American election contextualized the German past; voters could do mad things anywhere.

The sleepless nights passed and somehow we adjusted. But then came Hungary and the lead-up to the French election and lectures about populism from Rogers Brubaker, financialization from Lena Lavinas, and flaws in the EU constitutional structure from Dieter Grimm. Not a year for optimism. We debated what kind of stand we could take and settled on the anodyne but cheerful March for Science along Unter den Linden to the Brandenburg Gate and, in effect, the US Embassy, experiencing again the thickness of history in Berlin.

My research too was a *recherche du temps*, some of it lost, some captured in old field notes. For many months, I worked to complete my ethnographic history of Mayotte. I wrote several new chapters and redrafted older ones. Preparing and presenting a Colloquium to such a distinguished and smart group of Fellows from so many disciplines seemed daunting, but in the end proved a great experience and provided much useful feedback for the book. I sent off the manuscript in early spring to a publisher, and by late June I received three positive readers' reports. *Island in the Stream: An Ethnographic History of Mayotte* is now in press and should appear in the fall.

What to write next? Instead of plunging into the planned book on the sublunary and contentious world of royalty in Madagascar, my course was set by a fateful remark by Rogers. During our round of introductions in September, he asked us to consider our guilty pleasures, what we would *really* like to be doing with our time here if freed from all accumulated obligation. I admitted to myself that I would like to work on a family project, something between auto-ethnography, memoir, and family history. Timidly, I began to reveal this to others. Encouragement came swiftly from several quarters: other Fellows were using their time in Berlin and the resources of the Wiko to explore their own family histories. Within 24 hours, librarian Sonja Grund was able to supply me with the address where my mother had lived in Berlin as a small child in the mid-1920s. I showed an essay I had written a year earlier to Cheryl Misak and David Dyzenhaus and was told with no

uncertainty to pursue the project. The fates conspired further when the city of Brno (Czech Republic), from which my mother had fled in 1938, invited the descendants of my maternal great-grandfather and his siblings to an extraordinary “family reunion” and “reconciliation” in May and when it turned out that Sonja Asal was interested in exploring with me a maternal great aunt who had studied with Heidegger. In September Sonja and I made a very enjoyable trip to the archives in Marbach, where we retrieved correspondence between Heidegger and members of my family.

If I were to name a highlight of life at Wiko, it would certainly be the colloquia. I looked forward to each, and they were always exhilarating – the introductions eloquent, the speakers uniformly excellent, and the discussions lively. We learned over the fall how to discuss without grandstanding. A rumour circulated that, compared with past years we were too polite and gentle, but in fact there was a healthy critical edge that encouraged serious reflection. What a treat to learn from so many experts and from people who, despite their great achievement and erudition, were often personally extremely modest. We had among us great writers of fiction, an outstanding filmmaker, a photographer, historians of antiquity, science, economy, art, architecture, and religion, legal theorists, and brilliant sociologists and biologists, both young and established. Another high point was participating with Michael Jennions in an Abendkolloquium at the Wiko, even if we disappointed the audience by not arguing with each other.

Sa’diyya Shaikh generously included me in her reading group and then in her workshop on Islam. The encounter with Iranian theologian Mohsen Khadivar was unforgettable, despite his stay being abruptly cut short by Trump’s visa restrictions. Opportunities to converse with philosophers Avishai Margalit on campus and Stefan Gosepath off campus were wonderful. Reading and introducing the work of classicist Barbara Kowalzig, sociologist Bénédictte Zimmermann, and poet and novelist Sinan Antoon were momentous for me.

My time at Wiko also enabled me to meet many scholars and students in Berlin and to accept invitations elsewhere in Germany and Europe. In the fall, I examined a thesis in Paris, spoke at the Max Planck Institute in Göttingen and to a graduate conference at the Faculty of Theology at the Humboldt University, accompanied my wife Jackie to Helsinki where she gave a talk and to Copenhagen where we both spoke. In the winter, we each spoke in Edinburgh and I gave talks at the CEU in Budapest and the Graduate Institute in Geneva and, in the spring, at the Universities of Göttingen, Hamburg, and Freiburg, at African Studies and the Institute for European Ethnology at Humboldt, a workshop at

the Zentrum Moderner Orient, and seminars on my work at the Berlin Graduate School for Muslim Cultures and Societies at the Freie Universität, and in the Ethnology Department at the University of Zurich.

My stay at Wiko also enabled me, wisely or foolishly, to edit for ten months the on-line open access publication *Hau: Journal of Ethnographic Theory* (<http://www.haujournal.org/>), for which I produced three issues, between 500 and 600 pages each.

A lesson I hope to take forward from Wiko is to find more time to learn from colleagues in other fields, to socialize, to engage in worldly affairs, and to enjoy the arts. How to acquire this time rather merely reflect on its passing I do not know.

I thank the Wiko for its gifts, Luca for his deep intelligence and mischievous spirit, Daniel and Thorsten for their penetrating insights, Dunia for her grace and thoughtfulness, Eva for her skill and patience, all the staff for their good cheer and kindness, and of course the marvellous “Fellows and partners” for their comradeship. As Fellows no doubt say at the end of every year, ours was the best group ever, the best of all possible cohorts.

The time is gone but not lost.



SOUVENIRS D'UNE FRANCO-BRÉSILIENNE
AU WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG
LENA LAVINAS

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Après un séjour marqué par le bonheur de longues journées de travail paisibles et confortables, enrobées de trouvailles et dénouées d'autres obligations que celles de donner libre cours à des idées en formation ou partager des *lunchs* amicaux, me voici soudain tracassée

par une angoisse saisissante, suite à un constat sans merci. Il va falloir partir. Mais déjà ? Dix mois écoulés, déjà ? Pire : pas moyen de se frayer un nouveau séjour tout au moins aussi long. Qui dira, deux fois plus long, ce que un esprit comblé demanderait. Un abonnement permanent, alors ? N'y pensez pas. *Fellow* pour toujours, bien sûr – et en voilà un privilège –, mais, désormais, depuis chez vous ! Moins séduisant, avouons-le.

Comment se faire à l'idée que, la belle saison venue, je devrais plier bagage et quitter mes appartements début de siècle, mobilier Bauhaus, dotés de baies vitrées ouvrant sur un balcon où je me suis adonnée, le printemps venu, à des petit-déjs entourés de vert et du pialement des petits oiseaux nouveaux-nés ? Sans oublier, bien entendu, les vases à fleur soigneusement cultivés par Katarzyna. Ah ! Katarzyna qui m'a gentiment emmenée au petit matin, à plusieurs reprises, au Rungis berlinois pour y découvrir les fleurs et les couleurs de saison. Les mêmes qui venaient décorer le grand vase du hall d'entrée, pour nous séduire et nous émerveiller dès l'arrivée au Wiko. Ces petites virées matinales se suivaient d'une halte rapide chez un bien bon boulanger-pâtissier français pour un croissant croustillant et un espresso macchiato tiré à la perfection.

On aurait dû flâner un peu plus ces matins-là. Mais il était impossible de traîner car il fallait rentrer à temps pour les cours d'allemand. Deux fois par semaine, on réunissait la bande – Jennifer, Jon, Marina, Adrián, Graciela, Susan, Jacqueline, Jihwan, Hitomi, Emily, Claire, et bien entendu Frédéric, toujours en retentissante extase devant lui-même à chaque nouveau progrès en matière de maîtrise de la structure de la langue germanique. À ne pas oublier : le participe passé toujours à la fin de la phrase. Sans compter l'inversion verbe-sujet chaque fois que la sentence démarre par un adverbe ou équivalent. J'ai rempli deux cahiers.

Mais Eva et Ursula, nos extraordinaires profs d'allemand – dont la gentillesse et la disponibilité égalaient leur formidable didactique – ont fait bien davantage que de nous apprendre une langue ô combien sophistiquée. Elles nous ont régales avec des heures de culture et civilisation, intercalées de séances de cinéma, sorties au théâtre ou dîners au restaurant. Sans parler du mercredi midi, quand les élèves les plus doués (moi exclue, bien entendu) pouvaient joindre Eva autour d'une table réservée à la conversation.

Car, il est vrai, l'anglais dominait la scène, en particulier au déjeuner, requis tous les jours, soulignons-le, sauf le jeudi, quand la soirée démarrait par un apéro chaleureusement servi par Martin, avant que n'arrive Dunia pour nous annoncer, à l'heure précise, munie de son gong, qu'il était temps de passer à table. Et nous voilà embarqués dans une ambiance de fête, irriguée par du bon vin – parfois même, français ! –, nappes et bougies,

mets succulents, service impeccable, comme il se doit ! La joie de ces moments si rafraîchissants adoucissait les longues nuits d'hiver et nous rapprochaient tous. La philosophie de la maison d'imposer les déjeuners et le souper du jeudi, en présence d'une partie du staff, s'est montrée imbattable pour créer, de fait, notre petite communauté soudée et allègre. Notre communauté.

Au départ, je me suis dit que tant d'heures dérobées à mon travail de recherche, et qui plus est, à manger copieusement, briseraient mon rythme de travail et risqueraient de me faire prendre du poids. Il n'en était rien. Et voici une autre dimension absolument ahurissante du Wissenschaftskolleg, sans doute d'héritage prussien : tout est absolument sous contrôle, y compris les calories ! La morale de l'histoire en est : on se fait toujours aux bonnes choses. Aux très bonnes choses, alors ... !

Mais pourrait-il en être autrement ? Avec Daniela, Dennis ou Sonja comme chef de cuisine, à nous préparer des plats exquis et variés; Manuela, Sylvia et bien d'autres à l'assistance ; et Dunia se baladant en toute légèreté entre les tables, à anticiper nos demandes de ceci ou de cela, et toujours le sourire au bout des lèvres, les repas au Wissenschaftskolleg sont label de distinction.

Mais pas le seul, bien évidemment. La bibliothèque. Comment aurai-je pu imaginer avoir Stefan, Anja, Kirsten, sous la baguette de Sonja, à me faire découvrir œuvres et titres ignorés auparavant. Un vrai bonheur bien savouré à chaque nouvel arrivage de livres. La qualité de mon travail pendant ce séjour et surtout ma performance – j'ai battu tous mes records en termes de production –, je le leur dois en bonne partie, ainsi qu'à Thomas, Tobias et Martina, restés en coulisses.

À cette liste il faut ajouter l'assistance précieuse de Mitch et Kevin, en charge des traductions. Outre raffiner mon écriture en anglais – en quoi ils ont été indispensables – ils ont assuré la version en allemand d'interviews et autres papiers à la demande. Ce faisant, ils m'ont offert l'occasion d'échanges fort sympathiques et éclairants.

Les relations publiques sont également un atout majeur d'une institution qui célèbre ce qu'elle fait avec tant de zèle. C'est Katharina – modèle du chic berlinois – qui, entourée d'une équipe d'autres filles super, mène la barque et s'occupe de l'édition de *Köpfe und Ideen*, pour faire connaître nos idées au grand public et les disséminer largement. Et me voici pour la première fois publiée en allemand dans *Köpfe und Ideen 2017* !

Pour ce qui est des problèmes en rapport avec nos ordis ou autres, voilà qu'on n'en avait plus. L'équipe responsable de la technologie de l'information, Petra en tête, outre 100 % efficace, nous a fait croire que les ennuis avec l'informatique n'étaient plus de ce monde.

Ah, oui ! Il faut quand même y venir. J'étais étonnée de voir que presque tous les secteurs du *Wissenschaftskolleg* étaient dirigés par des femmes, ce qui est tout de même rarissime dans la plupart des institutions scientifiques. Manquait, certes, la haute hiérarchie. Mais voilà qui sera fait à partir de 2018–2019, quand le poste de Recteur sera désormais décliné au féminin, avec l'arrivée d'une Rectrice, Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger.

Du rectorat, parlons-en. Il va sans dire que pour qu'une institution fonctionne avec ce niveau d'excellence, de cohésion et d'harmonie, concertation et coordination sont les maître-mots. Toujours confrontée aux micmacs des universités et centres de recherche, quel qu'ils soient, où qu'ils soient, je me disais qu'ils feraient bien au *Wissenschaftskolleg* de créer une antenne nommée « centre de formation pour la gestion scientifique et académique de haute performance en douceur et dans le respect ». Mais là 40 places par an ce ne serait pas assez pour répondre à une demande accablante.

Luca Giuliani, toujours aussi présent que distant, nous dévoilait, au quotidien, dans la plus grande discrétion et élégance, les valeurs solides de la hiérarchie prussienne. Thorsten, très affable, était constamment à l'écoute, pour accueillir toute nouvelle demande et la faire (bien souvent) aboutir. Daniel, avec son charme, sa grande ouverture d'esprit et sa désinvolture de grand voyageur amant des révolutions, était l'occasion à ne pas rater pour des échanges emballés par un engouement intellectuel sincère et fécond.

Cependant, pour qu'une institution aussi prestigieuse puisse durer, en préservant un tel niveau d'excellence scientifique et de gestion, il va sans dire que les bijoux de la couronne se trouvaient du côté de toutes et tous en charge de la faire tourner sans faille, jour après jour. Généreux, ils nous ont accueillis bras ouverts du début à la fin du séjour, toujours aux aguets pour nous faciliter la vie : Francisco, Uta, Kathrin, Corina, les deux Vera (Kempa et Pfeffer), Sophia (qui aime danser), Andrea, Nina, Frank, Christian, Dennis, Fabian, Oliver, Antje. Et aussi, Ellen (pour mon entraînement matinal en allemand), Ursula, Kamila, Heike.

Mais la réunion de toutes ces personnes ne permet pas de saisir, néanmoins, cet univers singulier, d'horizons inexplorés, qui se faisait connaître, de façon étonnante, chaque mardi, lors des colloquiums. J'ai été ainsi confrontée à savoirs, sujets et sentiments qui m'étaient d'ordinaire étrangers. À chaque nouveau colloquium, j'étais emportée ailleurs. Par l'émotion affleurée à la lecture de la poésie de Sinan; par la force et le malaise des images recueillies par Shaheen; par la mouvance des gens ordinaires appréhendée avec sensibilité par Asef; par la touche contemporaine et dérangeante de la musique virtuose d'Albert; par l'éloquence de Carey; par la rencontre avec l'art de Hilma, par le biais de

Julia; par l'érudition savante des historiens – Barbara, Gianna, Maria, William, Katharina, Giacomo et Adrián – au travers des lieux et des âges; par la découverte de la justice transitionnelle de par le travail de Tine; par le débat controversé et animé suscité par la confrontation des sciences sociales et de la biologie évolutionniste et sciences de la vie à partir d'une extraordinaire diversité de recherches présentées par Jennifer, Steven, Michael J., Tamás, Juha, Vivek (et ses dessins animés), Peter, Ferenc, Helena, Emily, Jihwan – il est vrai que mon regard sur les fourmis, les souris, les lémuriens dociles de Madagascar ou les perroquets colorés du Venezuela ne sera désormais plus jamais le même; par l'analyse très épurée de Rogers sur le nouveau répertoire des populismes et les formes présentes de son instrumentalisation; par la quête de Mary pour saisir la marche du capital en dépit du capitalisme et à l'ombre de Marx; ou encore par l'inquiétation fébrile et joviale de Frédéric, à nous rappeler que le monde des idées qui nous habite est là pour nous interpeller sans cesse; sans oublier David, Michael L., Ibrahima, Andrea, Scott, Myles, Menaka, Elias, Bénédicte, Hubert, Mike, Sa'diyya, Franco, Guy, tous également porteurs d'interrogations nouvelles et bien souvent incommodes. Cornelia, en plus, nous a présenté Berlin *indoors* et *outdoors*, pour nous faire aimer encore davantage la « ville sans prétention ».

Je leur suis reconnaissante à tous d'avoir partagé avec moi quelques mois extravagants de pure et salubre flânerie intellectuelle. Et aussi à Esther, Marina, Jon, Graciela, Jonas, Hetty pour tous les instants de détente, joies et accolades chaleureuses. Pour les dîners en ville, les ballades, les concerts, les expos, les fêtes et les somptueux spectacles de danse contemporaine que Berlin seule peut offrir.

Notre petite troupe de latins – mouvement de résistance à l'hégémonie anglophone – tient une place toute spéciale dans mes souvenirs les plus délicieux.

Pas moyen de prolonger ce séjour. Le départ est imminent. Je plie bagages en emportant tout Wallotstraße soigneusement rangée dans l'édition en or de mes mémoires.



PRECIOUS MEETINGS IN THE
GRUNEWALD COCOON
AVISHAI MARGALIT

Avishai Margalit is Professor Emeritus in philosophy at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He earned his B.A. in 1963 and his M.A. in philosophy in 1965, his M.A. thesis focusing on Karl Marx's theory of labor. His doctoral dissertation, "The Cognitive Status of Metaphors", written under the supervision of Professor Yehoshua Bar-Hillel, earned him his Ph.D. summa cum laude 1970 from the Hebrew University. In 1970, he started teaching as an Assistant Professor at the Philosophy Department of the Hebrew University, where he stayed throughout his academic career. In 1998–2006 he was appointed the Shulman Professor of Philosophy, and in 2006 he retired as a professor emeritus from the Hebrew University. From 2006 to 2011, he served as the George F. Kennan Professor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. His publications include: *Occidentalism: The West in the Eyes of Its Enemies* (Penguin, 2004, with Ian Buruma), German edition: *Okzidentalismus: Der Westen in den Augen seiner Feinde*. (Hanser, 2015). *On Compromise and Rotten Compromises* (Princeton, 2010). German edition: *Über Kompromisse – und faule Kompromisse* (Suhrkamp, 2011). – Address: Schulman Chair in Philosophy, The Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Mount Scopus, Jerusalem, 91905, Israel. E-mail: avishai@ias.edu.

My plan was to spend three months at Wiko beginning in April. Only when I arrived in the leafy neighborhood of Wiko did I realize that everyone was about to leave on vacation. I remained on my own in Wallotstraße 19, which served me as a ghost house. I was thinking at the time about my curious choice of an April start date as a behavior suitable for an April fool and also for having chosen, in the words of T. S. Eliot, "the cruelest month".

But then I discovered the advantage of being left alone at the very onset of a new project. I led a monkish existence in my high-ceilinged room, with total concentration. The topic I had planned to work on was manipulation, a vast, vague subject that made me worry whether in writing about it, I was in danger of writing about nothing in particular.

After Easter, my social life in Wiko picked up. It helped that I found, in Guy, Sarah, David, and Cheryl, the reassuring faces of old friends and acquaintances. It took me no time to discover the deep bond that had already been established among the “old veterans”, who were neither old nor veterans but merely members who started the year together. With the evolutionary biologist among them, I found common ground right away – watching football in the White Villa – whereas with the German crowd eating and drinking at Restaurant Floh I found different common ground: *Spargel*.

In the last month or so of my stay, Carlo Ginsburg and Luisa Ciammitti joined me as neighbors. From then on, there were no moments in which my world looked as if it were made of cheese. We had regular breakfasts and many joined meals, and I still cherish the memory of those precious meetings.

Two outside events nourished me during my stay: ten days of intense musical homage to an old friend, Alfred Brendel, himself a past Fellow of Wiko, which took place in the Konzerthaus Berlin; and then a few days in Moscow among free-spirited intellectuals, which gave me the impression of visiting Herzen’s circle. The succession of these two events forced me out of my Grunewald cocoon.

The Wiko weekly seminar covered a whole range of topics, some of which were utterly new to me, but were very well known to the speakers. I was struck by how elaborate the introductions to the speakers were, and even more, by how much good will was showered on the speakers by those commenting on their lectures. I wasn’t used to it. I was raised in an intellectual environment in which politeness was regarded as a way of blunting sharpness. I gradually learned to appreciate good manners in the discussion and the usefulness of being supportive to researchers, especially in the early stages of one’s research.

The staff at Wiko was astonishingly helpful, attentive, and invariably nice. I was wined and dined lavishly, and altogether Wiko supplied me with a glimpse of heaven.

I am approaching the age when it becomes too risky to buy green tomatoes, let alone plan to write a book. But I hope, probably hope against hope, to write a book on manipulation. I owe the Kolleg extreme gratitude for providing me with the ideal conditions under which to launch my project.

By manipulation I have in mind both micro-manipulation – manipulation in personal relations – and macro-manipulation – manipulation of a collective, i.e. political manipulation. My main concern is political manipulation, but I maintain that the way to understand what political manipulation consists of is through understanding what manipulation in interpersonal relations looks like. A great deal of moral and political thought has been dedicated to coercion as a serious infringement of human freedom. Not enough, I believe, has been written about manipulation and the way it detracts from human freedom. Indeed, it is the relation between manipulation and freedom that is at the center of thought. I believe that in the developed world of today the worry about manipulation should replace the centrality of the worry about physical coercion.

The issue I try to tackle is, first: What is manipulation? And, second: What, if at all, is wrong with manipulation? I am still plodding away at writing about the former, and in trying to elucidate what sets it apart from mere deception or the like.

While I encountered very little by way of manipulation in Wiko, I am now back in my “punished land”, where manipulation is the order of the day.



BERLIN WITH CHILDREN
MARIA MAVROUDI

Maria Mavroudi was born in Thessaloniki, Greece and studied Philology at the University of her native city before earning a Ph.D. in Byzantine studies at Harvard. Her scholarly work began by focusing on a tenth-century Byzantine book on dream interpretation that had been widely received in Latin and the European vernaculars and counted as *the* Christian dreambook of the Middle Ages. While generally viewed as a Byzantine invention partly based on the second-century manual of Artemidorus, she showed that it was a Christian adaptation of Arabic Islamic material and one among a larger group of texts originally written in Arabic or Persian and received into Greek between the ninth and the fifteenth centuries. During the next two decades, she worked on identifying the place of these translations within Byzantine literary culture and its reception in “East” and “West” during the medieval and early modern period. This begs reconsidering the position of the ancient Greek classics within the Byzantine, Arabic, and Latin intellectual traditions, as well as the supposed marginality of Byzantium within a broader medieval intellectual universe. Her work was recognized with a MacArthur Fellowship in 2002. Mavroudi is Professor of Byzantine History and Classics at the University of California, Berkeley. – Address: Department of History, University of California, Berkeley, 3229 Dwinelle Hall, Berkeley, CA 94720-2550, USA. E-mail: mavroudi@berkeley.edu.

Planning the Wiko year as it lay ahead in the future, and experiencing it when it came to pass, were dominated by a single thought articulated in two ways: how do I best use the privilege and freedom of this year (glass half full); and how do I work best around my constraints (glass half empty). The constraints were three: the yearning to finish a book

begun long ago; the obligation to send off a series of half-done articles already promised to colleagues and friends; the need to work on a schedule dictated by the existence of a four-year-old who would have to begin attending day care without knowing German and cope with her father's frequent absences to the US.

The book progressed, six articles were finished, four conference papers were presented. Banal but true, only a fraction of this would have been possible without the time, resources, and intellectual company afforded by Wiko. Yet, if I were asked which single word would best describe the entire year's overarching sentiment, it would not be satisfaction on account of this headway, but gratitude for the riches, both literal and metaphorical, extended by the Wiko staff and the other Fellows. Gratitude generates a desire to give back, and therefore a need to identify something useful or desirable as an appropriate gift. What could I offer that Wiko may want? A recurring theme in discussions with Luca Giuliani, Thorsten Wilhelm, and Daniel Schönflug came to mind: the effort for gender balance in the selection of Fellows, complicated by the fact that, when invited, more women than men declined, mostly out of family considerations. Consistently with this pattern, around the time of the Rector's solicitation for a final report, I received a phone call from a colleague in the US. She had just received an invitation from Wiko and hesitated to accept it, partly out of concern for the rest of her family. Since she knew that I, like her, had a husband and young child, she wanted to know what I had done with them during my Wiko year, and what my day-to-day experience had been like. Did a family sabbatical year in Berlin create more practical problems than it solved, which then affected one's ability to be productive? Most women in academia readily discuss such issues in a private environment of trust but hesitate to do so publicly, fearing (sometimes with good reason) that this may affect their image as professionals. I reckoned that a candid answer to this question addressed a recurring need at Wiko and therefore that including it in sufficient detail in my publicly accessible report would be the best gift within my power.

The day-to-day practicalities: It is easy to bring children to Wiko because its unimagably competent staff sincerely cares about the wellbeing of your family. They will recommend optimal day cares and schools and will secure your children's enrollment. The pre-school is literally five minutes on foot from where you will live and work. At the beginning, the children will go through adjustments that feel rough (new language, new curriculum, new friends). By November or December at the very latest everything will have fallen into place. Based on the testimony of Fellows from several years ago, if the children are old enough they will thank you for widening their horizons and congratulate

themselves for carrying off the experience. This feeling of achievement (for both parents and children) lasts a lifetime. In addition, you will receive the gift of a weekly date with your companion: every Thursday evening, Wiko secures a team of wonderful and dedicated babysitters for the children, who eat and play in a spacious attic full of toys, games, and books. Children fondly anticipate this “Wiko party” during the rest of the week. While it is taking place, adults have dinner and uninterrupted (!!!) conversation in the building across the street. Bringing a car or buying a used one locally is advisable (this statement comes from a Californian and may be construed as very un-German but, to state the obvious, a car gives you freedom and saves precious time and energy spent on grocery shopping or errands related to your children’s school). Habits and tricks you developed at home to prolong the working day (e.g. waking up between four and six in the morning to have a quiet time before anyone else wakes up, or letting your pre-school children watch hours of video so you can meet a deadline) continue to apply in Berlin – but this is no different than what you are already experiencing at home. Tip: allow video exclusively in German (or whichever language your child is trying to learn). It does miracles for language progress and eases the guilt of abandoning your offspring in front of a screen because you can think of it as a productive activity.

The weekends: as is well known, whether in Berlin or at home, it is not possible to get much writing done. But in Berlin the possibilities for new adventures while you are not working or even as you are trying to work multiply. You can bring your children to the zoo and try to read a book while they are watching the animals (I have seen another Fellow do this with success, but much depends on the age and disposition of your children). Or you can give up on concrete tasks and allow your spirit to grow as you are enjoying the things you like with your children. We came from young California to old Berlin with a four-year-old fond of fairy tales. She found the abundance of architecture and art older than the twentieth century new and delightful. The Pergamon Museum with its statues was the castle of Sleeping Beauty. The flights of stairs that lead from Sanssouci park to the palace was the very site where Cinderella lost her slipper. The commemoration of Luise of Mecklenburg in Schloss Charlottenburg made an impression, so we added her compelling story to our repertoire of fairy tales: a kind and beautiful princess orphaned at a young age married her loving prince and became the mother of several children and a magnanimous and courageous queen. While pregnant, she traveled to meet the conquering monster Napoleon and secure better treatment for her beloved country. She died young, leaving behind an inconsolable family and people – what a plot!

Then there was the rest of Germany and Europe to discover or rediscover. During the very cold months in Berlin we decided to spend as many weekends away as possible. As a rule, to protect work time, we would leave on Friday evening or Saturday morning, back by Sunday night, but longer trips were also possible during school and Wiko holidays. In unexpected ways, these trips worked less as a distraction and more as an avenue through which to gain scholarly insight: I am a Byzantinist. Like other fields organized within Western academia, Byzantine Studies as a modern discipline were born in Germany towards the end of the nineteenth century. They were conceived as ancillary to the study of Graeco-Roman antiquity and the Latin Middle Ages, which were deemed more directly ancestral to the modern Western world. As a result, the methodologies, concepts, and evaluations prevalent in Byzantine Studies in the late nineteenth and most of the twentieth century were heavily influenced by European political, social, and intellectual trends of the same time. Traveling around Germany and Europe and witnessing the imprint of these trends in urban planning, architecture, museums, and other sites of public memory was eye-opening.

Much clicked together during visits to a series of famous medieval castles with important afterlives in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The Mother of All was, of course, Wartburg Castle, a site closely associated with several important events and figures in German cultural and political life from the twelfth into the twentieth century. Today's visitor encounters it in the form it took after its extensive reconstruction from the 1830s to the 1880s. This means that it reflects nineteenth-century attitudes towards the Middle Ages and their instrumental role in weaving together romantic nationalism. Similar trends are visible in two famous Bavarian castles, Hohenschwangau (renovations of which began around the same time as at Wartburg) and Neuschwanstein (which used the other two as an explicit source of inspiration). Germany's academic pre-eminence in the late nineteenth century meant that its cultural peripheries absorbed many of its attitudes towards national patrimony. Accordingly, in the early twentieth century, the Wawel complex in Krakow and the Prague castle were reinvented in ways that clearly remind the visitor of the earlier German examples.

For much of the nineteenth and twentieth century, my native Greece also came under the cultural and academic influence of Germany, although the staging of Byzantium (the Greek Middle Ages) and its architectural remains as modern national patrimony took a decisively different turn there. This begged reflecting about why. An obvious answer is the primacy conceded to the ancient Greek past under the influence of German and

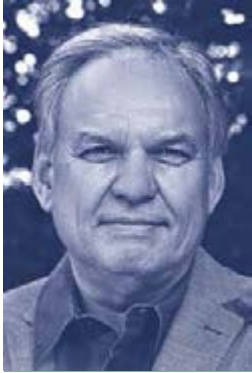
European neoclassicism, but that barely begins to address the topic. Perhaps the most lasting influence of nineteenth-century European medievalism on the study of Byzantium was the artificial split of Byzantine literature into “classicizing” (evaluated as a pale imitation of the far superior ancient Greek literature) and “vernacular” (presumably the beginning of a modern Greek literature). A more recent trend in scholarship is to view literature written in Greek during the Byzantine period as a united whole regardless of its stylistic register, which also has implications about where to place the beginnings of a “modern Greek” literature (“nowhere” would be my response, but this is a tale for another time). This new trend in Byzantine Studies corresponds to no longer imagining vernacular Greek as an equivalent to Middle High and Early New High German, in the development of which Wartburg is central as the site of the Sängerkrieg and Martin Luther’s translation of the Bible. Inadvertently, serially visiting medieval European castles lubricated thoughts pertinent to what I was writing during the same time, such as the choice of stylistic register in Byzantine technical literature and in Byzantine translations from Arabic into Greek.

Another gift of Berlin (whether with or without children) is the accessibility of high-quality musical events – unimaginable, in terms of frequency and low cost, compared with the standards of the San Francisco Bay Area, where we live. Between Berlin’s three opera stages, it became possible to attend more than forty performances, many together with our four-year-old (yes, there are plenty of “family” performances in Berlin!). Inevitably, not all productions were good, but even the bad ones were interesting. Moreover, it was possible to catch works that are not frequently performed, some in imaginative and resourceful renderings.

A special joy was attending two different productions of the Magic Flute with our daughter. Later in the spring, during an evening ride on the bus from Ku’damm to Grunewald, sitting at the front row of the upper deck, she felt like addressing a song to the group of teenagers at the back. Understandably, she chose the Queen of the Night’s famous aria. Given the vocal acrobatics involved, she kept missing notes, but one of the teen-aged girls at the back kept helping her out on crucial moments. Their joint singing was sweet and funny beyond description. “Only on a German bus! Nowhere else!” I kept thinking. After the laugh and disbelief at what I had just witnessed were over, the historian in me instantly recognized that the economic, political, social, and intellectual conditions that made such a musical encounter possible were the very same ones that led to the existence of the Wissenschaftskolleg and my own presence there. Public support for the

arts and highly specialized academic research in the humanities are the product of an optimistic post-war mentality that has inevitably shifted as the decades have passed. One would like to think that its future in Germany is secure. It certainly appears jeopardized in the US, where its roots were never as deep as in Germany or elsewhere in Europe to begin with. It would be inane to take it for granted.

PS: I hope I can be forgiven for not summarizing my research during this cherished Berlin year. I gathered that readers genuinely interested in it will find their way to the publications, all of which recognize Wiko's contribution to their existence in the first footnote. For those who would like a peek nonetheless, I recommend a video of my Wiko public lecture, "Byzantine and Modern Homer" (www.wiko-berlin.de/wikothek/lectures-on-film). It summarizes more than three years of work, happily brought to conclusion at around the time that the talk was given. It was wonderful to be given a venue that secured a broad and distinguished Berlin audience in order to share what I love!



RÜCKBLICKE
MICHAEL MOXTER

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Dass man diesen Rückblick ausgerechnet in den letzten Wochen vorbereiten und in den Tagen des Abschieds schreiben muss! (Abgeben müsse man den kleinen Text noch vor der Abreise, wurde schriftlich mitgeteilt; aber die Drohung, andernfalls habe man zu bleiben, bis diese Pflicht erfüllt sei, fehlte – zu meinem Bedauern. Ach, was hätte mit ihr aus mir noch werden können! Wie gerne hätte man der eigenen Universität den blauen

Brief übermittelt, das Klassenziel sei nicht erreicht und man habe das Studienjahr zu wiederholen. Oder besser noch: es gäbe eine leistungsbezogene Rendite: Wer besonders kreativ war, beispielsweise den ansprechendsten Rückblick schreibt, darf länger bleiben.) Solche Regelungen hätten den verregneten Juli überstrahlt, Hoffnungen genährt, Lebensgeister in Schwung gesetzt. Stattdessen: Ausgerechnet auf den letzten Metern ein Rückblick, als ob der absehbare Verlust durch verordnete Trauerarbeit leichter fiel. Warum nicht einfach: fröhliche Wissenschaft bis zum Rauswurf?

Doch es hilft alles nichts. Zu guter Letzt verwandelt die schnell fließende Zeit, was neulich noch Projekt war, in einen Gegenstand erinnernden Rückblicks. Am Ende angekommen, münden zehn Monate einer akademischen Freiheit, wie sie mir seit den Zeiten der Promotion nicht mehr gegönnt war, in das für die neuere Universität typische Berichts- und Rechenschaftswesen, in Leistungsbilanz und Unternehmensbewertung.

Erfasst wird nicht, wie oft die Neugier mit mir durchging und der Lektüreplan der Woche an den Nagel gehängt wurde, weil einem Impuls aus dem Dienstagskolloquium oder einer Nebenbemerkung beim Lunch unbedingt zu folgen war, weil das vom Bibliotheksteam zu schnell beschaffte Buch nach sofortiger Lektüre verlangte oder eine Foucault-Vorlesung aus der Mediathek von Frédéric Brenner Vorrang vor allem erhielt, womit ich mich gerade beschäftigen wollte. Es zählt jetzt nur der Output: Die Druckfahnen des Bandes über *Enttäuschung*, die ich am Wiko der letzten Korrektur unterzog (und der im Juli erschien), meine ausführliche Einleitung in den Sammelband *Die Zeit der Bilder*, der seit Februar im Verlag liegt, schließlich die Zusammenfassung zweier von mir verantworteter Tagungen über „Konstellationen und Transformationen reformatorischer Theologie“, deren Beiträge mit wenigen Ausnahmen nun vorliegen, redigiert und bevorwortet werden, wobei die konkrete Arbeit an meinem eigenen Beitrag durch andere Aufgaben (s. o.) gestört wird. Zwei Aufsätze zur Anthropologie (einer davon stellt eine Tour d'Horizon meines Projekts dar) habe ich in den Wintermonaten geschrieben, beide sollen im Herbst erscheinen. Was einst ein Vortrag zur Reformation war, liegt nun als gründlich aus- und überarbeitetes Manuskript („Luthers Exkommunikation“) in der Redaktion der *Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche*. Schließlich ein Vortrag zu Hermann Cohen, den ich für die Carlebach-Konferenz in Tel Aviv ausgearbeitet habe, und der mich zum ersten Mal nach Israel führte – eine Erkundungs- und Studienwoche, für die im Universitätsalltag wohl keine Zeit gewesen wäre – übrigens wurde die englische Ausarbeitung im Wiko verlässlich gegengelesen und geglättet – wie auch der Vortrag für das Dienstagskolloquium. Vor allem aber: Drei Kapitel meines geplanten Buches stehen,

umfängliche Notizen und Überlegungen für andere Teile warten auf die Ausarbeitung. Fußballtechnisch könnte man diese Aufstellung meiner Tätigkeit als 3:3:3 plus Libero bezeichnen. Dass eine solche Formation unschlagbar wäre, wird keiner behaupten, aber immerhin geht jedes einzelne Glied gründlich vorbereitet, sozusagen austrainiert aufs Feld.

* * *

Liest man Berichte früherer Jahrgänge, entdeckt man gelegentlich auch interne Spannungen, hört man von Konflikten, die sich hier und da in der Gruppe anstauten. Bei uns war es (soweit ich es beobachten konnte) anders – wenn auch nicht *ganz anders* (als ob wir besonders harmonisch angelegt waren und wären). Der Grund ist so simpel wie sein Gegenstand: Wir waren Fellows im Jahr der Trump-Wahl, in der ein gemeinsames Entsetzen den Zusammenhalt des Wissenschaftskosmos gegen eine verkommene Außenwelt stiftete. Die Fernsehdebatten haben wir in der Liveübertragung verfolgt, die Wahlnacht einige gemeinsam durchgestanden. Ich schlief gut in der Gewissheit, da könne nichts anbrennen. Verstörung am Morgen nach der Wahl, US-amerikanische Unschuldserklärungen, Empörung und sorgenvolle Kulturkritik. Später dann im Januar die Anreise Mohsen Kadivars, die ersten Gespräche bei Tisch, zunächst noch über unsere Fächer, Religionen und Projekte, dann bald über die politische Lage angesichts der von Trump verhängten Einreisebestimmungen. Soll man fragen, wie es weitergeht, sagen, was man selbst täte, raten? Könnte die Chance, am Wiko zu forschen, die Sorgen über die vielleicht verwehrte Rückkehr überstimmen oder aufwiegen? *Never*. Der Rat seiner Heimatuniversität, möglichst umgehend nachhause zu kommen, zeitnah eine opportune Flugroute zu wählen, eine Flucht Hals über Kopf, damit es ein Zuhause bleibe. So verlor ich meinen Nachbarn auf der anderen Seite des Flurs, die Gespräche über Freiheitsbegriff und Gottesgedanken, über Religion und Fundamentalismus (nicht so intensiv wie die mit Ibrahima Diop, aber reizvoll, dann aber) konterkariert durch ein Politisches, das sich über Freund- und Feindunterscheidungen konstituiert und darum ein solches in Wahrheit nicht ist. Das simulierte Politische schränkt die Freiheit der Forschung ein, ersetzt bald darauf den wissenschaftlichen Diskurs durch irrlichternde Macht: Was Fakten sind, bestimmt der Souverän.

Apokalyptisch war die Lage nicht, aber die *community of investigators* merkte, dass auch sie von Bedingungen abhängig ist, die schnell zerstört sind, aber Zeit brauchen, um

aufgebaut zu werden. So entstand nicht nur ein Sinn fürs Gemeinsame durch polarisierenden Außenhalt, sondern dann auch ein gewisser Aktionismus – bald schon saßen wir im Clubraum und berieten, was das Wiko, was die Wissenschaften, was wir Fellows zu tun gedächten, um kurz die Welt zu retten. Provozierende Performances wurden vorgeschlagen, aber schließlich als ungeeignet abgewehrt, revolutionäre Stimmungen trafen auf wissenschaftliche Analysen. Nach 90 Minuten beschloss man, gemeinsam T-Shirts zu bemalen, dies aber an die Kinder der Fellows zu delegieren. Als ich Raum und Debatte flüchtend verließ, raunte mir Giacomo zu, was sich in mir selbst gemeldet hatte: ein Flashback in die Schulzeit, eine Klassenzimmeratmosphäre samt Wiederkehr des Konjunktivs, es müsse etwas geschehen. Am Schluss blieb es beim Science March.

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Noch ein Blick zurück: das erste Dienstagskolloquium. Carey Harrison berichtet über das Laboratorium des Schriftstellers, über das Widerfahrnis, dass nicht er die Texte, sondern diese ihn schrieben. Dass morgens unter der Dusche ein nächstes Kapitel in ihm entstehe, und dass er, nachdem es zu Papier gebracht sei, nur einmal noch am Folgetag es durchschaut, dass er aber niemals mehr korrigierend eingreift, stets den Text so lässt, wie er sich ihm aufgedrängt habe. Natürlich habe ich ihm das nicht geglaubt. Aber dieses eine Mal, hier an dieser Stelle, es dann genau so gemacht. Man lernt ja doch manches.



TIME AND ME IN BERLIN
JIHWAN MYUNG

Jihwan Myung is a principal investigator at the Laboratory of Braintime at Taipei Medical University Shuang Ho Hospital. He was born in Seoul, Korea and studied economics, physics, physiology, and life sciences in Seoul, Pohang, Seattle, and Kyoto. He investigates how various scales of time are kept in the brain, specifically in a small network clock called the suprachiasmatic nucleus (SCN). In his publications in 2015, he showed that the SCN network has an asymmetric coupling structure that can modulate the degree of the variance among component clocks, and use this variance to represent information of seasonal day length in addition to time of the day. These works proposed an answer to one of the oldest problems in chronobiology, known as photoperiodic encoding, and provided a new possibility that the network principle governing the seasonal timing is also responsible for the slow adaptation we experience during jet lag. – Address: Graduate Institute of Mind, Brain, and Consciousness, Taipei Medical University, 250 Wu-Xing Street, TAI-11031 Taipei City, Taiwan. E-mail: 17547@stmu.edu.tw.

It was like any other day. I think it was rainy. The details of weather were irrelevant. In the place where I was, the day started with darkness at 25 degrees Celsius and ended with darkness at 25 degrees Celsius. My job was to look at how time is kept in the tiny little circadian clock in the mouse brain, and for that reason I spent long hours in a small room under constant conditions along with my mice. I remember the day and the jokes I exchanged with a fellow researcher under an umbrella, not because I was particularly worried about smelling like a damp mouse, but because of a realization that hit me hard – I was getting old and these constant conditions were making me agnostic about the fact.

Suddenly the slogan I saw the other day on the Internet, “Gain Time to Think (at the Wissenschaftskolleg)”, felt immensely appealing. Time was always there but for a long time, time was not entirely mine. Time was also the topic that fascinated me from the beginning. Would I be able to have time of my own and think thoroughly about time in the brain?

Take a time machine back to when I was a child. Albert Einstein, the quintessential scientist for many people, was a revolutionary for me. He powerfully demonstrated that philosophers do not know the truth. Yet, he did so not through experimental data, but through a *Gedankenexperiment*, something that the philosophers had been supposedly doing all along. But that was only one part of the irony. The enigma of Einstein’s theory came from the fact that its central subject was time, which had been entirely philosophical. A famous showdown happened when Einstein was 42 years old and the young physicist announced to the old philosopher Henri Bergson that philosopher’s time was no more special than the physicist’s time. According to Einstein, the only remaining, unstudied kind of time was a psychological one, which was what I was studying. Decades have passed since then and Einstein became a cliché. I, an aspiring physics student, became a 42-year-old and a biologist. The mystic statement about time became a plain statement that light travels at a constant speed, and the whole theory became simply a classical mechanics analogy for certain things in electrodynamics. In 2016, when all the fascination with time had completely dwindled, I found myself, along with my wife Hitomi, at the Wissenschaftskolleg, Institute for Advanced Study in Berlin.

In addition to psychological time, there was biological time. Almost all living organisms on Earth harbor a clock that is set to predict the 24-hour day/night cycles. The biological clock is not precise, and all organisms effectively live in their slightly subjective time. Regardless, Einstein might have said there is no biologist’s time. The laws of physics supervene the laws of biology. A barrier of complexity, however, lies between physics and biology and it is not easy to derive laws governing biological time from physical principles. Biological time stands as a good enough conceptual approximation for all practical purposes. Since biological time has an objective basis, as does physical time, I thought I could use it to understand psychological time, which was subjective. This was a more ambitious plan than it sounded. Circadian rhythms provide a rough guideline to the brain’s daily ration of usable time. In many animals, the sleep/wake cycle is largely determined by the circadian clock. The human species is a bit of an outlier – we often willfully ignore what our internal clock says and just work or play through the night. Therefore,

approaching subjective time from its biological basis clearly had its limit. I had to think about time from the subjective perspective. This was like drilling the Channel Tunnel. A scientific study of subjective time must start from the biological side, but it cannot be subjective if it is not understood on the first-person side. So one has to bore the tunnel between subjectivity and objectivity from both directions. Luckily, a small library at the Wissenschaftskolleg had the collected works of Aristotle, who had thought about this issue. I tried other philosophers, such as Heidegger, but without much success. When I was struggling, I rediscovered Henri Bergson. Aristotle could define time before and after “now”, the moment one is conscious of. Bergson literally stretched the “now” moment into a duration like an elastic rubber band. This is the consciousness’s comfort zone, where it can wield its free will. I then imagined that biology puts a constraint on the duration’s elasticity. The duration has to do with our attention to life, and this we know by our experience of time running fast when we are having fun and time slowing down when we are gloomy. The circadian clock, which counts the objective time of the day, can modulate the extent of temporality by limiting the release time of dopamine that accelerates the flow of subjective time. The circadianly controlled release happens to occur in the morning and this has an intuitively clear consequence, such that we quite often say “Oh it’s already time for lunch” but we never really say the same thing about dinner. Time does run fast during the morning thanks to the timed dopamine release. Then I made a second statement that the qualia of time perception are mood states. This is likely, yet at this moment only correlational, because global analysis of Twitter patterns shows that people in the morning use the words associated with heightened mood states. I presented these thoughts at the Colloquium. Little did I know at the time that the presentation would be the basis of my future job talk, which would take me to Taiwan to study consciousness seriously.

The time I had in Berlin has definitely made some permanent changes in my life. It allowed me to ask myself the most exciting question I knew of. It allowed me to come back to where I had started. There are so many more things I wish to write about, like when I had to pass by the ruins of the *Israelitisches Krankenhaus* while commuting to my office in an old human anatomy building. For now, let me close one chapter with my small intellectual encounter with Einstein and Bergson, which would not have been possible without the particular flavor of Winter in Berlin.



ALONE TOGETHER
VIVEK NITYANANDA

Vivek Nityananda has a Ph.D. in Animal Behaviour from the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore. He has worked at the University of Minnesota, St. Paul and Queen Mary University of London. He is currently a research associate at the University of Newcastle and has previously been a Marie Curie Research Fellow and a Human Frontiers Science Program Fellow. He has researched communication in bushcrickets, hearing in frogs, visual search and attention in bees, self-deception in humans and 3D vision in praying mantises. He has also published fiction and illustration and has worked towards engaging the public with research using comics, animation and theatre. He was awarded a public engagement fellowship from the Great North Museum Hancock and a Wellcome Trust Small Arts Award to support these efforts. He currently researches the ecology and evolution of sensory behaviour and the evolution of self-deception. – Address: Institute of Neuroscience, Newcastle University, Framlington Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE2 4HH, United Kingdom. E-mail: vivek.nityananda@ncl.ac.uk.

A DREAM OF ACADEME



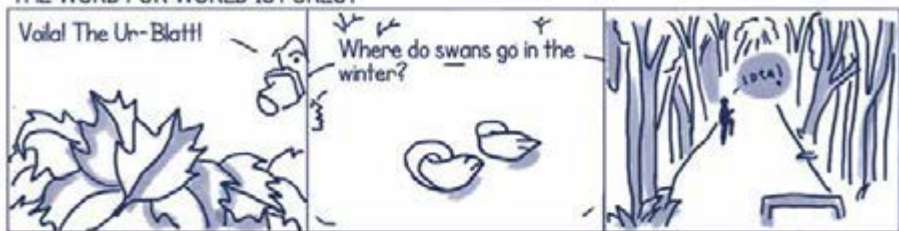
COLLOQUIALLY SPEAKING



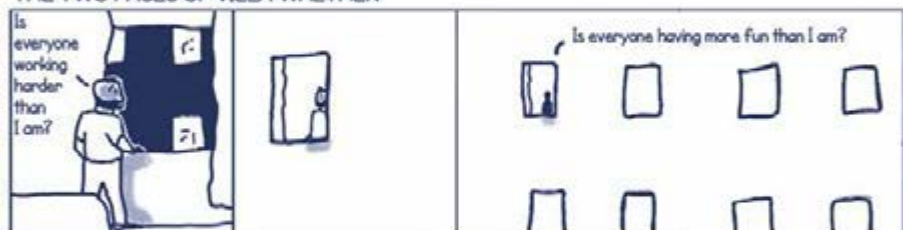
WORKING ('A NATURAL HISTORY OF DISTRACTION')



THE WORD FOR WORLD IS FOREST



THE TWO FACES OF VILLA WALTHER



A COMMUNITY BEYOND WORK



OUR OWN TEAR GARDEN



BEYOND THE BUBBLE



ALL GOOD THINGS





TÍR NA NÓG – THE LAND OF ETERNAL
YOUTH
MARY O'SULLIVAN

Mary O'Sullivan is a Professor of Economic History at the University of Geneva in Switzerland. She grew up in Ireland, before moving to Britain, the United States, Japan, France, back to the United States, and then to Switzerland and is now sick and tired of travelling. O'Sullivan completed her Ph.D. in Business Economics at Harvard University and has an MBA from Harvard Business School and a Bachelor of Commerce from University College Dublin. Her current research focuses on the history of capitalism, with particular attention to the history of capital, investment, and finance, as well as the history of economic thought. She is the author of *Dividends of Development: Securities Markets in the History of US Capitalism, 1866–1922* (Oxford University Press, 2016) and *Contests for Corporate Control: Corporate Governance and Economic Performance in the United States and Germany* (Oxford University Press, 2000). Her articles have been published in a variety of journals in the social sciences and history. – Address: Department of History, Economics and Society, Université de Genève, 40, bd. du Pont-d'Arve, 1211 Genève 4, Switzerland. E-mail: mary.osullivan@unige.ch.

I arrived in Grunewald with a mission. A clear mission. And I worked on it with an intensity that was unrelenting, throughout my year at the Wiko, every day of the week without fail. I applied myself to it immediately after breakfast and often worked on it late in the evening. I read a great deal about it, I sought advice from Fellows and partners, and sometimes solace when I hit an obstacle. Notwithstanding the setbacks, I remained committed and confident until the end. And then, in the last week of my Wiko Fellowship, it came undone. Groaning in pain, I lay on the ground outside the Villa Jaffé, nursing a

pulled muscle and confronting the unambiguous failure of all of my efforts. The cocker spaniel I had been chasing around the garden sat ten meters away, tongue lolling, ready to go again. After all the effort, the days and weeks and months of puppy training, the dreaded *Hundeschule auf Deutsch* every Sunday morning, the blasted little creature refused to toe the line. There was no denying it any more: the one project I had worked on more assiduously than any other at the Wiko was a definitive failure.

Now a reasonable person might well ask why a reasonable Fellow thought it reasonable to bring an entirely unreasonable puppy to the Wiko in September 2016. That such a question could even be asked – and, indeed, was asked by more than one of my Wiko friends – only shows that reason is a poor substitute for sense. Reasonable or not, the puppy made sense, at least in the whole scheme of things. And that is precisely how I came to the Wiko: in the whole scheme of things. The puppy made sense for the 9-year-old who was willing to come to Berlin, but only if she did not have to leave Geneva ... unless, she hinted, she could fulfil her lifelong dream of having a pony. I countered with a goldfish, we negotiated our way through a menagerie, then compromised on a puppy. Except that my partner, despite being the 9-year-old's father, did not agree ... at least until I committed to his one condition: that Her Fellowship or Her Fellow-ness (designation varying depending on the argument) take sole and exclusive responsibility for the training of the puppy. *Q.E.D.*

Her Fellow-ness delivered on her part of the bargain, albeit to ignominious effect, and the rest of the plan fared just as badly. Far from being lonely and sad in the opening weeks of school in Berlin, the 9-year-old demanded an entirely different kind of attention. Returning home from school, at an hour that seemed unsettlingly close to the time she had left, she bubbled over with talk of new friends and barrel-eyed fish and “mathletics”. Then, just as we became dimly aware that Anna S. and Anna T. might be different people, she fell out of love with both of them, lost confidence in her scientific and mathematical abilities, and sank into a funk. Enter the puppy, one might think, but no! By then the puppy was so familiar that the young lady wanted him out of her space ... and, therefore, in my space since the partner was in a funk too. Enough details for fear they might be used against me in a court of law. Suffice it to say that the puppy can be understood as a metaphor for the whole hectic mess of a domestic life I had uprooted and moved to Berlin.

Somewhere in that mess, the missives from the Wiko arrived, “inviting” me to attend the Tuesday colloquium, every single Tuesday that meant, and without fail. Oh, and by the way, they continued, there was an *Abendkolloquium* every few Wednesdays or so. Not

to speak of lunch every single day except Thursday. And Thursday, well there was an obligatory apéro and dinner, undoubtedly for fear that the Fellows might not know what to do with themselves. I had a pretty clear idea of what I was supposed to be doing in my early months in Berlin, with my sights firmly set on finishing a paper by reading some correspondence between central bankers during the 1930s. In the mornings, I looked at their letters and tried to make sense of what they said, but then I had to go to lunch, where I talked about the ancient world and art history and populism. Fellow Fellows asked me hard questions, big questions, about the economics of trade and the meaning of money, and my head began to feel like it would explode. I went back to my desk and couldn't remember what I had thought about that morning, or even what I had read, and I began to despair about ever getting anything done in my gilded cage in Grunewald.

Several times during those early months, I thought about running away from the Wiko, fantasised about it, even planned how I would make the break. And then life changed, slowly at first, but steadily, then definitively. Chats with Sa'diyya and Maria helped me laugh off some of the domestic chaos, and seeing Ashraf and Ismael in the early mornings and Chiara in the afternoons made life seem more manageable. Andrea, Vera and Vera, Funda and Nina helped enormously in coming to grips with life in Berlin, and classes with Eva turned my reluctant interest in the German language into outright enthusiasm and generated much more fun with my "classmates" than the Konjunktiv II would seem to allow. I developed a peculiar passion for German operettas and learned entire phrases, such as "Du bist die Welt für mich" and "Grüß mir die süßen, die reizenden Frauen im schönen Wien", that were of no apparent use on the M19. Whatever the BVG drivers might think of you, the M19 helped in its own right, given where it might take you. And, notwithstanding my newfound interest in German, eating in French proved to be a particular pleasure with Lena and Giacomo and Frédéric and Ibrahim. The puppy helped too, encouraging me to take lovely walks around the lakes and forest of Grunewald and offering an easy introduction to many of the biologists: Tamás early in the morning, Steve on his way to work, Peter a little later on Koenigsallee, Michael J. and his chewed trouser leg at dinner, and Jen and Jon any time of the day! Tine proved that social scientists could be just as passionate about animals as biologists, although Michael L. kept his distance until the bitter end, and Emily certainly wished that she had!

I started to enjoy the Tuesday colloquia and to relish the debates that ensued, not just as we fought our own disciplinary ground, but especially as the complexity of ancient history and law and biology became visible in discussions among their specialists. Conversations

seemed to know no limit, ranging from the division of labour in the animal kingdom to navigation in the ancient world and financialisation and the history of cities and mystics and Austerlitz and so much more besides. And that was just the Fellows! I came to love Thursday evenings for the partners it lured to the table, its more relaxed ambience, and the wonderful conversations we had over dinner.

My curiosity began to reawaken, and I started to learn in a way I hadn't learned for a long time, the way you learn only when you don't really know where you're going. Fine and good, one might say, but what about the intellectual objectives I had for my year at the Wiko? How about the project I was planning to work on, not to mention that paper I was supposed to finish? Well, after a certain point, I began to think that maybe I needed to stop fobbing off questions about money and trade and start thinking a bit more deeply about them so I could offer something other than pat answers. And, since my project for Wiko was on the role of capital in capitalism, that helped me go back to basics to think about capital and profit and interest. The virtue of my project was that its scope was so immodest that nobody really expected me to finish it, but I did manage to make more progress on it than I had ever thought possible.

Working on my project led me to spend a great deal of time reading and thinking about a concept that preoccupies many economists, the concept of productivity. If an economist is asked to explain what productivity means (say, for example, at a Wiko lunch!), she will tell you that it is the relationship between the inputs used in a production process and the outputs it generates. If pressed, she will follow up with a simple example, a particular favourite being a tale about men digging holes with spades. In truth, the physical productivity that such illustrations evoke is not exactly what productivity means in economics, so they are usually qualified by saying that the value of output matters as well as its quantity.

Straightforward enough on the face of it, perhaps, but I spent a great deal of time delving into the problems concealed behind the apparent simplicity of economic notions of productivity. Most of these problems offer few analogies of broader interest, but one of them strikes me as potentially appropriate in this context. From an economist's perspective, you can be productive by producing more output or better output for every hour you spend working. In academia, where there is a veritable obsession with productivity, we are familiar with these possibilities too, and, certainly, being productive at the Wiko can be understood in these terms. What economic notions of productivity do not allow for, however, is the possibility of being productive without generating any output at all. What

the Wiko made possible for me was one of the most creative years of my intellectual life precisely because it released me from the pressure, much of it self-inflicted, of producing.

I think that is what Rogers meant during the introductory meeting of the Fellows when he encouraged us to use our year at the Wiko to break out of our “productivist” routines. He was teased mercilessly thereafter, as we took stock of his own prodigious output, but for me he hit the nail right on the head. The possibilities of Wiko took time for me to realize, of course, and I remained firmly in my rut for the initial months. I was used to three hours here, and two hours there, snatched between meetings and classes to work on my research. Little wonder then if I used that time to produce text and tables and graphs for articles and chapters that made me feel effective and buffered my frustration at the noisiness of academic life. Still, I envied my graduate students, as they messed around reading anything and everything, without any idea of where they might be going. I castigated them when they complained about their confusion, telling them these might be the best years of their academic lives, no doubt because I felt mine were behind me. I comforted myself with the notion that I was better at research than I had been before, that I knew how to identify a question and answer it in shorter order than graduate students could. There was truth in that, of course, but there was no denying that I was on a kind of intellectual treadmill.

After a few months at the Wiko, I stepped off it, tentatively at first, then with more confidence. I stopped reading with my usual focus and purpose and allowed myself to get distracted. Various people at the Wiko encouraged my distraction, the Rector in the first instance, Daniel and Thorsten too, as well as Katharina, Sophia, Kathrin, Uta, and Francisco. I followed up on hunches I’d had for years and didn’t worry too much when some of them turned out to be far-fetched. I plunged into new literatures, in one case spending weeks reading for a project I was sure I’d undertake, only to drop it because it was so phenomenally boring. And, shock and horror, I sometimes stopped writing and reading altogether, allowing myself time to think! Of course, when you’re as obsessive as I am, the wheels keep turning anyway, but now they turned in new directions. I continue to be animated by the project I took to the Wiko, but I could never have imagined that it would take the shape it has now.

I left the Wiko intellectually refreshed and renewed, ready for the treadmill once again, albeit a different one now. I pulled out the paper that I had not managed to finish in Grunewald and I completed it in a week, working steadily on it for three hours every afternoon. When I looked down at the finished version, with its impeccable footnotes, I

felt a sense of accomplishment. Yet, somehow, I could not resist another feeling, one that made my heart sink a little, with a sense of paradise lost.

Well, in truth, the metaphor of paradise seems a bit overwrought now that I am back in the real world with two feet very much on the ground. Even the dog has settled down, impressing Geneva's dog owners with his ostensibly Germanic discipline, but they do have serious trouble with his name. The pronunciation of Oisín was a challenge at the Wiko too. At least that was true for almost everyone except Claire, since she grew up, as I did, with the legend of Oisín and Tír na nÓg.

Oisín was a great warrior and poet who fell in love with Niamh of the Golden Hair. She brought him on a magical horse to her home in Tír na nÓg – the Land of Eternal Youth – and there they lived happily together. However, after a few years, Oisín became homesick for Ireland and wanted to visit his people there. Niamh agreed to let him go on her magical horse but she warned him that if he ever touched the soil of Ireland, he would never be able to return to Tír na nÓg. When Oisín arrived in Ireland he found that hundreds of years had passed and his clan had long gone. The Irish people had become weak and poor and, filled with compassion, Oisín tried to help some of them move a stone. As he bent to lift it, he fell from his horse, and instantly became an extremely old man. As Niamh had forewarned, he never returned to Tír na nÓg. The legend can be used as a metaphor in many different ways – men have tended to see it as a warning against the lures of beautiful women, women invoke it as a warning against men who do not listen to their good advice – but in choosing Tír na nÓg as the title of my entry, I had a different metaphor in mind.



DEVOIRS DES VACANCES
GIANNA POMATA

I was educated and trained in Italy, but most of my professional life as a historian has been divided almost equally between Europe and the United States. Before joining Johns Hopkins University in 2007, I taught for many years at the Universities of Bologna and Minnesota. My research interests include early modern European social and cultural history, with a main focus on the history of medicine. I have worked on the history of epistemic categories, genres, and practices in early modern medicine, with particular attention to medical empiricism and its role in the history of scientific observation. I have always been fascinated by the history of the doctor-patient relationship, and particularly by those aspects of medical knowledge that deal with the patient as an individual human being. This is why I have developed a research interest in the history of the medical case narrative – the topic of the book I am currently writing. A cross-cultural approach to the history of medical genres and epistemologies is a central feature of my present research work. – Address: Institute for the History of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, 1900 East Monument Street, Baltimore, MD 21205, USA. E-mail: gpomata1@jhmi.edu.

I go over the pages of my Wiko notebooks, which had remained closed ever since I left Berlin, and a whiff of distinctive air comes from them – an air that I used to breathe in my school-age childhood, the infinitely sweet air of my *devoirs des vacances*.

Compiti delle vacanze, or better said in French, *devoirs des vacances*, were the assignments that schoolchildren would be given for the summer vacation when I grew up. The assignments accompanied our July, August, and September, were taken to the beach and to the countryside, got stained with seawater, gathered sand and pine needles, until they

acquired the smell of summer, and with it, summer's irresistible, boundless charm. I was a child who loved school passionately, and just as passionately, I loved its polar opposite, the magical emptiness of summer, the suspension of effort and pressure that she (benevolent female deity) held in her gift. The *compiti delle vacanze* solved the tension for me, coupling my two loves harmoniously, without contradiction.

This is what I found at Wiko: a place where *otium et negotium* are reconciled and held together in miraculous balance – a place where everything is set up for intense, serious work, and yet every day has a festive air. Busman's holiday: when happily, unexpectedly, a routine task takes on the delightful quality of leisure. I came to Wiko burdened with the anxiety of finishing a book that has been many years in the making: the anxiety of making the most of a period of respite from the incessant round of academic duties; the anxiety that comes with age, and the growing sense of one's limits that comes with age. Like poor Edward Casaubon in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, I felt encumbered with a task so ambitious that it seemed at times oppressive, almost crushing. I expected my Wiko Fellows to be similarly weighed down by the same anxiety – each of us frantically trying to concentrate on the achievement of a major, long-protracted goal. So I expected a monastic community and yes, I found it – but it was the Rabelaisian Abbaye de Thélème, whose rule, as you may recall, was “do as you please”: “Fais ce que voudras”. The appropriately named Thélème is the locus of *θέλημα*, the deep will, distinct from the superficial will that is at the beck and call of external demands. So Thélème is the place where one can connect with what is truly essential in one's goals, the deep core at the center of oneself, instead of being tossed here and there by the distracting requirements and allurements of academic life. This is what one is asked to do at Wiko: follow the rule that comes from deep within yourself, your *θέλημα*.

This is what Wiko did for me. I came to Wiko with a book project that is more ambitious than any other book I ever wrote, and that has been troubling me with a disquieting sense of dangerous overconfidence, even hubris. I have been writing a history of the medical case history (the report of the course of disease in an individual patient), a form of medical writing that we find in various cultures and times. I decided long ago to trace this history from antiquity to modernity, from the origins of this medical genre in Hippocratic medicine all the way to the threshold of modern medicine in the Romantic age – two millennia of history. As if this weren't enough, I was intrigued by the presence of a rich literature of case narratives in Chinese medicine, and I decided to compare the development of the genre in the two medical traditions, European and Chinese. To put it in the

jargon of academia (and grant applications), I'm engaged in writing a long-term and cross-cultural history of the medical case narrative. Such a wide-ranging enterprise cannot but be a source of anxiety for any historian in her right mind, any historian, that is, who's got the sense to know how very difficult it is to do good comparative work and to study the long duration while avoiding superficiality. And a sensible, modest, ordinary historian is all I am and ever want to be – that is, no more no less, my *θέλημα*. So I faced my task in this book with determination mixed with a great deal of trepidation (and sometimes practically nothing but trepidation). Do I dare write such a book? I came to Wiko with a fervent yes to this question, but the fervor was tempered by frequent visitations of self-doubt. Wiko gave me the confidence, the energy, the *élan* to tackle the task.

This happened quite early on in the year, in a Tuesday Colloquium, the weekly presentation and discussion that is possibly the best of all good things at Wiko, a weekly feast of the mind to which I became addicted (and which I sorely miss). This was Michael Jennions' colloquium. In our *Thélème*, Michael played the special role of truth-teller: he would always say exactly what he thought, irrespective of academic proprieties and etiquette. "You social scientists study just a tiny corner of the world", or words to that effect, said Michael candidly in his Colloquium. Shocked silence in the room. "But surely one can do much, in the way of advancing knowledge, even by working with a fine brush on a little bit of ivory", I retorted silently inside myself, fiercely defensive of my calling. Nevertheless, Jennions' words stayed with me, worked their way through me, and had in fact a liberating effect. They made me more comfortable with my very broad – all right, perhaps even too broad – canvas, more accepting of my craving for spaciousness, and, why not, intellectual daring. Moreover, and more importantly, as I worked out my rejoinder to Michael in my head over the following months, a central aspect of my book became clearer to me. The scientists' passion for casting the net very wide, that is, for generalizations that capture complexity, prodded me to bring attention to another way of capturing complexity, by particularization, not generalization – a cognitive mode that has been important especially in medicine, and of which the history of the medical case narrative, with its focus on disease in the individual patient, offers ample and fascinating evidence.

The interaction at Wiko between the humanists (like me) and the biologists (like Michael) was full, I'm sure, of similar episodes of mutual challenge and inspiration. Of all the intellectual stimuli to which I was exposed, in a year that was full to the brim with mental adventures and excursions of all kinds, the contact with the life scientists was central. This in spite of the fact that such contact was not really something new to me,

since my home institution is the Johns Hopkins Medical School, and contact with medical researchers and practicing physicians is something I treasure and actively seek. But the way the contact happens at Wiko has a special quality. It is not occasional, intermittent; it is a regular feature of the intellectual fare. Each week, in our Colloquium paper, we all – humanists and biologists alike – were expected to lay open our projects to each other, together with the huge intellectual and emotional investment we put into them, and translate our work for each other, so that its *raison d'être* would appear clear even from a distant perspective. We were making a “distant reading” of our own work possible, to use the concept of fellow Wikonian (and best of Thélémite) Franco Moretti. Of all the opportunities that beckoned to me at Wiko, the mix of practitioners of the human and the natural sciences was the one I most eagerly anticipated and observed with the keenest curiosity. Were the practitioners of the “two cultures” truly going to communicate? Did the mix work? It is impossible here to analyze the ins and outs of what happened (and did not happen). But this should be said, that just the possibility of constant dialogue and mutual observation was extraordinarily engaging.

Then there were the novelists, the filmmakers, the artists, a photographer with the true artist's eye – the kindest and sharpest eye I've ever met – dear Frédéric Brenner. From them also I learned daily – in snippets of talk over our communal table (*al volo*, as we say in Italian), in leisurely walks in the peaceful greenness of Grunewald, accompanied by just as leisurely conversation. It is impossible to acknowledge it all – the energy, the friendliness, the generous outpouring of ideas, suggestions, references that I received from each one and all of my fellow Wikonians. More than any specific help, support, or contribution, of which there was plenty, what stays in my mind as indelible memory is the caressing quality of the air we breathed as we all genuinely tried to understand each other's projects – as we sensed, underneath disciplinary demarcations and limits, the beautiful unity of the human mind in its quest for knowledge, whether in literature or in science.

So here I was, between the twin splendors of science and literature – where history has always been located – very conscious and appreciative of their splendor and yet happy to return to my more modest task as a historian. I went on with my work. The book took shape gradually, chapter after chapter. The leitmotifs running through it became clearer to me when I had to explain them to healthily skeptical biologists, economists, novelists, instead of the usual sympathetic audience of historians and anthropologists. My sense of belonging, of fitting in, of moving in a congenial and nurturing medium increased daily and sped up my work. When I wrote my Colloquium paper, I came to realize how much

I owed to present and past Wiko Fellows. To name just a few: Paul Unschuld, whose foundational work on the history of Chinese medicine has made possible the work of comparativists like me; Shigehisa Kuriyama, who has given us an exquisite model of what such comparative history should and could be – a true magician at the art of historical comparison; Franco Moretti, whose work on “distant reading” gave me the courage to paint on a broad canvas, and whose ability to ignore the fictitious boundaries between the natural and the human sciences is unparalleled; and Lorraine Daston, whose lifelong work on the history of probability, objectivity, rationality, and rules has opened up unprecedented routes into the history of knowledge.

I realize I’m drawing what may seem a far too idyllic, too rosy picture of life at Wiko. But in fact, Wiko is no ivory tower where one is cosseted and screened from a rough world. 2016/17 was a terrible year in Europe and in Berlin. A year of horror, epitomized for me by the terrorist attack on the Weihnachtsmarkt in Breitscheidplatz, which left me inexpressibly hurt and shocked – perhaps because it was a deliberately brutal attack on Christmas rituals, so an attack on the child in me. Here also, in helping me make sense of a world that is becoming increasingly and atrociously senseless, Wiko gave me so much. Whether disagreeing with Rogers Brubaker on how to understand contemporary movements labeled “populist”; listening with rapt attention to Lena Lavinas on financialization and Mary O’Sullivan on contemporary capitalism; or – truly a moment of revelation – learning from Dieter Grimm about the legal mechanisms that have turned the path of the European Union in undemocratic directions: on all these occasions, I felt that Wiko was giving me precious tools to better understand the bewildering world in which I live. Of all these moments, perhaps the most moving was the account of the human costs of globalization powerfully expressed by Fellow Shaheen Dill-Riaz in his documentary *Past is Present*, which brought tears of understanding to my eyes.

It was the sense of a frightening, chaotic, brutal external world that enhanced my perception of Wiko as a place of order and beauty in the midst of wilderness. To me, in the terrible year 2016/17, Wiko was the home that the poet William Butler Yeats wished for his daughter: “a house where all is accustomed, ceremonious”. A house devoted to the customs of intellectual hospitality, conviviality, and friendship. May Wiko long be a reincarnation of the Abbaye de Thélème, a utopian community that holds up the fragile values of scholarship and wisdom, reason and reasonableness, above the rushing waters that are surrounding us. May this well-ordered and ceremonious house be long-lasting. I give thanks for all I received there.



LABYRINTHS IN THE KOLLEG
ALBERTO POSADAS

Alberto Posadas' work explores the relationships between nature, mathematics, and music, as well as other artistic disciplines. For years, he has developed what he calls "micro-instrumentation", a concept based on the idea of researching the instruments on a micro-level. He was selected by the IRCAM reading panel, Paris (edition 2003/04), at which institution he has regularly been a composer in residence. In 2011, the Spanish Ministry of Culture awarded him the National Music Prize. In 2014, the Freistaat Bayern (Germany) also awarded him a stipend as artist in residence at the Internationales Künstlerhaus Villa Concordia in Bamberg. Festivals and concert series such as the Musica Strasbourg, Ultraschall Berlin, the Wittener Tage für neue Kammermusik, the ManiFeste Paris, the Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival, and the Tage für Neue Musik Zürich have devoted monographic concerts to his music. He has also participated in festivals such as the Donaueschinger Musiktage, the Agora Festival (IRCAM, Paris), the Festival d'Automne à Paris, the ECLAT Festival Neue Musik Stuttgart, the Warszawskie Jesien Warsaw, the Ultima Oslo Contemporary Music Festival, and the Klangspuren Schwaz. – Address: Conservatorio Profesional de Música de Majadahonda, Pza Colón s/n, Majadahonda Madrid, Spain. E-mail: albertoposadas@gmail.com.

I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg with the idea of composing several works. Two of them related to the concept of nomadism and to the metaphor of the labyrinth, respectively. What I was not expecting was that my stay at the Kolleg would itself become an experience of inner nomadism and a journey into multiple labyrinths.

Nomadism, because it moved me into unexplored worlds that have reshaped my perception of life. Even if it is too early to have enough perspective to realize how deep this change has been, the feeling that it is significant is clear.

My stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg has been labyrinthine. A real interior travel among unexpected and unforeseeable ideas that constantly opened up new paths and new doors in terms of thinking and perception. Maybe it is also too early to have any intuition about the location of the exit from this labyrinth (if there is any exit); but simply walking through it is probably enough.

Ritual is something musicians are used to. The concert and its liturgy are the most public moment in which this ritual is performed. Facing a blank page every time we start a new work is the most private ritual. Maybe this is why the private and public rituals, so present in the daily life of the Kolleg, seemed so natural to me.

The daily lunch and the Colloquia performed the public side of the ritual at the Kolleg, while the numerous one-to-one discussions with some of the Fellows performed the private side.

These rituals brought an overdose of information, ideas, and transmission of experiences, knowledge, and feelings. Sometimes this overdose was so powerful that it became mentally exhausting. But at the same time, my fear of missing these thrilling experiences of intellectual and personal exchange made me feel a need to attend as many events as possible. There was an atmosphere in which every colloquium, lecture, film screening, or workshop created the expectation of living a unique and essential moment of our lives.

Ants, bees, birds, frogs, fishes, and lemurs became not only topics addressed in several colloquia, but also regular guests in my conversations with some Fellows. The animals' behavior, relationship with the environment, and division of labor made me realize that my own work as a composer is even more closely related to nature than I had always supposed. Even if I have a long history of using models taken from nature in my compositional practice, the discovery of many aspects explained by other Fellows confirmed that the way to organize sound and musical material has a strong link with how our natural environment is formed and organized. The cell research I have discovered, thanks to some Fellows, suggests ways for me to delve deeper into the relationship between nature and music.

Close contact with biologists has reassured me that creativity is related not only to art, but also to science.

Another project, already started before my stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg but continued during this time, is a cycle of piano pieces entitled “Erinnerungsspuren”. In this project, rereading the music of former periods is the basis for the composition of my new works. Establishing a relationship between the current work of a composer and the finished and validated work of former composers addresses the issue of establishing a relationship between present and past, between art and patrimony, between certitude and uncertainty. Maybe because of this reflection on the past, I was fully seduced by the historians and their approach. Even more interesting to me than their researched subject or their conclusions was their epistemology and methodology and the multiple relationships between history as a chronological framework and every aspect shaping it. History became the analysis of a façade, of the relation between economy and religion, or of the environment. But in all these cases, the analysis was combined with creativity, which is not the same as inventiveness. This combination of analysis as a tool for understanding and creativity is also the key to my project “Erinnerungsspuren”, in which the traces of the memory become a source of redefinition.

But when speaking about history, it is not possible to forget the city in which the Wissenschaftskolleg is located. Berlin, where the scars of the major conflicts of the 20th century are present everywhere, is a city for many questions and for trying to satiate the need to understand. I can't say that I succeeded in this goal, but some echoes of these conflicts that seemed to have been overcome have started to resurface in our societies. Sometimes they wear different faces, but with the common underlying lack of respect for difference and the attack against freedom.

On the other hand, it is obvious that Berlin has another dimension for a musician. If the paradise of music exists, then in this city. From the beginning, it was very clear to me that I preferred to establish a closer relationship with the city as a listener than as a composer. Composing is easy to do at any other moment, living in any other place. But I wanted to experience the city mainly by listening. The countless extraordinary moments lived as a listener are one of the treasures I will keep forever in my ears and mind. Also the smell and the sensation of humidity that I could feel when returning to my flat in the Villa Walther from my studio in Villa Jaffé. The lakes and the peaceful atmosphere of the Grunewald became inseparable friends that I wanted to meet every day after composing.

It would be unfair not to mention that nothing of this unique experience would have been possible without the kindness and good work of the staff of the Wissenschaftskolleg.

But it would also be unfair to mention the names I have in mind, thereby taking the risk of forgetting others.

If the Wissenschaftskolleg became an amazing and thrilling intellectual and emotional labyrinth for me, now the question is: what is the path to take after Berlin?

Maybe Wilhelm Müller has the answer:

Eine Straße muß ich gehen,
Die noch keener ging zurück.



ESCAPE TO SHANGRI-LA
JUHA SAARIKANGAS

Juha Saarikangas is a cell biologist. He grew up in Lahti, Finland and carried out his undergraduate studies at the University of Eastern Finland, the Autonomous University of Barcelona and the University of Jyväskylä, where he obtained his MS.c. in cell biology in 2006. He received his Ph.D. in genetics from the University of Helsinki in 2010. From 2011 to 2017, he was a Federation of European Biochemical Societies and Finnish Cultural Foundation postdoctoral Fellow at the ETH Zurich. From August 2017 onwards, he has been an Assistant Professor of Quantitative Biology at the University of Helsinki. His research has shed light on the mechanisms that allow cells to dynamically alter their shape in order to carry out important functions such as migration and attachment. More recently, his research has focused on deciphering mechanisms that underlie asymmetric cell division, cellular aging, adaptation and differentiation and the connections between these processes. – Address: Helsinki Institute of Life Science, Viikinkaari 9, P.O. BOX 56, 00014 University of Helsinki, Helsinki, Finland. E-mail: juha.saarikangas@helsinki.fi.

This Week

Someone had dropped an ice cream cone in front of the *Eiscafé* at the west pole of Ku'damm. I had to stop. Judged by the semi-melted structure of what appeared to be mint or even pistachio-flavoured ice cream, I was fresh at the scene. The positioning of the waffle relative to the ice cream indicated that there had been a struggle. A desperate last rescue attempt, when things had already irreparably gone south. That ice cream, more so than the environment, had clearly meant a great deal to whoever had dropped it.

Perhaps it was the lingering taste of pistachio on the taste buds that had driven this seemingly irrational, hedonistic motor response. As quickly, this manoeuvre appeared to have been conflicted by reason, or shame, which evidently had led to the escape from the scene, as only two pigeons occupied the site. The birds were breaking the waffle using mechanical, unnatural head movements. Looking at their dull eyes, it seemed as if they were chained to this scene by some spell, rather than their own free will, which would have directed them elsewhere. Perhaps they were still going through their internal struggle of settling in to their adopted home made of concrete, steel spikes and hostile boots. By squinting, I could also spot some ants that were busy collecting the waffle shrapnel. Some of them were positioned at opposite ends of the waffle fragments. At first glance, this gave the impression that they were competing for the same piece. Yet, what at first glance appeared to be a struggle, somehow translated into directional motion – *they worked together for the common good.*

The End

“I’m not done yet!” – I was screaming (on mute of course, maintaining stoic composure). This silent storm of emotions was set off by one innocent peek at the calendar a week ago, which made me realize that it was going to be impossible to finish all the planned work, let alone my bucket list of regional cultural affairs. The discovery of Marzahn, Köpenick, Leipzig, Dresden, Weimar, Rügen and the North Coast, Prague, Krakow and other wondrous places would have to wait. The initial shock was followed by calming, low-pitched sounds stemming from organs that were playing in my head the prelude of what would be the funeral of my Wiko tenure. I realized that there will be no more stimulating colloquia, no more 10- to 15-minute questions after talks, no more delicious delights prepared by Dunia and her kitchen team, no more enlightening conversations in the dining room, no more skimming through the weekly edition of the *New Yorker* in the beautiful reading room of Weiße Villa, and no more skipping of the German classes – *because there will be none.* My time left in Wiko could almost be counted on one set of fingers, and there is no reset button. After the initial wave of melodramatic emotions had passed, I found myself postulating the aftermath and whether I had made the best of my time here.

Reflections

Before arriving at Wiko, I was hoping to finally have enough *time* to concentrate and focus on developing new ideas and concepts that I could test in the future. Based on my past experiences, finding proper time for creative thinking is something not to be taken for granted. I need to have the right surroundings and mindset to be creative. I am still working on perfecting the recipe for tapping into that headspace where innovation flows out naturally, but I can already conclude that I am dealing with *gastronomie française*. In my field, work is decidedly fragmented between meetings, seminars, teaching, writing proposals, stressing about the future, travelling and presenting and, of course, the actual heavy lifting in the laboratory (mainly consisting of back and forward movement of the right-hand thumb that controls the micropipette). And remember that all this comes from the mouth of a *foal* – a postdoc. As a soon-to-be-minted faculty member, the number of my responsibilities and tasks will increase substantially, and carving out *unfragmented time* for thinking will undoubtedly be an even more intractable task in the future. I had already accepted that for the upcoming years I would be cooking *beef Wellington*, at best. And then my path crossed with Wiko. This pearl hidden in Grunewald turned out to be the physical manifestation of the academic utopia that I had heard rumours about, but that I thought had gone extinct decades ago. A place serving its visitors the secret ingredient of creativity, *time*, on a silver platter. A place where it is actually possible to concentrate, invent, reflect and sharpen ideas in conjunction with the most amazing colleagues.

Indeed, the Fellows. The people at Wiko are what make it unique. A fresh donation of scholars and artists each year keeps Wiko fresh and evolving. The Fellows of the 2016/17 class (including the Permanent Fellows and Staff) are an extraordinary group of citizens who shared enthusiasm to learn and discuss and debate on at a broad topical scale. Yet, remarkably, the atmosphere remained harmonious and tolerant of all forms of life. Given the calibre of personalities and the spectrum of styles and flairs, I found this extraordinary. A true testament to both the Fellows' good will and the *equality* among Fellows guaranteed by the Wiko.

I truly enjoyed the discourse I had with people from other fields. I would like to thank everyone who showed interest in my work. The many thoughtful questions and comments I received helped me reflect on some aspects of my work in a new light. I could also draw much inspiration from other Fellows. Exposure to influences from the humanities, social sciences and arts allowed me to get acquainted with different ways of presenting,

debating and formulating questions. I found this refreshing. It is easy to become a prisoner of certain habits. Exposure to a new culture of discourse has encouraged me to try to implement some novel aspects in my repertoire. I can only hope that this exchange was mutually beneficial. I was especially intrigued to learn about the way the artists among us find their inspiration and creativity. Especially as a photography and cinematography enthusiast, I was fascinated to learn how Frédéric and Shaheen operate to tell stories by capturing moments of time on film.

Work

The six-month period at Wiko served as an important stepping-stone in my career. I came to Berlin in January as a postdoc with an uncertain future, and now in July I will leave to start the next chapter as an Assistant Professor. After being in motion for so many years (which I have truly enjoyed), this next step represents a flickering light at the end of the tunnel signalling that there might be an end to being an academic nomad. I cannot emphasize enough how helpful it was to have dedicated time to prepare for the interviews and reflect on the developments of the job search with the other Fellows. I would especially like to thank Carey for his continuing interest and support in this matter. After the decision was made, I could use my time here to start taking away from the immediate pile of tasks that come with a starting faculty position, including recruitment of the first students and writing grants. Besides piercing through the critical phases of the job search and preparing for the new position, I also managed to finish the revisions of one research paper [1] and write a small review [2] during my tenure at Wiko. Eventually, I also managed to aggregate sufficient periods of time to bring forward my actual Wiko project. Indeed, it matured to the point that I am currently drafting a proposal, which hopefully will fund its transition from hypotheses to experimental testing. Now reflecting back, it is evident that many things advanced substantially during this six-month period, but I still have a hard time convincing myself that I made the best use of my time here. Knowing myself, I can attribute this feeling, at least partially, to the imprinted experiences of growing up in an entrepreneur family in which (despite its secularity) the Protestant work ethic was gospel.

Although there were some days that I never stepped outside the Wiko headquarters (I lived in the Neubau), every once in a while I also managed to break through the fenced gardens of Grunewald and escape *East of Eden*. Over the past 18 years, Berlin has been a

place I have returned to over and over again. I always felt comfortable here. The tolerant, nonconformist atmosphere with a vivid presence of polarizing history makes this place unique. The city is constantly changing and has undergone a substantive transformation since my first visit in spring of 1999. Whether this change has been for the better or worse remains arguable. The things in Berlin that felt fresh and rebellious ten years ago now feel stale. For this city, the bar is set high. Despite the evident change, enormous size, constant commotion and influx of passionate people ensure that there are always new things to be discovered. My pleasant discoveries over the past months included the lakes and pine tree forests of Grunewald, the traditional market Rogacki in Charlottenburg that serves fresh fish dishes, the chill Caribbean/African-flavoured beach bar Yaam close to Ostbahnhof and the delicious Iskender dish at Hasir Kreuzberg. But there is nothing that can top my old favourite and arguably the best bar in town – pound-for-pound – Café Royal in Friedrichshain (note: this statement comes irrespective of any family ties to this location).

Kudos

It is for all of these and many other reasons that I think Wiko is special. On Wallotstraße lies a fountain of knowledge and culture. And an excellent shoe polish machine.

The chance to spend time at this marvellous place has left me with the utmost feeling of gratitude. Gratefulness for meeting so many wonderful people and for gaining first-hand evidence of the existence of academic *Shangri-La*, which a year ago I believed was nothing but a myth.

I want to sincerely thank all the Fellows and Staff for making me feel warmly welcomed despite joining the Institute halfway through the season. I would especially like to thank Ulrike for her great efforts in making me feel that I was not the only College for Life Sciences Fellow after March, when all others had gone. And if someone who considers applying for the College for Life Sciences is reading this, my advice is simple: *Apply!* You will not regret it. After being marinated and picking up new flavours for six months in Wiko, I feel ready to return to the barbeque.

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Co-operation among Fellows.



LOSING MY RELIGION
EMILY SENA

Emily Sena (born in London, 1982) is a research fellow specialised in the validity of preclinical research at the University of Edinburgh. She completed her undergraduate honours degree in Biological Sciences in Edinburgh (2005) and her Ph.D. in Neuroscience at the Universities of Edinburgh and Melbourne (2010). Her research interests are in the use of meta-research approaches (research on research) to drive improvements in the validity, transparency and reproducibility of primary research on how we model human diseases in the laboratory and how we develop therapies to treat disease. Her research has informed laboratory practice guidelines, editorial policy and the design of clinical trials. She is a member of her university's Animal Welfare Ethical Review Body, convenor of CAMARADES, Edinburgh since 2015, a member of the steering committee of the REWARD Alliance and of the scientific advisory panel for the Berlin Institute of Health (BIH) Quest center for transforming biomedical research. Emily is also the inaugural Editor-in-Chief of *BMJ Open Science*. – Address: School of Clinical Sciences, University of Edinburgh, 49 Little France Crescent, Chancellor's Building, Edinburgh, EH16 4SB, United Kingdom. E-mail: emily.sena@ed.ac.uk.

Reflection. How I lost my religion.

Losing My Religion is not only in homage to the song that takes me back to our wonderful farewell party. Julia Voss bouncing. Daniel Schönflug rocking out. Eva von Kügelgen dancing. But now it also reminds me of the journey that I took as a College for Life Sciences Fellow. It was at the Wiko that it dawned on me that science is my religion. The faith that scientists have in science is nothing short of religious. But we see ourselves as so

much more rational, evidence-based and thorough than the somewhat limited view many of us have of religion. We believe because there is evidence, we see so we believe. In hindsight, the arrogance is astounding.

It is quite funny that this hadn't dawned on me before. My Wiko project and my day job are precisely about challenging the status quo in biomedical research. I spend my days trying to understand what it is about the way in which we do science – design our experiments, conduct them and report them – that has led to so many scientific studies to be irreproducible, and not to have translated to the human health benefits they seek. I know that, in biomedical research, science is not quite working as it should be. My approach to this has been focused on methods. I look at the methods researchers use to reach their conclusions, and by studying large numbers of studies have identified behaviours that limit the validity of much biomedical research. This evidence is part of my armamentarium to improve the validity of biomedical research. I came to the Wiko to try to understand why some scientists do not adopt what I consider simple measures to improve the validity of their research. There have been some research domains in which the evidence that my colleagues and I have produced has led to substantial changes in their approach to experimental design. There are other research domains (hat tip to Luca Giuliani for explaining why my use of “culture” in my abstract was not appropriate) that are believers in the way they do their science and do not wish to change (improve) their methods. They do not believe in the veracity of *my scientific evidence*. I am a scientist; my research is empirical and I believe it. But this is precisely the problem. Our success in our respective fields is in part due to our ability to think critically – and we do this within our fields. I can read a paper on testing drug X in an animal model of disease Y and provide an in-depth critical review of its pros and cons. I cannot read such a paper without doing this. However, there are clearly other domains in science not concerned with finding treatments for human diseases. These are the scientific papers I generally believe, although I do not know how to critique them thoroughly. Or more precisely, I did not feel the need to critique them thoroughly, because they are scientific. The further a scientific study is from my area of expertise the more likely I am to believe it. Strange.

Despite all the experience and evidence. I was a believer.

And then a few things happened. Firstly, Michael Jennions gave his colloquium. The reaction of many Fellows shocked me. At first, I thought that my fellow Fellows were prudes. Yes, he talked about penis size. It's a bit strange but not taboo. I argued that it was science. He had performed an experiment. I said, “But he didn't say that.” And then I

started to listen. The major issue that I understood was two-fold: (i) the question itself and (ii) the relevance of digital naked avatars to attraction. Fascinating. Many men were quiet and many women outraged. There appeared to be a science divide, too. We do not walk into a bar and assess the size of a man's penis before we let him buy us a drink. We cannot. Even if we could, what does that have to do with silver avatars? Could I, a female scientist, have conducted this study? Would the response have differed? A lot, I suspect. I certainly would not undertake such an endeavour. Nevertheless, I still believe that Michael asked a specific question of the participants of his study. They responded, having interpreted that question. The result was significant. The silver avatars with larger penises (if we can call them that) were favoured. In the same way that I critique studies in my own field, I started to think about the construct validity of Michael's research – what are the constructs of attraction and were they encapsulated in his study? I thought of the external validity; how reproducible is this study beyond the undergraduate white female Australians who were his cohort? But interestingly, I also thought of the social implications of performing such research and our responsibility regarding the inferences that are drawn from the research that we undertake.

Secondly, suddenly I started to understand the non-science talks. I won't lie, it took a few weeks. I was used to listening in one way – IMRAD. *Introduction* (what's the problem and what question am I answering to address it, *Methods* (what I am going to do), *Results* (what was the answer) *And Discussion* (what does this mean). This is how I was trained. I spent the first few Tuesdays leaving the seminar room asking myself, "But what did they do?" I have already explained that I have a preoccupation with methods. I also often wondered, "But what does this mean?" My science colleagues were asking rather intelligent-sounding questions. How did they understand while I didn't? I resigned myself to clearly not being smart enough to be a Wiko Fellow, and then something changed. Maybe my scientific arrogance waned. I'm not sure. But it dawned on me that not everything is a problem we are trying to solve. Sometimes we are just interested in why things happened or how things happened. This phenomenon is not just a non-science one. There are probably more scientists whose interests are in trying to understand for the sake of understanding, rather than trying to solve a problem. Truth is determined not only by conducting a randomised controlled experiment. Not everything is experimental. There are different approaches to gaining knowledge, to understanding our environment and to history. Similarly to the different approaches to science, there are different approaches to the arts, to social science, to history, to law. Of course, you can argue a hierarchy of

evidence, but it is still evidence. It's rather embarrassing to lay bare the level of my ignorance. But it is what it is.

Thirdly, during my own colloquium, Thomas Ackermann asked me a question about my research on publication bias. FYI – publication bias is the phenomenon that studies that do not show significant results are not published and therefore do not contribute to our distillation of knowledge. I presented data on the presence and impact of publication bias, both substantial, and argue that all sound experiments should be published irrespective of their findings. My argument is that knowing what does not work is as important as knowing what does work. The annoyingly smart man that Thomas is asked: “What data have you produced that doesn't fit your narrative, which you have not presented today.” I remember being a little dumbfounded. I replied that all my data fits this narrative. Or something of this ilk. I cannot quite bring myself to listen to the recording. *Narrative*. The most used word at the Wiko. A word that in the past I had never paid enough respect to. But the ultimate reason that I briefly lost my religion ... the story that I told. A narrative. I don't independently present single experiments, irrespective of whether they contradict each other, but rather tell a story backed up by a whole bunch of experiments. I had data that fit my narrative. That made it scientific. The data that didn't fit this narrative ... there, of course, was a reason for this. Often a scientific one. Maybe there was not sufficient power to test an assertion. Oh dear. “Narrative”, I realised, persisted through all the colloquia. Whether you were talking about abstraction, penis size or the history of science, it was my ability to focus on the narrative that made me understand the talks. And once I understood the narrative I could begin to critique the methods or sometimes even the narrative.

There were those who reinforced this science-is-a-religion rhetoric. I thought they were right. But they could draw. Learn Swedish. Write books. Take photographs. Advocate. Perform. Still had faith in their fields. I was a scientist, who had only just learnt the concept of following the bloody narrative.

I soon realised that I was being overly dramatic. Hyperbolic. My crisis gained some perspective. It was not science that I loved, it was the scientific method. I fell back in love harder than makes sense. It was in fact because of these discussions that I realised how much I love the scientific method. The time I had to experience my teenage-like crisis. The comfort of IMRAD; I understand it and appreciate it. Without the time afforded to me by the College for Life Sciences Fellowship, I think I very much would still be an arrogant scientist who at the same time thought she was too stupid to understand non-science academics.

The most fulfilling thing about my time at the Wiko is that I learnt so much about my approach to science in general, to my research and to non-science topics. However, it probably wasn't until my re-entry to "normality", where I was presenting fresh and novel concepts (to me at least) to colleagues and friends, that the true impact of my Wiko experience registered. As is normal for many early-career scientists, I was focused on the numbers – getting the peer-reviewed papers out and writing the grant applications. It's a competitive business; these numbers, unfortunately, matter more than they probably should. But what Wiko did was give me time to do the other things that are equally important. I read! A lot. I read papers because they interested me, not just because I needed to finish that paper or grant application. The idea of just stopping and reflecting was alien. Yet I reflected. The sense of pressure and looming deadlines that normally occupy my brain was relieved. And this meant I had time to learn. To innovate. To lose my religion. To recharge and fall in love with science again. I feel that this report has turned into a somewhat lame coming-of-age story. But I feel more like a grown-up now. This, I think, is in keeping with my Wiko experience. Things certainly did not turn out as I expected. My original plan did not quite come to fruition. But I got so much more out of my time than I ever could have expected.

With respect to IMRAD, here is my science paper on my Wiko experience.

Introduction: Early-career life scientists lack sufficient exposure to other disciplines. They often work in silos within science, and interdisciplinary interactions are seldom. This has the potential to limit their ability to think critically and to limit their appreciation of other disciplines. A College for Life Sciences Fellowship will give them time to complete a project, reflect on their career and develop new scientific interactions. I hypothesise that a College for Life Science Fellowship will be an invaluable contribution to my research career.

Methods: Gather Fellows from a range of disciplines to join the Wissenschaftskolleg for an academic year. Instil a routine of daily lunches, Thursday dinners and Tuesday colloquia. Convene an adult sex ratio working group with no women. Fellows with limited German skills may be taught by Ursula Kohler. Those who are more proficient may be taught by Eva von Kügelgen. Pilates classes will be available on a Friday morning. Other organised events are available for Fellows to join. Provide a group of outstanding support staff to facilitate and ensure this experience is wonderful.

Results: A total of 45 Fellows (30 male, 15 female) were admitted in the 2016/17 academic year. Five were College for Life Sciences Fellows. Fellows came from America (n=16), Germany (n=8), Great Britain (n=3), Israel (n=2), Canada (n=2), Switzerland (n=2) and one from each of Argentina, Australia, Brazil, France, Hungary, India, Italy, Japan, Lebanon, Senegal, South Africa and Spain. Disciplines ranged from law to architecture, from Arabic literature to economics and musicology to biology, to name but a few. I spent a total of six months at the Wiko. Many Fellows came with partners and children, all of whom were a joy to spend time with. The female Fellows were a particular inspiration. I was often among the subset of Fellows up late on a Thursday drinking gin and tonics. With music supplied by Michael Jennions, there was dancing with Helena Jambor, Vivek Nityananda and Yoav Zeevi. I learnt many new words, most notable were “global south” and “hegemony” – thank you Sa’diyya Shaikh. I believe *genau* was the most useful German word I learnt. I thoroughly enjoyed German lessons and probably learnt as much French, thanks to Frédéric Brenner and Lena Lavinias. I also taught some English phrases to Julia Voss and Philipp Deines – “bingo wings” and “panda eyes”. I was invited to present a total of seven seminars around Germany, I believe this is directly related to the esteem associated with the Wiko. I introduced Peter Kappeler’s colloquium, he’s an impressive academic. I learnt about Habilitation; I’m glad I will not have to experience it. I delivered one colloquium. Had a substantial crisis of scientific confidence. Recovered. Fell in love with the scientific method again. I designed my new kitchen from afar with input from Thomas Ackermann. Wrote papers. Fostered new collaborations with German academics. Was offered a job. Became editor-in-chief of *BMJ Open Science*. Explored Berlin. Established myself as the resident bar and restaurant critic – I ate and drank a lot. I learnt to think differently and to appreciate different approaches to research. I made some amazing friends. I have new skills and confidence that underscore my new research agenda.

Discussion: These data suggest that a College for Life Sciences Fellowship is an invaluable asset to the career of an early-career scientist. The protected time to step back and reflect should not be underestimated. The opportunity to have access to and be surrounded by intellectuals of such calibre is unique. My ability to listen to the narrative, in addition to the method, has totally changed my approach to my research and how I communicate my research to others. My new challenge is to harness these new skills to result in a second term as a Wiko Fellow.



CONVERSATIONS, CRITIQUE AND
CONVIVIALITY
SA'DIYYA SHAIKH

Sa'diyya Shaikh is Associate Professor and Head of the Department of Religious Studies at the University of Cape Town. Her study of Islam began with an abiding interest in existential questions and their connections to issues of social justice – effectively, a curiosity about the relationship between the spiritual and the political. Her book *Sufi Narratives of Intimacy: Ibn 'Arabi, Gender and Sexuality* (UNC Press, 2012) was part of an on-going journey of grappling with these formative concerns that still animate much of her work. This book presents a contemporary reading of the work of the 13th-century Andalusian Sufi polymath Muhyi al-Din Ibn 'Arabi, to address questions of human purpose, the nature of reality, and the ethics of gender relationships. Sa'diyya has also published research articles on gender-sensitive readings of hadith and Quran; theoretical debates on Islam and feminism, Sufism and Islamic Law, religion and gender-based violence; and empirical work on South African Muslim Women. In 2007, she co-edited (with Dan Maguire) and contributed to a book entitled *Violence Against Women in Contemporary World Religion: Roots and Cures* (Pilgrim Press). – Address: Department of Religious Studies, University of Cape Town, Rondebosch, 7700 Cape Town, South Africa.
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Sitting down on a warm and balmy spring afternoon in Cape Town to reflect on my extraordinary year at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin elicits many feelings and thoughts. Let me get one thing out of the way: I am singularly happy to be away from the Berlin winter – the unrelenting and lengthy northern cold was the single greatest challenge to my elemental southern constitution. However, the physical trial of a Berlin winter was indeed

compensated for tenfold by the incredible warmth, hospitality and energy that defined my Wiko experience. It was ten months of intellectual capaciousness, vivifying conversations, demanding provocations and exciting conviviality. A rare privilege indeed!

There are certainly additional practical and emotional challenges faced by Fellows who come with younger children – transitions are difficult enough for adults. In retrospect, however, my children in Cape Town now speak longingly of Berlin – and in their conversations I hear subtle yet powerful traces of growth – appreciation of cultural and linguistic diversities, a vision of self and other that has deepened and expanded by virtue of living and schooling in another country for a substantial block of time ... and their friendships that are still being sustained and cultivated with the help of all forms of technology.

The friendships and deep connections that I too made at Wiko will continue to reverberate in my being. It was indeed a lovely cohort of Fellows, this group of 2016/17! And then amidst a lovely cohort, one finds and gravitates to one's tribe – so to the tribe: Menaka; Michael and Jackie; Sinan and Ibtisam, Asef and Linda; Mary and Jonas; Elias and Najla; and of course, my beloved husband Ashraf, thank you for such deep connections of mind, heart, laughter, politics and personhood. Indeed, supporting all of us was the caring, efficient presence of all the Wiko staff whose commitment and generosity enabled the most capacious of spaces. Here, one of the gems possessed by Wiko is certainly Thorsten Wilhelmy, who might be one of the first faces of Wiko that a potential Fellow encounters from across the oceans. His lucidity, energy, care, sincerity and clarity – what can best collectively be described as simply gracious ways of engaging and communicating – are really what initially convinced me (and at the beginning, my somewhat reluctant family) to consider coming to Germany. Collectively, these multiple groups of wonderful human beings enabled my family and me to enjoy an intellectual environment also defined by an experience of community, support and fellowship.

For most Fellows coming to Wiko, there is a deep sense in which an extended period away from the numerous demands of university administration, committee work and teaching provides one with a pause – a luxurious pause of possibilities and openings. Wiko was for me a time of openings ... I think of them as the “Berlin openings” ... openings that were intellectual, epistemological, personal, interpersonal, social, political, spiritual and cultural. Most delicious, an opening out towards different kinds of conversations with people from varied disciplines and epistemological trajectories, conversations on issues seemingly remote from one's own academic interests that sometimes had intriguing

and unexpected echoes of one's ideas and then the unique conversation that made you rethink your entire approach to a phenomenon (thank you Alberto Posadas, for making me aware of the limitations of my assumptions and evaluations of music and of aesthetics more broadly!). Meals taken during these conversations (... often accompanied by a search for spicy sauces or chilli!) and the leisurely Thursday night dinners were particularly enjoyable.

An absolute highlight of my stay was the Wiko-funded workshop on *Social Justice and Contemporary Muslim Ethics*. This was the single most intense and intellectually productive space I have experienced with a small cohort of like-minded scholars attentive to the intellectual, ethical and spiritual concerns closest to my heart. The value of a small and tightly focused workshop with carefully chosen participants cannot be overestimated when thinking through one's own intellectual project. Enriching this experience was the participation of the academic co-ordinator at Wiko, Daniel Schönflug. An incisive interlocutor, his thoughtful and rigorous engagement was deeply productive for my research project – and for my experience of intellectual friendship. Yet another experience of intellectual conviviality, provocation and excitement was being part of an informally created reading group on a pioneering new book *What is Islam: the Importance of being Islamic* – the diverse disciplinary locations of the six participants allowed for robust debates, generative insights and plain fun. Collectively, all these intense and lively conversations, debates and exchanges created a stimulating context that deepened my own thinking on a book project that I reconceptualised, refined and worked on during my time at Wiko.

Yet, as idyllic as so much of this was, I also experienced some frustrations – the fact that there was a clear dominance of voices from the Global North reflected in the range of our cohort (and from the available yearbooks, it seems almost all previous ones as well); the sometimes uncritical preponderance of Western epistemological hegemonies (often with a polite nod to “difference” and to alternate historical trajectories without any evidence of real engagement with the implications of such alternatives for rethinking one's own assumptions and framework). Given the international status of Wiko, I would love to see a substantial increase of numbers of scholars from the Global South, as well as all scholars who bring self-reflexive and critical epistemological lenses, particularly in relation to power differentials in North/South relations, as well as thinkers from a variety of disciplines who are more critically attentive to how complexities of gender, sexuality, race and class, amongst other social inequalities, might impact their field of study. It is my considered view that both careful attention to more inclusive and critical demography

and intellectual positioning of future cohorts will enhance the already capacious environment of Wiko.

Circumspectly, the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin was an extraordinary experience for me and for my family. I originally arrived depleted from an exhausting year of burdensome administrative responsibilities and tense university politics, and left ten months later feeling energised, nurtured and intellectually inspired. The exceptionally caring and efficient staff at Wiko had a large role in creating this replenishing haven for me. Thank you ... truly.



THE DISCRETE CHARM OF
INTELLECTUAL SUBVERSION
GUY G. STROUMSA

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As a perusal of the many *Jahrbücher* kindly left on the shelves in the Fellows' apartments will soon reveal, all superlatives, all possible metaphors about Wiko's inimitability seem to have already been used. The deep gratitude for a magical period carved out of the fluid time of the rest of life is repeated, like a litany, in all reports. One should not misinterpret such repetitions as reflecting a literary *topos*. They simply reflect the Fellows' genuine astonishment at the rare and undeserved gift they have received.

We all reckon that Wiko remains unparalleled. Although it seemingly follows rules also applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, in other similar institutes for advanced study, it remains hard to pinpoint a quality, *un je ne sais quoi*, that makes it distinctly different. One may mention, first, the harmonious ballet of lunches, dinners, colloquia, chats, even outings, all seemingly spontaneous, but actually planned with care. Everything functions so smoothly, as if we owed the poised elegance of this ballet to an invisible hand. Indeed, it is only thanks to the careful, insightful, delicate, and persistent work of the whole smiling staff, priests and priestesses in the temple of knowledge, that it thus functions.

A special chapel in this temple is the incomparable library, a library *sui generis*. In conversation, Carlo Ginzburg, a regular visitor to Wiko, speaks about “the invisible library”: a bookless library, where books seem to arrive as soon as you request them, or perhaps even before, while other books and articles in PDF form keep popping into your mailbox even faster. For those of us whose lives are structured by conversations with books – and who are, in addition, old enough to imagine they still live in a world Marshall McLuhan called, half a century ago, “the Gutenberg galaxy” – “invisible library” is a wonderful oxymoron. But its temptations are no less dangerous than, for Ulysses, the bewitching song of the sirens. It is almost impossible to free yourself from the magical power of its call. How can (and why should) one write anything when one can read everything? Indeed, an invisible library is also an infinite one; the more you read, the more you realize how little you know, even about the broader context and implications of your own topic. As a result, what you thought was a work in progress soon becomes, as it were, a work in regress, and the neat working plan you had concocted soon becomes the pitiful scaffolding of a building doomed to remain unfinished.

There may be a way out of this predicament. It could take the form of a constant and persistent dialogue between the practitioners of the different disciplines. This is the model of epistemic practice embraced by Wiko. But such a dialogue, in which process counts more than results, is only the first step. A life of science or of scholarship, for such a conception, does not quite mean a life geared toward measurable results, but, rather, a life embedded in imponderable praxis. Rather than “goal”, the key, here, is “movement”. This, of course, sounds like a heresy in the world of the “production of knowledge”. In that sense, the Wiko ethos is, I believe, a deeply subversive one, inspiring to play with ideas, and to dream of new ones. What is truly astonishing is that so many of us are willing to play that subversive game, seem to enjoy it, and believe we profit from it.

I came here for the last three months of the academic year. This makes it a bit harder to join the already very well-formed group. I had the double advantage, however, that my wife and I had already some friends among the Fellows and that Wiko was not a totally new place for me, since I had accompanied my wife when she was a Fellow two years ago. This time around, it was easier to get to work immediately: Berlin was a “known entity”, no less appealing, but one that did not demand imperiously to be explored. Moreover, during our previous stay we had already started our efforts to move the German language from the status of a “dead” tongue, one made solely of texts (a status it had retained for us in the last half-century or so) to that of a living language, in which one dares, sometimes, to express oneself (always inadequately).

Although short-term Fellows are not expected to give a Colloquium presentation, some of the Fellows encouraged me to present my work. The few weeks I spent preparing an oral presentation (rather than reading a text), helped me formulate somewhat more clearly my current research goal. In lapidary form, it is “Judaism and Islam in the mind of Europe” in the long nineteenth century. The discourse I seek to analyze is only that of the scholars engaged in the study of religion, in a number of European countries. The idea is to attempt, for the first time, a comparative study of how these two religions, with obvious “family resemblances” to Christianity, were approached and studied in Europe in an era of secularization. One of the paradoxes of secularization, I argue, is the weakening of these family resemblances. With the European “discovery” of Sanskrit, and the recognition of its deep similarities to most European languages, the European peoples were perceived as belonging to a new family, more racial than religious in nature. While the couple “Semitic” versus “Aryan” is now well known, much more work seems to have been done on the second of these two terms than on the first one. In a sense, then, I seek to delineate an alternative history of the comparative study of religions. A few names of prominent scholars of both Judaism and Islam may give an idea of the direction of my work: Abraham Geiger, Julius Wellhausen, Ernest Renan, William Robertson Smith, Ignaz Goldziher. The envisaged study will also highlight the complex web of knowledge across political, cultural, and linguistic frontiers at the time. As should be obvious, understanding nineteenth-century scholarly approaches to Judaism and Islam has some direct implications for the contemporary scene, in Europe and elsewhere; at least for the time being, however, I prefer to deal with such implications only indirectly.

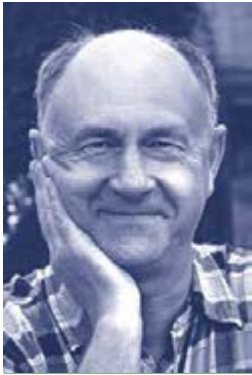
Outside some universities in possession of a first-class research library (and these are increasingly very rare outside of North America), the library facilities at Wiko represent

unmatched riches, soon to disappear. In such conditions, it is hard to spend much time writing, rather than “accumulating” material for later consumption, as it were. During my stay, I sought to read (or at least to scan) as many texts and studies as possible.

Beyond my research, I managed to correct the proofs of a forthcoming book (*Religions d’Abraham: histoires croisées*) and to travel to the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study for a workshop I had organized together with Sabine Schmidtke on “Judaism, Christianity and Islam: Religious Communities and Communities of Knowledge”. I also gave the keynote lecture at a conference held at the Central European University in Budapest. I was very happy to be able, in this way, to show symbolic support to an institution of excellence under violent attack by the Hungarian government.

My stay in Berlin also permitted planting the seed of two cooperative projects with German colleagues. The first, which involves the Max-Planck-Institut für Wissenschaftsgeschichte, would be a sequel to the workshop held at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, and the next one, to take place at the Israel Institute for Advanced Studies. The second project seeks to organize a workshop on varieties of Orientalism in the nineteenth century.

In Berlin, a city of echoes where today East meets West more than ever, the past is never fully erased from the palimpsest of the present. Shortly after my arrival, I gave a lecture at the Max-Planck-Institut für Bildungsforschung. As it turned out, one of the young researchers in that group, Juliane Brauer, had been a friend of my parents. As a teenager, she had met them in the small Brandenburg town where she grew up. My late father had come to speak in the local school about his internment in Auschwitz, where he had been for some time a violinist in the camp’s orchestra. She then decided to become a historian and study the role of music in the Nazi concentration camps. Juliane presented me with a copy of her voluminous book on music in Sachsenhausen, a book dedicated to my father. Later, she insisted on taking my wife and me to Sachsenhausen. The serendipitous meeting with her and her family woke in me deep emotions and has established another, highly personal and almost secret link with Berlin, across the generations and the dark history of Europe in the twentieth century.



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ADULT SEX
RATIOS: FROM POPULATIONS TO
PHYLOGENIES
TAMÁS SZÉKELY

I am an evolutionary biologist interested in social behaviour who has published over 280 peer-reviewed articles and four books. I combine different tools and approaches to understand evolution, working from genes and genomes to individuals and populations. A researcher and university teacher, I have supervised 28 Ph.D. students and mentored 14 post-docs and research fellows; the vast majority are employed in academia or research as professors or independent investigators. I was a Visiting Professor at Harvard University and the Universities of Groningen, Bielefeld and Göttingen and am a Distinguished Professor at Sun Yat-Sen University (China) and the University of Debrecen (Hungary). I received a Humboldt Award and currently am a Royal Society Wolfson Research Merit Award Holder. My current research focuses on two themes: 1. the evolution of mating systems, parental care and sex roles and 2. we are recently discovering that an overlooked component of social systems (and of breeding system variation) is adult sex ratio. I am a dedicated conservation biologist and founded an award-winning conservation NGO in West Africa in 2010 and have served the NGO as President ever since. – Address: Department of Biology and Biochemistry, University of Bath, 4 South 0.26, Bath, BA2 7AY, United Kingdom. E-mail: t.szekely@bath.ac.uk.

Adult sex ratios are highly variable between organisms: some animals have only females in their population, whereas others have more males than females. How does this variation emerge? And why are these variations important? Understanding the causes and implications of adult sex ratio variation is important for both human and non-human societies.

In this Wiko Focus Group, we address adult sex ratio (ASR), which is usually quantified as the proportion of males in the adult population.

My Wiko project had two specific objectives. First, to establish what causes ASR variation in mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians and fishes. Second, to explore how ASR variation is related to variation across species (or populations) in mating systems and parental care. My overarching objective was to find broad-scale patterns that cut across the many millions of years of independent vertebrate evolution in these five groups.

I made substantial progress toward achieving these objectives.

1. Workshop. As part of the activities of this year's Wiko Focus Group on *Causes and Implications of Adult Sex Ratio Variation in Vertebrates*, we organised a workshop on adult sex ratios and reproductive decisions on February 2–3, 2017 at the Wissenschaftskolleg. The workshop was attended by 30 delegates, 14 of whom contributed a paper. Parts of the workshop were also attended by other Wiko Fellows.

The insight that reproductive decisions of humans and animals are often influenced by variation in the number of adult males and females present in a given population is a fairly recent one. Two more or less independent strands of inquiry in the social and biological sciences had investigated the relationship between variation in adult sex ratios and behavioural components of sex roles. Interestingly, social science studies in this field always had a strong applied aspect, whereas biology devoted much more effort to theory development and modelling.

The workshop at Wiko was truly remarkable because it was the first time that biologists and social scientists working on this topic came together for exchange and discussion. The workshop tackled both evolutionary and social science aspects of sex ratio variation, and it initiated a dialogue between scientists using a variety of approaches and different model systems to understand sex ratio variation. Finding a common language or currency is often the main obstacle to interdisciplinary collaboration. At this workshop, we managed to circumvent many of these usual obstacles, for example by agreeing on using the same metric for quantifying ASR variation in our analyses, which will greatly facilitate comparisons across species and study systems

2. Theme Issue of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society (Series B). Based on the workshop, two members of the Focus Group (Kappeler and Székely) teamed up with two social scientists (Kramer and Schacht) to jointly write an introductory review on the topic.

Because the oral contributions to the workshop will be published as a Theme Issue, the interdisciplinary discourse at the workshop will have lasting impact on the field, also beyond the future work of the actual participants, not least because we also identified important open questions for future research on the causes and consequences of sex ratio variation.

The Theme Issue included 16 review publications by leading scientists in their fields and was published on September 19, 2017. I contributed to four review papers in the Theme Issue (see below).

3. *Wiko Colloquium*. The Wiko project provided an excellent opportunity to summarise my personal research – much of it focused on sex ratios. In my Wiko colloquium, I explained the rationale, which had the following main elements.

The story started in 1990, when I realised that in my favourite study species, the Kentish plover – a small shorebird that has fascinating mating and parenting behaviour – one parent abandons the family: usually the female leaves her mate and the offspring. Why do females abandon the family? The answer seems to lie in the harsh world of natural selection: females abandon their family to seek a new mate and to increase their reproductive success – i.e. to enhance their Darwinian fitness – even though this is bad for their mate, since their mate may spend a month rearing the young to independence, and whilst he alone looks after the young he can be killed by a predator.

But why do females abandon the family more often than males do? The answer, I suspected, lies in the adult sex ratio. If a population has many bachelor males, the females' chances of remating are favoured, so they are more likely to remate and reneest than the males are. To investigate these propositions, we carried out an experiment in the natural habitat of plovers to quantify the time it takes for unmated males and females to find a new partner and reproduce. In addition, we also modelled the number of males and females in the population using demographic analyses: both the field experiment and the demographic analyses showed that, indeed, in the Kentish plover population there are lot more males than females.

How general are these results? To test the generality of the relationship between mating system and adult sex ratio, we used one of the oldest approaches in biology – the comparative approach. Biologists ever since Aristotle are aware of the importance of cross-species comparisons, although in the last 30 years these techniques have changed fundamentally. The key idea here is that by using phylogenies, one can test whether the associations between ASR, mating and parenting hold across a broad range of taxa.

Indeed, using phylogenetic comparisons, we showed there are strong relationships between mating, parenting and ASR not only in shorebirds – the group of organisms that include plovers – but also across birds as a whole.

4. *Spin-offs*. The Wiko provided excellent opportunities to accelerate my research that led to numerous publications. I wish to highlight here two specific pieces of work that were carried out in collaboration with scientists based at Bielefeld University. In one of these papers (Eberhart-Phillips et al. 2017), we developed a new demographic model to estimate adult sex ratio. Using this model and detailed data from a well-studied plover population, we estimated a highly male-biased ASR. Using the new model, we were also able to disentangle which stage of life-history made the strongest impact on ASR.

In the other paper (Eberhart-Phillips et al., in review), we used the aforementioned modelling approach for six different plover populations. Using detailed information from these populations, we showed that some of these populations exhibit male-biased ASR, whereas others were evenly divided or were female-biased. Importantly, ASR variation predicted the extent of parental cooperation, since in populations with even ASR both parents cooperate to rear the young, whereas in populations with skewed ASR only one parent reared the young. The latter result suggests that there might be a causal relationship between the extent of ASR bias and parental care variation.

Taken together, the Wiko project was highly successful and led to numerous high-profile publications. Whilst the main thrust of these publications was adult sex ratio, my work impacted on other areas of evolutionary biology and biodiversity conservation. I would like to thank all Wiko staff for their immense support and understanding, which made my stay not only productive, but also highly enjoyable.

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A CHARMED LIFE
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My stay at Wiko has been the beginning of a new, strange and astonishing life. Indeed, immediately before my arrival at Wiko I retired from the University of Trieste, where I had taught Medieval History for 37 years. So, my period in Berlin began under the wondrous star of an entirely new experience: the end of the past, the beginning of an adventure in a green forest among unknown people, none of them speaking my language, neither the

Italian one nor the medieval one. Scared as ever, Marina and I arrived in this fabulous country (Berlin: we never were here before) and discovered that the gentle ethereal spirits dominating and controlling this unknown country (Vera and Vera, Corina, Daniela and Daniel {*il faut dire que Daniel a été un vrai ami, il comprend tout, les lubies des fellows et leur dépaysement; entre les esprits puissants qui gèrent cet îlot enchanté il est probablement le plus expert en arts magiques*}, Dunia, Thorsten, Angelika, Nina: tremendous names for us poor Latin creatures coming from the village) magnanimously offered to us a splendid apartment in a huge villa similar to a fairy castle and at the same time to the palace of Dr. Frankenstein. Apartment, furniture and loggia, everything was so Bauhaus/Imperial style, so perfect that at the beginning we did not dare to touch tables and chairs and beds.

Then the discovery of the Library (the Weiße Villa! Books appearing on your table from nothing and nowhere), of my bureau in the Neubau (a real “room”), and of the Restaurant with its so eccentric and extraordinary Japanese/Lebanese/German/Vegetarian/Italian/French cuisine. Everything was so new and charmingly strange that we (the Italian couple) had and have a lot of things to comment and discuss.

During the ten months of my stay at Wiko, in the Restaurant, in the large or small Seminar Room every Tuesday, but also on some evenings and Thursdays, I have encountered “the Fellows”. These are the elected ones who (like me: incredible, I am among them, among these super-clever, extra distinguished and outstanding intellectuals coming from the magic worlds of international culture; me, who one of my students described as “an outstanding outcast”) live and work inside of this charmed space.

All in all, it turned out that it was not so easy: as Thorsten said at the beginning of our stay, it was like the encounter between very different species coming from different galaxies.

But, to tell the truth, these differences were not as standardized as Thorsten had described them: some (it is almost obvious on our planet Earth) were more different than others, and some were more normal and suitable, that is to say less divergent. Some among the Fellows (luckily, a minority) were speaking languages (Italian, Japanese, French, Korean, Wolof, German, Spanish, Portuguese, for example) obviously and extremely far from the language spoken by true humans: English. That implied that these weird beings whose English was not deeply rooted in their own brain (actually “their English was *not* very good”) had some difficulties to communicate the intimate and secret meaning of their own precious thinking; at the same time, however, their semi-dumbness and their efforts to poorly express themselves conferred to the entire group of Fellows something special and bewitched.

After some days, after some luncheons and conversations, after having been recognized as an Italian guy and an extremely medieval individual (accustomed to the marvels of Italy, monuments and parmigiana, Michelangelo and risotto: hi, Giacomo, how are you?), I began to distinguish among “the Fellows” and to see some specificities. At this point and during the year I found some friends or virtual friends in the group (should I confess) of those who firmly belonged to the minority of non-English speakers: Ibrahim, Lena, Adrian, Graciela, Esther, Alberto, Jihwan, Itomi, Gianna, Frederic, Hetty, Guy, Sarah, Daniel, Benedicte. On the whole, a nice ghetto, and I firmly love ghettos.

People composing the magical group called “the staff” (the ethereal spirits) were, more than friends, protecting and consequently ambiguously, powerful, superior beings.

Some English-speaking Fellows (I then discovered) were not uniquely English-speakers (and English-thinking) and so, step by step, I experimented and appreciated their own weirdness and I got used to seeing them not as dangerous and aggressive or ice-cold and disdainful geniuses, but as warm human creatures, friends perhaps, actually friends: Mary, Jonas, Molly (the witch princess), Tine, Barbara (she thinks incredibly well in a lot of languages, so that she speaks a lot of languages, or vice versa), Carey (oh, multilingual lord so fond of Portofino, how you are kind and sweet!) and my beloved Claire (to tell the truth she speaks only Irish, but she is so gentle and imaginative, and she makes so fine portraits and she looks like an uncanny and perhaps dangerous fairy: I love her).

Eva and the German hours were a world of their own, a world of rationality and peace: Eva is so patient and gentle and with her I felt almost normal and comfortable. *Danke vielmals*, Eva, and thanks a million.

My ten months at Wiko have been very productive, so terribly productive that I can't really believe that they actually have not been twelve. I did some seminars in France and participated in a discussion on writing premodern economic history in a weird monastery near Würzburg, and made a presentation at Wiko, with many slides (my Wiko's friends and comrades appreciated very much colors and animations I used for slides); I wrote also a small book on Jews in medieval Italy. Wiko's library and librarians (Sonja, Anja and Stefan have without doubt some telekinetic powers and can evoke books and documents from the dark vortex of nothing, from the beyond and other worlds) made possible my job, and without them everything I did during my stay in Berlin would have been impossible. And I began the project for another book, provisionally entitled “Like water and blood” on economic metaphors between the Middle Ages and Capitalism. Nonsense,

probably, but it was so nice to think about it during the German winter and unstable spring and rainy summer.

Two words on interdisciplinary work and Wiko's philosophy. Interdisciplinarity is very fruitful, I agree; however, honestly, it is very difficult to achieve it when a "community of scholars" is objectively shaped by differently empowered people. Difference and inequalities and hierarchies (*il faut l'admettre, aussi si on est merveilleusement postmodernes*) exist and even if every effort to eliminate these differences was made by everyone, and above all by the magicians and sorceresses governing Wiko's enchanted isle, crude reality imposes/imposed its tyranny. (Oh, generous Fellows, I appreciated so much your kind effort to speak with me, even if I needed a lot of time to utter one phrase). What does difference mean in this case? Firstly, as said, different capacity in (fluently!) speaking the human language (English); secondly, diversity in approaching research fields, depending on the belonging to different scientific areas of the world, that is to say to scientific worlds having more or less money and at the same time divergent perceptions of what research means (of what the political/epistemological sense of making research is).

Yet I'm enormously happy to have been here, to have experimented with this charmed life, to have tried to perform interdisciplinarity and dialogue and to become a social animal. Thank you all for this challenge: I feel better now than before (I only hope it goes on); I can now come back to my wonderful country knowing that I actually was part of this extraordinary utopia. And we need Utopia, as you dear comrades and outstanding scholars perfectly know.



SOCIETAS STUDIORUM
KATHARINA VOLK

Katharina Volk (M.A. Munich, Ph.D. Princeton) is Professor of Classics at Columbia University. A specialist in Latin literature and Roman culture by training and an intellectual historian by vocation, she is particularly interested in the intersections of knowledge and politics, poetry and philosophy, and actions and ideas. Volk is the author of *The Poetics of Latin Didactic: Lucretius, Vergil, Ovid, Manilius* (2002), *Manilius and his Intellectual Background* (2009), and *Ovid* (2010; German 2012), as well as numerous articles ranging from Homeric formula to Roman antiquarianism. She has edited or co-edited six volumes and from 2010 to 2013 served as the Editor of *Transactions of the American Philological Association*. Her project at the Wissenschaftskolleg (and for the years to come) concerns the intellectual history of the late Roman Republic and features such illustrious old Romans as Cicero, Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Varro, and Nigidius Figulus. – Address: Department of Classics, Columbia University, 1130 Amsterdam Ave., 617 Hamilton Hall, New York, NY 10027, USA. E-mail: kv2018@columbia.edu.

My year at the Wissenschaftskolleg was dedicated to *Wissenschaft* – not just my own scholarly work, but also the intellectual activities of a group of long-dead individuals, Roman senators whose ideas and writings in the mid-first century B.C.E. produced an unprecedented cultural flourishing at the same time as their inherited political system of republican governance was falling to pieces around them. One of the things that struck me about these men was the way they tended to view scholarship as a communal activity, best experienced with likeminded friends in what they liked to call a *Societas Studiorum*, a “community of studies”, and what we might simply refer to as “Wiko”. For as I immersed

myself more fully in the intellectual mores of both Via Appia and Wallotstraße, it seemed to me that the boundaries between the frame and the picture of my scholarly endeavors were beginning to blur, with uncanny and exhilarating similarities emerging between the sociability of *Wissenschaft* then and now.

While the cast of characters was admittedly somewhat different – there Cicero, Caesar, and Brutus, here Hubert Wolf, Myles Jackson, and Mary O’Sullivan – the activities we moderns engaged in were pretty much the same as those of our ancient precursors: *legere et scribere*, “reading and writing”, was the Roman intellectual’s shorthand for doing research and is still an accurate description of what most of us were practicing during our ten months in Berlin (that is, when we were not at the Komische Oper, biking in the Grunewald, or exploring the dining options in the Scheunenviertel). Just like the 21st-century Wiko Fellows, the Ciceros and Caesars of old circulated drafts of their work among their peers, hoping for feedback and (ideally) praise. They regaled one another with copies of their books, often with elaborate dedications and the more or less explicit expectation of a counter-dedication down the line. Of course, they discussed their ideas, in smaller and larger groups, and had their vociferous disagreements. Can all human behavior be explained by tracing the interactions of matter within the human body? Is there an ethical code behind and above all positive law? Some of the questions that exercised the folks I study still resonate around the Kolloquiumraum over 2,000 years later.

Needless to say, there were many lighter moments. Just like us at Wiko, those ancient Romans loved to exchange ideas over food and, of course, drink, though their poison of choice was Falernian rather than Rheinhessen Riesling. Already then, the backdrop of intellectual activity was the villa: whenever they had a chance, Roman aristocrats flocked to their country places in the Alban Mountains or the Bay of Naples – Grunewald *avant la lettre* – to enjoy the scenery and pen their immortal works. Then as now, the arts provided an important counterpoint to research and study: just as mid-first century Romans listened to Catullus and Lucretius, we were enchanted by Carey Harrison and Sinan Antoon; as they surrounded themselves with Greek statuary, we gazed on the works of Susan Ossman and Claire Lambe; as they enjoyed the flute and the lyre, we were treated to the premiere of Alberto Posada’s *Rhapsody on a Bavarian Beer Bottle*. But alas, just like in the last days of the Roman Republic, not all was well with the world during our time at Wiko: politics kept intruding on our *villeggiatura*, just as it did for Cicero and his friends, and just as they occasionally had to rush back to Rome and try to shore up (or tear down) the commonwealth, thus we were inspired by current events to march for

science – even if we never quite got around to the much anticipated March of the Naked Intellectuals.

But let me not push the parallel too far. There were some important differences between the *Societas Studiorum Wikoniana* and that of 2,000 years ago. Unlike the Romans of old, we did not rely on slave labor but on the outstanding Wiko staff, who – we fervently hope – enjoy a somewhat superior *qualité de vie au travail*. Instead of having to harass our friends to lend us books (as we find Cicero doing again and again in his letters), we could rely on those miracle workers of the Wiko library to conjure up – apparently out of thin air and in record time – even the most obscure volumes. Instead of feeding on the questionable delicacies of ancient Rome (dormice in honey, anyone?), we were treated to delicious cuisine curated by Dunia Najjar and prepared by the fantastic team at the Wiko kitchen. And instead of having to rush home every few days and attend meetings of the senate, address the Roman people, or prepare for the conquest of Gaul, we were enjoying near-eternal *Feriae Latinae* in this Arcadia on the Halensee.

So, to come to the question that the senators of old asked themselves when returning from their country seats: did I get any work done? Unlike Cicero, who at his best times produced about a book a month, I am bound to give the ritual answer, “not as much as I was hoping”. Nevertheless, I am pleased. I completed two sizeable chapters of my monograph, both of which address the interplay of philosophy and politics in the late Republic. In this context, I explored specifically the topics of Epicurean political engagement, of the political messages of Cicero’s philosophical corpus of the 40s B.C.E., and of the role of philosophy in the assassination of Julius Caesar in 44. I also wrote a chapter for an edited volume on the question whether Caesar was an Epicurean (my Solomonic answer: in part), as well as two conference papers on subjects a bit further afield. The first (for a meeting in Rome to commemorate the death of the Roman poet Ovid 2,000 years ago) discussed the depiction of Julius Caesar’s assassination and apotheosis in the *Metamorphoses*, while the second (for a conference on apocalypse and eschatology in Cambridge) considered the question whether the Romans of the mid-first century experienced the end of the Republic as though it were the end of the world.

Luckily, the end of our Fellowship at Wiko will not be the end of the world (even if a certain doomsday mood lies over Wallotstraße on these, our last days) nor will it, we hope, be the end of our particular *Societas Studiorum*. This will continue in print, in cyberspace, and in future encounters, even if for now, we all leave behind the villa and return to real life.



DIE EVOLUTION DER KUNST JULIA VOSS

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Nie vergessen werde ich den Tag, als wir in Berlin ankamen. Es war Ende August, von Frankfurt nach Berlin waren wir mit dem Auto gefahren und meine Söhne Hans und Jim saßen auf der Rückbank, mein Mann konnte erst später nachkommen. Als wir auf den Parkplatz auf der Koenigsallee einbogen, wo sich unsere Wohnung befand, schien die Sonne durch die Kronen der Kastanien und warf Muster auf den Kies, wie in einem Gemälde von Max Liebermann, einem seiner Gartenlokale aus den 1880er-Jahren.

Das Jahr, das so schön anfang, wurde noch viel besser. Begonnen hat es mit kleinen Freuden, die sich in einer Zeitungsredaktion nur schwer umsetzen lassen: Ich bestellte über den Bibliotheksservice die Bücher, die ich schon lange auf meiner Liste stehen hatte. Und weil der Bibliotheksservice das kleine Wunder ist, das er ist, waren die Bücher am nächsten Tag da. Von der ersten bis zur letzten Seite las ich endlich den Katalog des

Museum of Modern Art, *Inventing Abstraction, 1910–1925: How a Radical Idea Changed Modern Art*, um zu verstehen, warum dort die schwedische Malerin Hilma af Klint nicht mit einem Wort und in keiner Fußnote erwähnt wurde. Ich ließ mir mehrere Kataloge über Hilla von Rebay kommen, die Künstlerin und Gründungsdirektorin der Salomon R. Guggenheim Foundation in New York, um dort nachzulesen, welche Tradition der Abstraktion mit ihr von Europa nach Amerika gebracht worden war. Zum ersten Mal hielt ich Helena Blavatskys *Geheimlehre* in Händen, drei Bände, die als Gründungswerk der Theosophie gelten, für die sich auch Hilma af Klint interessierte.

Das Projekt, mit dem ich ans Wissenschaftskolleg gekommen war, erschien mir zunächst übersichtlich. Meine Doktorarbeit hatte ich vor mehr als zehn Jahren über „Darwins Bilder“ geschrieben, über die Bedeutung nämlich, die Bilder in Charles Darwins Forschung und in seinen Veröffentlichungen hatten. Dabei konnte ich aufzeigen, dass der englische Forscher seine Evolutionstheorie wie eine Collage zusammenfügte, aus Bildtypen dreier Disziplinen, der Embryologie, Geologie und Taxonomie. Das eindrucklichste Dokument dazu findet sich in einem Notizbuch aus dem Sommer 1837, in dem Darwin eine Seite mit „I think“ beginnt, um dann Schrift und Wort zu verlassen und ins Bild zu wechseln: Darunter skizzierte Darwin sein erstes Evolutionsdiagramm.

Hilma af Klint ist der einzige mir bekannte Fall, in dem das Wort „Evolution“ sogar in einem Gemälde auftaucht. Die Malerin schrieb 1908 „Evolutionen“, zu deutsch „die Evolution“ auf eines ihrer Bilder und benannte die gesamte Serie danach. Dass sich Künstler im 19. Jahrhundert für die Theorie der Evolution interessierten und zum Gegenstand ihrer Arbeit machten, ist das Thema von großen Ausstellungen gewesen, die in der Frankfurter Kunsthalle Schirn oder im Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge gezeigt worden waren. Hilma af Klint war allerdings übersehen worden, wie so häufig. Erst seitdem im Jahr 2013 das Moderna Museet in Stockholm die Künstlerin zur „Pionierin der Abstraktion“ erklärte, da sie bereits 1906 ungegenständlich zu malen begonnen hatte, ist eine Debatte um ihr Werk ausgebrochen und die Stellung, die es im Kanon der Moderne haben soll.

Ich hatte mir zunächst vorgenommen zu klären, was sie mit „Evolution“ meinte. Auffällig schien mir, dass sie von 1905 an fast ausschließlich in Serien gearbeitet hatte, dem Bildformat also, das Entwicklung vor Augen führt und zentral für alle Evolutionstheoretiker war, von Darwin über Huxley bis Haeckel. Zum anderen war bekannt, dass Hilma af Klint ein Jahr lang an einem tiermedizinischen Institut als Zeichnerin gearbeitet hatte. Sie kannte also Forschung nicht nur vom Lesen her, sondern auch aus der direkten

Anschauung. Den Verbindungen von Kunst und Wissenschaft in Hilma af Klints Werk wollte ich also ursprünglich nachgehen.

Am Anfang hielt ich das Mittagessen am Wissenschaftskolleg für eine praktische Einrichtung, wenn auch eine schöne. Man ersparte sich, jeden Tag kochen zu müssen. Ich lernte aber schnell, wieviel mehr diese Mittagessen sind. Wo auch immer ich am Vormittag in meiner Arbeit steckengeblieben war, beim Mittagessen kam ich weiter. Was weiß die Wissenschaft über Hermaphroditen, fragte ich mich an einem Tag. In Hilma af Klints Gemälden tauchen immer wieder Zwitterwesen auf, am offensichtlichsten in Gestalt von Schnecken. Kurz nach dem Mittagessen hatte ich bereits die Antwort, sie kam von dem Biologen und Fellow Michael Jennions, mit dem ich am Tisch gegessen hatte; er schickte mir einen Aufsatz von 2016 aus der *Encyclopedia of Evolutionary Biology*. Wie erklären sich die vielen Marienerscheinungen im 19. Jahrhundert, war eine andere Frage. Da Hilma af Klint auch Visionen hatte, schien es mir sinnvoll, sich mit diesem Phänomen auseinanderzusetzen und Hubert Wolf, katholischer Theologe und ebenfalls Fellow, empfahl mir das Buch von David Blackbourne zum sogenannten Wunder von Marpingen. Der Weg konnte auch umgekehrt begangen werden: Ob Hilma af Klint vielleicht von Hildegard von Bingen wusste? Das fragte mich die Wissenschaftshistorikerin Gianna Pomata und wenig später stellte ich fest: Gianna Pomata hatte Recht – und mich auf eine neue Spur damit gebracht.

Dann, inzwischen war es Januar geworden, fuhr ich zum ersten Mal ins Archiv der Hilma af Klint Stiftelsen nach Schweden. Dieser Aufenthalt war ein großes Glück und ein kleiner Schock. Ideen, auf die mich Gespräche am Kolleg gebracht hatten, fand ich dort bestätigt. Hilma af Klint schrieb über Hildegard von Bingen, sie führte eine Liste mit Frauen, die Marienerscheinungen hatten, und ihre Verbindungen zur Wissenschaft waren viel enger, als ich vermutet hatte. Ich stieß allerdings auch auf Dokumente, die ich nicht erwartet hatte: Ein kleines Tagebuch, das den Titel „italienska resan“ trug, zu deutsch „italienische Reise“. Mir schien es einerseits unwahrscheinlich, dass niemand zuvor geprüft hatte, ob Klint in Italien gewesen war. In allen Veröffentlichungen bisher sind nur Reisen in die Schweiz erwähnt, nach Dornach, die im Jahr 1920 einsetzten, als Klint fast sechzig Jahre alt war. Andererseits erinnerte ich mich nicht, dass dieses Notizbuch auch nur irgendwo genannt worden war. Im Journalismus hatte ich die Erfahrung gemacht, dass es sich lohnt, sofort neuen Spuren nachzugehen. Tatsächlich stellte sich heraus, dass es eine gute Sache ist, Journalistin und Kunsthistorikerin gleichzeitig zu sein. Noch von Berlin aus schrieb ich einen Brief an das Hotel in Florenz, in dem Hilma

af Klint während ihres Aufenthalts wahrscheinlich gewohnt hatte. Bei dem Schreiben, das ich auf Italienisch abfassen wollte, half mir Luca Giuliani und es ist mit Sicherheit der eleganteste Brief, den das Hotel je in seiner Geschichte erhalten hat. Hilma af Klint, so konnte ich vor Ort durch Übereinstimmungen mit Notizbuchskizzen nachweisen, war Gast in dem Hotel, wann blieb jedoch offen. Mithilfe der Bibliothek des Wissenschaftskollegs, namentlich durch ihre Leiterin Sonja Grund, konnte der Zeitraum jedoch eingegrenzt werden. Hierfür wurden alte Reiseführer studiert. Demnach bereiste Klint vermutlich zu Beginn des 20. Jahrhunderts Norditalien, kurz bevor sie ihr avantgardistisches Werk begann. Das Bild der Künstlerin, die bisher als zurückgezogen und künstlerisch isoliert beschrieben wird, ändert sich damit entscheidend.

Als Journalistin muss ich an diesem Punkt meines Berichts bemängeln, dass der Text, obwohl er kurz ist, zu viele Namen enthält und dadurch die Lesbarkeit beeinträchtigt wird. Als ehemaliger Fellow muss ich aber einwenden: Eben das, der Reichtum an Personen, die vielseitige Unterstützung, der ständige Austausch und die schnelle Hilfe, ganz gleichgültig, welches Problem vorliegt, macht die Einzigartigkeit des Kollegs aus. Die Fellows Jennifer Fewell und Vivek Nityananda, die über Insekten forschen, würden uns vielleicht einen Superorganismus nennen. Wie bei den Insektenstaaten wird sich im Übrigen auch am Wissenschaftskolleg um die Belange des Nachwuchses gekümmert, was das Arbeiten sehr erleichtert und die Kinder glücklich macht.

Die Recherche beschleunigte sich danach noch weiter: Durch den zusätzlichen engen Austausch mit Johan af Klint, dem Großneffen von Hilma af Klint, konnten hundert weitere unbekannte Zeichnungen der Künstlerin ausfindig gemacht werden. Ein Veterinärmedizinisches Museum in Westschweden besitzt damit, nach der Hilma af Klint Stiftelsen, die zweitgrößte Sammlung von Werken der Künstlerin weltweit. Mir wurde damit klar, wie wenig bisher über Hilma af Klint bekannt war, und dass für alle weiterführenden Fragen zuerst die grundlegenden beantwortet werden müssen.

Was ich in wenigen Monaten mithilfe zahlreicher Kollegen und Mitarbeiter am Wissenschaftskolleg herausgefunden hatte, reichte, um mich vor eine Wahl zu stellen: entweder in die Wissenschaft zurückzukehren, um der Sache auf den Grund zu gehen, oder die Zeitungsarbeit wieder aufzunehmen, und die vielen Fragen nach Leben und Werk von Hilma af Klint auf sich beruhen zu lassen. Ich habe mich für die Forschung entschieden.

Den Kolleg-Effekt werde ich auch in Zukunft versuchen, in meine Arbeit einzubauen. Mit Thomas Ackermann plane ich ein Projekt zum Kunstmarkt, um dessen Besonderheiten zu beschreiben und zu verstehen. Welchen Einfluss nimmt der Markt auf die

Form der Kunst? Und welchen auf die Kanonisierung von Künstlern? Auch hier führt die Spur zu Hilma af Klint zurück, die zu Lebzeiten keines ihrer modernen Werke verkaufte und im Testament die Unverkäuflichkeit verfügte.

Neben dem großen Forschungsprojekt konnte ich in dem zurückliegenden Jahr einige Aufsätze schreiben: In der Zeitschrift *New German Critique* erschien im Februar 2017 etwa mein Beitrag „Have German Restitution Politics Been Advanced Since the Gurlitt Case? A Journalist’s Perspective“; die *Zeitschrift für Ideengeschichte* veröffentlichte im Heft XI/3 Herbst 2017 meinen Aufsatz „Kunst, Markt und Serie. Zeitstile im frühen 21. Jahrhundert“; im Herbst soll der Band zur Tagung „Philosophie des Museums“ in Druck gehen, zu dem ich ebenfalls beigetragen habe, sowie ein weiterer zur Kunstkritik, mit dem Titel „Warum die Kunstkritik in Zukunft noch wichtiger ist“, der auf eine Konferenz in Luzern zurückgeht. Auch für die *FAZ* habe ich weitergeschrieben und zum Beispiel ein Interview mit dem Maler Kerry James Marshall geführt (www.faz.net/aktuell/feuilleton/kunst/kerry-james-marshall-ueber-schwarze-in-der-kunst-15006114.html). Und nicht zuletzt: Am Wissenschaftskolleg habe ich auch begonnen, Schwedisch zu lernen. Erstaunlich, wie viel in ein Jahr hineinpasst.



VATIKANISCHE PLÄNE UND BERLINER
FREIHEITEN
HUBERT WOLF

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Ein ganzes Jahr nur für die Forschung und den Austausch! Diese traumhaften Berliner Freiheiten, die Fellows am Wissenschaftskolleg genießen, wollte ich ursprünglich im Studienjahr 2015/16 nutzen, um an einer Monografie zu Papst Pius XII. (1939–1958) und zur Geschichte der katholischen Kirche in seinem Pontifikat zu arbeiten. Die dafür notwendigen Bestände im Vatikanischen Geheimarchiv, rund 200.000 archivalische Einheiten aus dem Pontifikat Pius’ XII., wurden aber überraschenderweise nicht rechtzeitig zugänglich. Schon Benedikt XVI. hatte die Archivöffnung vorbereiten lassen, Papst Franziskus vollzog die Apertura jedoch nicht – aus welchen Gründen auch immer.

Deswegen bat ich darum, mein Fellowship um ein Jahr zu verschieben, ein Anliegen, das großzügig gewährt wurde. Doch die erwartete Archivöffnung kam allen positiven Vorzeichen zum Trotz auch im folgenden Jahr nicht.

Was also tun? Noch einmal um Aufschub bitten und sich damit endgültig abhängig machen von den Launen römischer Archivpolitik? Das Thema sein lassen und ein anderes Projekt in der produktiv-kritischen Atmosphäre des Wissenschaftskollegs weitertreiben? Auf die Archivrecherchen verzichten und das Thema ohne Quellenfundierung angehen, im Vertrauen darauf, dass auch das eine sinnvolle Beschäftigung ist, wenn sowieso „auch Klio dichtet“ (Hayden White)?

Schon die Ernsthaftigkeit der Thematik verbot die letzte Lösung, denn es ging insbesondere um das viel diskutierte Schweigen Papst Pius' XII. zur Shoa. Die neu zugänglichen Quellen im Vatikanischen Geheimarchiv sollten es ermöglichen, die entscheidenden Fragen endlich zu beantworten und so den ausufernden Spekulationen, Polemiken und Apologien neue Fakten entgegenzusetzen: Wann wusste der Papst von wem was über die Shoa? Mit wem hat er sich darüber beraten? Wie reagierte er? Hat er tatsächlich einen öffentlichen Protest vorbereitet, diesen aber nicht publiziert? Warum hat er den „Katholiken“ Hitler nicht exkommuniziert, warum die katholischen Soldaten nicht vom Treueeid auf den Diktator entbunden? Was waren die Gründe für seine Zurückhaltung? Sammelte er bereits als Nuntius in Deutschland, in den Jahren 1917 bis 1929, Erfahrungen, aus denen Wahrnehmungs- und Handlungsmuster resultierten, die ihn als Papst fast zwanghaft auf Überparteilichkeit beziehungsweise Neutralität bedacht sein ließen?

Ich habe mir Zeit zum Nachdenken genommen und schließlich drei Projekte verfolgt:

Erstens habe ich die Zeit des späteren Papstes Pius XII. in Deutschland in den Blick genommen, zu der die Quellen bereits vorliegen. Vor allem habe ich intensiv mit den rund 8.000 Berichten gearbeitet, die er als Nuntius in Deutschland schrieb und die in Münster in einer kritischen Online-Edition veröffentlicht werden (www.pacelli-edition.de). Über die deutschen Prägungen des späteren Papstes habe ich intensiv mit Kolleginnen und Kollegen diskutiert. Die daraus resultierende Teilbiografie Pius' XII. als Nuntius in Deutschland ist weit gediehen. Für die irgendwann erfolgende Archivöffnung der Bestände aus der Zeit nach 1939 bin ich jetzt bestens vorbereitet. Insofern habe ich mein Projekt wenigstens halb fertigstellen können.

Zweitens habe ich im Wissenschaftskolleg mein bereits fast fertiges Buch über das Konklave zu Ende geschrieben und in einem öffentlichen Abendvortrag präsentiert – in

der protestantisch geprägten Hauptstadt eine thematisch eher ungewöhnliche Veranstaltung, die dank der guten Öffentlichkeitsarbeit und des Renommées des Wissenschaftskollegs gut besucht war. Für die dritte Auflage konnte ich in Berlin einen Nachtrag zum Umgang mit einem amtsunfähigen Papst verfassen.

Drittens habe ich mich mit der Konzeption eines neuen Projekts aus dem Feld „digital theologies“ beschäftigt, wofür das Wissenschaftskolleg eine besonders anregende Atmosphäre und wichtige Gesprächspartnerinnen und -partner bot. Es geht um die Edition der Genese heiliger Texte. Diese gelten zwar nicht selten als verbal inspiriert und jeglicher Auslegung entzogen. Sie sind aber gewordene Texte, Gotteswort in Menschenwort eben. Ihre oft sehr komplexe Entstehungs- und Auslegungsgeschichte kann nur auf digitale Weise adäquat visualisiert werden. Angesichts religiöser Fundamentalismen scheint hier ein auch wissenschaftspolitisch hochrelevantes Themenfeld vorzuliegen.

Die Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter des Wissenschaftskollegs, der Rektor Luca Giuliani und sein Team, verdienen Inzens mit Weihrauch, um höchstes Lob einmal katholisch-liturgisch auszudrücken. Aber zu einer feierlichen Liturgie gehören Konzelebranten. Und die habe ich manchmal ein wenig vermisst. Vielleicht sollte man auch für die sonst eher individualistisch geprägten Geisteswissenschaften – ähnlich wie für die Biologie – Fellowteams bilden, die ein gemeinsames Großthema bearbeiten, um die Kohärenz zu stärken. Das wäre sicherlich eine ganz besondere Herausforderung. Sonst habe ich mich am Wissenschaftskolleg bestens aufgehoben gefühlt. Es waren gerade auch Gespräche mit Naturwissenschaftlerinnen und -wissenschaftlern aus aller Welt und aus unterschiedlichen Generationen, die mir neue Impulse gegeben haben. Die Unvorhersehbarkeit der römischen Planungen hat den Berliner Freiheiten letztlich keinen Abbruch getan, im Gegenteil: Es war eine produktive Zeit. Gratiam refero!

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