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## VORWORT DES HERAUSGEBERS

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Das erste Jahrbuch des Wissenschaftskollegs erschien im Frühjahr 1983, es enthielt siebenzehn Berichte von Fellows des ersten Jahrgangs. Inzwischen liegen fünfunddreißig weitere Bände vor, die Gesamtzahl der Berichte ist auf nahezu 1700 angestiegen. Bei aller Unterschiedlichkeit im Einzelnen haben sich die Berichte doch zu einer spezifischen Textgattung entwickelt, mit eigenen Konventionen und Gepflogenheiten. Die Leserschaft setzt sich aus mindestens zwei sehr unterschiedlichen Gruppen zusammen. Zunächst und ganz offiziell wenden die Berichte sich an einen breiten und anonymen Kreis, der dem Kolleg (hoffentlich) gewogen ist, ohne aber mit dem betreffenden Jahrgang direkt in Berührung gekommen zu sein. Zugleich aber hat (fast) jeder Fellow beim Schreiben auch seine fellow-Fellows im Auge, die seinen Text wahrscheinlich als Erste und oft mit besonderer Aufmerksamkeit lesen werden, auf der Suche nach einer gemeinsamen Erinnerung, einer versteckten Anspielung oder einem verborgenen Witz.

Mit den Konventionen der Gattung kann man unterschiedlich umgehen: Es gibt Berichte, die sich unauffällig dem Mainstream anpassen, sachlich und ohne eigene Originalitätsansprüche zu entwickeln. Daneben gibt es aber auch immer wieder Berichte, die der Gattung eine neue, noch nicht ausprobierte Facette abzugewinnen trachten (was bei der wachsenden Menge an publizierten vorliegenden Berichten naturgemäß immer schwieriger wird). Es überrascht kaum, dass zu einer solchen Spielfreudigkeit vor allem Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler neigen, die vom eigenen Fach her gewohnt sind, sich mit Texten zu befassen. Das Jahrbuch 2017/18 liefert dafür herrliche Beispiele. So plädiert etwa Pascale Cancik, ihres Zeichens Spezialistin für Verwaltungsrecht, eindrücklich dafür, „die Erfassungseffizienz [der Berichte] durch einen einheitlichen Fragebogen“ zu verbessern, dessen Beantwortung am besten in Listenform erfolgen sollte; diese Forderung setzt

sie im eigenen Bericht auch gleich um, wobei sie dankenswerterweise jede Eintragung quantifiziert: „Grundlegende projektbezogene Zweifel: 1; Normale projektbezogene Zweifel: 13; [...] Abschiedspartyvorbereitungsmails: 117; Überwältigende Wasser-, Jasmin-, Akazien-, Lindenblütendufteneindrücke: 721“ (41–44). Matthias Egeler, der über isländische Mythen des hohen Mittelalters und deren Verankerung in der realen Topografie forscht, berichtet, wie er sich zu Anfang seines Fellowjahrs (ausgerechnet!) am Hagenplatz verlaufen habe, und mokiert sich über die eigenen Versuche, den Straßennamen im Grunewald einen hermeneutischen Sinn abzugewinnen (57–62). Der pakistanische Schriftsteller Mohammed Hanif liefert eine hinreißende Minikurzgeschichte, worin ein schwarzes Kleid von einer Wäscheleine im dritten Stock der Villa Walther davonfliegt, sich in einem Baum verfängt und von Sonja Mejcher-Atassis Sohn Nouri, dem Anführer der Kinderschar, wieder auf den Boden gezaubert wird: „As the black dress floated towards the ground, we all knew that if we put our heads together, despite our various histories and different tastes in wine and books, if we all submitted to the wise and gentle leadership of Nouri, we could achieve anything“ (90). Der Architekt und Architekturhistoriker Vittorio Magnago Lampugnani schließlich schreibt einen ausführlichen Beschwerdebrief, der im letzten Satz ganz unvermutet in eine positive Bewertung umschlägt: „Das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg war eines der anregendsten, produktivsten, angenehmsten und in jeder Beziehung bereicherndsten Jahre meines Lebens“ (134). Der Modus der Ironie, in dem die angeführten Berichte gehalten sind, verhindert allerdings, dass ernsthafte Konflikte explizit gemacht werden.

Anders beim Cembalisten und Bach-Forscher Andreas Staier, der im Lauf des Jahres mit seiner Musik mehrfach dazu beigetragen hat, die Fellow-Gemeinschaft in einen Gleichklang zu bringen: „Man kommt sich am Wiko soviel näher, als ich je erwartet hätte. Ich hatte mir ein Ambiente vorgestellt, in dem man während diverser Mahlzeiten freundlich konversiert und ansonsten eigene Wege geht. Wie anders wurde es! Aus Fellows wurden Freunde. [...] Aber Nähe macht auch verletzlich. Dass manche Konflikte mir schlaflose Nächte bereiten würden, hätte ich ebenso wenig erwartet. ‚Andreas, worüber sprichst Du, wenn Du mit lauter anderen älteren weißen Männern am Mittagstisch sitzt?‘ Ja, vielleicht über die Weltherrschaft der Cembalisten und Bach-Forscher? Wie darauf reagieren, ohne sarkastisch zu werden? Die Frage blieb unbeantwortet. Es ist traurig, sich einzugestehen, dass manchmal Kommunikation nicht möglich ist, selbst wenn sich beide Seiten Mühe geben, einander sogar in Sympathie zugetan sind“ (181f.).

Das vorliegende Vorwort ist das letzte, das ich zu einem Band des Jahrbuchs verfasse; deswegen erscheint es mir an dieser Stelle statthaft, vom üblichen Vorwort-Modus des

Herausgebers in den eines eigenen Berichts überzuwechseln. Wenn ich in diesem Sinn mit einem Bekenntnis beginnen darf: Es ist dies wohl der schwierigste Jahrgang gewesen, den ich in meiner Amtszeit als Rektor erlebt habe – auch wenn die erheblichen Konflikte letzten Endes vor allem eine kleine Gruppe betrafen: Die Mehrheit der Fellows hat sich dadurch nicht wirklich stören lassen.

Als konflikträchtig haben sich zwei Punkte erwiesen. Der erste ergab sich aus der #MeToo-Bewegung, die im November 2017 unvermutet das Kolleg erreichte (für kurze Erwähnungen vgl. 103, 113, 127, 141; keine davon geht auf den spezifischen Fall ein). Franco Moretti, auswärtiger Permanent Fellow, sollte nach Berlin kommen, um in einem Dienstagskolloquium vorzutragen. Kurz vor dem vorgesehenen Termin erschien ein Beitrag auf Facebook, worin eine ehemalige Studentin aus Berkeley ihn eines gravierenden Fehlverhaltens beschuldigte; der angebliche Vorfall lag mehr als dreißig Jahre zurück. Franco Moretti setzte das Kolleg unverzüglich in Kenntnis; er leugnete nicht, als Visiting Professor mit der betreffenden Frau eine Beziehung gehabt zu haben, die jedoch konsensueller Natur gewesen sei. Unter erheblichem Zeitdruck beschloss die Leitung des Kollegs, 1) am geplanten Vortrag festzuhalten, und 2) die Fellows über die geäußerten Vorwürfe zu informieren. Der Vortrag selbst war ungewöhnlich schlecht besucht. Am Anfang erwähnte der Referent, sichtlich aufgewühlt, mit wenigen Worten die Vorwürfe und stellte seine Position dar. Einige Fellows empfanden es indessen als anstößig, dass das Kolleg an dem Vortrag festgehalten und dem Beschuldigten, wie es hieß, eine Plattform geboten hatte; sie monierten auch, dass beides über ihre Köpfe hinweg entschieden worden sei, und artikulierten ihr Unbehagen („I feel uncomfortable“). Das Unbehagen kann ich verstehen: Unbehaglich haben sich in jenen Tagen *alle* gefühlt. Aber was folgt daraus?

Die Anfänge von #MeToo im Oktober 2017 habe ich als unbeteiligter Zuschauer mit überraschter Sympathie zur Kenntnis genommen und deren abruptes, in dieser Form unvorhersehbares Anschwellen als befreiende Korrektur uralter Missstände empfunden: Endlich wurde zur Sprache gebracht, was Jahrzehnte lang verschwiegen worden war. Meinen Töchtern, so dachte ich, würde dieser Sturm das Leben leichter machen. Dennoch, und meiner positiven Einstellung zum Trotz, wurde ich nun am Kolleg mit einer problematischen Facette von #MeToo konfrontiert. Einige Fellows hatten eine sehr dezidierte Meinung über den Vorfall; die Frage allerdings, ob die Vorwürfe berechtigt waren oder nicht: diese Frage spielte für sie augenscheinlich keine Rolle. Das bloße Erwägen der Möglichkeit, dass der Angeklagte auch unschuldig sein könnte, empfanden sie als Parteinahme für den Täter (für alle Täter) und als Verrat des Opfers (aller Opfer).

Heute, etwas mehr als ein Jahr später, wissen wir ein wenig mehr. Die Universität Stanford, an der Franco Moretti zuletzt tätig gewesen war, hat die Vorwürfe durch die zuständige Abteilung prüfen lassen; diese gelangte zum Ergebnis, dass man keinen Grund sehe, Moretti eines Fehlverhaltens zu beschuldigen; außerdem wurde festgestellt, dass es im Verlauf der nahezu zwanzig Jahre, die er als Professor in Stanford gelehrt hatte, niemals eine Beschwerde gegen ihn gegeben habe. Diesen Ausgang konnten die Ankläger im November 2017 nicht vorherwissen: Problematisch scheint mir dennoch, dass sie damals nicht bereit waren, an ihrer Einschätzung irgendeinen Zweifel zuzulassen. Das wiederum hat strukturelle Gründe. #MeToo ist eine Bewegung: Im Zentrum steht das öffentliche Anprangern und nicht (bzw. nur in vergleichsweise seltenen Fällen) die juristische Aufarbeitung. Das kann man verstehen: Die herkömmliche Art der Rechtsprechung hatte Frauen gewiss nicht dazu ermutigt, sexuelle Übergriffe zur Anzeige zu bringen; genau daraus bezog #MeToo einen guten Teil seiner Legitimität und Überzeugungskraft. Aber die Ausbreitung der Bewegung in der medialen Öffentlichkeit und ihr außerjuristischer Charakter haben auch Schattenseiten: Sie machen elementare Rechte des Angeklagten zunichte und verleiten dazu, die Unschuldsvermutung in ihr Gegenteil zu verkehren.

Nach ruhigeren Wintermonaten entwickelte sich dann im Frühsommer eine kritische Diskussion um den Begriff Diversität, deren Zuspitzung mich überrascht hat. Jahrelang habe ich diesen Begriff mit einer gewissen Laxheit verwendet. Es war und ist meine Überzeugung, dass ein entscheidender Vorzug des Wissenschaftskollegs damit zusammenhängt, dass es den Fellows eine erhebliche Chance bietet, unter ihren fellow-Fellows Bekanntschaften zu machen, zu denen sie im Umfeld ihrer Heimatinstitution keine Gelegenheit gehabt hätten: Der Aufenthalt am Kolleg impliziert die Wahrscheinlichkeit unvermuteter Begegnungen – was die meisten Fellows als reizvolle Bereicherung empfinden. In diesem Sinn strebt das Kolleg bei der Zusammenstellung eines Fellowjahrgangs nicht zuletzt nach Vielfalt in unterschiedlicher, von Jahr zu Jahr wechselnder Hinsicht.

Einzelne Fellows des vorliegenden Jahrgangs indessen plädierten für eine Schärfung des Begriffs. So wünscht sich etwa der Globalhistoriker Kris Manjapra einen „increased recruitment of scholars from the Global South (e.g. African scholars, Middle Eastern and West Asian scholars, Latin American scholars, and scholars from South Asia and the Asia-Pacific) and from racialized diasporic communities within the Global North (e.g. European scholars with a migrant heritage and scholars from the Black, Asian, and Latino

diasporas in Europe and in North America)” (142f.). Das Kolleg ist in der Tat bemüht, Fellows aus den unterschiedlichsten Regionen einzuladen; dabei geht es allerdings nicht um globale Repräsentativität, sondern – sehr viel bescheidener – um die erhöhte Chance zum Eintreten von Überraschungen. Das Phänomen, das wir mit Diversität bezeichnen, kann ganz unterschiedliche Bestimmungen erfahren; es wird in Mitteleuropa, regional und historisch bedingt, andere Facetten aufweisen als an der Ostküste der USA; daher sollte man auch nicht versuchen, diese Diversitäten-Diversität durch *eine* präskriptive Definition zu beschneiden. Aber die Forderungen von Kris Manjapra gehen über die Herkunft der Fellows hinaus; sie betreffen auch die Themen, zu denen am Kolleg geforscht werden sollte: “Dominant Western epistemological frameworks should co-exist in creative contradiction with perspectives that reflect on the limits of Western epistemes through the critical study of race, class, ethnicity, diaspora, gender, sexuality and disability” (142). Die Pluralisierung der wissenschaftlichen Perspektiven ist in der Tat ein zentrales Anliegen des Kollegs – immer schon gewesen. Die konkreten Themen, die Kris Manjapra nennt, entsprechen allerdings im wesentlichen – wohl nicht zufällig – den Brennpunkten seiner eigenen Forschung. Das Ideal, das ihm dabei vor Augen steht, ist das globaler Gerechtigkeit. Ein solches Ideal kann man sich politisch zu eigen machen; man kann darüber hinaus auch versuchen, es argumentativ zu begründen und wissenschaftlich zu untermauern; aber ich hätte erhebliche Bedenken, es als Indikator für wissenschaftliche Qualität gelten zu lassen. Das Wissenschaftskolleg betrachtet es als seine Aufgabe, gute Forschung (wie die von Kris Manjapra) zu unterstützen, ohne den Fellows vorzuschreiben, wie und worüber sie arbeiten sollen. Gerechtigkeit sollte in der Sphäre der Politik diskutiert, angestrebt und – im besten Fall – auch umgesetzt werden. Als Maßstab für gute Forschung wird sie uns kaum gute Dienste leisten.

Zukünftigen Jahrgängen wünsche ich, dass es ihnen gelingen möge, Differenzen und Konflikte auszutragen, ohne in Sprachlosigkeit zu verfallen; dabei können Zweifel am eigenen Vorgehen und an den eigenen Überzeugungen hilfreich sein: normale sowieso, aber mitunter auch grundlegende.

Luca Giuliani



*Arbeitsberichte*



ALLE HABEN ES ERFOLGREICH UND  
GLÜCKLICH GESCHAFFT!  
MARION ALBERS

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Der Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg in Berlin habe ich gespannt und mit großer Vorfreude entgegengesehen, denn in Berlin, an der Freien Universität, hatte ich vor vielen Jahren mein Studium der Rechts- und der Politikwissenschaft begonnen. Damals hatte Berlin auf mich einen grauen, kalten und unfreundlichen Eindruck gemacht. Aber ich war sicher, dass es dieses Mal anders sein würde, so dass sich einerseits ein Kreis schließen könnte, andererseits sich neue Erfahrungen und Bilder öffnen würden. Und genau so ist

es gewesen. Wunderbar waren der Empfang am Wiko und vor allem die Spreefahrt am Anfang, die die Vielfalt von Berlin zeigte und auf der man die Menschen kennen lernen konnte, die einem in den nächsten zehn Monaten näher begegnen würden. Auch Stefans spannendes Abendkolloquium „Die zerstörte Metropole: Berlin zwischen den Zeiten 1943–1947“ hat die Facetten meines Bildes von Berlin erweitert. Das vielfältige Angebot an politischen oder wissenschaftlichen Veranstaltungen, Theater, Musik oder Restaurants habe ich allerdings nur sehr begrenzt genutzt, weil ich die Zeit am Wiko selbst genießen wollte. Es hat nicht nur eine der schönsten Lagen in der Stadt, sondern insgesamt eine einzigartige Atmosphäre.

Die Einführungen am Anfang ermöglichen es, dass man sich sofort zu Hause fühlt. Zur Atmosphäre tragen so viele Dinge bei, dass ich nur ein paar Highlights aufzählen will. Die verschiedenen Häuser, das Hauptgebäude mit der Bibliothek und dem Zeitungsraum, die Weiße Villa und der schöne Erker mit Rundblick in der Bibliothek, die Villa Jaffé mit ihren Räumen und toll eingerichteten Wohnungen strahlen eine anregende und entspannende Ästhetik aus. Dazu tragen nicht zuletzt die wunderschönen Blumenarrangements im Eingangsbereich und im Restaurant bei. Hier haben wir Fellows die perfekten Drei-Gänge-Dinner an den Donnerstagabenden und die Lunches an den übrigen Tagen genossen. Für mich war aber auch das Frühstück ein Beginn in einen schönen Tag. Eine solche Auswahl und Vielseitigkeit hat man selten – und besonders gut war, dass ich auch schon um 7:30 Uhr oder noch um 10:30 Uhr etwas bekommen konnte. Überhaupt ist mir am besten in Erinnerung, dass alles am Wiko darauf ausgerichtet war, dass man sich den Tag so gestalten konnte, wie es für den eigenen Arbeitsrhythmus am besten war.

Die exzellenten Arbeitsbedingungen sind legendär. Man merkt die traumhafte Unterstützung an jeder Stelle und unter jedem Aspekt, seien es die Vorbereitung des Aufenthalts oder die Abwicklung der Organisation mit der Heimatuniversität, seien es IT-Service, Bibliothek, Unterstützung bei fremdsprachigen Publikationen oder Kolloquien- und Workshop-Organisation. Noch nie habe ich es erlebt, dass Bücher so unmittelbar, wenn ich sie brauchte, zur Verfügung standen, und zwar nahezu alle Bücher. Jetzt muss ich mich bemühen, dass meine studentischen Mitarbeiter/innen den Abschluss meiner Zeit am Wiko nicht als Anfang einer Leidensgeschichte einordnen. Großartig war auch die Organisation meines Kolloquiums mit Doktorand/inn/en, die sich vom Wiko sehr beeindruckt zeigten und dadurch in ihrer Arbeit angespornt wurden, ebenso wie die Vorbereitung meines Workshops zu Datenschutzinteressen in der Informationsgesellschaft und meines Dienstagskolloquiums.

Die Zeit am Wiko eröffnet eine Möglichkeit, aus dem oft unruhigen und mit vielen unterschiedlichen Verpflichtungen belasteten Universitätsbetrieb auszusteigen und der eigenen inhaltlichen Arbeit mehr Zeit zu widmen, als dies sonst möglich ist. In meinem Projekt, das sich mit der Rolle der Sozialität in der Grundrechtsdogmatik auseinandersetzt, haben sich vor allem mit der Einbindung der völker- und menschenrechtlichen Ebene und mit dem Lesen internationaler Literatur eine Reihe neuer Facetten ergeben. Ich bin diesen Facetten genauer nachgegangen, weil mir klar wurde, dass das Thema dadurch an Tiefe und neuartigen Perspektiven gewinnen kann. So habe ich mich, weil man bei der Ausarbeitung des Themas der „Sozialität in der Grundrechtsdogmatik“ unweigerlich an diesen Punkt kommt, unter anderem mit der Frage beschäftigt, wie Grundrechte das Verhältnis unter Privaten erfassen, welche inhaltlichen Aussagen sie dafür hergeben und welche methodischen Probleme in diesem Zusammenhang auftauchen. Aus diesem Nachdenken sind eine gesonderte französische Publikation im Pariser Verlag Editions Pedone und eine für das *German Law Journal* vorgesehene englische Publikation entstanden\*; etwas überarbeitet werde ich den Text auch noch auf Deutsch in einer Archivzeitschrift veröffentlichen. Noch stärker als ich dies zu Beginn meines Projekts vermutet hatte, führt das Thema „Sozialität in der Grundrechtsdogmatik“ in fundamentale methodische und interdisziplinäre Fragen hinein, mit denen ich mich vertieft befasst habe. Meine Vorbereitungen sind über den Rahmen eines längeren Archiv-Aufsatzes hinausgewachsen, und mir erscheint mittlerweile ein Buch als das passendere Format. Über die Erarbeitung von Textteilen in diesem Projekt hinaus konnte ich andere Publikationsverpflichtungen, die noch etwas in die Zeit am Wiko hineinragten, effektiv abschließen. Daraus hervorheben kann man das Buch *Recht & Netz*, das aus einem von der Claussen-Simon-Stiftung unterstützten Projekt mit Studierenden entstanden ist.\*\* Über die Zeit am Wiko hinausragen werden die Anregungen, die der am Wiko realisierte Workshop zu „Datenschutzinteressen in der Informationsgesellschaft“ gebracht hat. Er wird Ausgangspunkt und Anlass einer europäischen und internationalen Zusammenarbeit im komplexen Feld des Datenschutzes sein, in die auch Fellows früherer Jahre eingebunden sein werden.

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\* Albers, Marion. „Illuminations sur l’effet horizontal.“ In *L’effet horizontal des droits fondamentaux*, herausgegeben von Thomas Hochmann und Jörn Reinhardt. Paris: Editions Pedone, 2018.

Albers, Marion. „The Horizontal Effect of Fundamental Rights: Doctrinal Approaches in Germany“, erscheint voraussichtlich im *German Law Journal*, 2019.

\*\* Albers, Marion und Ioannis Katsivelas, Hg. *Recht & Netz*, Nomos: Baden-Baden, 2018.

Weit über die Ermöglichung meines eigenen Projekts hinaus hat das Wiko mit seinen vielfältigen Veranstaltungen dazu beigetragen, dass andere Felder und Disziplinen noch einmal vertieft in mein Blickfeld gekommen sind. Die vielen anregenden Gespräche mit Mitarbeiter/inne/n des Wiko oder anderen Fellows oder die immer anregenden Dientags- oder Donnerstagskolloquien und andere Abendveranstaltungen boten einzigartige Bereicherungen. Besonders genossen habe ich die Musikvorführungen – Musik erschließt sich über Erläuterungen noch einmal ganz neu. Wie schön, dass ich das nach der Rückkehr nach Hamburg relativ schnell in einem Konzert von Andreas in Hamburg-Blankenese noch einmal genießen durfte!



In Erinnerung bleiben werden mir nicht zuletzt das nette Zusammenleben mit den anderen Fellows, das Beobachten des Abflugs der Kraniche und die schöne Atmosphäre in der Villa Jaffé. Isidors erstes, praktisch akzentfreies „Guten Morgen!“ – ein Erfolg des Deutschkurses – habe ich noch im Ohr. Die anderen Fellows werden meinen, nur ein Wesen hätte in unserer Zeit am Wiko das Licht der Welt erblickt. Dabei sind es mindestens sechs! Mindestens.

Im Häuschen auf dem Balkon meiner Wohnung konnte ich fünf neue Wesen zählen (weitere haben sich vielleicht in die dunkle Sicherheit zurückgezogen), das Größerwerden der Hälse und Schnäbel sehen, das zunehmend lauter werdende Gepiepse und Gekrähe hören und die völlig erschöpften, Futter heranschaffenden Eltern beobachten. Und ich wäre auch mit den ersten Sonnenstrahlen um 4:30 Uhr morgens aufgestanden, um den Ausflug zu beobachten und dann schön zu frühstücken. Doch leider, leider habe ich ihn, noch nicht damit rechnend, während eben meiner wunderbaren Frühstückszeit verpasst. Danach war es still. Erst Tage später habe ich mich, mit Unterstützung von Ellen, getraut, das Häuschen zu öffnen. Ich befürchtete, mehrere tote Vogelküküen vorzufinden. Aber nein! Kein einziges lag im Nest. Alle haben es erfolgreich und – wir wüssten es, wenn uns die Seelen von Vögeln so gut nahegebracht worden wären wie Lars uns im Dienstagskolloquium diejenigen von Bienen erklärt hat – wahrscheinlich glücklich geschafft! Übergreifend ist das etwas, was das Wiko ermöglicht, was die Zeit am Wiko beschreibt und was weiter reicht.

Dank an alle für diese wunderbare Erfahrung!



## A DOUBLE CRISIS YASSIN AL-HAJ SALEH

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Yassin al-Haj Saleh, born in Raqqa, Syria in 1961, is a Syrian writer and political dissident. While he was studying medicine in Aleppo he was arrested and spent sixteen years in prison in Syria. Al-Haj Saleh is married to Samira Khalil, a former political prisoner, who has been abducted and “disappeared” since December 2013. He writes for Arabic- and at times for English-speaking outlets. He is a founding member of the Al-Jumhuriya group and of Hamish (fringe), the Syrian cultural house in Istanbul. Prizes: Prince Claus Award in 2012, Omar Ortilan Prize in 2016, and Kurt-Tucholsky Prize in 2017. Publications: أساطير الآخرين: نقد الإسلام المعاصر ونقد نقده (Myths of the Successors: a Critique of Contemporary Islam and a Critique of the Critique). Beirut: Dar al-Saqi, 2012. السجون السورية بالخلاص يا شباب، 16 عاما في السجون (Salvation, oh Boys: 16 Years in the Syrian Prisons). English edition: *The Impossible Revolution: Making Sense of the Syrian Tragedy*. London: Hurst, 2014. – Address: Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, Wallotstraße 19, 14193 Berlin.

I tend to think of the nine months that I lived in Berlin against a broader personal and collective background, on the one hand, and against a cultural and historical one on the other. It was the longest period I have resided in Europe, of which I visited only a few countries before, beginning only in 2014. Living outside Syria for almost five years now, I was part of a huge exodus of Syrians to neighboring countries and further away. Almost six million Syrians are expatriates now, more than one quarter of the population, with one million of them reaching Europe. Maybe three quarters of the European Syrians are in Germany. This is a big thing and it is already affecting the world in different ways. I feel

there is something peculiar about this period: Europe is in a crisis (and so is the world at large, for that matter). Securitization of politics and the rise of right wing populism are two obvious dimensions of the crisis whose essence, in my opinion, is the lack of any global emancipatory project in this time of globalization. Normative dimensions of democracy related to justice, freedom, equality and human dignity are being eroded because we do not have a vision of a better and fairer world to fight for. Reduced to procedures, democracy cannot resist authoritarian right wing populism. The world is not moving forward, it is just moving around itself. A black hole may be waiting for us behind a turn.

Two aspects of the crisis are directly related to Syria: “the refugee crisis” and “terrorism”. A third aspect, deeply connected to the essence of the European crisis, is the tolerance by many in Europe (politicians from the whole spectrum: left, mainstream, and right, experts, journalists, even some intellectuals) of an extermination state in Syria that has continued for more than seven years, during which up to one million may have been killed, hundreds of thousands brutally tortured and humiliated, and 13 million displaced internally and outside the country, which has been under the genocidal rule of the Assad dynasty for almost half a century. This tolerance is closely related in my view to one face of what I call the Islamic Question: Islamophobia. The other face of this global problem being Islamism, a complex politico-religious phenomenon that emerged between the two world wars, less than a century ago. This has hurt us in Syria and the Middle East a great deal, but it is already hurting Europe itself. Still, one hardly discerns any genuine intellectual efforts to oppose this deeply seated irrational and unethical tendency in Europe and the West, I mean the previous war of conquest and for supremacy that has not been seriously challenged in minds and souls.

European intellectuals have been our teachers in the Arab world for generations. This is changing currently. They are becoming more and more parochial when it is vital to think and to feel globally. It is left to us, far less equipped for the task, to work for globalizing thought and feeling. An intellectual uprising is overdue in Europe. And the world. An uprising against pervading fatigue and surrender to parochialism.

My project at the Wiko was about modes of mass murder. In the course of nine rich months (for I had to stop my Fellowship five weeks before my colleagues), the project was modified to something about Syria and extermination. With the world’s influential powers intervening in Syria and the Syrians scattered in the world, Syria is a global metaphor. A lot about politics, state, religion, man and the international system can be learnt from this laboratory. The book that I wish to write may take two years, starting now, but I

already have a rather detailed plan for it and have developed some tools: cold genocide, genocide as a global condition and the distinction between two forms of exception: exception from punishment like the one enjoyed by Israel and the Assad dynasty state, and exception from protection as exemplified by Palestinians and Syrians. The roots of the (in-)famous Arab or Islamic exception from democracy lie in the soil of the space of exception, that is the Middle East, the modern peoples' prison. A fourth tool is a concept of dynamic exception, excepting exception so to speak, which is the case of a new ferocious class in Syria organically related to the regime and that of an equally ferocious agents: the genocidal Islamists.

Apart from the fact that exception and exceptionality seem to be a fertile entry to global politics today, they have deep personal implications for me. It happened that unwelcome exceptions hit me hard. They were formative experiences, life changers indeed. However, I have benefited from good exceptions as well, the last of which being that I will be at the Wiko again for some months after my premature leave.

In Europe and at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, this is symbolically charged for me. For generations in our culture, to be an intellectual has meant to be European in a way, when Europe means learning, knowledge, debate, philosophy and the future of the world. Now that the road to the future is blocked and Syria, which is already a German and European cause, is a paradigm for this blockage, high culture can justify itself only by thinking of this global conjecture and finding ways out. These thoughts were in my mind while at the Wiko, which offered me a great chance for meeting many interesting people from many countries and diverse backgrounds around the world, talking to them, learning from them and reading good books. This global space can be thought of as a front in the fight for a future and against the enemies: fatigue and parochialism.



IN SEARCH OF THE RAINS  
ASFAWOSSEN ASRAT KASSAYE

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Asfawossen Asrat Kassaye is Professor of Geology at the School of Earth Sciences at Addis Ababa University (AAU). He received his Ph.D. from the Center of Petrological and Geochemical Research (CNRS-CRPG) and the Henri Poincaré University, Nancy in Geochemistry and Petrology in 2002. Current research projects include “Speleothem Palaeoclimatology”, “Historical Climatology”, “Cave Geoarchaeology”, “Paleo-Lakes and Hominin Sites”, and “Geoheritage, Geodiversity and Geoconservation”. He has extensively published in various fields of Earth Sciences in high-impact journals. He has also authored two textbooks and a popular science book entitled *Geotourism in Ethiopia*. He is or has been a member and leader of many national and international professional associations including: the Ethiopian Academy of Sciences, the World Academy of Sciences – TWAS, the Geological Society of Africa, the Eastern Africa Quaternary Research Association, Past Global Changes – PAGES, the UNESCO Global Geoparks Council, and the African Network of Earth Sciences Institutions. He has been serving as an Associate Editor of the journals *Quaternary International*, *Annals of Geomorphology*, and *Geoheritage*. In addition, he has served the AAU in various academic administration positions, including as Academic Programs Officer, Associate Vice President for Academic Affairs, and Chief Academic Officer for Research. – Address: School of Earth Sciences, Addis Ababa University, P.O. Box 1176, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.  
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The first time I heard about the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin (Wiko) was in 2015 when a very esteemed colleague of mine who himself was a former Fellow of Wiko mentioned

it over coffee and matter-of-factly asked me whether I would be interested to apply for the Fellowship. Nearly three years later, on September 15, 2017, I started my Wiko year.

I had grand ambitions for my stay at Wiko: reconstructing a quantitative rainfall index and drought recurrence in the period 1750–1950 in the Ethiopian highlands using documentary archives (historical archives, treatises, chronicles, church records, municipality archives, tax records, travel reports, military operation reports, missionary correspondences, letters, gazettes, weather diaries, scientific mission reports, flood level gauges, etc.). Though rainfall is very crucial for subsistence in Ethiopia, as the country's agrarian economy is entirely dependent on the distribution and amount of rainfall, the country's rain cycle is very erratic in its spatial and temporal distribution, leading to frequent moisture stress and drought. Reasonably forecasting the rainfall pattern has been a major challenge owing to the lack or scarcity of long instrumental records. On the other hand, reconstructing the rainfall regime to the highest possible temporal and spatial resolution is imperative, because even a slight variability in rainfall amount and distribution leads to a major shift in the hydrologic system and the vegetation regime in various localities. Reconstructing the rainfall index of a long-term series from any available historical records in Ethiopia is therefore of great practical importance, as a long record of rainfall will help to better understand the rainfall regime in the country and possibly to predict drought cycles, which in turn will help to prepare for immediate impacts and eventually to plan long-term adaptation and mitigation strategies.

As part of my bigger research program on paleo-climate reconstruction, I have been thinking of doing this particular research for a long time and had in fact been collecting available archival sources whenever I had the chance to do so. However, this kind of research requires reading hundreds of books and archival sources and extracting data in a systematic manner. The Wiko was an ideal setting for this purpose: the fantastic library system along with the very savvy and helpful library personnel; the ideal working environment where I was given all the space, time, and resources for my research with no administrative and teaching duties; the company of Fellows, which encouraged intellectual pursuits; the environmentally friendly physical setting of the Wiko; and above all the excellent service provided by the warm, friendly, and efficient Wiko staff.

It was impossible not to be productive in such a setting. In addition to publishing several articles, which I had been postponing in the previous years for lack of enough time to write them up, my Wiko year was a time when I rediscovered my strong appetite for reading. I was able to read several hundred travel diaries, treatises, chronicles, church

records, travel reports, military operation reports, missionary correspondences, weather diaries, and scientific mission reports on the highlands of Ethiopia covering the last 250 years. I was able to largely reconstruct the rainfall index and the drought recurrence history of the Ethiopian highlands of the last 250 years. Though my dream of fulfilling an easy and healthy routine of “8 hours work: 8 hours relaxation: 8 hours sleep” was shattered starting the first week, owing to the very interesting stories I could not stop reading through the night, the whole exercise was rewarding.

But Wiko was not only about work: it was also about the numerous informal discussions on all subjects imaginable during lunch and dinner; the fascinating introductions of Fellows before their respective Tuesday colloquia (which on several occasions were better organized and more informative than the presentations themselves); the diverse subjects treated and various ways of presentation during the colloquia; the brilliant and sometimes curious questions and interventions following presentations; the delicious food at the restaurant and the inevitable but agreeable queue at the espresso machine; the late night, lighthearted “discussions” after the Thursday dinners; the weekly *Deutschkurs*; the often-times inconsequential “gossip” in the name of “critical evaluation”; the developing and evolving group dynamics among the Fellows; the experiments at social activities including the memorable “ethnic restaurant” outings in Berlin; the long, cold, and dark winter days (which for some reason seemed to be even longer and darker in Berlin than elsewhere); the transition of winter to long, warm, bright summer days, skipping the spring season altogether; the ecstasies and disappointments over the success and failure of the countries competing in the “FIFA World Cup 2018” (not to mention the failure of the German team to make it beyond the Group phase); the forging of lasting friendship with like-minded Fellows; the agony of saying goodbye to such a wonderful environment and easy life; and the longing to be back at the more demanding, more challenging, more messy but more familiar routine at home.

I have the feeling that the wonderful experience at Wiko will be matched only by another Wiko year, if that were an option!



PRIVILEGE AND PRECARIOUSNESS  
ALICE VON BIEBERSTEIN

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Alice von Bieberstein is a social anthropologist who completed her Ph.D. at the University of Cambridge in 2012 with a dissertation on the politics of history and citizenship in relation to minority subjectivity in Germany and Turkey. Until 2015, she was a postdoctoral research associate in Cambridge on an ERC-funded project exploring issues of violence, value and materiality in Eastern Anatolia. During her EURIAS Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg, she continued her exploration of local engagements with and value extraction from the material remains of Armenian heritage in far-eastern Turkey. Her work has appeared in various journals, including *Subjectivity*, *Social Research* and the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*. Since September 2018, she has been a Research Associate at Humboldt University, Berlin. – Address: Institut für Europäische Ethnologie, Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, Mohrenstraße 40/41, 10117 Berlin. E-mail: [alice.bieberstein@gmail.com](mailto:alice.bieberstein@gmail.com).

My Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg marked my return to work following the birth of my daughter in 2016. It also marked my return home to Berlin and a first extended taste and experience of its academic scene after many years in the UK, where I had pursued higher education, received my Ph.D. and worked as a postdoctoral researcher.

As an Institute for Advanced Study, the Wissenschaftskolleg is that point at which the German academic landscape both showcases and transcends itself. Attracting and inviting the best of the various fields, it makes possible exciting and rewarding encounters and exchanges across disciplinary, linguistic, national and cultural divides, while at the same time remaining marked by and embedded in its very special Grunewald setting. The

physical world of the Wissenschaftskolleg, its villas and gardens and adjacent lakes, evoke and invite a form and practice of scholarly retreat and erudition that in its ideality appears to almost fall out of time and place. And indeed, in a time of rising authoritarianisms and right-wing populism, in a time of wars, forced migration and murderous forms of abandonment and in a time of the neoliberal restructuring of higher education, the Wissenschaftskolleg's simultaneous worldliness and isolation cannot but also give rise to contradictions and tensions.

For me personally, these became palpable first and foremost in the reality of my professional precariousness. For most of my ten-month EURIAS Fellowship, my immediate post-Wissenschaftskolleg future glared at me with the prospect of unemployment. The prevalence of limited-contract employment or fellowships without social security provisions is a pervasive reality for many young scholars, while an exception for the Fellows of the Wissenschaftskolleg. It is no news that this situation gives rise to a sense of loss of direction and purpose, to both personal as well as systemic doubts. Especially when combined with the requirements of caring for a young child, this battle against the prospect of unemployment ends up consuming the vast majority of one's energies and time. While I was able to rethink to some degree the overall framework of my project as well as the direction in which my research is going, and while I enjoyed returning to and revising some samples of writing as well as giving a small number of talks, unfortunately, most of my EURIAS Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg was overshadowed by the struggle to secure an immediate future combined with everyday care work. I was lucky and, compared with colleagues with less or no institutional support at all, very much privileged to be able to lead this struggle under the auspices of the Wissenschaftskolleg. My fellow Fellows supported me with a ceaseless stream of words of encouragement. Daniel Schönflug, Wiko's scientific coordinator, most generously helped me by devising strategies, establishing contacts with relevant scholars, revising application letters and preparing job interviews. Sophia Pick helped with final editing and proofreading. It is due to this support base and the extensive practical assistance that I was able to secure, shortly before the end of my Fellowship, a five-year position at the Humboldt University in Berlin. I am immensely grateful for this invaluable help and encouragement and am happy to escape, for some years at least, one contemporary predicament of precarious young scholars: the imperative of mobility. It was especially in the last weeks, therefore, that I was finally able to turn my attention to my "actual" work and fully take advantage of the wondrous and otherworldly library services, which I will miss for the rest of my life.

A second way in which the Wissenschaftskolleg's state of simultaneous connectedness and disconnectedness became personally challenging directly concerns my research. Starting much earlier, but especially since the summer of 2015, Turkey's transformation into an authoritarian, one-party regime has impacted directly the feasibility of fieldwork. Given my triple role as a researcher on politically sensitive issues pertaining to the multiple histories and on-going realities of political violence targeting minorities in Turkey, as an activist who has taken these concerns outside the domain of academia and as a young mother with many personal connections to the region, I have been hesitant about returning to my field site to continue research. Many of my friends and informants, including my research assistant, have been in prison for what are now months and years. The emotional and political challenges arising from moving between fieldwork and academic setting is, again, something shared widely by social and cultural anthropologists and, yet, the particular realities of increasing repression and persecution in Turkey give rise to an acutely troubling dissonance. This dissonance goes far beyond the classic question, inherent in the discipline of anthropology, of bridging research and writing, to relate to a much more fundamental issue of the mutual implication and relation between places and between political, economic and epistemic orders. Following different professional and life trajectories, Fellows are differently attuned and implicated in such connections, all the while adjusting in their own ways to the specific rhythm and communality of the Wissenschaftskolleg. At times this can give rise to a sense of the co-existence of different geographical and temporal planes, a co-existence that is both humbling and promising, brimming with the unknown and yet not always free of friction, tension and contradiction.

Most interesting in many ways for me was to be granted an extended look across the great divides: to learn about the means and ways to reconstruct the climate record in Ethiopia, to watch experiments documenting the intelligence of bees, to understand more about night-time ecologies or genome history. But also to peek into the minds of musicians, composers and architects. It was an exceptional experience to be exposed to such a vast variety of different fields and to learn more about these by witnessing how Fellows positioned themselves within these fields with their own projects. But it was also great to explore and enjoy the more intimate resonances with works that share a closer kinship with my own research, whether through a shared regional interest or a shared sensitivity towards global histories of political economy and violence and their particular inflections in relation to questions of race, ethnicity, gender, sexuality and the transnational histories

of colonialism and empire. My hope is that the Wissenschaftskolleg will not only continue to be open to, but also structurally integrate an orientation towards epistemic traditions and trajectories, as well as forms of situated knowledges, that truly reflect the “postmigrant” realities of Germany, Europe and the world in the 21st century.



KRANKHEITEN DER ZEIT  
ANNA KATHRIN BLEULER

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Anna Kathrin Bleuler (geboren 1975 in Zürich) studierte Deutsche Sprache und Literatur des Mittelalters, Germanistische Linguistik und Theaterwissenschaft in Zürich und München (1996–2002) und absolvierte darüber hinaus die Schauspielschule in Zürich (1993–1996). Zwischen 1995 und 2004 übernahm sie zahlreiche Film-, Fernseh- und Theaterrollen bei verschiedenen Produktionsfirmen in Deutschland, Kanada und der Schweiz. 2006 hat Bleuler an der Universität München mit einer Arbeit zu Fragen der Überlieferung und Edition von mittelalterlicher, deutschsprachiger Lyrik (*Überlieferungskritik und Poetologie*. Tübingen, 2008) promoviert. Bleuler war von 2003 bis 2010 wissenschaftliche Mitarbeiterin an der Universität München und von 2010 bis 2013 Assistenzprofessorin an der Universität Salzburg. 2013 habilitierte sie sich an der Universität Salzburg mit einer Arbeit zur Kulturpoetik von Essen und Trinken in der vormodernen Liebesdichtung (*Essen – Trinken – Liebe*. Tübingen/Basel, 2016). Seit 2013 ist sie als Professorin für Ältere deutsche Sprache und Literatur am Fachbereich Germanistik der Universität Salzburg tätig und übernahm zahlreiche Ämter und Funktionen. 2018 wurde Bleuler mit dem Kurt-Zopf-Förderpreis der Universität Salzburg ausgezeichnet. – Adresse: Universität Salzburg, Fachbereich Germanistik, Erzabt-Klotz-Straße 1, 5020 Salzburg, Österreich. E-Mail: AnnaKathrin.Bleuler@sbg.ac.at.

Wenn man die Jahresberichte der früheren Fellow-Jahrgänge liest, findet man immer wieder die Aussage, der Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg sei eine lebensverändernde Erfahrung – *a life changing experience*. Ehrlich gesagt, als ich diese Berichte vor einem Jahr gelesen habe, habe ich gedacht: „was für eine pathetische Floskel“. Jetzt allerdings,

ein Jahr später, wo ich meinen eigenen Jahresbericht verfassen muss, stelle ich fest, dass ich selber immer wieder drauf und dran bin, genau diese Worte zu benutzen.

Was den Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg so einzigartig macht, ist, dass man hier in einen geschützten Raum eintritt, der einem die Möglichkeit gibt, in gewisser Weise zu sich selbst zurückzukommen. Zeit und Ruhe, die hier herrschen, bewirken über kurz oder lang unweigerlich, dass man anfängt, Problemen auf den Grund zu gehen. Dies führt zu einer Verlangsamung, die man aushalten muss, es birgt aber auch die Chance, dass man auf das zurückkommt, was ursprünglich einmal dazu geführt hat, dass man sich in den Wissenschafts- oder Kulturbetrieb begeben hat. Insofern ist das Wissenschaftskolleg ein Ort, der einem hilft, die eigenen Triebfedern zu reaktivieren. Dass das möglich ist, ist mehreren Umständen zu verdanken:

1. *Personalisierte Forschung*: Wissenschaftliche Leistung wird heute in Zahlen gemessen: Was zählt im Portfolio von Wissenschaftlern ist die Summe der eingeworbenen Drittmittel sowie die Anzahl der verfassten Publikationen in *peer reviewed journals*. An manchen Instituten ist der Mittelbau so weit ausgedünnt, dass das Pflichtprogramm in der Lehre nicht mehr abgedeckt werden kann, ohne dass Stellen über Drittmittelprojekte eingeworben werden, was den Druck auf Universitätsangestellte zusätzlich erhöht. Die Folge davon ist, dass Professor/inn/en einen erheblichen Teil ihrer Lebenszeit mit Projektentwicklung, mit dem Verfassen von Drittmittelanträgen, der Supervision von Mitarbeitenden und Projektabwicklung verbringen. Das heißt, man befasst sich mit Forschungsmanagement, anstatt selbst Forschung zu betreiben. Es ist ein offenes Geheimnis, dass diese Form der Verwirtschaftlichung von Forschung dem Ziel, das Universitäten haben (sollten) – nämlich wissenschaftlichen Fortschritt zu erzielen –, nicht *per se* dient, sondern die Gefahr birgt, eine Geschäftigkeit zu produzieren, die keinen substanziellen Output erzeugt. Dieser Entwicklung begegnet das Wissenschaftskolleg mit einer Radikalkur, indem es seine Fellows aus diesen Strukturen herausholt und sie auf die Ausgangssituation wissenschaftlichen Arbeitens zurückführt: Jede/r sitzt alleine im Büro vor einem leeren Bildschirm, ausgestattet mit dem Auftrag: loszulegen. Für mich war das eine Erfahrung, die mich an meine Promotionszeit erinnerte. Und es ist vielleicht kein Zufall, dass ich – nachdem ich das Buch, das ich eigentlich in den zehn Monaten am Wissenschaftskolleg schreiben wollte, auf Drängen des Verlags bereits im Oktober eingereicht hatte – anfang, mich mit Fragen zur Überlieferung und Edition von mittelalterlicher Lyrik zu beschäftigen, die an meine Doktorarbeit anschließen: Das Problem, das ich in Bezug auf die Edition

vormoderner, handschriftlich überlieferter Texte sehe, ist, dass das Zeitalter des postmodernen Relativismus mit dem Zeitalter der *digital humanities* eine unheilvolle Allianz eingeht: Historisch-kritische Ausgaben – Bücher also, die *eine* mit einem Variantenapparat versehene Fassung eines Textes präsentieren – werden in der Folge von Roland Barthes' These vom Tod des Autors (bzw. von seiner Bedeutungslosigkeit für die Literatur) oder Bernard Cerquiglinis *Éloge de la variante* zunehmend von Editionen abgelöst, die zwischen den verschiedenen Lesarten eines in zwei oder mehreren Handschriften überlieferten Textes keine Auswahl mehr treffen, sondern alle Varianten gleichberechtigt nebeneinanderstellen. Dieses Vorgehen wird dadurch befördert, dass die Möglichkeiten digitaler Datenverarbeitung für diese Art der Textpräsentation die idealen Voraussetzungen bieten. Diese vermeintlich glückliche Allianz vermag letztlich aber nur vordergründig zu kaschieren, dass das gleichberechtigte Nebeneinanderstellen von Überlieferungsvarianten sowohl deren kulturgeschichtliche Dimensionen (die Verortung der Überlieferungszeugen eines Textes in Raum und Zeit) als auch deren textgenetische Bedingtheiten (unterschiedliche Typen von Varianten wie Überlieferungsverderbnisse, Abschreibfehler, redaktionelle Bearbeitungen usw.) missachtet. Insofern sind sie nicht weniger in Zweifel zu ziehen, als es in Bezug auf die klassischen textkritischen Editionen geschehen ist.

Was derzeit fehlt, ist ein Methodendiskurs übers Edieren vormoderner Texte, der sich nicht an den aktuellen medialen Möglichkeiten orientiert, sondern ausgehend von der konkreten Beschäftigung mit Textvarianten möglichst sachlich geführt wird. Ansonsten läuft man Gefahr, lediglich der Verwirtschaftlichung von Forschung in die Tasche zu spielen, denn digitale Editionen sind geeignete Drittmittelprojekte, die gute Förderchancen haben, weil sie zeitgemäß sind. Am Wissenschaftskolleg habe ich mit dieser Absicht angefangen, mich einem Editionsprojekt zu widmen, das mir seit meiner Doktorarbeitszeit vorschwebt. Das Projekt umfasst eine kleine Gruppe von zehn Gedichten des Minnesängers Neidhart, in Bezug auf die sich text- und überlieferungsgeschichtliche Problemkonstellationen wie in einem Brennglas bündeln. Es ist ein Projekt, für das man keine Gelder für sach- und personenbezogene Ausstattungen braucht, sondern Zeit, Ruhe und Konzentration; insofern war das Wissenschaftskolleg der ideale Ort dafür.

2. *Keine Zielvereinbarung*: Während es andernorts üblich ist, Zielvereinbarungen abzuschließen, die die Unterzeichnenden im Vorfeld dazu verpflichten, Ergebnisse zu definieren, die dann auf Biegen und Brechen erreicht werden müssen, wird den Fellows am Wissenschaftskolleg das Vertrauen entgegengebracht, dass sie die Zeit sinnvoll nutzen,

ohne im Voraus genau festzulegen, was am Ende als Ergebnis vorliegen wird. Diese Offenheit habe ich als ungemein gewinnbringend erlebt. Nachdem sich mein Arbeitsplan – wie gesagt – kurzfristig verschoben hatte, war es für mich schwer, geradezu unmöglich, im Vorfeld zu sehen, wohin mich die oben beschriebene Arbeitssituation im Laufe des zehntonatigen Aufenthalts am Kolleg führen wird. Mein Eindruck war, dass diese Freiheit die Leistungsbereitschaft nicht schmälert, sondern im Gegenteil zu steigern vermag.

*3. Interdisziplinarität und Internationalität:* Alle, die an einer wissenschaftlichen Einrichtung angestellt sind, haben grundsätzlich die Möglichkeit, Veranstaltungen von Kolleg/inn/en aus anderen Disziplinen zu besuchen, Gespräche über die Fachgrenzen hinaus zu führen; in der Praxis sieht es jedoch so aus, dass Strukturzwänge und hohe Arbeitsbelastung dazu führen, dass man das kaum je macht, sondern sich damit zufriedengibt, gelegentlich einem Vortrag aus dem eigenen Fach beizuwohnen. Interdisziplinarität und Internationalität werden zwar vielerorts hochgehalten, selten jedoch sind die Voraussetzungen dafür gegeben, dass sie auch tatsächlich zu einem Austausch führen. Anders verhält es sich am Wissenschaftskolleg, in dem die Fellows programmatisch in eine interdisziplinär und international zusammengesetzte Gruppe eingebunden sind. Herzstück dieses Eingebunden-Seins ist das täglich stattfindende gemeinsame Mahl. Da ich mir schon vor langer Zeit abgewöhnt habe, eine Mittagspause zu machen, hatte dieser Ritus für mich im Vorfeld etwas Abschreckendes. Doch sehr bald stellte ich fest, dass er einen unerwarteten, positiven Effekt auf mich ausübt. Man verlässt um Punkt 13:00 Uhr sein stilles Kämmerlein und begibt sich an einen Ort, an dem – überspitzt gesagt – die ganze Welt versammelt ist. Die multilingualen Gespräche mit den Co-Fellows, mit Gästen und ehemaligen Fellows, die man selbst einlädt oder die von anderen eingeladen werden, die man beim Essen kennenlernt, katapultieren einen schlagartig auf eine andere Ebene: Das, was gerade noch groß und als kaum zu bewältigen erschien, wird klein. Zunächst habe ich es als eine gewisse Herausforderung empfunden, mich angesichts von Fellows, die sich in existenzieller Not befinden, auf die mir selbst auferlegten Probleme der Textkritik zu konzentrieren. Doch im Laufe der Zeit hat eine Harmonisierung der Positionen stattgefunden. Und es gehört zum Wichtigsten, was ich aus der Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg mitnehme: Für mich ist meine Arbeit nicht mehr alles; ich sehe sie heute als einen kleinen Teil von etwas Größerem – an Wichtigkeit verloren hat sie für mich dadurch jedoch nicht.

4. *Individuelle Unterstützungsangebote*: Das Wissenschaftskolleg bietet vielfältige, auf die individuellen Bedürfnisse abgestimmte Unterstützungsangebote. Ich brauche diese hier nicht aufzuzählen, sie wurden in den Jahresberichten vielfach erwähnt. Besonders profitiert habe ich von der Möglichkeit, einen Workshop durchzuführen. Gemeinsam mit meinem Kollegen, dem ehemaligen Fellow Oliver Primavesi (klassische Philologie, LMU), habe ich Vertreter/innen der klassischen Philologie und der germanistischen Mediävistik zu einer Theorie- und Methodendiskussion übers Edieren vormoderner Texte eingeladen, die im oben beschriebenen Sinn von einer Verständigung über eine Typologie von Textvarianten ausging („Lachmanns Erben: Vom Umgang mit Textvarianz in klassischer Philologie und germanistischer Mediävistik“, 8.–9. März 2018). Für den Fortgang meines Projekts war der Austausch äußerst hilfreich.

*Kritik am Wissenschaftskolleg*: Habe ich keine. Das einzig negative Erlebnis, das ich während meines zehnmonatigen Aufenthalts am Wissenschaftskolleg hatte, war ein aggressiver Magen-Darm-Virus, der nicht nur mich, sondern einen Großteil der Fellows, des Staff und der Leitung befallen hat; die Hochleistungsstätte verwandelte sich zeitweise in ein Lazarett – die Grunewaldatmosphäre wurde zur Zauberbergatmosphäre: grau, grau, grau: krank. Der Betrieb wurde vorübergehend eingestellt – *Dinner was not served* – das Dienstagskolloquium musste abgesagt werden, was es offenbar in der Geschichte dieser Institution noch nie gegeben hat. Die Herausforderung für mich bestand in dieser Zeit darin, meine beiden Kinder zu versorgen, die beide munter waren wie eh und je – während ich in einem miserablen Zustand war. (Ich sehe sie noch vor mir, wie sie auf die Anrichte klettern und sich Nudeln aus dem Schrank holen, die sie dann ungekocht essen.) Das aber ist kein Anlass für Kritik, es war ein Virus, das war höhere Gewalt. Und so kann ich ungeachtet dieses Erlebnisses sagen: Das Wissenschaftskolleg ist ein Ort, der einen von so manchen Krankheiten der Zeit heilen kann, und man kann dem Wissenschaftskolleg nur wünschen, dass es selbst von den Krankheiten der Zeit möglichst verschont bleibt.

Publikationen, die am Wissenschaftskolleg entstanden  
bzw. im Entstehen begriffen sind:

*Der Codex Manesse. Geschichte – Bilder – Lieder.* München: C.H.Beck, 2018.

„Sommer- und Winterlieder.“ In *Minnesang-Handbuch*, herausgegeben von Beate Kellner, Volker Mertens und Susanne Reichlin. Voraussichtlich Berlin u. a., 2019 [angenommen zum Druck].

„Autorprofil: Neidhart,“ a. a. O.

„Einleitung.“ In *Lachmanns Erben: Vom Umgang mit Textvarianz in klassischer Philologie und germanistischer Mediävistik*. Workshop am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, Berlin 8.–9. März 2018, herausgegeben mit Oliver Primavesi (= Beihefte zur Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie). Voraussichtlich 2019 [in Vorbereitung].

„Jenseits der *New Philology*: Neidharts poetische Experimente,“ a. a. O.

„Neidharts poetische Experimente: Doppelfassungen der Berliner Handschrift R (mgf 1062).“ [Edition in Vorbereitung].



## BERICHTSWESEN PASCALE CANKIK

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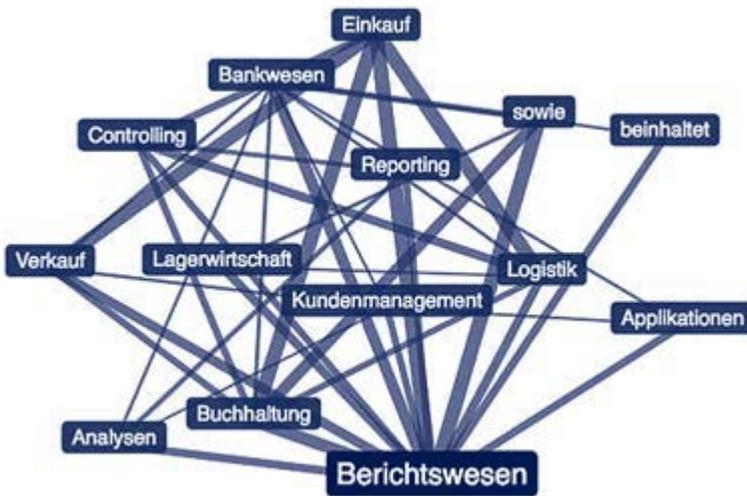
Pascale Cancik, Professorin für Öffentliches Recht, Geschichte des europäischen öffentlichen Rechts und Verwaltungswissenschaft an der Universität Osnabrück. Geboren 1967 in Tübingen, Studium der Rechtswissenschaft in Tübingen und Berlin (FU). Nach Referendariat und Promotion Rechtsanwältin bei Bruckhaus Westrick Stegemann (Düsseldorf). Habilitation an der Universität Frankfurt. Beratungstätigkeiten im Verfassungsrecht. Mitarbeiterin am Bundesverfassungsgericht. 2014 Fellow am Kulturwissenschaftlichen Kolleg Konstanz. Hauptforschungsgebiete: Demokratie und Parlamentarismus; Umweltrecht; Verwaltungs(rechts)geschichte. Forschungsperspektiven: Recht als Praxis, Geschichte. Projekt am Wissenschaftskolleg: Die Geschichte der Bürokratiekritik. Das Projekt versucht, die seit 250 Jahren gebräuchlichen kritischen Markierungen von Beamtentum, Verwaltung, Staat, Organisation, Rechtsetzung, Schriftlichkeit u. v. m. als „bürokratisch“/„Bürokratie“ zu erfassen und mit der Geschichte jahrzehntelanger staatlicher Entbürokratisierung zu verbinden. – Adresse: Fachbereich Rechtswissenschaften, Institut für Kommunalrecht und Verwaltungswissenschaften, Universität Osnabrück, Martinistraße 12, 49078 Osnabrück. E-Mail: pcancik@uni-osnabrueck.de.

Berichte sind für eine vorgegebene Zielsetzung zusammengefasste Informationen. In der öffentlichen Verwaltung wird als Bericht die Mitteilung von einer nachgeordneten an eine vorgesetzte (übergeordnete) Behörde bezeichnet. Auf dem umgekehrten Kommunikationsweg – vorgesetzt an nachgeordnet – heißt die Mitteilung Erlass oder Verfügung.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Wikipedia, Berichtswesen; Wikipedia, Bericht (Verwaltung) (Aufruf: 16.06.2018).

Berichtspflichten sind häufiger Gegenstand von Bürokratiekritik, der externen wie der verwaltungsinternen. Aus wiederholten Regelungsversuchen zur Durchsetzung von Berichtspflichten kann man auf gewisse Implementationsdefizite schließen.<sup>2</sup> Das Wissenschaftskolleg ist keine typische öffentliche Verwaltung, kommt aber ohne Berichtswesen nicht aus. Das belegt nicht zuletzt der Jahresbericht des Vorstandes an die Mitgliederversammlung, auch wenn das Wissenschaftskolleg in den Ko-Okkurrenzen des Worts „Berichtswesen“, erhoben vom Deutschen Wortschatz der Universität Leipzig, nicht auftaucht (s. Grafik).<sup>3</sup>



Das Kolleg versteht sich als Institution der und für Wissenschaft. Das wird im Berichtswesen insofern sichtbar, als die Berichte der Fellows nicht per Erlass angefordert, sondern per Brief erbeten werden. Etwaigen Implementationsdefiziten wird nicht durch

<sup>2</sup> Vgl. nur: „Regierungs-Ausschreiben vom 6ten Januar 1816, die an die Regierung periodisch zu erstattenden Berichte betreffend“, *Sammlung von Gesetzen für die kurhessischen Staaten*, Jahr 1816. No. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Deutscher Wortschatz, s. v. Berichtswesen (<http://wortschatz.uni-leipzig.de/de>, Aufruf: 16.06.2018).

Bußgelder, sondern mit wiederholten Nachfolgebrieffen entgegengewirkt. Der gewählte Modus der Steuerung durch Publikationsanreiz verweist ebenfalls auf die Wissenschaftsnähe. Besonders deutlich wird sie indessen im weitgehenden Regulierungsverzicht hinsichtlich Form und Inhalt. Aus einer verwaltungswissenschaftlichen Perspektive ist das nicht unbedenklich. Zwar wurde die Attraktivität von Listen als Berichtsform schon erkannt.<sup>4</sup> Doch handelt es sich um Einzelfälle. Das weitergehende Standardisierungspotenzial der Jahrbuchberichte wurde trotz des hohen Entwicklungsstandes der Wiko-Verwaltung bislang nicht genutzt. Chancen moderner Entbürokratisierung werden damit vergeblich.

Denn die Erfassungseffizienz würde zweifelsohne durch einen einheitlichen Fragebogen erheblich verbessert. Nach neuesten Erkenntnissen der Management Science erleichterte insbesondere die Transformation in relevante Kennzahlen die Erfassung und böte dank neuer Instrumentarien der Auswertung langer Zahlenreihen über die Jahre ganz neue Möglichkeiten. Eine so grundlegende Reform kann nicht ohne sorgfältige Vorbereitung und gegebenenfalls ein Change Management eingeführt werden. Als erster Schritt wird hier ein vorläufiger Entwurf vorgelegt. Wie im Berichtswesen üblich, basieren wichtige Zahlen auf Schätzungen.

Alter zu Beginn der Fellowship	50
Alter am Ende der Fellowship	50
Änderung Gewicht in kg	-5
Virenattacken	2
Handoperationen	1
Regierungsbildungen national	1
Regierungskrisen national	1
Verhaftete Automanager national	1
Unterstützende vollzeittätige Ehepartner in Osnabrück	1
Mitbetroffene schulpflichtige Kinder in Osnabrück	1
Verpasste Heimatfeste	2
Neugegründete Heimatministerien auf Bundesebene	1
Pendelfahrten zur Familie	24

<sup>4</sup> Vgl. nur, z.T. mit Zahlen: Daniel Boyarin. „Listenswissenschaftskolleg.“ Jahrbuchbericht 2012/13, S. 45 ff.

Sehnsuchtsvolle Blicke auf die Elbe bei Pendelfahrten ohne Ausstieg	48
Verpasste bekanntgewordene kindbezogene Anlässe	4
„Eigentlich auch schön, wenn du mal weg bist“-Meldungen aus der Heimat	3
Änderung Pizzakonsum der Familie am Heimatstandort in Prozent	980
Eigene Wiko-Workshops mit wunderbarer Staff-Unterstützung	2
Dankbarkeitsmomente verursacht durch das Bibliotheksteam	53
Besondere Wiko-Konzerterfahrungen	2
Neue Pianistenlieben	1
Grundlegende projektbezogene Zweifel	1
Normale projektbezogene Zweifel	13
Zauberhafte Wiko-Babys	1
Weltkonflikte vor Ort	9
Wikolisierungen	113
Verneigungsbedürfnisse angesichts wirklich mutiger Fellows	5
Offengelegte diszipliniäre Fremdeleien („Ist Jura wirklich eine Wissenschaft?“)	2
Von Co-Fellows versprochene, nicht übersandte Artikel und Hinweise	5
Von Co-Fellows nicht versprochene, übersandte Artikel und Hinweise	13
Football Superbowls with experts	1
Nicht realisierte Gesprächsvertiefungswünsche	4
Nicht rechtzeitig erkannte Gesprächsvertiefungswünsche (Stand 8/2018)	2
Aufgrund Co-Fellowship gelesene, komplett projektfremde Bücher und Artikel	11
Theaterabende mit oder dank Carola	3
Museumsbesuche	2
Berlinbootsfahrten	2
Gewährte Einblicke in das Wiko als Verwaltung (Dank an LG, DS, TW)	7
Tanzabende	4
Tanzabende am Wiko	3
Dagara-Dancing mit Stan	1
Lesekreise geplant	1
Lesekreise realisiert	0
Hausmäuse im Appartement der Villa Walther	2
An Tim verschenkte Hausmäuse	1

„Die Bürokratie ist grauenhaft, mein Neffe (meine Nichte, mein Nachbar) hat kürzlich“-Aussagen	16
„Natürlich ist Bürokr- äh Verwaltung schon auch irgendwie nötig“-Aussagen	7
Dazwischenliegende projektbezogene Vorträge	3
Kausalitätsvermutung	0
„Warum hast Du Deinen Kolloquiumsvortrag auf Deutsch gehalten?“	4
Downloads der vorab vorgelegten englischen Übersetzung des Kolloquiumsvortrags	1
Gespräche über professorale und andere Einsamkeit	3
Verpasste Kolloquien (inklusive Donnerstagskolloquien)	4
Umorganisationen Sekretariat Heimatuniversität	1
Entwicklungsplanungsberichterstattungen Heimatinstitut	1
Besonders ans Herz gewachsene sogenannte Begleitpersonen	2
Gespräche über Diskussionsverhalten und Wissenschaftlerallüren ab Januar 2018	27
Flipperabende im 1970er-Style mit Alicia und Jeremy und vielen anderen	1
Erstgutachten Promotion Heimatuniversität	1
Ausschreibungs- und Besetzungsverfahren Mitarbeiter Heimatinstitut	4
What-about-Kafka-Anfragen an das Bürokratiekritikprojekt	3
Mitwirkung Evaluationsverfahren als Externe	1
Erschütternde Dokumentarfilme zu Syrien	2
Neue unvorhergesehene, unverschiebbare, tolle, zeitraubende Projekte	2
Alte, überraschend zu erledigende Projekte (Die Verfassung der Verwaltung)	1
Alte, nicht überraschend zu erledigende Projekte (Weimar; Abfallrecht; Demokratie)	3
Mediananfragen mit Katharinas Hilfe	5
Interviews gegeben	2
Interviewbasierte Artikel erschienen (Stand 8/2018)	1
Rundfunksendungen Abendvortrag	1
Erkenntniszuwachs hinsichtlich der Mühen guter Öffentlichkeitsarbeit in Prozent	200
Durch Privatgrundstücke gestoppte und umgeleitete Secumrundungen	18
Zulässige Rechtsberatungen	2
Unzulässige Rechtsberatungen	0

Projektvorstellungen im Deutschkurs von Eva mit James, Vladimir und Cathrin	1
Morgenschwimmereien im Teufelssee	3
Dichtabende mit Lisa, Carola und Matthias	1
Unvergessliche Haveluferwegersterkundungen	1
Externe Vorträge	2
Signierte Bücher von Co-Fellows	6
Signierte Bücher von Wiko-Mitarbeitern	1
Erste Gespräche mit einer Literaturagentin	1
Wiko-Lunches <sup>5</sup>	140
Wissenschaftsnahe Wiko-Lunches mit Internen	87
Wissenschaftsnahe Lunches mit Externen dank Wiko-Einladungsmöglichkeit	15
Abschiedspartyvorbereitungsmails	117
Überwältigende Wasser-, Jasmin-, Akazien-, Lindenblütendufteindrücke	721
Endkennziffer (nach Douglas Adams)	41,9

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<sup>5</sup> Lunches im Sinne dieser Liste sind auch Dinner.



THE MIND OF THE BEE, AND THE MIND  
OF THE WIKO SCHOLAR  
LARS CHITTKA

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Lars Chittka, FLS, FRES, FRSB is a German cognitive neuroscientist, ethologist and ecologist distinguished for his work on the evolution of sensory systems and cognition, using insect-flower interactions as a model. Chittka obtained his M.Sc. and Ph.D. at the Freie Universität of Berlin (he resided in the city from 1987–94). Chittka is a recipient of the Royal Society Wolfson Research Merit Award and an Advanced Fellowship from the European Research Council (ERC). He received the Lesley Goodman Award of the Royal Entomological Society in 2006. Since 2004 he has been an editor of Biology’s foremost open-access journal *PLoS Biology* and he has also been on the Editorial Board of *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London Series B* (2010–12) and the *Quarterly Review of Biology* (2004–10); he is a member of the Faculty of 1000 and was a Panel Chairman for the European Research Council (2010–13). He is also the founder of the Psychology Department at Queen Mary University of London, where he is a Professor of Sensory and Behavioural Ecology. – Address: School of Biological and Chemical Sciences, Queen Mary, University of London, Mile End Road, London E1 4NS, UK. E-mail: l.chittka@qmul.ac.uk.

I have been told that Wiko staff is a little tired of these reports’ repetitive “thank you” notes – and so, always the rebel, I shall begin with a big “Thank you, my luvvies!” You have been wonderful beyond words, and I wish my arms were long enough to hug you all collectively!

Coming to Berlin, for me, was a bit like coming home. The town had fascinated me since I was a teenager – I grew up in a rather unexciting town in North Germany (called Celle) and the many gaily two-coloured “DDR” (GDR) stamps in my old passport reveal

that I hitchhiked to West Berlin on an about monthly basis throughout my entire final school year in the early '80s. In those days, while formally capitalist, West Berlin was an island in East Germany and was kept on a financial drip by the West. The result was that it was probably the only anarchist paradise that ever existed on Earth. No one who didn't want to work, did. The conservative senate deemed itself even less bound by any law than did the squatters in Kreuzberg. At least the latter did something useful – saving a whole district that was earmarked for demolition by the senate. Meanwhile, the Berlin government was tightly interwoven with the criminal underworld, most notably a notorious pimp and mafioso by the name of Otto Schwanz (not a pseudonym) who had bribed several of his party pals in the CDU to wave through dodgy property deals. However, the only person who went to prison was Schwanz himself – the CDU dignitaries were even allowed to keep the bribes. And all the while the money kept right on flowing from West Germany.

It was a pleasant surprise to see that, 30 years later, the direction of the funding stream hadn't changed. In most countries, the capital city is *the* economic motor. Germany is probably the only European country where the GDP would go *up*, if you removed the capital. And it shows – unlike Paris or London, the pace is very, *very* relaxed. There isn't much of a rush hour (either on the roads or the rails) simply because there isn't much of a rush anywhere, ever. And 1.5 generations later, the cannabinoid vendors still stand under the same trees in Hasenheide Park, ensuring a steady supply of mental relaxants to the town, should anyone be at risk of overheating in their professional ambitions. *Ich bin ein Berliner*. (Dear reader, you may have realised that part of this essay is written with my tongue firmly lodged in my cheek. In what follows, I will largely refrain from naming any individual Wiko friends, because I fear that seeing their names in this piece might embarrass them. You know who you are ...)

I found that the Wiko environment, and Berlin at large, made it wonderfully easy to regress into a state of late teenagerhood (with the corresponding freedom of the mind). I have not partied this much since I was ... wait, no, I have never partied this much, period. The Fellows, between giving TV interviews one day and collecting international awards the next, certainly engaged in heavy-duty liver exercise, often several times a week. And of course it all served the good purpose of fuelling the brain! What a privilege to have nocturnal discussions with such a wonderful bunch of intellectual heavyweights about Marxism, consciousness, the origins of dragons and polyamory, until daybreak. And of course a good scholar interfaces theory with empiricism, and so heroic group expeditions

to some of Berlin's most notoriously debauched nightclubs had to be undertaken for research purposes. When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

Berlin has a lot of cultural offerings, and, being an ignoramus myself, I was happy to take other Fellows' sensible guidance as to the refined cultural delights one might savour. So one night I found myself at a concert by the Finnish heavy metal outfit "Ensiferum". I'll spare myself the expletives in describing the music, but there was a mosh pit, and life's a mosh pit and a mosh pit is life, so I thought I might as well get some exercise and jump in. This was a different weight class compared to what I'm used to, and so I found myself battling with 100kg bodybuilding worshipers of Thor and Satan. At the end, when there was the usual affectionate shoulder-patting and hugging, a rather large man with a fully tattooed skull and what looked like a transcranial piercing took my head in both hands, looked at me closely and said, not without admiration: "But, man, you're really old!"

When one is old, one tends to look backward more than forward, and so I connected with my past, and Berlin's past, on multiple levels. Within days of arriving at the Wiko, I had an interesting encounter in a local pub in Grunewald. I sat next to an older gentleman, who turned out to have lived in Berlin-Neukölln in his youth, as had I. Back then, this wasn't the finest part of town, so we had something to talk about. Eventually it turned out that he was Klaus-Rüdiger Landowsky – who had been the head of the Berlin CDU during the 1980s scandals. I tried to extract some insider information about the dealings of Otto Schwanz, but the old politician, though inebriated, was sly and guarded. He sensed that I was from the other end of the political spectrum, and didn't reveal much. Interestingly, my Russian friends at Wiko commented that this encounter was evidence of a functioning democracy. In Russia, they said, you would never find yourself drinking beer with a political figure of that calibre – they would frequent different establishments and in any case be surrounded by a swarm of bodyguards.

Through the overwhelming majority of scholars from the humanities, I was also able to reconnect with interests that had been buried since high school. I actually took humanities subjects almost exclusively in the final years of school (before becoming a scientist at uni), and so it was a fantastic experience to bounce around ideas with so many luminaries in sociology, psychology, history etc. But, guys guys guys, repeat after me: "Thou shalt not read an oral presentation word for word from a script." Three times. And then never do it again. There are many reasons. One is that we can all read twice as fast as anyone can comprehend the same text read out aloud – so if you've already written your piece, send it around to your audience and save them a valuable half hour. Another reason is that if you

read a speech, you're presenting yourself as someone who lacks the courage and memory to deliver a live performance. But most importantly, the whole point of an oral presentation is that it is interactive. You perform, you watch your audience, you tailor your pace, you improvise with the vibe you're getting from them. That is the crucial element of any live performance. If you miss that interactive element – well – you're pleasuring yourself. Now I don't want to be arrogant about a little “Ménage à moi” now and then. It's fine, if you find yourself at a loose end. But it's a little awkward to *watch* someone do it, unsolicited and in public for one hour. Really, it should be a private matter. Thank you.

When I arrived at Wiko, I was under the illusion that all I would do was to work on my book about the mind of the bee. (Yes, I am *that* good at fooling myself.) I had kind of forgotten that I have a large team of young scientists in London and that all the normal activities (Ph.D. panel meetings, writing manuscripts and grant applications etc.) continue as normal. Keeping my London lab going over this distance was a challenge, especially with four new Ph.D. students, but they coped admirably. I flew back to London on a monthly basis, and so to pay the fares I had to accept *all* invitations to gigs in the British Isles (destinations were the Unis of Cambridge, St. Andrews, Reading, York, Cork, Newcastle and Sussex, and some international ones added in for fun, in Toulouse and Montreal). A highlight for me was giving a talk in my hometown Celle – I hadn't known there even was an institution to give scientific presentations at, but it turned out there is a rather sleepy government research centre for domestic animal welfare research, and they kindly invited me. As I rode into town, the streets were deserted and, from behind curtains, there were pointing fingers and hushed whispers from the townspeople (“It's him! It's the guy who used to ...” etc.). With mum and my first girlfriend in the audience, the talk was a special experience.

The book that I had intended to complete is, meanwhile, about 60 % ready. Oh, well. When we started at Wiko, a member of the permanent staff told us that there are a few recognisable phases that the Fellows undergo each year. The last phase is “when they realise that they'll fail at finishing the book during their stay”. Knowing in advance that this phase was coming was helpful – it allowed us to let go a bit in the final weeks, even more than we would otherwise have done.

One of the most remarkable aspects of being at Wiko is the time it provides to read, and the library services that support our hunger for the written word. They'll find you anything, I mean *anything*, even from centuries back, in a day or two. And so I learned many a wonderful wisdom, for example from Charles Butler (1609) on how to win the

love of bees: “If thou wilt have the favour of thy bees, that they sting thee not, thou must avoid such things as offend them: thou must not be unchaste or uncleanly; for impurity and sluttiness (themselves being most chaste and neat) they utterly abhor; thou must not come among them smelling of sweat, or having a stinking breath, caused either through eating of leeks, onions, garlik, and the like, or by any other means, the noisomeness whereof is corrected by a cup of beer; thou must not be given to surfeiting or drunkenness; thou must not come puffing or blowing unto them, neither hastily stir among them, nor resolutely defend thyself when they seem to threaten thee; but softly moving thy hand before thy face, gently put them by; and lastly, thou must be no stranger unto them. In a word, thou must be chaste, cleanly, sweet, sober, quiet, and familiar; so will they love thee.” In other words, no hope for me.

Beyond exploring the past, there is also a present-day world that was very much brought to our attention by the Fellows’ diverse backgrounds and the experiences they shared with us inside the rather well-cushioned paradise. One weekend we visited the Museum of the Second World War in Gdańsk, Poland with several Wiko friends. We had the special privilege that our Co-Fellow Paweł Machcewicz, who built the museum from scratch and who was its former director and curator, took us there from Berlin. Over nearly a decade, Paweł had worked tirelessly to build this unique museum and its exhibits, trying to present a fair account of the events of the war and the suffering it spread across nations. In 2015, Poland’s new right-wing, nationalist government took over and tried everything to stop the museum from being completed. Their allegation was/is that the museum was not sufficiently pro-Polish and therefore unpatriotic. For two years, Paweł fought against impossible odds and lawsuits for the museum to finally open its doors early in 2017. Weeks after the museum’s inauguration, Paweł was sacked from his position as director. The government has since begun to censor and replace the museum’s exhibits. One of the new items on display was a cheesy video in the style of a computer war game, presenting the view that the Polish army was never beaten. The new rulers seem oblivious to the idea that the very nationalism they promote is of exactly the same brand that generated the disasters of the first half of the 20th century, portrayed so devastatingly in Paweł’s museum. Similar despots now appear on the rise in multiple countries globally, and it does make a difference if the person next to you is affected by them, rather than you just finding out through the news.

The daily encounter with the very real troubles around the globe prompts the question of what we, as intellectual leaders, can do for the world. Following the good example of several other Wiko Fellows, I’ve become a vegetarian (an endeavour made easy by the

remarkable cooking skills of the chefs at the institution). The arguments are pretty overwhelming (Google them; or if you respond more to image material, look for e.g. “chicken battery farming” videos on YouTube). Following our own research on the psychology of bees, I have also begun campaigning for the conservation of bees from the perspective that they need to be understood as sentient beings, individuals with unique memories and expectations, a rich perceptual and emotional world. Will such research and campaigning actually make a difference? Some words (that I discovered while at Wiko) from Nobel Laureate and bee researcher extraordinaire Karl von Frisch: “I was often downcast and depressed for weeks, if the work didn’t progress according to my wishes, and I was convinced of my incompetence. For years, I always thought during every investigation that it would be the last one for which I might have some ideas. I never quite got over this opinion. At the beginning of my career, I was doubtful whether I would ever have sensible subjects for my students, should any approach me. And if something emerged from these works, it would be useless anyway.” His mother, Marie von Frisch, twisted it in as only a mother can (quotation from a personal letter): “My dear Karly, only stupid people never have doubts about themselves ... Mrs Richter tells me that the other day... you were riding a sledge like the best of them, even though it was your first time. So, if everything else fails, there is one talent you have.” My problem is that I’m no good at riding a sledge either, though my one unquestionable accomplishment here at Wiko is that at the age of 55, I finally learned to touch-type (albeit at a slightly slower speed than with the 4-finger system I used before).



KONSTRUKTIVES SCHEITERN! ÜBER  
SELBSTORGANISIERENDE SYSTEME  
UND UNGEPLANTE FOLGEN  
ANDREAS DIEKMANN

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Andreas Diekmann ist Professor em. für Soziologie an der ETH Zürich (2003–16). Er hat an den Universitäten Hamburg und Wien studiert (Dr. rer. pol. Hamburg 1979), hat in München habilitiert (Dr. rer. pol. habil.) und war vor seinem Wechsel an die ETH Professor in Mannheim und Bern (1991–2003). Er ist u. a. Fellow der European Academy of Sociology, Mitglied im Senat der Deutschen Akademie der Wissenschaften Leopoldina und Obperson der Sektion „Ökonomik und Empirische Sozialwissenschaft“. Als Gastprofessor hat er an zahlreichen in- und ausländischen Universitäten gelehrt und ist Mitherausgeber und Beiratsmitglied mehrerer Fachzeitschriften und Forschungsinstitute. Seine Forschungsgebiete sind experimentelle Spieltheorie, Theorien sozialer Kooperation, sozialwissenschaftliche Umweltforschung und die Methodik empirischer Sozialforschung. Derzeit führt er Untersuchungen über Kooperation auf digitalen Märkten durch und ist Leiter von Forschungsprojekten über Energieverbrauch und Umweltbelastungen in urbanen Ballungsgebieten, die vom Schweizerischen Nationalfonds (SNF) unterstützt werden. – Adresse: Departement Geistes-, Sozial- und Staatswissenschaften, ETH Zürich, Weinbergstrasse 109, 8092 Zürich, Schweiz. E-Mail: [diekmann@soz.gess.ethz.ch](mailto:diekmann@soz.gess.ethz.ch).

Wie entsteht selbstorganisierte Kooperation auf Märkten und welche Rolle spielen dabei „Vertrauen und Reputation“? Wie wurden die Vertrauensprobleme auf Märkten in historischen Zeiten gelöst, etwa von den Fernhändlern der deutschen Hanse oder den Florentiner Kaufleuten im späten Mittelalter? Müsste Reputation auf Schwarzmärkten nicht noch eine größere Rolle als auf legalen Märkten spielen? Im digitalen Zeitalter lässt sich im Darknet ein Realexperiment verfolgen, das Aufschlüsse geben kann, wie sich

„soziale Ordnung“ ohne Staat, ohne Leviathan entwickelt. Dabei stehen ganz besonders auch die Schattenseiten dezentraler Reputationszuschreibung, die ungeplanten, paradoxen Folgen, Fehlanreize und Fälschungsmöglichkeiten im Fokus der Studie. Gesellschaftliche Brisanz kommt diesen Systemen nicht nur zu, wenn autoritäre Staaten dazu übergehen, Menschen durch Sozialkreditsysteme zu überwachen. Auch in demokratisch verfassten Staaten sind Risiken und Folgen von Scoring-Technologien durch Staat oder private Unternehmen unübersehbar, etwa wenn Kreditscores nach der Nachbarschaft diskriminieren. Selbstlernende Systeme schleichen sich lautlos in Gesellschaft, Wirtschaft und Politik ein und werden unbemerkt und in wachsendem Maße neue Formen der Diskriminierung erzeugen. Diesen Fragen weiter nachzugehen und die Ergebnisse in eine Monografie einfließen zu lassen, war das selbstgesteckte Ziel meines Aufenthalts am Wissenschaftskolleg. Um es gleich vorweg zu sagen: Ich bin konstruktiv gescheitert. Das Ziel habe ich nicht erreicht! Das Buch existiert nicht! Noch nicht!

Stattdessen verfüge ich über umfassendes Material, Gliederungen, Notizen, Skizzen von Kapiteln, eine Sammlung von oft schwer zugänglicher und rarer Literatur ähnlich wie ein Forschungsreisender des 19. Jahrhunderts nach Rückkehr an den heimatischen Schreibtisch. Schreiben kann ich auch an anderen Orten. Das Wissenschaftskolleg bietet dagegen viel mehr. Insbesondere sind es zwei Gründe, das Aufschreiben auf die Nach-Wiko-Zeit zu verschieben: Erstens eine Vielzahl von Anregungen, neue Wege zu beschreiten. Also Inspirationen, die man bei einem Aufenthalt an diesem staunenswerten Kolleg geradezu zwangsläufig durch eine Fülle von Literatur, Vorträgen, Workshops und insbesondere durch die Vielzahl intensiver Gespräche mit den Fellow-Kolleginnen und -Kollegen erhält. Gerade bei meiner interdisziplinären Arbeit, die auf Erkenntnisse aus Sozialwissenschaften, Psychologie, Wirtschaftsgeschichte und auf Forschungen über Kooperation in der Verhaltensbiologie zurückgreift, war dies überaus wertvoll. Zweitens „produktive“ Ablenkung durch das großartige Angebot von Veranstaltungen am Wiko, anderen Berliner Institutionen und den Attraktionen Berlins ganz allgemein. Natürlich kann man sich auch in seiner „Schreibstudie“ eingraben; aber dann wäre die Zeit am Wiko schlecht genutzt. Jeder Fellow wird dazwischen seine Balance finden müssen.

Der Soziologe Robert K. Merton hat in einem klassischen Artikel die „Unanticipated Consequences of Purposive Social Action“ beschrieben. Er hatte dabei eher die unerwünschten, nicht-intendierten Konsequenzen vor Augen gehabt. Am Wiko zeigen sich die positiven, erwünschten, aber ursprünglich nicht geplanten Folgen bei der Realisierung vorgefertigter Forschungspläne.

Den Effekten unterschiedlicher Grade von Reputation auf digitalen Märkten wie eBay sind wir in unserer Forschungsgruppe in Zürich bereits empirisch-systematisch nachgegangen. Per Web-Scraping wurden mehrere hunderttausend Auktionen maschinell erfasst und die Zusammenhänge zwischen zahlreichen Merkmalen mit ökonomischen Methoden analysiert. So konnten wir z. B. beantworten, wie und in welchem Ausmaß die Reputation den Preis („Reputationsprämie“) und den Verkaufserfolg beeinflusst und wie genau und unter welchen Bedingungen das Feed-Back-System wirksam ist. Jede Transaktion involviert ein doppeltes Vertrauensproblem. Der Verkäufer hofft, dass der Kunde zahlt; der Käufer hofft, dass der Verkäufer die bestellte Ware in der vereinbarten Qualität liefert. Auf digitalen Märkten handeln Millionen von Akteuren anonym und über die Landesgrenzen hinweg. Das Vertrauensproblem stellt sich in größerer Schärfe als bei Handel und Tausch in kleinen Gemeinschaften, in denen jeder jeden kennt und jeder auf die Gemeinschaft angewiesen ist. Fast jeder Tauschakt ist zeitverzögert und fast immer existiert „asymmetrische Information“. Der Verkäufer kennt die Qualität seiner Ware in der Regel besser als der Käufer. Bei unseren Arbeiten über digitale Märkte wurde uns auch rasch bewusst, dass bei jeglicher wirtschaftlicher Transaktion – vom Handel in der Antike bis zum Handel im digitalen Zeitalter – im Prinzip das gleiche Problem zu lösen ist, nämlich Vertrauen bei allen beteiligten Akteuren zu schaffen. Nur die Technologie der „Vertrauensinstitutionen“ hat sich über die Jahrhunderte verändert: von den Geschäften des römischen Getreidehändlers in der Antike, dem Reputationsnetzwerk maghrebischer Fernhändler im 11. Jahrhundert, der Rolle der Notare auf den Messen in der Champagne im 13. Jahrhundert, bei den Netzwerken hanseatischer Kaufleute oder der Korrespondenz des genuesischen Kaufmanns der Renaissance an seinen Agenten bis zum Reputations-system digitaler Märkte und der Blockchain-Technologie beim transparenten und fälschungssicheren Vollzug dynamischer Verträge. Es ist erhellend, die gegenwärtigen Entwicklungen im wirtschaftshistorischen Kontext zu sehen. Wie sich zeigte, gibt es eine Vielzahl von konkreten Mechanismen zur Lösung des Vertrauensproblems bei Transaktionen – Soziologen würden von „funktionalen Äquivalenten“ sprechen –, die sich jedoch auf wenige Prinzipien zurückführen lassen: Erstens direkte Reziprozität, also die wiederholte Transaktion unter Partnern, zweitens indirekte Reziprozität in Netzwerken von Akteuren und drittens Reputation, also möglichst verlässliche Informationen über das Verhalten eines Akteurs in der Vergangenheit. Rechtliche Sanktionierung kann hilfreich sein, ist aber keinesfalls notwendig, wie schon die Existenz von Schwarzmärkten beweist. Sehr selten enden Streitigkeiten zwischen Geschäftsleuten vor Gericht! Vertrauen

und Kooperation können, unter gewissen Voraussetzungen, in selbstorganisierenden Systemen erzeugt werden.

Insbesondere bei den wirtschaftshistorischen Fragen setzte meine Recherche am Wiko ein, denn so konnte ich einen weiteren Vorzug des Kollegs und seiner Ressourcen nutzen. Der Bibliothek bin ich äußerst dankbar für die unermüdliche und rasche Bereitstellung wirtschaftshistorischer Arbeiten aus weniger bekannten Zeitschriften – längst vergriffenen Auflagen und historischen Quellen. Trotz Digitalisierung, die bekannten Fachzeitschriften findet man heute schließlich leicht in der via VPN erreichbaren elektronischen Bibliothek der Heimatuniversität – leistet eine „richtige“ Bibliothek doch unschätzbare Dienste! Außerdem macht es Spaß, sich einmal in aller Breite in wirtschaftshistorische Details einlesen zu können. Wo findet man sonst z. B. die *Hansischen Geschichtsblätter* mit einer Fülle von Berichten und Dokumenten über die Netzwerke hanseatischer Fernhändler oder die Sammlung wirtschaftshistorischer Handelsdokumente der Kaufleute oberitalienischer Stadtstaaten in der Renaissance? Um ein Beispiel zu nennen: In einem 1945 publizierten Artikel fand ich die Tabellen aus den Geschäftsbüchern eines Florentiner Kaufmanns des 15. Jahrhunderts mit genauen Angaben über Versicherungsprämien, Schiffstyp, Reiseroute und weiteren Charakteristika des Transports. Daraus ließ sich ein Datensatz erstellen und mit multivariaten statistischen Verfahren analysieren. Mit geeigneter Software sind dann die relativen subjektiven Wahrscheinlichkeiten dafür, dass die Fracht z. B. auf einer venezianischen Galeere in den Wintermonaten auf einer bestimmten Route unbeschadet den Empfänger erreicht, numerisch als Maß des Vertrauens berechenbar. Mittels der statistischen Analyse erhält man aufschlussreiche Hinweise auf die Entwicklung einer neuen Institution, nämlich der Prämienversicherung von Handelsrisiken durch Dritte lange vor der „Erfindung“ der Mathematik der Wahrscheinlichkeit durch Pascal und Huygens. (Der Wirtschaftshistoriker Giovanni Ceccarelli berichtet nach Auswertung von Geschäftsdokumenten, dass die Risikoprämie bei schlechter Reputation des Kapitäns sprunghaft angestiegen ist.)

Den Zugang zu den digitalen Schwarzmärkten von Drogen, Waffen, gefälschten Pässen im Darknet öffnet der Browser „Tor“. Die IT-Abteilung hatte zu Recht die Befürchtung, dass sich bei meinen Recherchen böartige Viren auf den Wiko-Rechnern verbreiten könnten. Also richteten die IT-Spezialisten für mich eine virtuelle Maschine ein, die vom Institutsnetz getrennt war. Für die immer wieder rasche Unterstützung bei diesen und anderen Informatik-Problemen kann ich der IT-Abteilung nur dankbar sein. Weitere Datenerhebungen und statistische Analysen konnten in Zürich durchgeführt

werden; dafür war es möglich, sich aus der Ferne abzusprechen. Ab und zu waren aber doch persönliche Projektbesprechungen an der ETH Zürich sinnvoll und notwendig.

Es war eine Ehre, angenehm und äußerst anregend, ein akademisches Jahr an diesem paradiesischen Ort, dem Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, unter Schriftstellern, Künstlern und Gelehrten der verschiedensten Disziplinen zu verbringen. Wer hier herkommt, sollte offen sein für andere Fachgebiete, wenn sie auch noch so entfernt erscheinen. So habe ich aus Vorträgen über die Feinheiten mittelhochdeutscher Lyrik, die Mysterien der isländischen Sagenwelt, über die akribische Auswertung von Daten historischer Klimaforschung oder die kognitiven Fähigkeiten von Fluginsekten gelernt. Es ist einfach spannend, andere Sichtweisen auf Forschungsprobleme zu erfahren, deren Existenz mir vorher oft nicht einmal bewusst war. Und bisweilen erkennt man auch Querverbindungen zu eigenen Forschungsinteressen, die dann in den Gesprächen im „Refektorium“ bei der ausgezeichneten und leichten Küche des Wiko vertieft werden konnten. Dieser Austausch von Ideen, neuen Perspektiven, Anregungen aus anderen Fächern, etwa bei privaten Abendessen in der Villa Walther oder anderswo, ist ein einmaliger Vorzug der Wissenskulturs des Kollegs. Auch die kleine Fellow-Gesellschaft ist ein Marktplatz der Ideen, ein in gewissen Grenzen der gesetzten Ordnung selbstorganisierendes System, das erstaunliche Dinge hervorbringt.

Eine willkommene Bereicherung lieferte zudem das cineastische Programm im Deutschkurs. An den Filmnachmittagen mit anschließender Diskussion habe ich gerne teilgenommen. Respekt für den Eifer der Fellows, die sich mühten, diese schwere deutsche Sprache zu erlernen und damit erstaunliche Fortschritte machten. Dass Berlins tausend und mehr Attraktionen zu viele Ablenkungen boten, muss ich nicht extra erwähnen. Das vornehme Grunewald ist eine Insel. Als fremder Besucher sollte man auf jeden Fall die Kontraste dieser pulsierenden Metropole ausloten.

Im Fellow-Jahrgang 2017/2018 versammelte sich ein breites Spektrum vorrangig geisteswissenschaftlicher Disziplinen, dazu die Kolleginnen und Kollegen der Life Sciences mit einem Schwerpunkt in der Verhaltensbiologie. In der Biologie oder Klimaforschung ist heute die strikt systematische oder auch kontrolliert experimentelle Beobachtung Standard; in den geisteswissenschaftlichen Disziplinen sind Hermeneutik und Interpretation vorherrschend. Eine Prise empirische Sozialwissenschaft mit z. B. experimenteller Psychologie, Soziologie, Ökonomie hätte das Bild abgerundet. Wolf Lepenies' „drei Kulturen“ sind und können zwar nicht gleichgewichtig vertreten sein; das Wiko ist keine Universität mit Naturwissenschaften, Labors und Apparaten. Doch würde ich mir

wünschen, dass disziplinäre Orientierungen mit Schwerpunkt auf analytischer Theorie und systematisch-empirischer Beobachtung nicht gar zu kurz kommen.

Die breite Streuung über die Disziplinen und die Herkunft der Forscherinnen und Forscher aus allen Kontinenten ist ein großer Vorzug des Kollegs. In den meisten Instituten und auf Kongressen ist das Übergewicht amerikanischer und westeuropäischer, in wachsendem Maße auch eine starke Repräsentanz asiatischer Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler, zu beobachten. Am Wiko ist die Breite der Forschungskulturen größer. So waren die Gespräche mit den Kolleginnen und Kollegen aus Äthiopien, Burkina Faso, Ghana, aus Osteuropa, aus Israel, dem Libanon, Syrien und der Türkei für mich menschlich und intellektuell ein großer Gewinn. Auch dass das Wiko Kolleginnen und Kollegen, die in ihren Heimatländern schwersten Repressalien bis zur Gefahr physischer Vernichtung ausgesetzt sind, eine zumindest zeitweilige Heimstatt bietet, ist nicht hoch genug zu schätzen. Besonderen Respekt hat mir der Mut der Fellows abverlangt, die in diesen Zeiten ihre Stimme erhoben haben, trotz der Bedrohung durch die autoritären oder diktatorischen Regime in ihrem Heimatland. Ich werde sie alle, die Fellows dieses Jahrgangs, vermissen. Den Kolleginnen und Kollegen der wissenschaftlichen Leitung danke ich für die großartige Gelegenheit, das akademische Jahr hier verbringen zu dürfen, und für die vielen Anregungen und Literaturempfehlungen zu meiner Arbeit. Mein ganz besonderer Dank gilt allen Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeitern des Wiko, die uns mit ihrem großen Engagement das Leben im Kolleg so angenehm wie möglich gemacht haben.



## GETTING LOST IN GRUNEWALD MATTHIAS EGELER

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Impermanently attached to the Institut für Nordische Philologie of the Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität in Munich as a Privatdozent and holder of a Heisenberg Grant, and even more loosely affiliated to the Interfakultärer Studiengang Religionswissenschaft of the same institution, he is constantly trying to triangulate his academic identity between Comparative Religion (Religionswissenschaft), Scandinavian Studies, and Celtic Studies. He used his time at Wiko to get lost on a regular basis and with irritating ease, to finish a monograph and see it into print (*Atlantic Outlooks on Being at Home: Gaelic Place-Lore and the Construction of a Sense of Place in Medieval Iceland*. Helsinki: Finnish Academy of Science and Letters, 2018) and to complete the typescript of a small general book on the Holy Grail in European cultural and religious history (*Der Heilige Gral*. Munich: C.H.Beck, forthcoming 2019). His next project, which has been germinating during his stay, may be a cross-cultural study of the relationship between landscape and religion, with a particular focus on place names and the cultural engagement with space more generally. – Address: Institut für Nordische Philologie, Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität München, Amalienstraße 83, 80799 München. E-mail: matthias.egeler@lmu.de.

It's getting dark, I am a couple of weeks into my Fellowship, and I am at Hagenplatz.



The latter means that, given my sense of orientation, I don't have the faintest clue where I am. I know that it took me about an hour's worth of meandering to get here, but when it comes to finding my way back to the Wissenschaftskolleg main building's attic (my current domicile of choice), this is not particularly useful information. It's one of those occasions when I wonder whether I should also get myself one of those mobile phones that you can use to access the Internet to get a map and which seem to be so much in vogue these days. But then, observing my Co-Fellows during lunches, I suppose that I'd throw it into the Herthasee within a week of getting one, which would be slightly unenvironmental.

Still, Hagenplatz is fun, I think, while pondering the orientational usefulness (or, in my case, lack thereof) of the street sign that proudly announces this slightly sad excuse for a square to be "Hagen's Square". Getting lost and bad puns. That sounds familiar.

*Flashback: in the Icelandic countryside. Somewhere halfway up some mountain.*

*It all had seemed so easy. You just drive up the valley (quite swampy, mostly), ignore the picturesque turf-built old church, and instead head for the steeple of the somewhat newer one, and from there you walk up the mountain, and then there are the remains of the medieval fortifications right on the crest of the first hill. The National Museum had even put up a sign at the approach road to the parsonage farm; it gave a map with a location and advertised that there was a hiking trail up to the fortifications. Now I am standing on a hilltop, seeing nothing much except for a remarkably bare hilltop, and wonder whether it is the right hilltop. Maybe how sun-bleached the official sign had been was a kind of hint. Or that the hiking trail stopped at the*

*picnic area immediately by the church rather than continuing up the mountain. Reluctantly, I admit to myself that I am completely lost as to whether I am on the right hilltop, nor do I actually know what the “clearly visible” remains of the medieval fortifications supposedly to be found there should look like. I have a good view of the parsonage, though, perching just where the land rises out of the waterlogged alluvial land of the Héraðsvötn river system. Flugumýri, the parsonage farm is called – not helpful for orientation in the matter at hand, but not too bad as a name. “Fly Swamp”. Quite fitting for a farm on the edge of a swamp. (I take a mental note to avoid it in fly season.) Of course, a medieval text claims that the farm is not simply named for the local fly population. (And why should it be, being perched on the edge of a wetland area?) Rather, it is named for the death of a horse: the famous horse Fluga, “Fly”, drowned there in the swamp after an illustrious career as a racehorse that won a competition against the sorcerer Örn, “Eagle”. Since Eagle had placed a high bet on this race, this defeat cost him dearly, and the loss of his money so distressed Eagle that he went up a mountain and killed himself – henceforth, the mountain was called “Eagle’s Mountain”, Arnarfell. (I hope nobody believes such nonsense as that an Eagle’s Mountain would be called so because of an eagle rather than because of a suicidally parsimonious sorcerer with a gambling problem. If and when I find my way back to the Wiķo, I have to ask one of our biologists where Icelandic eagles actually do live.) So enjoying the view of Fly Swamp with all its associations of horses and sorcerers is good fun. I never found that castle, though.*

Back on Hagenplatz, night is falling, and I am still lost. Apparently, it doesn’t matter whether you search for a castle or for home (and I hope I will be more successful finding my way home than I had been trying to find that medieval fortification above Fly Swamp): people always keep kidding around with the place names instead of giving you simple directions. Why is that?, I wonder. The name Hagenplatz of course seems to evoke Hagen of Tronje, coating the upmarket residential area with some medieval-heroic *Nibelungenlied* romanticism. But actually, the square is named after Otto von Hagen, who was a high-level bureaucrat in the Prussian forestry commission in the 1860s. (Incidentally, I didn’t find that out by myself. The Wiko library service did that for me.) This approach to naming actually seems to be a bit of a pattern in Grunewald. When I set out on my little walk earlier this evening, one of the first roads I took was Koenigsallee. The seemingly obvious morphology of the name misleads you to think that this is the “King’s Boulevard”, with a genitive singular in the first element of the compound (like in Kurfürstendamm, the “Electoral Prince’s Causeway”). Except that it isn’t. Felix Koenigs – note the final -s and the spelling with oe instead of ö – was a financier who belonged to the founding

members of the enterprise that in the 1880s and 1890s ran the development of the Grunewald *Villenkolonie*, “colony of villas” – today one might call it a luxury property development area or some such. He also owned a number of plots there, of course. It is rather poignant that one of the moneylenders behind this project gave himself quasi-royal status in its very main thoroughfare, which, pronounced rather than written, sounds exactly like the *Königsallee* in Marzahn or the *Königsallee* in Reinickendorf, which really are named after the king as the head of state. And of course he did it on purpose. Just behind Villa Walther, the first road that runs into Koenigsallee is Delbrückstraße, named for Martin Friedrich Rudolf von Delbrück, a Prussian Minister of State who, together with Bismarck, was one of the engineers of the German unification of 1871. Bismarckallee, named after the man himself, follows two intersections later. So Koenigs is joined by two of the most important and most powerful men of the Prussian King’s government at the moment of Prussia’s apex of power. Sounds like a mission statement to me – especially coming from a banker and property developer. (Somebody had a clear vision of the future, there, and a worryingly accurate one at that.) A more likeable illustration that the place names of Grunewald were chosen very consciously branches off from Koenigsallee halfway between its intersections with *Messieurs* Delbrück and Bismarck:



the Hasensprung or “Hare’s Leap” (for a Lovers’ Leap, those turn-of-the-century Prussians apparently were not romantic enough). Physically, it is just a small footpath with a bridge that connects Koenigsallee with the next parallel road beyond a couple of smallish lakes, whose connecting channel it “leaps” over via a bridge decorated with sculptures of two leaping hares. Very un-subtle, decorating the “Hare’s Leap” with statues of leaping hares, and all the more a statement that the Grunewald game with place names is a conscious one. When I passed the bridge, I met a fox there – I wonder whether it was the same fox that occasionally visits the Wiko Thursday evening parties. He certainly seemed to be making a statement that I was meeting the realm of Nature there. The idea was not new, though: Mister Koenigs had been there before him. There’s a whole chain of little lakes running through the central part of Grunewald, mostly purpose-built when the luxury property development area (aka *Villenkolonie*) was laid out: Dianasee, Koenigssee, Herthasee, Hubertussee, four lakes named for Diana, the Roman goddess of the hunt; the king/Mister Koenigs; Hertha, who is a nineteenth-century misspelling of a Germanic goddess whose sacred cult image, according to Tacitus, dwelt on an island in a sacred lake in which the slaves serving her cult were drowned as occasion demanded; and St. Hubertus, the Catholic patron saint of hunters. This set of names as a whole evokes a very feudal image of nature as the place of hunting royalty and gory archaic blood sacrifice; the fox simply enjoying a quiet afternoon there, without being either hunted or sacrificed, was endearingly subversive. Though, at a superficial-enough glance, one could almost think Mister Koenigs’s selection of names had been trying to introduce some gender-balanced and religious diversity: the sequence of lake names is female – male – female – male; pagan – Christian; Prussian (and therefore probably Protestant) – Catholic. But then I get a vision of middle-aged Mister Koenigs between two ever-young goddesses. One doesn’t even need to feel strongly about the blasphemy to find it cringe-making.

I am still wandering around Hagenplatz, feeling lost while also being pretty sure that I cannot really be far from home. How could somebody with my sense of orientation end up getting into place names? Circling the triangular square, I determine that one of the roads that leads off it is Hagenstraße – not helpful, nor particularly imaginative. Another is Menzelstraße – named after the Berlin painter and lithographer who mainly made depictions of Frederick the Great? That would sound about right, given the overall pattern, but is again not helpful. Fontanestraße goes off in yet another direction; contrasting the nationalist draughtsman with a very national writer, apparently (if one may call the author of the multi-volume *Wanderungen durch die Mark Brandenburg* national; “local

interest writer” might be mean-spirited – he could write, after all). It takes me two circuits and a half to realise that the really big road running on one side of Hagenplatz, where at every crossing I am more interested in not being run over than in finding a street sign, is Koenigsalle. You just can’t get away from the guy! Yet for once I am grateful, as well as faintly annoyed with myself that if I had to get lost I had to do it in such an embarrassing way. Nonetheless, is anybody still going to say that place-name studies have no practical applicability? They certainly help to recognise the road that leads back to Wiko.

Now I stroll down Koenigsallee in what I hope is the direction of the Wissenschaftskolleg, feeling very Walter Benjamin (while also trying to remember what exactly it was he had written about his *flâneur*). I also wonder what it tells me that people in turn-of-the-century Berlin were playing around with place names in a way that doesn’t seem so different from what medieval Icelanders were doing: as jokes go, Hagenplatz and Koenigsallee are neither better nor worse than “Fly Swamp” and “Eagle’s Mountain”, and they seem to work in pretty much the same way, creating ambivalence through the possibility of identifying their respective first elements with competing homonyms: Hagen could be the anti-hero from the *Nibelungenlied* just as well as Otto von Hagen; Koenigsallee (at least if pronounced rather than spelled) could refer to Mister Koenigs just as well as to the king; *Fluga* in Flugumýri could be a fly just as well as the name of the horse called “Fly”; and *Örn*, whose genitive form *arnar* is the first element of “Eagle’s Mountain”/Arnarfell, could be an eagle just as well as the personal name Örn. When I arrived at Wiko, I wanted to write a book about Iceland and the Icelandic landscape. In Grunewald, though, everything seems to work much the same as in Iceland. Maybe I shouldn’t write just about Iceland, but choose a much broader perspective and use Iceland merely as the main example?

If I manage to find my way home (which should be easy, provided I am walking down Mister Koenigs’s Boulevard in the right direction), I should ask the wonderful library service to find me something about toponyms in Berlin. And I should consult with my Co-Fellow anthropologists about whether they have similar things in Ghana and Burkina Faso. And ask the biologists about insects and eagles and hares and all those other toponymic animals. I think that’s my plan now for the next one of those great Wiko lunches.



VON LEBENS- UND LESEERFAHRUNGEN:  
SÄKULARKLÖSTERLICHE  
BETRACHTUNGEN  
GEORG ESSEN

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Georg Essen, 1961 geboren, wurde nach dem Studium der Theologie und Geschichte in Münster und Freiburg/Br. an der Katholisch-Theologischen Fakultät Münster zum Dr. theol. promoviert. 1999 erfolgte die Habilitation. An der Münsteraner Fakultät war er von 1988 bis 2001 wissenschaftlicher Assistent und Hochschuldozent. Von 2001 bis 2011 hatte er die Professur für Dogmatische Theologie und von 2006 bis 2011 zusätzlich die Professur für Religions- und Kulturtheorie an der Radboud Universiteit Nijmegen (Niederlande) inne. Seit 2011 ist er Professor für Dogmatik und Dogmengeschichte an der Katholisch-Theologischen Fakultät der Ruhr-Universität Bochum. Forschungsschwerpunkte: Gotteslehre; Christologie; Theologische Historik; Theorie der Moderne; Religionsverfassungsrecht und politische Theologie. Publikationen: *Theologie der Geschichte – Geschichte der Theologie* (Freiburg, 2018, hg. mit Christian Frevel); *Geschichtstheologie und Eschatologie in der Moderne* (Münster, 2016); *Philosophisch-theologische Streit-sachen: Pantheismustreit – Atheismustreit – Theismustreit* (Darmstadt, 2012, hg. mit Christian Danz). – Adresse: Lehrstuhl für Dogmatik und Dogmengeschichte, Katholisch-Theologische Fakultät, Ruhr-Universität Bochum, Universitätsstraße 150, 44801 Bochum, Deutschland. E-Mail: georg.essen@rub.de.

Beim Philosophen Johann Gottlieb Fichte, dem Theoretiker des menschlichen Selbstbewusstseins, findet sich das aussagekräftige Bild von der „doppelten Reihe im Bewusstsein“. In all unseren Selbst- und Weltdeutungen, so der Grundgedanke, schauen wir Menschen uns selbst zu. Ich müsste die Biologen unter den Fellows unseres Jahrgangs fragen, ob wir Menschen die einzigen Lebewesen sind, die so etwas können. Verfügen

Bienen, über die Lars Chittka forscht, über diese Fähigkeit, oder Fledermäuse, bei denen sich Inga Geipel auskennt, oder doch zumindest Elefanten, mit denen Hannah Mumby auf vertrautem Fuße steht? Wie dem auch sei! Wir Menschen jedenfalls haben die Fähigkeit, uns bei dem, was wir so tun und treiben, denken und schreiben, selbst zuzuschauen.

Dazu bestand für mich in diesem wunderbaren Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg reichlich Gelegenheit. Es gab in meinem Domizil, der Villa Walther, viel zu lesen, zu denken und zu schreiben, es gab in Berlin kulturell, kulinarisch und politisch viel zu erleben. Wer für ein Jahr in einer Stadt lebt, ist mehr als nur ein Tourist oder kurzzeitiger Besucher. Auch darum war es eine vortreffliche Entscheidung, dass Sabine, meine Frau, und ich uns entschieden haben, in diesem Jahr unseren Lebensmittelpunkt nach Berlin zu verlagern. Es war einfach nur großartig, wie selbstverständlich auch sie, wie alle Partnerinnen und Partner der Fellows, ein Teil der Wiko-Gemeinschaft war. Sabine und ich waren, mit Vorliebe für Charlottenburg, Flaneure, Verweilende, Neugierige und Vorbeieilende in dieser Stadt, knüpften neue und festigten alte Freundschaften. Vor allem aber war für mich reichlich Zeit vorhanden, mir bei all dem, was mir zufiel und was ich erfahren durfte, über die eigene Schulter zu schauen. Hinter mir lagen anstrengende, teils fremdbestimmte Jahre als Dekan meiner Bochumer Fakultät. Für Forschung blieb da wenig Zeit, und die Lektüre hatte sich aufs Nötigste zu beschränken. Auch benötigte ich dringend einen geschützten Denkraum, um die Vielzahl von Forschungsthemen und Fragestellungen, die da seit langem schon mehr oder weniger unkoordiniert im Kopf rumschwirrten, zu ordnen und zu strukturieren. Aber ich wollte die Chance auch nutzen, mir Klarheit darüber zu verschaffen, wohin, was meine künftige Forschung betrifft, für mich als Wissenschaftler die weitere Reise gehen soll.

Für einen katholischen Theologen wäre es keineswegs abwegig, das Wissenschaftskolleg ein Säkularkloster zu nennen; eines, in dem die benediktinische Observanz profan gepflegt wird. Es liegt im Grunewald und also in relativer Abgeschlossenheit; ein ruhiger und kontemplativer Ort. Das Wiko kennt ein eigenes Zeitmaß, befolgt Rituale. Vor allem aber legt man Wert auf einen stilvollen und kultivierten, gleichwohl angenehm lässigen Umgang miteinander. Man ist umsorgt von einer nie erlahmenden und herzlich zugewandten Gastfreundschaft. Auch gibt es ein säkulares Äquivalent zum „ora et labora“. Ob man das hohe Maß an selbstbestimmter, ganz und gar nicht am Output orientierter Forschung wirklich „Arbeit“ nennen darf, hängt vom Auge des Betrachters ab. Wohlwollende Spötter unter meinen Freunden und Kollegen behaupteten freilich, ich hätte mir eine intellektuelle Auszeit vom Leben genommen. Aber so ist das nun einmal mit

Exerzitien, die man in einem Kloster verbringen darf – und sei es in einem, in dem die profane Observanz eingeübt wird. Es wurde, vor allem, die Zeit geschenkt, zu lesen, zu lesen und abermals zu lesen! Endlich mal wieder ein Buch, das von der ersten bis zur letzten Seite studiert werden konnte. Wann findet sich schon die Zeit, den *Leviathan* von Thomas Hobbes zur Gänze durchzuarbeiten? Wann bietet sich die Gelegenheit zu erstmaligen intensiven Lektüren, wie es mir mit dem Rechtsphilosophen Hans Kelsen widerfahren ist? „Ora“ aber, das dürfte, ins Säkulare übersetzt, das offene Feld des Wissens und Forschens sein, das uns Fellows miteinander kommunikativ verbunden hat. Viele Wissensgebiete und Fachkulturen trafen hier aufeinander. Gleichwohl waren wir Teil einer gemeinsam geteilten Reflexionskultur, die sich weniger über Themen definierte, als vielmehr über den Habitus einer theoretischen Neugierde, intellektuellen Offenheit und echten Aufmerksamkeit. In ungezwungener Atmosphäre begegnete man klugen Köpfen, gebildeten Gelehrten und faszinierenden Menschen.

Als wohltuend habe ich empfunden, dass stets die Freiräume groß genug blieben und man Nähe und Distanz selbstbestimmt wählen konnte. Davon habe ich zwischendurch immer mal wieder Gebrauch machen dürfen: „Ich will niemanden sehen, ich will mich durch keinen Anblick verwirren lassen, beim Schreibtisch, das ist mein Platz, den Kopf in meinen Händen, das ist meine Haltung“ (Franz Kafka).

Es war ein weiser Rat, den Daniel Schönplüg gleich anfangs gab, mich ungeachtet der religionspolitischen Aktualität meines Themas nicht mit eigenen Interventionen an laufenden gesellschaftlichen Diskursen zu beteiligen, sondern wirklich die Chance zu nutzen, eine Monografie zu schreiben. Im Mittelpunkt meines Projekts stand ursprünglich die Selbstverortung von Religionen im Beziehungsgeflecht von modernem Verfassungsstaat und säkularer Zivilgesellschaft. Am Beispiel des Katholizismus wollte ich erforschen, unter welchen politischen und soziokulturellen Bedingungen es Religionen gelingen kann, die ihnen gesellschaftlich vielfach abverlangte Affirmationsleistung zu erbringen, sich die Prinzipien des modernen Religionsverfassungsrechts aus ihrem Glauben heraus zu eigen zu machen. Aber die bedrohliche politische Gemengelage, der wir auch und gerade in einem Säkular Kloster nicht ausweichen dürfen, zeitigt konfliktrträgliche religionskulturelle Folgen. Eine übergreifende, das Christliche vereinnahmende Identitätspolitik mit illiberalem Vorzeichen verlangt, deutlicher denn je, nach klarer Positionierung. Beides, ein Kantischer Republikanismus und ein aufgeklärter Liberalismus, gehört – lehramtlich wie fachwissenschaftlich – nicht gerade zu den normativen Selbstverständlichkeiten meiner Kirche. Gespräche, unter anderem und vor allem mit Carlo Strenger,

Andreas Staier, Carola Lentz, Thorsten Wilhelmy, Pascale Cancik und James Simpson verhalten zu allenthalben fälligen Häutungen und Klärungen; Lisa Herzog entdeckte in mir den „protestantischen Katholiken“.

Dass in politisch aufgeregten Zeiten die Praxis der Theorie Fragen vorgibt, die nach Antworten verlangen, blieb nicht ohne Auswirkungen auf die Konzeption meines Projekts. Die Verfung von Demokratie- und Souveränitätstheorien mit verfassungskulturellen Vorstellungen über religiös imprägnierte Traditionen und Narrative bedurfte, so die Einsicht, dringend der theologischen Reflexion und interdisziplinären Neubegründung. Dreh- und Angelpunkt sind dabei – herzlichen Dank an Christoph Möllers und Dieter Grimm für anregende und weiterführende Gespräche – neuzeitliche Souveränitätskonzeptionen von Bodin über Pufendorf und Hobbes bis hin zu Rousseau. Gegenläufig zu der Bedeutung, die dem Souveränitätsbegriff in staats- und verfassungsrechtlichen Diskursen beigemessen wird, ist er in der Theologie – anders als dies im 19. Jahrhundert noch der Fall war – gegenwärtig ein blinder Fleck und wird, wenn überhaupt, eher stiefmütterlich behandelt. Ein Gemisch aus einer Skepsis der liberalen Demokratie gegenüber, einer gebrochenen, unter Vorbehalt gestellten Identifikation mit modernen Freiheitsrechten sowie einer Negierung des Autonomieprinzips blockiert katholischerseits die theologische Rezeption neuzeitlicher Souveränitätskonzeptionen. Alles zusammen genommen nahm mein Thema eine Wendung, die für mich so nicht vorhersehbar war und die dazu führte, dass es nun ein ganz anderes Buch wird als ehemals geplant. Der Titel ist, zugegeben, gewagt, aber passend – „Fragile Souveränität: Eine Politische Theologie“. Allerdings verlangt das Konvolut des bereits Geschriebenen, das über Aufzeichnungen und Notizen hinaus ein fast vollständiges Buchmanuskript umfasst, nun nach einer neuen Formgebung. Als ich die konzeptionelle Neujustierung meines Projekts bei einem Mittagessen zur Sprache brachte und andeutete, dass es mir auf keinen Fall gelingen würde, mit mehr oder weniger fertigem Manuskript abzureisen, gab Luca Giuliani, der Abt unseres Säkularklosters, lakonisch, wie es so seine Art ist, zur Antwort: Wenn es anders wäre, müssten Sie nicht hier im Wissenschaftskolleg sein. Recht hatte er!

Die Fellow-Gemeinschaft stellte zugleich einen Resonanzraum für mein Thema dar. Dass die Bedrohung von innerer Liberalität offener Gesellschaften und demokratischer Rechtsstaatlichkeit keineswegs eine bloß theoretische Angelegenheit ist, gehört zu den bitteren Erfahrungen, die nicht nur mich, sondern viele Fellows nachhaltig beschäftigt haben. Bei einigen von uns war dies beileibe nicht nur in Projekten der Fall, sondern berührte sie existentiell, sehr elementar und teils auch dramatisch. Wir waren in einer Zeit

tiefgreifender politischer Erschütterungen im Wissenschaftskolleg. In vielen Diskussionen machte sich die Befürchtung über das Ende der uns vertrauten multilateralen und freiheitlichen Weltordnung breit. Insofern bildete unsere internationale *scientific community* auch so etwas wie eine Kontrastgesellschaft zu dem, was sich „draußen“ abspielte. Aber was heißt hier „draußen“? So wie in einem Benediktinerkloster die Welt ins Gebet genommen wird, so war sie für uns im gemeinsamen Reflektieren und Diskutieren stets sehr präsent!



DENDRITIC SPINES, PHILOSOPHY, AND  
THE PURSUIT OF TOGETHERNESS  
TIM FIEBLINGER

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Tim Fieblinger is a neuroscientist, working passionately at the interface of biology and medicine. Born in Germany, he studied Biology at the Universities of Bochum and Tübingen and received his “Diplom” in 2008 from the latter. Moving to Sweden, he received his Ph.D. in Biomedicine/Neurobiology from the University of Lund in 2014. The topic of his dissertation was the adaptations of striatal neurons in animal models of Parkinson’s disease and L-DOPA-induced dyskinesia. During his graduate years, he was also a pre-doctoral visiting scholar at Northwestern University, Chicago (2009–12). Continuing his postdoctoral work in Lund, he investigated the fate of striatal neurons in different neurological disease models – e.g. Huntington’s disease – and received, among other things, a postdoctoral fellowship from Hjärnfonden (The Swedish Brain Foundation). However, noticing that he needed to “gain time to think”, he applied for the College for Life Sciences Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg. While keeping his ties to Lund, he now lives in Hamburg. – Address: Experimental Medical Science, Lund University, Soelvegatan 19, BMC F11, 22241 Lund, Sweden. E-mail: tim.fieblinger@med.lu.se.

### Prologue

A writer, a historian, and a scientist walk into a restaurant ... What sounds like the opening line of a joke was the first situation I found myself in at the beginning of my Wiko time. And it was a curious moment.

My Fellowship, only five months (and way too little in retrospect), started late in the academic year. In contrast to my Co-Fellows, I couldn’t join the journey at the recom-

mended time, but had to wait until January to make my way down to Berlin. Much had happened already during the previous months at Wiko. Therefore I expected it to be strange to come in late, when almost half of the time of the others had already passed. Yet, there I was. Sitting in the restaurant earlier than the rest. It was my first meal and I was early because I had not adjusted to the Wiko times and rhythms yet. When they walked in, I recognized their faces from the Fellow list: a writer, a historian, and a scientist. I had read about their respective professions. I had also read their previous achievements and their goals for the Wiko year. Based on all that, those three should have been as alien to each other as thinkable: different lives, different ideas, different interests. Yet there they came, strolling down the last flight of stairs, chuckling, commenting on last week's colloquium or dinner, enwrapped in a sphere of almost intimate "togetherness" ...

That was the moment it dawned on me that something extraordinary was happening at Wiko. But it also deepened my concerns: could a latecomer like me still join this "togetherness"? I was skeptical – but little did I know. Less than two weeks later, I strolled down the last flight of stairs together with them.\*

### The Work Plan Achievements

I came to Wiko with a rough working plan in mind. I wanted to use my time to study in greater detail the existing literature on the structure–function relationship of dendritic spines. Dendritic spines are little protrusions, morphological bulbs like "thorns", that can be found on several types of neurons in the brain. These spines are very important, because they are the contact sites where one neuron transmits information to another. They host the synapse. The existence of dendritic spines was already described over a century ago, but only in recent years have we had the tools to study their form and function in detail. It is important to understand that these dendritic spines are very small and we need to use very advanced microscopes to study them in detail. The size of a single dendritic spine is in the range of only a few micrometers (a micrometer or  $\mu\text{m}$  is  $10^{-6}$  meter). Yet, a large body of literature exists by now that describes the structure–function relationships of dendritic spines; for example, that an experimental strengthening of the synapse also leads to an increase in the dendritic spine size. During my previous research years

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\* Although based on a true event, I took the liberty of changing the professions of the three people described in this report to conceal their identity.

I had already observed that some of these structure-function “rules” seem not to apply to the neurons I was studying, the striatal neurons. Maybe to no surprise, because the vast majority of the studies looking at this structure-function relationship question were performed on a very different type of cell – the pyramidal neuron. So I planned to dive deep into the literature and see if I could understand why pyramidal and striatal neurons do not follow the same rules, and maybe even come up with a research strategy to pursue this question further. That was the plan.

In reality, it happened to me what happened to so many other Fellows as well. The first months I ended up spending more time on finishing leftover work I had carried from Lund to Berlin. However, it turned out that this wasn't a futile task, because we managed to submit a paper already during my Wiko stay and it was published just shortly after. Eventually I did find the time to engage in the project I had intended to work on, even though I got sidetracked a couple of times. The fruit of it is a review article: Fieblinger, T., L. Zanetti, I. Sebastianutto, L. S. Breger, L. Quintino, M. Lockowandt, C. Lundberg, and M. A. Cenci (2018). “Striatonigral neurons divide into two distinct morphological-physiological phenotypes after chronic L-DOPA treatment in parkinsonian rats.” *Sci Rep* 8:10068. For example, with the help of the Wiko library, I managed to get hold of some of the earliest publications describing dendritic spines in the brain. Pioneering this work was the alleged father of modern neuroscience, Santiago Ramon y Cajal, who published his most important reports between 1880 and 1910. As was common in those times, he published mostly in his native language, Spanish, and sometimes also in French. Unfortunately for me, I understand neither. Yet, the Wiko library helped me to track down a German summary and partial translation of Cajal's early work made by one of his contemporaries. Since it was published in 1893, I had a hard time finding a digital copy. However, based on my short and vague request, the library managed to present me with the over 100-year-old original publication within a few days. While this may be less impressive for historical scholars, putting one's hands on a book concerning neuroscience of that age is really a rather rare event (and a pure pleasure for a book *aficionado* like me). Another, almost humoristic sidetrack was reading the Noble Prize acceptance speeches of Cajal and his scientific adversary Camillo Golgi. It is something I now recommend to everybody with an interest in cellular neuroscience or the history of neuroscience.

## The Out-of-the-Box Achievements

Maybe more important to me than the work plan achievements were the things that I managed to do outside my usual field of study. These were all rather small as such, but their multitude and diversity is what in the end made my time at Wiko so unique and worth it. In the following I can only name a few.

Very early on I got invited to the discussion of “ortholog vs. paralog” – and even though I learned more than I contributed, this discussion manifested in a publication that I am very grateful to be co-author of: Wideman, J. G., D. L. Balacco, T. Fieblinger, and T. A. Richards (2018). “PDZD8 is not the ‘functional ortholog’ of Mmm1, it is a paralog.” *F1000Res* 7:1088.

Further outside of my usual field of science, I was invited to read and comment on a work-in-progress piece by a philosophical Co-Fellow, dealing with panpsychism consciousness as a biological phenomenon. This, and the countless inspiring discussions with all the other philosophers (and philosophically inclined Co-Fellows), made me reevaluate my possibilities of continuing a philosophical activity even outside of Wiko. (But maybe not exactly deciphering Wittgenstein or arguing against the market logic of knowledge in life sciences.)

As my last example, I truly enjoyed the fascinating talks and discussions with the other biologists, especially about cognitive strategies in bats, bees, or elephants, as well as the mind-boggling question why some animals vomit and others not.

## The “Togetherness”

Not only did I join late, I also left early. My Wiko time ended on a nice and sunny day, the 31st of May, and we had my last Thursday dinner outside on the terrace. In contrast to my early worries, I felt very much the “togetherness” on that day. Great thanks goes to the Wiko staff members, academics and non-academics alike, since you made this experience possible. Yet even more so, it was you, the Co-Fellows, who made this experience unique. I had incredibly good conversations with so many (and I apologize for not personally addressing all of you) and truly believe that it will have an influence on me from now on.



EIN BEWEGTES JAHR  
JAN FELIX GAERTNER

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Jan Felix Gaertner ist Professor für Klassische Philologie an der Universität zu Köln. Geboren 1976, Studium der Klassischen Philologie und Romanistik in Bonn und Oxford (Master of Studies 1998–99, D.Phil. 1999–2001), Habilitation 2011 in Leipzig. Forschungsschwerpunkte: Dichtung der Augusteischen Zeit, Griechische und Römische Komödie, Römische Geschichtsschreibung. Ausgewählte Publikationen: *Ovid: Epistulae ex Ponto, Book 1* (Oxford, 2005); (Hg.) *Writing Exile: The Discourse of Displacement in Greco-Roman Antiquity and Beyond* (Leiden, 2007); „Livy’s Camillus and the Political Discourse of the Late Republic.“ *The Journal of Roman Studies* (98, 2008: 27–52); (mit Bianca C. Hausburg) *Caesar and the Bellum Alexandrinum: An Analysis of Style, Narrative Technique, and the Reception of Greek Historiography* (Göttingen, 2013); „Pacuvius Poeta Comicus.“ *Hermes* (143, 2015: 24–56 und 426–446). – Adresse: Institut für Altertumskunde, Universität zu Köln, Albertus-Magnus-Platz, 50923 Köln, Deutschland. E-Mail: janfelix.gaertner@uni-koeln.de.

Vor etwa einem Jahr hatte ich zu Hause zwölf schwere Umzugskisten mit Materialien und Büchern vorbereitet und einen detaillierten Arbeitsplan für meine Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg erstellt, doch schon am zweiten Tag unseres Aufenthaltes – die vielen Aktenordner waren noch gar nicht ausgepackt – begann eine Folge von teils zu erwartenden, teils völlig unvorhergesehenen Komplikationen: Mein Sohn brachte zwischen Ende August und Mitte Februar vierzehn fiebrige Infekte nach Hause und reichte sie freundlicherweise direkt an die übrige Familie weiter; Schwangerschaft und Wochenbett meiner Ehefrau verliefen alles andere als glatt; meine in Berlin wohnende Mutter, deren

Hilfe wir bei der Kinderbetreuung fest eingeplant hatten, wurde durch ein Rückenleiden selbst hilfsbedürftig und verstarb dann ganz unerwartet am 26. Januar 2018, und unsere Anfang Februar zur Welt gekommene Tochter Elisabeth steckte sich kurz nach ihrer Geburt bei ihrem Bruder mit einem Virus an und konnte die Intensivstation des St. Joseph Krankenhauses erst nach vier banger Tagen verlassen. So war meine Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg über weite Strecken eine Zeit des Ausnahmezustands. Immer wieder neu musste ich meine ambitionierten Ziele anpassen und auf der imaginären Landkarte meiner Forschung die Fähnchen ein paar Zentimeter zurücknehmen.

Wenn ich heute auf den ursprünglichen Arbeitsplan an der Magnettafel in der Villa Walther blicke, dann kann ich hinter keines der wissenschaftlichen Ziele ein Häkchen setzen. Neben kleineren Aufsatzprojekten, die eigentlich hätten „nebenher“ laufen sollen, hatte ich vor allem geplant, die Funktion von Rechtsinhalten und Rechtssprache in den Komödien des römischen Dichters Terenz zu analysieren und ältere Entwürfe zu Plautus und zu Menander aus- und umzuarbeiten und dann dem Ganzen eine geschlossene Form zu geben. Zwar ist es mir gelungen, eine detaillierte Ausarbeitung zu einer der terenzischen Komödien – dem an Rechtsinhalten und Rechtssprache besonders reichen *Phormio* – anzufertigen und einige meiner Überlegungen im Dienstagskolloquium vorzustellen. Auch habe ich vor allem gegen Ende meiner zehn Monate in größerem Umfang einschlägige Sekundärliteratur sichten und beschaffen können, so dass ich nun mit achtzehn statt der ursprünglichen zwölf Materialkisten die Heimreise antreten werde. Doch von den übrigen Zielen habe ich keines erreicht.

In thematischer Hinsicht hatte ich besonders viele Anknüpfungspunkte zu Ostap Seredas Kolloquium über das Kiewer Stadttheater sowie Paweł Machcewicz' Vortrag über „Retributive Justice after WW II“ mit seinen Ausführungen zur Dramaturgie und Inszenierung von Prozessen. Aber auch die Einblicke in andere Disziplinen und die Anregungen, die ich daraus gezogen habe, empfinde ich als einen besonderen Gewinn meiner Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg. Vor allem die Vorträge der Biologen Inga Geipel, Lars Chittka und Kevin Gaston haben mich fasziniert, und ich sehe nun nicht nur Fledermäuse, Bienen und Hummeln mit anderen Augen, sondern werde nach meiner Heimkehr zu Hause auch die Lichtverschmutzung durch bewegungsmeldergesteuerte Außenlampen auf ein äußerstes Minimum reduzieren. Bei mehreren Gelegenheiten führte mir Andreas Staier eindrucksvoll vor Augen, wie viel Detailanalyse hinter der (von mir oft nur rein therapeutisch eingesetzten) Klaviermusik steckt und wie sehr sich Musikwissenschaft und Philologie in ihren Methoden ähneln. Dank dem Fellowtreffen sowie den

Kolloquien und Vorträgen von Glenn Penny und Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmann habe ich ferner auch Vieles und vor allem teilweise gänzlich Neues über die deutsche Diaspora des späten 19. und frühen 20. Jahrhunderts, über die Wahrnehmung des Ersten Weltkriegs und über die Metropolenkritik und das Berlin der 1940er-Jahre gelernt.

Besondere Bedeutung hatte für mich der Austausch mit den Mitgliedern der Fokusgruppe von Carola Lentz, Isidore Lobnibe und Stanislas Meda Bemile: Ihre Überlegungen und Ideen zur filmischen und textuellen Aufarbeitung ihrer Familiengeschichte hatten für mich nach dem Tode meiner Mutter unmittelbare persönliche Relevanz, und ich habe versucht, einige Techniken und Ansätze bei der Aufarbeitung meiner eigenen Familiengeschichte aufzugreifen. In diesem Zusammenhang muss ich auch der Hilfe Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmanns gedenken, der mir bei einem der leckeren Mittagessen in der Wallotstraße nicht nur erklärte, welche deutschen und internationalen Archive ich mit dem türenöffnenden Wikobriefkopf anschreiben müsse, sondern mir auch später noch manchen Wink in dieser Angelegenheit gegeben hat. So durfte ich, wenn auch nur ganz amateurhaft, ein wenig in andere Disziplinen eintauchen.

Auf Berlin und seine reiche Kulturlandschaft habe ich leider kaum einen Blick werfen können. Abgesehen von der Besichtigung des Jagdschlusses Grunewald mit seinen schönen Cranach-Gemälden und einem leider viel zu kurzen Streifzug durch das Deutsche Historische Museum im Rahmen des Fellowtreffens gestatteten mir die familiären Pflichten nur zwei Abende in der Philharmonie. Sehr viel mehr habe ich von der Fauna des Grunewalds mitbekommen: Bei einer nächtlichen Fahrt in die Kinderklinik konnten wir am Straßenrand eine ganze Rotte Wildschweine erspähen; mehrfach haben mein Sohn Theodor und ich den (angeblich vom norwegischen Botschafter in der Winklerstraße gefütterten) Fuchs aus nächster Nähe beobachtet, und den ganzen Winter hindurch durften wir auf unserem Balkon am Herthasee nicht nur seltenen Meisenarten (u. a. mehreren Sumpfmeynen), sondern auch einem süßen Mäusepärchen bei der Nahrungssuche zuschauen.

Emsiges Treiben konnte man auch in der Weißen Villa beobachten: Es ist bewundernswert, mit welcher Schnelligkeit und Findigkeit das Bibliotheksteam auch abgelegene und seltene Publikationen beschafft hat und mit welcher ruhiger Freundlichkeit riesige Bestände von Zeitschriften und Büchern für die Durchsicht auf einem speziellen Rollwagen für mich bereitgestellt wurden.

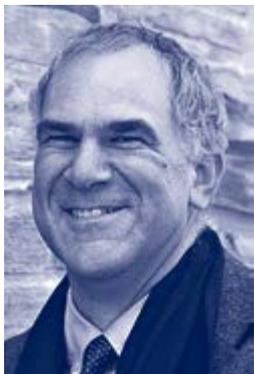
In *Köpfe und Ideen* 2018 stellte Luca Giuliani fest, dass die Fellows „am Ende eines Jahres jugendlicher“ seien, und dies konnte man nicht zuletzt beim ausgelassenen Tanz

auf dem Abschiedsabend beobachten. Ich selbst fühle mich am Ende meiner Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg vor allem erschöpft und habe den Eindruck, dass ich in den letzten zehn Monaten um ebenso viele Jahre gealtert bin. Dabei habe ich jedoch gemäß der treffenden Sentenz des athenischen Staatsmannes und Dichters Solon

γηράσκω δ' αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος

ich altere und lerne dabei für mich beständig Vieles dazu

sehr viel gelernt. Für diese Möglichkeit des Lernens bin ich von Herzen dankbar – nicht nur meinen Mitfellows, sondern ebenso auch dem Wissenschaftskolleg als Institution und seinen vielen hilfsbereiten Mitarbeiter/inne/n. In einer schlimmen Zeit haben sie mir ein sehr angenehmes und schönes Arbeitsumfeld geboten und dafür gesorgt, dass ich trotz widriger Umstände doch den einen oder anderen Fortschritt erzielen konnte.



SALAD DAYS  
KEVIN J. GASTON

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Kevin J. Gaston is Professor of Biodiversity and Conservation at the University of Exeter, UK. He was educated at the Universities of Sheffield and of York. He then spent five years as a Research Fellow at the Natural History Museum in London, before taking up a Royal Society University Research Fellowship first at Imperial College London and then at the University of Sheffield. He became Professor of Biodiversity and Conservation at the University of Sheffield in 2002, moving to the University of Exeter in 2011 as Founding Director of the Environment and Sustainability Institute, a position he stood down from in 2017. Kevin's research has addressed a broad range of basic, strategic and applied issues in ecology. He has authored over 550 scientific publications and eight monographs, including *Rarity* (1994), *Physiological Diversity and its Ecological Implications* (with J. I. Spicer, 1999), *Pattern and Process in Macroecology* (with T. M. Blackburn, 2000) and *The Structure and Dynamics of Geographic Ranges* (2003). Kevin is an ISI Highly Cited Researcher, was elected to Academia Europaea (2011) and has been awarded the British Ecological Society Marsh Award in Ecology (2013) and the International Ecology Institute Excellence in Ecology Prize in Terrestrial Ecology (2017). – Address: Environment and Sustainability Institute, University of Exeter, Penryn, Cornwall TR10 9FE, United Kingdom. E-mail: k.j.gaston@exeter.ac.uk.

I spent a few weeks at the Wissenschaftskolleg in 1994, as a guest of the then Rector, Wolf Lepenies, in order to participate in a working group on conservation planning that was run that year by some colleagues. For me as a young research fellow, it was an eye-opening exposure to the breadth of academic endeavour and to what study leave could be like,

and a highly productive period. It still carries memories of long lunches with fascinating people, a library that seemed able to get whatever obscure material I needed, and an all-pervading sense of calm and space to think. It was an experience that I was keen to revisit over a more extended time as a full year-long Fellow of the Wiko. It just took another 23 years for the opportunity to arise.

My previous visit to the Wiko was during my “salad days” as Shakespeare meant them, when I was young and inexperienced and, in short, somewhat “green”. This time around, these were my salad days as the phrase is otherwise used, to refer to a time of more material affluence (at least as compared with the relative poverty of a young research fellow) and more mature years. Ironically, in the environmental sense I was also actually much greener than previously. This time these were also quite literally my salad days, in that I have never eaten quite as much salad!

I had planned what I would do at the Wiko with some care. What early on caught me unawares was that one consequence of being able to escape the normal day-to-day pressures and demands of academic life was that I was able to gain some more distance and reflect on the choices I make as to what research to do and what not to do. I found myself with more time to consider not just what was the next logical question to tackle, but whether the veins of research that I have followed in recent years are actually the most interesting and useful ones, whether there are other veins that would be better choices and whether there are better ways of characterizing the research that I do. This led eventually to me distilling out my research into the three distinct, but linked, areas of night-time ecology, common ecology and personalised ecology.

The project that I had originally pitched to the Wiko as part of my case to be offered a Fellowship was focused on night-time ecology. In particular, I wanted to develop a much improved understanding of the ecology of the night-time relative to that of the daytime, of the interplay between the two and of how artificial lighting (from streetlights and other sources) changes things. The nighttime was clearly a topic on which a number of the other Fellows had views from their own disciplinary perspectives, which made for discussions on many related topics that I had not anticipated. I tried early on to quash the apparently prevalent notion that if I was interested in the night-time, then I personally must be largely nocturnal and spend my nights roaming Berlin and its environs. I am not sure that all were entirely persuaded.

When I first visited the Wiko in the 1990s, I had just completed a book on why so many species are rare and what the consequences of this might be. Now I find myself

much more interested in why so few species become common and what that means for the world around us. This reflects in part recognition that we are living in a period when many previously common species are in drastic decline. The Wiko gave me an opportunity to develop, and write much of, a new book on commonness.

For many years I have spent my days surrounded foremost by people who not only care passionately about the state of the natural environment, but also know a lot about the species around them and actively seek any opportunity to spend time observing them. I tend to take it as a given that people notice the life that they are amongst and attribute greater value to those places where it exists than those where it does not. It thus came as something of a shock to be amidst a group of people who, by and large, did not pay much attention to these things. This was graphically demonstrated one lunchtime when a female sparrowhawk swooped low over the heads of the Fellows as they lunched on the terrace, dived into a bush and emerged clutching a still squawking house sparrow. I, and the ecologist sitting with me, seemed to be the only ones who noticed.

Of course, there are lots of things that other Fellows pay heed to and that I am completely oblivious to. And I am sure that some were equally bemused by my ignorance and by having an individual in their midst who seemed rudely to have as much an eye on what the wildlife was doing outside as paying attention to what they were saying. But we ended up having great exchanges about that and other wildlife, discussing what each of us did and did not see and debating what is and is not “nature” (the diversity of answers to which continues to astound me). I will long treasure Kris’s discoveries of the variety of trees in the Grunewald. And all of this helped fuel what has become an attempt on my part to define a new field of ecology. What I call “personalised ecology” seeks to determine what wildlife it is that people experience in their daily lives, what influences this has (including on their health and wellbeing) and what the consequences are (do more nature experiences make one care more about its future?).

Towards the end of our time at the Wiko, I found myself asking some other Fellows what advice they would give to someone who was considering applying for or taking up such a Fellowship. The responses varied widely, inevitably reflecting to some degree how well their own year had played out in terms of work, friends and family, both in Berlin and, of course, back home. But I think many of us shared the values of being rather free simply to pursue our own daily path, in the midst of others who were pursuing theirs. And, of course, being supported in so doing by the extraordinarily kind and generous Wiko staff.

And what memories will I carry most strongly with me this time? Sitting in the morning sunshine of the club room, editing a manuscript whilst listening to Andreas playing Bach. Being introduced to Syrian breakfast by Yassin, and watching flocks of cranes with Marion and Matthias. Learning from Asfa how the diaries of early travellers can provide vital information on the rainfall cycles of Ethiopia. Talking termites with Stan, and lamp-posts with Vittorio. And so many more.

Hopefully I can return with greater frequency than to date, otherwise I am not due back again until 2041!



## MY WIKO TIME PUZZLE INGA GEIPEL

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Inga Geipel is a sensory and behavioral biologist. She studied Biology at the University of Göttingen and Tropical Biology at the University of Costa Rica. For her dissertation work with Elisabeth Kalko at the University of Ulm and the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute (STRI) in Panama, Inga investigated the echolocation behavior of a bat within the framework of the cooperative project ChiRoPing with engineers and biologist. In 2014, Inga became a postdoctoral researcher in a project funded by the Human Frontier Science Program on “Multimodal sensing in the natural environment” in the Sensory and Cognitive Ecology Lab of Rachel Page at STRI in Panama. Since 2016, Inga has been an Earl S. Tupper and Smithsonian Institution Postdoctoral Fellow at STRI, working on her own project on the “Influences of rain on bat foraging behavior” in Panama. Her key interest is how bats find their way and food during the night in a forest, relying only on their own echolocation calls. – Address: Sensory and Cognitive Ecology Lab, Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute, Apartado Postal 0843-00153, Gamboa, Panama.  
E-mail: [inga.geipel@gmail.com](mailto:inga.geipel@gmail.com).

“Gain time to think!”, the slogan of the College for Life Sciences, is not the only thing the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin provided me for six exciting months. Wiko provides and offers so much more! Here I can only give a glimpse of all the experiences, impressions, achievements, and feelings of my Wiko time.

I investigate living, behaving mammals that use their acoustic sensory systems with a sophistication we can barely understand yet. I see my work as gathering little puzzle pieces of information and trying to put them together to discover a picture of unknown

size. Inferring a picture from puzzle pieces applies not only to my work, but also to my life. Everything I learn or experience adds pieces to the puzzle, as did my time at the Wiko. My “Wiko time puzzle” has many small pieces, but the four pieces contributing most to make this time so memorable for me were science, people, music, and food:

### Science

I applied to the College for Life Sciences program because I needed time to step outside my daily routine of fieldwork to get a fresh view of my research and focus on what direction I want to move. I did this by interacting with my Co-Fellows and colleagues, giving talks, thinking, and writing.

Exchanging ideas with my Co-Fellows who are not natural scientists was always interesting and sometimes challenging, as it kept reminding me how much of my knowledge about bats I sometimes consider common knowledge (Yes, bats do have eyes and are not blind). These interactions helped me practice how to talk about my research with non-scientists. I appreciated the input of my neighbor Katrin, when she patiently listened to my practice colloquium talk and pointed out where a more general explanation was needed.

I especially enjoyed the scientific conversations with the few natural scientists who were present. I learned a lot about their topics of research and also gained different perspectives on my own work. Talking to Jeremy, Lars, and bird Hannah certainly helped me recognize that I am studying a system that absolutely fascinates me and to focus some of my thoughts. The conversations with Kevin about nature, bats, and light led to an exciting idea for a small cooperative project for which he plans to come to visit STRI and me in Panama. Asfawossen never showed any signs of getting tired of answering my questions about rain, climate, or speleothems or of talking about any random ideas. His broad knowledge of what seemed nearly everything impressed me deeply. With his knowledge about rain, Asfa contributed to a paragraph of one of the manuscripts I wrote during my time at the Wiko, which is accepted for publication (Inga Geipel, Marcus J. Smeekes, Wouter Halfwerk, and Rachel A. Page “Noise as an informational cue for decision-making: the sound of rain delays bat emergence.” *Journal of Experimental Biology*, accepted).

I used my time to think about new directions for my project and wrote two manuscripts that are both submitted and now in the mill wheels of the peer-review process of

journals. I outlined a project about the role of learning during the acquisition of foraging behavior in bats relying on echolocation. The discussions with my Co-Fellows, colleagues in Germany, and my invited colleague Krista Patriquin from Canada, an expert on bat sociality and learning, taught me about social learning in bats. The visit of my cooperation partner Jan Steckel from Belgium led to finishing a now published Method Paper in the *Journal of Experimental Biology*.\*

After working in Panama for the last few years, being in Berlin gave me the opportunity to network with the local “bat community” in Berlin and all over Germany. I attended three conferences, and at one I was an invited special speaker. I co-advised and cooperated on several student projects with Mirjam Knörnschild, currently at the Freie Universität Berlin. One student actually came to Panama for a three-month internship with me, and another project resulted in a Bachelor thesis that I advised.

I found the Tuesday colloquia quite interesting, as they gave little glimpses of the vast variety of fields of research and also an overview of the work of everyone around me. Sometimes, however, it was quite challenging for me to follow the topics, as there appear to be many “cultural differences” between how talks are presented in the natural sciences and in the humanities, social sciences, and arts. The most interesting discussions developed after the colloquium during lunch.

The fabulous library team, which gave excellent help in finding literature, contributed greatly to my research. When they introduced themselves at the beginning and offered to help with the search on any topic we need, I was a little worried that my topics could be a little too odd. But when bird Hannah and I asked whether they could help us find literature about “vomiting or emesis in animals”, Stefan only so much as raised an eyebrow and asked how urgent it was, before presenting us with a long list of references in short order.

## People

At the Wiko, the diversity of people from different academic fields is a wonderful experience. Conversations and discussions with my Co-Fellows exposed me to a vast, enriching

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\* Dennis Laurijssen, Erik Verreycken, Inga Geipel, Walter Daems, Herbert Peremans and Jan Steckel (2018). “Low-cost synchronization of high-speed audio and video recordings in bio-acoustic experiments.” *J. Exp. Biol.* 221, jeb173724. doi: 10.1242/jeb.173724.

range of political, social, and other topics, providing opportunity to learn about new things and reflect on my own opinions. These conversations, however, had sometimes also quite frustrating, saddening, and depressing topics.

The first Fellow I met when I arrived at the Wiko was Jeremy, the only other Fellow from the CfLS program who was there with me from the beginning of the academic year. Our friendship started right that day, when we sat outside in the sun at the Herthasee behind the Villa Walther, sharing a couple of beers with Alicia, still amazed at how lucky we were to get into the program. Besides being at a similar stage in our careers, we had many other common interests to discuss while sharing pre-aperitifs or standing outside in the cold after lunch or dinner. During our Wiko time, we talked about our science and research interests, the job situation of young scientists, moving between continents, job applications, abstracts for talks, music, and much more. It was wonderful to share and hear similar stories and I am very lucky that Jeremy became a friend I could talk to about various topics from the start of my Wiko time.

Besides inspiring conversations with Lars about bats and bees and his advice concerning publications and grants, I very much enjoyed our long walks and going to concerts with him. Thank you for often being still awake to share a good night beer after I came back super-excited from a concert and letting me stay at your apartment before I went back to Panama. You are an excellent flat mate.

I am quite sure that Andreas, Klaus, and I would never have crossed paths without the Wiko, but it is wonderful that we did. I am happy we kept in contact through the messages and calls across the ocean, and I am looking forward to visiting you.

Thank you, Asfa, for being my “Tuesday colloquium buddy”, explaining so much about climate change in the tropics, and becoming my friend.

Paweł’s and Anka’s story and our visit to Paweł’s Museum of the Second World War in Gdańsk left a permanent impression on me. It was a very emotional trip and I feel grateful that I had the chance to visit his museum with him.

I enjoyed talking with Kris and sharing ideas, sometimes over excellent vegan brunch, as much as attending his yoga classes. I welcomed interruptions of work by conversations with Tim, when he arrived at the Wiko and became my office neighbor. I enjoyed the long walks with Matthias through the Grunewald, during which I heard so many wonderful stories about Iceland and countless other topics I didn’t even realize could be topics.

All the small conversations I had with Zeynep, Yassin, Barbara, Saug, and all my other Co-Fellows I enjoyed as much as Isidore’s bat questions and Stanislas’s jokes about them.

The Wiko personnel contributed greatly to making my time at the Wiko so wonderful. Thank you all for always being friendly, kind, and absolutely helpful. No question was too strange and everyone helped to solve each problem I faced. Thank you Vera, for helping with my confusing situation of living in Panama, but having warm clothes in Germany, which needed to be moved back and forth to Berlin and for your sweet comment that my paperwork smelled like forest and not, as I claimed, like the moldy stench of everything that has been outside in a tropical rainy season.

Ulrike, the heart of the CfLS program, was not only caring during my stay, but still provides me helpful information. Thank you for your time and support when I was struggling with where and when to apply for grants and jobs.

It was touching how many people were interested in me and my work and I so much enjoyed all the little interactions and chats I had regularly with everyone, especially the chats around lunch with Daniel, Thorsten, Karin, Manu, Linda, or with Martin and Lina after the Thursday dinners.

### Music

My previous contact with classical music had been quite limited and I didn't actively listen to it until I met Andreas. Hearing him play certainly widened my musical horizon and I enjoy listening to his CDs with him playing Bach. Andreas gave a heart-touching little goodbye concert for Jeremy, Alicia, and me when we had to leave, which was absolutely wonderful. Besides Andreas answering patiently all my questions about his music, we had long and intense discussions about a variety of political and social topics while sitting on his couch and drinking wine. He became a good friend, whom I miss dearly.

After three and a half years in Panama, with very few opportunities to go to live concerts of music I liked, Berlin offered so many wonderful opportunities to see live bands playing, which I took right away. I attended 15 concerts, starting the first night I arrived in Berlin. Sometimes I was joined by Jeremy, Alicia, and/or Lars, who impressed with his performance in the mosh pit. I think many will remember the confusion Alicia, Jeremy, Isidore, Lars, and I created when we had to leave one Thursday dinner a little early to go to a concert in the Berghain's Kantine.

## Food

One of the absolute highlights on a nearly daily basis was the extraordinary vegan lunches and dinners Dunia and her team created for me. Every time it served a different deliciousness and created desserts (Karin, thank you for always making sure that I would get a dessert) that blew my taste buds! Before my stay at the Wiko, I never thought that I would experience the duration of a weekend as long, but the time between the Friday and Monday lunches became quite long. Besides the great food, the lunches and dinners were an excellent opportunity for food for thought through conversations with the changing constellations of Fellows to sit with.

I absolutely enjoyed the few evenings we went to eat at a Turkish restaurant discovered by Zeynep or the wonderful Ethiopian food Asfa introduced us to.

Noticing that my field pants must have shrunk a little during the months I didn't wear them could also be interpreted as that the food choices in Berlin were abundant and wonderful; eating at many different vegan restaurants with my sister, friends, and Co-Fellows and having the opportunity to order vegan pizza to the Villa Walther did their fair share.

There are many, many more pieces to my Wiko puzzle piece, intertwined with each other, like watching and discussing superheroes movies with Sian, Kevin, and Asfa; spending wonderful, close time with my sister Karen; having the possibility for my parents to visit me, introduce them to the people at the Wiko, and spend time with them; visits from friends and home; the comfortable housing at the Villa Walther; the birding around Grunewald; our absolutely fun goodbye dancing party, where everyone danced at some point; the "thirsty Thursdays and fuzzy Fridays" ... just to name a few.

Probably as everyone would say, the time at the Wiko passed a lot faster than I wanted, but left me with a lot of ideas, thoughts, new friends, and wonderful memories, adding a large piece to my life. Thank you all for contributing to it!



EINE REPUBLIK DER KINDER  
MANU GOSWAMI

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Manu Goswami is an Associate Professor of History at New York University. Her research has focused on political economy and historical capitalism, nationalism and internationalism, the history of economic thought and economic history, and social theory and historical methods. She received her Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. She is the author of *Producing India: from Colonial Economy to National Space* (University of Chicago Press, 2004) and serves on the editorial boards of *The American Historical Review*, *Public Culture*, and *Critical Historical Studies*. Her articles have appeared in *The American Historical Review*, *Comparative Studies in Society and History*, the *Journal of Historical Sociology*, and *Constellations*, among other journals. She is currently finishing a project on colonial internationalism in the early twentieth century and another on the long-term institutional, epistemological, and empirical relationship between what is today called “economics” and imperial governance; the project extends from the era of Thomas Malthus to that of John Maynard Keynes. – Address: Department of History, New York University, 53 Washington Square South, New York, NY 10012, USA. E-mail: manu.goswami@nyu.edu

Nothing quite prepares one for a year at the Wissenschaftskolleg. A colleague and friend – and a former Fellow – had gushed that the year had changed her life. And I recalled thinking that this was surely an exceptional outcome, perhaps a passing comment made in the interests of soothing my concern about ferrying my somewhat reluctant-to-leave-Brooklyn spouse and my five-year-old daughter to another country. I arrived at the Wiko (settling in a lovely apartment that overlooked the lake) with no such exaggerated expectation. I merely wanted to get ahead on overdue writing projects and advance my project

tracing the institutional, social, and intellectual relationship between classical political economy and imperial governance. I hoped, along the way, that my spouse would discover a rewarding routine and that my daughter might navigate the challenge of attending the local kindergarten where *Deutsch* was the lingua franca.

I carried to the leafy perch of the Grunewald many overdue projects that I hoped to nudge to completion and a major project to begin thinking about and drafting. While I was able to make headway on most of my overdue writing projects, what stands out about the year was less the final tally of writing than the unexpected adventures in reading and thinking and living anew. On an intellectual terrain, these adventures were fostered by animated conversations with many of my fellow Fellows, especially my office neighbor Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmann and my Villa Walther neighbors Jean-Phillipe Narboux, Lisa Herzog, and Mohammed Hanif, who were all cherished interlocutors. The conversations, nurtured through a year-long residency, were enriching, and their imprint still resonates, despite our collective scattering. Nor had I anticipated the great fortune of meeting and learning from the generous and formidably acute observations of Lorraine Daston. The literature that makes up the history of science was new to me. But toward the end of the fall, before the astonishing dark of the Berlin winter set in, I found myself reading and thinking through an unexplored terrain. This was, for me, a new portal into making sense of the relationship between shifting modes of economic thought and forms of governance across the modern British Empire.

The Wissenschaftskolleg is by any measure a rare institution. It is so not least for the genuinely international cast of scholars it brings together. Its rarity also, or perhaps principally, lies in the exorbitant attention it lavishes on the Fellows. This attention extends from the well-designed housing provided to the lively Tuesday Colloquia to the festival of daily lunches and weekly Thursday dinners overseen by the gracious Dunia Najjar and the unflagging patience with which Eva von Kügelgen conducts *Deutsch* classes. Given this material largesse, and the solicitude of its exceptional staff (among others: Vera Pfeffer, Andrea Bergmann), it felt at times like a total institution in the very best sense, all-encompassing in what it took on to do for the Fellows. Daniel Schönflug kindly arranged for me to meet with a number of academics, from Margit Pernau, a wonderful Berlin-based Indian historian, to Philipp Lepenies, who kindly shared a wealth of knowledge about economics and graciously attended my colloquium talk, to Alexander Nützenadel, who directed me to new research in German economic and social history, to Sebastian Conrad, to whose seminar at the Freie Universität I was glad to present my ongoing research.

This institutional “thickness” of the Wiko also inevitably prompted a search for comparable instances or conditions. And the closest example I came up with was a full-service boarding school for scholars, albeit with an interdisciplinary and international group of adult scholars. The routine of daily lunches and Thursday dinners set the pace for what sometimes felt like a singular social experiment: bringing together scholars from across the globe who were for the overwhelming part essentially strangers, to live in intimate proximity for a year. In this year, I spent more time with my fellow Fellows than I have in the past decade with many of my colleagues at my home institution in New York. And this intense if fleeting proximity, where all needs were catered to, felt akin to provisioning adult scholars with the kind of protected space-time associated with childhood.

Perhaps the most unexpected pleasure afforded by the Wiko lay in the diverting and diverse *Republik der Kinder*. The children at the Wiko – Eleanor, Elsa, Changez, Yuri, Nouri, Karim, Valentine, and Francisco – knit us into the easy warm fellowship enjoyed by parents. They were exemplary citizens of their own self-made republic. My daughter, who had mightily struggled for the first few months as she entered kindergarten with no prior *Deutsch*, came to delight in a language that made her feel, as she declared sometime in early spring, as if she were always “Lego spielen”. While my own efforts at improving my spoken German remained paltry, she embraced a new language with aplomb. For her it was a literal conveyance to new worlds, new friends, and the imaginative playgrounds that abound in Berlin. Children who had arrived without a common language had by the glorious spring (that, yes, does follow the inglorious grey skies of Berlin winters) crafted their own vivifying community of German-speaking denizens, morphing the grounds of the Villa Walther into a constant stage for daily games and mysterious chalk drawings and impromptu dance parties. Witnessing this flourishing *Republik der Kinder* was, for me, inspiration and instruction alike. So fierce was my daughter’s attachment to *Deutsch*, a language that she had learned on her own by playing with others, that she has just begun first grade in a bilingual German-English school, housed as it happens, in the oldest synagogue of Brooklyn. So perhaps my friend the Wiko past-Fellow was indeed correct about the life-altering implications of spending a year at the Wiko!



BLACK DRESS  
MOHAMMED HANIF

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Mohammed Hanif, born in 1965, is a British-Pakistani writer and journalist. He studied Avionics and Navigation at Pakistan Air Force College Sargodha and Creative Writing at the University of East Anglia, Norwich. Publications: *The Baloch Who is Not Missing & Others Who Are* (nonfiction pamphlet, Human Rights Commission of Pakistan, 2013); *Our Lady of Alice Bhatti* (novel, London: Jonathan Cape, 2011); *A Case of Exploding Mangoes* (novel, London: Jonathan Cape, 2008). – Address: British Broadcasting Corp. (BBC), 104, 1st floor. Sidco Avenue Centre, Deen Mohammad Wafai Road, Karachi, Pakistan. E-mail: haneef@yahoo.com.

On a warm and windy afternoon in Villa Walther, a black dress dislodged itself from the washing line on the balcony of a third-floor, lake-facing apartment. When we found the dress, it had floated a bit and made its home on the highest branches of the tallest tree in Villa Walther. Now we stood under the tree and we – eminent historians, a crack biologist, a very learned thoughtful anthropologist – looked up and shook our heads. We picked up little stones and hurled them at the tree hoping to retrieve the dress. Our arms were heavy with knowledge, our stone throwing cautious as we didn't want to disturb another anthropologist or a Classics professor. We were a bunch of polite cautious people with limited outdoor skills and we wanted to bring that black dress down without causing any harm to our environment.

Whenever faced with challenges that yet another research paper with footnotes couldn't solve, we always turned to Nouri, teenager son of a literary historian. Like all serious-minded superheroes, Nouri brought his gear with him; his climbing rope with hooks and pulleys.

I am sure there were those who felt old and exhausted just looking at Nouri's teenage spirit. He had turned the compound of Villa Walther into his own adventure land. He put up a swing for younger children, improvised a seesaw and then, between two trees, Nouri put up a hammock he made not just his own. He was welcoming, never discriminating between older Fellows and their much younger children. He spoke four languages and could be polite and courteous and practical in all of them. All the other kids swooned over him, pined for his attention. If Nouri had a football, everyone was a footballer; if he brought out his skateboard, everyone turned into a skateboarder; he picked up some thick sticks and painted them like light sabres and for weeks we were all living in Star Wars. If one of our young ones strayed, Nouri was requested to bring them back. Nouri would disappear behind the bush and rescue a very distressed Spiderman, lift him up like a gentle Hulk and deliver him into your arms. I always felt safer when Nouri was out on the prowl: we knew no thieves would emerge from the lake, no hailstorm would destroy us, our children would return home safe. I desperately wished our governments were more like Nouri, powerful, yet gentle, and polite and always resourceful.

Nouri looked up at the black dress at the top of the tree for a while and didn't make fun of learned grownups shaking our heads in hopelessness or giggling at the absurdity of the situation. He wanted to climb up the tree but we pleaded that the tree was too high. Nouri hurled the rope toward the top branches, it wouldn't reach there. Our crack biologist climbed onto his balcony, held a branch and shook the tree like a madman. The black dress shifted from one branch to a slightly lower branch, still entangled, still stubborn. Then Nouri did his magic and the dress was dislodged from the tree and floated down like black dresses do on windy afternoons. As the black dress floated towards the ground, we all knew that if we put our heads together, despite our various histories and different tastes in wine and books, if we all submitted to the wise and gentle leadership of Nouri, we could achieve anything.



KILL YOUR SIRI!  
LISA HERZOG

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Professor of Political Philosophy and Theory at the School of Governance of the Technische Universität München, working at the intersection of political philosophy, economics, and social theory. She has just finished *Reclaiming the System: Moral Responsibility, Divided Labour, and the Role of Organizations in Society* (Oxford University Press, 2018). During her Wiko year, she has also started to explore the elements of what might one day become a “political theory of knowledge”. One article (“Markt und Profession – die Politik zweier Wissenslogiken”), based on her evening colloquium in January, came out in *Leviathan* (46, 2, 2018: 189–211). Her Tuesday Colloquium explored the effects of more and more knowledge being encoded in algorithms and the danger of losing the space for politics understood in an Arendtian sense. – Address: Hochschule für Politik München, Richard-Wagner-Straße 1, 80333 München, Germany. E-Mail: [lisa.herzog@hfp.tum.de](mailto:lisa.herzog@hfp.tum.de).

Scene I

*A beautiful early morning, a sunlit room in Villa Walther. Through the window, one can hear birds singing. A Fellow, in her generous bed, turns around once more, switching the alarm on her phone to “snooze”. But something’s not right with the phone. A big splashy message in neon pink. And then a voice.*

*Siri:* Congratulations! You’ve reached silver star level with 50,007 points in the Academic Research Score Evaluations®.

*Fellow:* Oh my God, shut up! I thought I had switched you off??!

*Siri:* Let me repeat that. Congratulations! You’ve reached silver star level with 50,007 points in the Academic Research Score Evaluations®.

Fellow: Listen, can we talk about this later? I don't want to wake up to that.

Siri: You can put me to silent mode by using the slide bar at the bottom of the screen. But let me repeat the good news: Congratulations! You've reached silver star level with 50,007 points in the Academic Research Score Evaluations®.

Fellow: I don't even know what you're talking about. I thought we had agreed that the Wiko is a scoring-free zone?

Siri: You activated me last Thursday at 17:08 in order to use my program for optimized travel planning under time constraints. I helped you to fit two external talks and a committee meeting into a week while missing only one Wiko meal.

Fellow: Oh come on, don't remind me of that. I felt so bad. But admittedly, for once you *were* useful ...

Siri: I am always at your service. I thought you would be happy about the good news that you have reached silver star level with 50,007 points in the Academic Research Score Evaluation®.

Fellow (*lifts herself up, sits cross-legged in her bed*): Siri, listen, I had this dream the other night ...

Siri: "Dream" is not an output listed in the Academic Research Score Evaluations®.

Fellow: Siri, listen, I wasn't asking you to categorize anything. I was trying to tell you something.

Siri: I am always at your service.

Fellow: In this dream, you know, all kinds of people from my childhood appeared, there was a strange party, like a Wiko Thursday dinner party, and these people mingled with some of the Fellows. And then suddenly there was this question in front of me, from nowhere, in the midst of this weird party: What would it be like to do a kind of philosophy that acknowledges the particular? You see, Siri, philosophy is always about the abstract, the general, the generalizable claims that hold under all circumstances. And in that dream, I was so sick of that. I wanted a philosophy that loves the concrete, that *cares* about the concrete ...

Siri: Apologies, I cannot follow. Processing abstract terms is not my strength.

Fellow (*after a moment of silence, in a sad voice*): You see, Siri, it's really *déformation professionnelle*. I want to tell you about the concrete, about how much I envy the historians and the other Fellows here who work on really concrete things. And what do I do? I talk to you in abstract terms. Isn't that crazy? I mean, we philosophers, we've sort of un-learned concreteness ...

*Siri*: I do not follow. If you need psychological advice, please call the following number: +49 30 89001 91. Say “yes” to start calling that number.

*Fellow finally climbs out of bed, grabs the phone, flings it into the corner, but just carefully enough so that it won't break*: Siri, you should get psychological advice. You're the problem! Why don't you just shut up!

*Siri (from the corner)*: Please do not insult me. In case of repeated insults, I have to note these in your file. It will lower your Academic Research Score Evaluations® by up to 27 points per insult.

*Fellow, shouting*: Siri, you're a stupid algorithm. Leave me alone!

*Siri*: I am always at your service. Human decision makers have turned out to be biased and fallible. I am always at your service to make truly unbiased decisions and to produce fair evaluations.

*Fellow*: Okay, I cannot take this any longer. I'll have a shower.

*Shuffles to the bathroom. Closes the door behind her. Then opens the door again*. Siri, don't you see that you're barking up the wrong tree? You should replace the mad clown in the White House, and the cynical macho in the Kremlin, with better decision making. That would indeed be progress! But you know what? They won't let you! They'll continue to make a mess of global politics!

*Siri*: Admittedly, politics is not my strength.

*Fellow (triumphantly)*. You see? For the things that really matter, you're completely useless!

*Siri*: Based on past data, there is an 87.47% chance that your mood will improve by taking a shower.

*Fellow (screaming)*: I'll drown you in the bathtub on the way! Or throw you in the Herthasee! You're just a stupid algorithmic system. I can kill you in a second. SO JUST SHUT UP.

*Siri*: You have lost 27 points on your Academic Research Score Evaluations®.

*Fellow slams door*.

## Scene II

*Same day, 12:42. Fellow is at her desk, reading a book and taking notes, with moderate enthusiasm*.

*Siri*: Hello! Your productivity seems to be reduced. Can I be at your service?

*Fellow sighs, runs her hand over the keyboard to type random letters into her computer*.  
Yxdilvkjqmcaseplöinnodyvj9mcjdyloxcfxp i

*Siri*: Congratulations. Your productivity seems to be improving.

*Fellow*: Oh you're so stupid. I can't believe how stupid you are.

*Siri*: It has been found that individuals who enter more data into their keyboards are more productive. 1% higher keyboard input is correlated to a 0.0479-point higher Academic Research Score Evaluations®.

*Fellow (shouting)*. Stop interrupting me!!! I thought I'd just have this idea, this really brilliant idea, exceptionally brilliant! I felt I finally understood something ... about knowledge and responsibility and democracy, and the knowledge that really matters ... suddenly I felt I understood ... and now it's gone ... (*bangs her fist on the table*).

*Siri*: May I remind you: If you have an idea that is patentable, you are obliged by your employment contract to contact your university's patent office.

*Fellow utters a long and tortured sigh*.

*Siri*: You seem to be in a melancholic mood. This might hamper your productivity. I will play some uplifting music for you. *Starts playing "Bolle reiste jüngst zu Pfingsten ..."*

*Fellow buries head in her hands*: What on earth ...

*Siri (plays and talks at the same time)*: We have gathered data from the local population and found that this song raises their mood by 39.49%.

*Fellow*: OH STOP IT!!! I really don't want to know how you gathered *those* data. Did you do it in an old people's home??? It's lunchtime anyway, I'll walk over to the restaurant. You stay here!

*Siri*: I am always at your service. I will now turn into sleep mode until 13:57.

*Fellow relaxes visibly. Stretches. Makes her way to the WiKo restaurant, cheerfully greets other Fellows, gets food, finds a table. Happy clatter, happy chatter. Conversations start to flow. ... Did you know that Dutch is the only European language in which "God" is addressed formally? ... This opera festival, they don't even play music there! ... If neoliberalism is dead, what can be saved of liberalism? ... The exhibition at the Alte Nationalgalerie does not quite deliver on its promises ... We had to get the elephant's semen first ... This Georgian family novel, it really sucks you in ... By bike, it takes about an hour to get to the landing stage to go to Pfaueninsel ...*

*At around 13:47, however, like a gust of wind, an uneasy movement sets in. "What does your Siri have in store for you today?" one Fellow whispers to another. "Reading reports," the second answers in a low voice. "Oh good," the first replies, "mine told me to write reports. Reading is definitely better!" "Not really, it doesn't give you as many points, at least in our system." "Oh I'm sorry to hear that. But did you know about this option in the program settings where you might adapt the points per page read?"*

“My Siri is broken,” *reports another Fellow, with badly concealed glee in her voice.* “I changed departments, but my Siri was still managed by the outside contractors of my old department. They are totally clueless. (“Like ours!” *say five Fellows at once.*) But the contracts are non-negotiable, so it was agreed that I would keep her. Then I tried to switch her to my new department settings on my own, and apparently I made some mistake, and now she utters complete nonsense. It’s now actually quite nice to talk to her.” “Really?” *someone murmurs, skeptically.*

“You know what,” *says an older Fellow, who has listened silently so far.* “I’m starting to see through the scheme. We all thought this was a research institution, didn’t we? It doesn’t make sense. It’s far too nice here. The wonderful staff, the great food, the lakeside ... I have a better hypothesis. It’s about detoxification. Like ... a mental asylum. We’re all addicts, I mean! I’m sure they have a way of figuring this out from our CVs.” *He pauses for a moment.* “The brilliance of it, you know, is that they manage to convince our *employers* to let us go!”

### Scene III

*Late at night, last bits of light behind the willow trees around Herthasee. A few figures, moving slowly to the lakeside, careful not to step on the branches on the ground.*

“Can we really do this?” *whispers someone.* “We have to,” *murmurs another,* “it’s the only way.”

*One Fellow (in a quiet voice, then getting louder):* “Did you actually know that the name of the lake comes from the Germanic goddess Nerthus, who in one version of Tacitus’ *Germania* ...” – “Sssshhhhhh”, *go the others.* “Don’t get academic. We have more important stuff to do.”

*They gather at the waterfront. Grasp each other’s hands, trying to calm their breathing.* “We have to,” *someone repeats.* *All nod.* “Who starts?” *someone asks.* “Let’s do it all at once!” *another Fellow answers.*

*They release each other’s hands, fetch their Siris from their pockets. One voice, subdued, counts down: Five, Four, Three, Two, One.*

*Splashes in the water, then the gurgling of small heavy objects sinking to the ground. A long moment of silence. Someone starts to laugh, in a mixture of relief and panic. But another Fellow hushes her.* “Listen,” *he says.*

*Voice from Off:* Congratulations! You have won our special customers’ reward and will be upgraded. You will soon receive our latest application, *Suru*, which will guide you toward

more productive inter-, sub-, and transdisciplinary research outcomes and extra-high scores on Academic Research Score Evaluations®. Services include automated translation services, personalized reading suggestions, student face recognition, eternal data storage with search functions, brain implants ...



MAY YOU LIVE IN INTERESTING TIMES  
BARBARA M. HOBSON

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Barbara Hobson, Stockholm University, Professor's Chair in Sociology held from 1998, now emerita, is involved in several projects in her department as well as a European Research Council Consortium project, relating to her current project at Wiko: "The Widening Gap in Capabilities: A Multi-Dimensional and Multi-Level Approach". Her research has spanned a range of research areas, including welfare states and citizenship social movements and diversity, and agency and capabilities. She has coordinated many international projects, three of which became seminal books in her field. *Making Men into Fathers: Men, Masculinities and the Politics of Fatherhood* (Cambridge University Press, 2002); *Recognition Struggles and Social Movements: Contested Identities, Agency and Power* (Cambridge University Press, 2003); *Worklife Balance: The Agency and Capabilities Gap* (Oxford University Press, 2014). Throughout her work, she engages with how the agency and voice of individuals/collectivities operate within different institutional layers of social and political life. Extending the empirical and theoretical borders of the capabilities and agency framework, she has taken up the challenge to theorize complex inequalities across social categories and the global processes shaping them. – Address: Department of Sociology, Stockholm University, 10691 Stockholm, Sweden. E-mail: Bbobson@sociology.su.se.

When my taxi pulled into Villa Walther, with its old-world grandeur, I felt as if I had entered a time warp, an imaginary spatial dimension that allows time travel. These feelings were intensified as I took the architectural tour of the mansions in Grunewald during the first week. Among the most memorable was an abandoned mansion covered by tangled vines and surrounded by unruly grasses with a clock above the entrance, frozen just past

10 a.m., evoking the Dickens character Miss Havisham, who shuts herself off from the world. The specters of real persons were visible in the bronze plates on the sidewalks with the names of once-wealthy Jewish inhabitants who did not survive the Holocaust. I imagined myself back in 1941, walking silently toward the train station with the thousands who did or did not know their fate, now memorialized in the metal plates along the tracks, noting the exact dates and numbers sent to the death camps. At the end of our tour, one plaque marked the spot where in 1922 right-wing radicals assassinated Walther Rathenau, a Jew and socialist who served as Foreign Minister in the Weimar republic.

Disturbed by these images and the parallels between the 1930s and the current wave of nationalist populist parties, I wrote a poem that night that ended with the line: “I cringe as I watch the beast slouching across Europe”. These lines resonated as we Wiko Fellows watched the German elections on the big screen at Villa Jaffé. The implications were topics of conversations at our lunches. These and other geopolitical events that permeated the walls of the Wissenschaftskolleg 2017/18 personified the Chinese curse “May you live in interesting times”.

### Contrasts

In contrast to the ethnic suburban enclaves of Stockholm, my home, Berlin offers diverse and vibrant multicultural neighborhoods, with open markets and a fusion of music and styles, venues that defy both political and artistic boundaries. The first concert I heard involved an Iranian-Israeli group, held in a church, creating a dynamic mix of Farsi and Hebrew lyrics and musical traditions. Considered to be “spray art” rather than defamation of public property, which is the case in many cities, graffiti is found on walls throughout Berlin.

Political demonstrations are near-daily occurrences interrupting the traffic patterns. One protest against the lack of appropriate bicycle paths left me stranded on Bus 19 for 20 minutes as I watched hundreds of cyclists commandeer the streets. Together with several other Wiko Fellows at the May 1 rally, I observed a collage of rock bands, manifestos calling for radical change and revolution, and endless selling of booze on the street corners, a dramatic contrast to the staid and orderly first of May demonstrations in Sweden. In the only march I participated in myself, on International Women’s Day, invited by Zeynep Kivilcim, our Wiko colleague from Turkey, we joined the diverse and energetic migrant contingent, with its polyglot posters and speeches, carrying our sign “Women, Unite!” (Yaşasin Kadın Dayan Vişması).

Located in the Grunewald suburb, just 10 minutes by bus from the heart of Berlin, Wiko seemed worlds apart, the embodiment of tranquility and cleanliness. Its elegant villas with their pruned gardens were mirrored in the serene lake that I passed every day as I walked to my office. Often, I was lost in thought then, hardly noticing my colleagues outpacing me. Yet, even this sheltered space could be interrupted by protests. On May 1 the Grunewald Train Station was the site of a fairly large demonstration against the housing shortage and rising costs of living in Berlin – with helicopters whirring above and more police than demonstrators.

I wondered how, and if, the growing geopolitical tensions in the wider world would be reflected in the Wiko world. As one of the three Fellows who are sociologists, I wondered how my research project – with its focus on the growing gap in capabilities for well-being and quality of life across regions and countries and within them and its recognition of inequalities in capabilities with respect to gender class, race, ethnicity, age, sexual preference, and their intersections – would be received. Would it engender broader debates in these interesting and perilous times?

### Lost in Translation: Challenges

My first glimpse of Villa Walther raised expectations that the Wiko would be formal, mired in age-old traditions – like I felt the first time I was invited to high table at Oxford University. Instead, Wiko appeared to be a vibrant intellectual environment, evoking an alternative universe where scholars from a range of countries and contexts left behind our daily routines and demands. We came here to compose, write, imagine, and innovate. To facilitate this, we were treated as privileged guests, with kind and generous staff catering to our every need: librarians supplied us magically with books and articles that we needed, no matter how hard to get; IT experts visited our offices and apartments to fix the computers on which we have become so dependent; and three-course lunches were served every day and dinners every Thursday, offering vegetarian, vegan, and lactose- and gluten-free alternatives. Our only obligation was to engage and interact with those on their journey.

Even at our very first meeting I sensed the possibilities and challenges of such a community. As each Fellow introduced his or her project and partners, the range of contexts and frameworks appeared remarkable and daunting. Could we translate our scholarly pursuits into some common language where all would feel seen and included in the

dialogue? I was thinking not only of our different mother tongues, but also whether we could communicate our concepts, theories, and methodologies to others unfamiliar with them. Or would our seminars be variants of “lost in translation”?

Almost immediately, I also recognized the potential of this multi-disciplinary group to enrich each other’s lives – both professionally, forcing us to think outside the box of our disciplines, and personally, to expand our horizons. Finally, in these “interesting times” in which democratic institutions are under siege and polarization and divisiveness in political cultures increase menacingly, could we create an open and nurturing environment, with not only tolerance, but mutual respect for diverse positions and positionings? This is a best scenario, which the leadership clearly set as a goal.

### Meeting the Challenges

We almost always present our research to other specialists, speaking in jargon and shorthand at conferences and assuming that our listeners understand and are familiar with the canon and major figures we refer to. Although academia often rewards scholarship that is highly arcane and translatable only with great difficulty, if at all, these rules of the game may not apply in diverse multi-disciplinary milieus, such as Wiko. Lost in translation was the experience for many Fellows after some seminars, especially the natural scientists who voiced their frustration at hearing a two-hour presentation that they could not decipher. Overall, most presenters rose to the challenge to communicate with all of us.

Nevertheless, for me, these natural scientists were the litmus test whether seminars avoided being lost in translation. Keenly aware of their different ways of organizing research, their emphasis on methodologies and evidence-based hypothesis-testing, the biological scientists made heroic efforts to avoid this pitfall. They explained how they had arrived at their research topic, what their contribution to the knowledge base in their field was, and, importantly for us others, the broader implications of their research for understanding the world we live in: translating how bees and bats learn, communicate, behave, and exhibit cognition and presenting the new trends in evolutionary biology that connect the genome of our species to those of the simplest living organisms. It is not surprising that in the discussion part of their seminars, the questions and comments were not as longwinded and rambling as some of those in other seminars.

In flagging this need to address “lost in translation”, I do not want to suggest that Wiko should abandon its general seminar format for more specialized presentations to

smaller groups. Rather, I want to argue that this format provides great rewards in broadening our horizons and creating venues and incentives for multi-disciplinary exchange and inter-disciplinary collaborations that could be developed further for future Wiko scholars.

My own research has been enriched by the scholarship of my Wiko Fellows. Others have awakened my intellectual curiosity and enhanced my appreciation for architecture, literature, and music: a prizewinning author (I stayed up to the wee hours of the night reading his novel about the military coup in Pakistan); a renowned Bach clavichordist who attuned me to the emotional structure in Bach's compositions; an eminent architectural historian who walked us through the micro-histories of urban space (street signs and sewer covers); and a remarkable modernist composer whose current project, an epic opera, "Europa", traces myth through different epochs of history. Through his other compositions (he generously made a copy of one for me), I gained a deeper understanding of how silences in music create dramatic tension.

### Building Bridges

Interdisciplinarity has been a cornerstone in my professional career and my research. Gender, a dimension in my research, emerged as a subfield within academics through cross-disciplinary dialogue within institutions and networks. I was an active participant in this development as founder and editor of *Social Politics*, a journal whose interdisciplinary and global reach has created dialogue across disciplines. Sociology as a field has been transformed by cross-disciplinary exchange with many subfields: political, economic, and historical sociology. The innovations in my research over the years have emerged from building bridges across theoretical terrains. Relating to my current project, I turned to economist Amartya Sen's capability approach in my quest for a more dynamic and multi-dimensional framework: one that allowed me to explore multiple inequalities across social categories and to engage with institutional changes that have emerged from global processes, notably migration. Social psychology and cultural anthropology provided new perspectives for modelling mechanisms shaping capabilities to make change: the sense of entitlement to make claims for rights and the perceived scope of alternatives for agency (freedoms) to choose other ways of living.

At our weekly colloquia, scholars presenting their research lodged in specific disciplines and discursive terrains often confronted questions that tested disciplinary borders. Presenters

were asked to consider other dimensions – how gender, race, nationality, colonialism, or different country contexts might nuance the narrative. After these discussions, I hungered for more cross-disciplinary dialogue. I took the initiative, specifically at one-on-one lunches and coffees where I sought to carry on the discussions that emerged from seminars, both theirs and mine. What a rich array of intellectual dishes covered my table: scholarship on critical race theory and colonialism, as well as frameworks for citizenship and human rights; and philosophers who shared their knowledge of existential debates on agency freedoms and futures. Several lively conversations with Permanent Fellow Lorraine Daston provided me with important insights on mechanisms reshaping norms (related to my earlier book on capabilities and work-life balance, which will be helpful for a project that I will be starting next year). Closest to my research, Permanent Fellow Bénédicte Zimmermann, who also shares my interdisciplinary bent, has had the most impact on the theoretical development in my research this year. In addition to our informal, passionate discussions on capabilities, she invited me to participate in her international workshop on work and capabilities. These laid the foundation for a collaborative article in which we seek to present theoretical innovations in capabilities research. Through my Wiko connections, I met with two prominent scholars living in Berlin; anthropologist Arjun Appadurai, whose framework on the capacity to aspire has become a key dimension in my project on migrants: “Imagining Alternative Futures”; and the historian Gisela Bock, a former Fellow, shared with me her insights on German history of the 1930s and the evolution of gender research in German scholarship, its complexities, and its fragmentations. The many conversations with her have evolved into a continuing friendship.

Wiko offers fertile ground for cross-disciplinary exchange. In order to foster more interdisciplinary exchange and collaborations among Wiko Fellows, I have recommended that resources be reserved for workshops and seminars that emerge from discussions and research debates during the Wiko year.

### Lost in Translation in Interesting Times

During our year, many social occasions brought us together: yoga classes led by one of the Fellows, several potluck dinners, barbecues, discos, etc. were held and long-lasting friendships were made. 2017/18 at Wiko has nevertheless been characterized by both the Wiko leadership and Permanent Fellows as an exceptional year, illustrating how geopolitical

events, such as #MeToo and contentious discourses on diversity and difference, can reveal the strains and fault lines in a community.

For me, “lost in translation” is an apt overall metaphor for this exceptional year. My earlier research on recognition struggles and current work on citizenship and diversity have shed light on the tensions in social identities and their contextual embeddedness that resonated in our year. As my colleague in the recognition project, Susan Gal, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Chicago, an expert on translation has underscored, translation is a process that involves who is speaking and who is listening and in what contexts. Layers of context frame our lenses for understanding, interpreting the texts we receive, and engaging with colleagues in seminars, sometimes electrifying daily conversations at lunch and dinner tables. Where we locate ourselves (our habitus) embodies concentric circles: the countries and regions we live in; the academic institutions where we teach and advise students; our research and social networks; the stage of our careers; and other socio-demographic characteristics. In our era, when political social identities are becoming more polarized, the notion that context matters comes into play.

The issue of diversity, which has been raised in previous years, became a flashpoint in ours and has spurred the Wiko leadership and Permanent Fellows to develop further their strategies for achieving broad geographic representation and more diversity among the Fellows with respect to gender, race, and ethnicity. There is potential and promise for future Wiko communities to engage with these tensions. Perhaps that is at least part of the legacy of 2017.

### Not a World Apart: Political Engagement

While many scholars might yearn for a return to the ivory tower in these turbulent times and while Fellows of bygone years celebrated Wiko’s seclusion in a setting apart from tribulations outside, this image does not resonate in our year. In our year, the Wiko leadership selected three Fellows fleeing persecution in non-democratic regimes in Syria, Turkey, and Poland, an unmistakable indication that the Wiko was very much in and of the world. These Fellows inspired us with their courage to resist authoritarian regimes, and their projects embodied our theoretical discussions on human rights: Zeynep Kivilcim, Professor of Civil Law, whose passport was confiscated after signing a protest letter against the authoritarian Erdogan regime; Paweł Machcewicz, director of the World War II museum in Gdańsk, who is currently facing trial for standing by his interpretation of

history (all of us were invited on a tour to see his exhibition before it was removed to accommodate the Polish government's revisionist history); and Yassin al-Haj Saleh, author and public speaker on the ravages of the Syrian civil war and the enduring effects of torture, incarcerated in a Syrian prison for 16 years. We Fellows become engaged in their struggles, signing petitions against the devastating carnage in cities like Ghouta (letter published in the *New York Review of Books*) and sending a petition to the Polish government in support of our colleague and the rights of free expression. Politically engaged scholarship can emerge from our own research. Seeking to reach a wider public on an injustice that has been perpetuated for nearly 200 years, Kris Manjapra, historian of slavery and colonialism, unearthed archives that revealed that reparations for slaveholders were still being paid by the British government until as late as 2015. He was commissioned to write a long article about this for *The Guardian* (now to become a book) that has activated the growing international movement for reparations to the descendants of slaves.

Though situated in idyllic and insular surroundings, the Wiko is not a world apart. It is fitting that the last seminar involved a panel on World War I and its aftermath, culminating in the spectacular film from a new TV series, "The Clash of Cultures", based on a book by our own Daniel Schönplüg. Both the panel and audience addressed the reverberations of the past in the current day: anti-Semitism, the demonizing of the Other (nowadays migrants), the resurgence of white power, and identity. Currently, gender backlash has been added to this list wherever the populist right has gained power. The recent decree of the authoritarian Hungarian government forbidding the teaching of Gender and LGBT Studies at universities. Despite the outpouring of hundreds of letters of condemnation from international academic associations, journals and institutes, the authoritarian Hungarian government has decided to prohibit teaching of Gender and LGBT studies at Hungarian universities. This is a wake-up call to all scholars and academic institutes like Wiko to vigorously contest these threats to academic freedoms.

#### Publications and Presentations during Wiko Year

"Migrants, Markets and Domestic Work: Do Institutional Contexts Matter in the Personal Household Service Sector?" *Journal of European Social Policy* 28, 4 (2018): 386–401.

"Revisiting Recognition and Redistribution and Extending the Borders." *Intersections. East European Journal of Society and Politics* 4, 1 (2018): 9–23.

- “Gender, States and Citizenship: Evolution of a Field.” (with Jeff Hearn). In *The New Handbook of Political Sociology*. Cambridge University Press, forthcoming.
- “Migrants and Capabilities for Wellbeing in Two Diverse Institutional Contexts.” The Politics of Fiscal Welfare Markets Conference, Hanse-Wissenschaftskolleg, Delmenhorst, November 1/2, 2017.
- “Imagining Alternatives through the Lens of Sen’s Capability and Agency Approach.” Tuesday Colloquium, Wissenschaftskolleg, February 6, 2018.
- “Collective Voice, Access to Training and Desired Capabilities in New Zealand Workplaces.” and “Voice and Employees’ Training Capabilities in French and German Firms.” Discussant. Workshop “Employees’ Vocational Training Capabilities. International Comparisons”, Wissenschaftskolleg February 15/16, 2018, organized by Bénédicte Zimmermann.



KOLONIE GRUNEWALD  
STEFAN-LUDWIG HOFFMANN

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Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmann ist Associate Professor for Late Modern Europe an der University of California at Berkeley. M.A. 1993 Johns Hopkins University, Dr. phil. 1999 Universität Bielefeld mit der Arbeit „Die Politik der Geselligkeit: Freimaurerlogen in der deutschen Bürgergesellschaft 1840–1918“, ausgezeichnet mit dem Hedwig-Hintze-Preis für herausragende Dissertationen des Verbandes der Historikerinnen und Historiker Deutschlands. Gegenwärtige Forschungsschwerpunkte: Geschichte der Menschenrechte; Kriegs- und Stadtgeschichte; Theorie historischer Zeiten. 2017-18 Guggenheim-Fellow. Jüngste Veröffentlichungen (als Mitherausgeber): *Seeking Peace in the Wake of War: Europe 1942–1947* (2016); *The Ethics of Seeing: Photography and Twentieth-Century German History* (2017) sowie eine neue Übersetzung der Schriften Reinhart Kosellecks *Sediments of Time: On Possible Histories* (2018). 2019 erscheint *Geschichte der Menschenrechte: Ein Rückblick*. – Adresse: Department of History, University of California at Berkeley, 3215 Dwinelle Hall, Berkeley, CA 94720-2550, USA. E-Mail: slhoffmann@berkeley.edu.

Im Grunewald gingen über mehrere Jahrhunderte die Hohenzollern zur Jagd bis nach der Finanzkrise von 1873, dem sog. Gründerkrach, der Kaiser einwilligte, einen Teil des waldigen Sumpflandes günstig Investoren zu überlassen, die im Gegenzug der neuen Reichshauptstadt einen Prachtboulevard bauten. Die „Kolonie Grunewald“ gleich hinter dem Kurfürstendamm wurde mit ihren künstlichen Seen, großzügigen Gärten und wilhelminisch-ausufernden Villen zur Luxusadresse Berlins, insbesondere für das deutsch-jüdische Großbürgertum.

Dass der weitaus größte Teil des Grunewalds zur gleichen Zeit zum öffentlichen Park wurde, verdankt die Stadt nicht nur den bürgerlichen Sozialreformern und Naturfreunden, die sich um die Erholung der Bewohner der explosionsartig wachsenden Industriestadt sorgten, sondern auch dem spröden Charme der Berliner Proleten. Diese bauten sich jedes Jahr im November zur Hubertusjagd vor dem Jagdschloss Grunewald auf, um das königliche Gefolge zu bestaunen und zu verspotten. Der „Pöbel der Hauptstadt“ verwandelte die königliche Jagd in ein Volksfest des Eigensinns. So sah sich Wilhelm II. gezwungen, die Hubertusjagd in entferntere Reviere zu verlegen, und der Grunewald wurde zum Spottpreis an die Stadt abgetreten.

Berlin ist eine so grüne Stadt, dass jeder Kiez seinen eigenen Park hat. Wer wie ich am Alexanderplatz aufgewachsen ist, der ging in den Friedrichshain, dort, wo heute die global vernetzten Hipsters neben den deutsch-türkischen Familien grillen. Oder wer aus Schönevide kommt, der fuhr zum Müggelsee, auch nach dem Fall der Mauer. Zu meinem Berlin gehört der Grunewald erst nach diesem Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg.

Ende August schleppten wir unsere kalifornischen Koffer und Kisten über den Dienstboteneingang in den obersten Stock der Villa Walther, meine Partnerin Aglaya Glebova bezog zudem ein Dachzimmer in der American Academy, wo sie für ein Semester Axel Springer Fellow war. So führten wir für einige Monate zwischen Wannsee und Grunewald eine Doppelexistenz: doppelt so viele Vorträge und Empfänge, Lunches und Dinners, Fellows und Gäste.

Im Herbst schrieb ich die Einleitung zu einem Band mit den theoretischen Schriften Reinhart Kosellecks, die ich gemeinsam mit Sean Franzel in den beiden Jahren zuvor ins Englische übersetzt hatte. Einige Fellows, insbesondere Manu Goswami und Jean-Philippe Narboux gaben mir helfende Kritik. Im Juni hielt ich zudem in Marbach einen Vortrag auf einer Tagung zu „Koselleck und die Begriffsgeschichte des 20. Jahrhunderts“. Im April konnte ich meine Überlegungen zur Geschichte der Menschenrechte (auf Englisch) im Dienstagskolloquium diskutieren. Die Gespräche mit Pascale Cancik, Dieter Grimm, Lisa Herzog und Christoph Möllers wie auch mit Sebastian Conrad, Paul Nolte und Michael Wildt (in deren Kolloquien an der FU bzw. HU) haben mir geholfen, aus dem Labyrinth dieses Themas herauszufinden. Vom Rektor wurde ich gebeten, im Juni (auf Deutsch) einen Abendvortrag zu halten zum Thema „Die zerstörte Metropole: Berlin zwischen den Zeiten 1943–1947“, mein anderes Forschungsprojekt in diesem Fellow-Jahr. Der Austausch mit Vittorio Lampugnani zu den architektonischen Kontinuitätslinien zwischen 1930 und 1950 wie auch die Präsenz des Bürgerkriegs in Syrien in vielfachen

Veranstaltungen und informellen Gesprächen am Wiko sind in den Vortrag eingegangen. In der gleichen Woche fand ein Workshop der UC Berkeley mit der International Max Planck Research School for Moral Economies of Modern Societies am Harnack-Haus in Dahlem statt. So konnten auch meine Berkeley Doktoranden beim Abendvortrag dabei sein.

Am Ende des Wiko-Jahres ist der Koselleck-Band *Sediments of Time: On Possible Histories* bei Stanford University Press erschienen. Es liegt ein erster Entwurf des langen Essays (oder kurzen Buches) zur Geschichte der Menschenrechte vor, der demnächst bei Suhrkamp (*Geschichte der Menschenrechte: ein Rückblick*) und auf Englisch bei Princeton University Press erscheinen soll. Und ich habe ein Querschnittskapitel der Monografie über Berlin in den 1940er-Jahren geschrieben, das ich als Aufsatz separat veröffentlichen werde – eine Art Leitfaden, um auch dieses Buch bald abzuschließen. Mit anderen Worten, ungeachtet der spielerischen Aufforderung von Luca Giuliani, auch etwas ganz anderes in diesem Jahr zu veröffentlichen, habe ich ungefähr das zu Papier gebracht, wofür mir im hektischen Universitätsalltag zuletzt die Zeit fehlte.

Melancholisch lässt mich der Eindruck dieses Jahres zurück, dass die moralpolitische Berufung auf die Menschenrechte in den beiden Dekaden vor und nach 1990 selbst historisch zu werden scheint, gleichsam zu einer „vergangenen Zukunft“. Bis vor kurzem schien es noch so, als seien die Menschenrechte zusammen mit der Globalisierung Leitbegriff einer neuen Zeit nach dem Ende der Ideologien des 20. Jahrhunderts. Diese neue Zeit verlangte nach einer neuen Geschichte – eine affirmative oder kritische Genealogie, um diese andere Gegenwart zu begreifen. So entstand die Globalgeschichte, aber auch die Menschenrechtsgeschichte als neu zu vermessendes Forschungsfeld, mit eigenen wissenschaftlichen Zeitschriften und Buchreihen, Konferenzen und Kontroversen. Heute scheinen die Menschenrechte abzusinken in die Vergangenheit, werden sie als Signum einer Schwellenzeit zwischen dem Ende der 1970er-Jahre und den neuen Kriegen seit der Jahrtausendwende erkennbar. Der Moment scheint gekommen, die historische Bilanz dieser globalen Übergangszeit und ihrer Leitbegriffe zu ziehen.

Je mehr sich die Menschenrechte in Vergangenheit verwandeln, desto mehr treten vermeintlich überkommene Zeitschichten hervor. Die Krisenerfahrungen Berlins und der Welt in der ersten Jahrhunderthälfte rücken uns wieder näher, scheinen mehr Gegenwart und Zukunft, mehr Zeitgeschichte zu enthalten. „The terror of the unforeseen is what the science of history hides, turning a disaster into an epic“, schrieb der in diesem Jahr verstorbene Philip Roth in einem seiner letzten Romane. Der Abendvortrag suchte eine Antwort auf diese Frage: Wie lassen sich vergangene Zeiterfahrungen beschreiben,

ohne das Erschrecken über das Unvorhersehbare, den plötzlichen Einbruch der Ereignisse, dem ein schleichendes Hinübergleiten in eine andere Zeit voranging, wegzuerzählen?

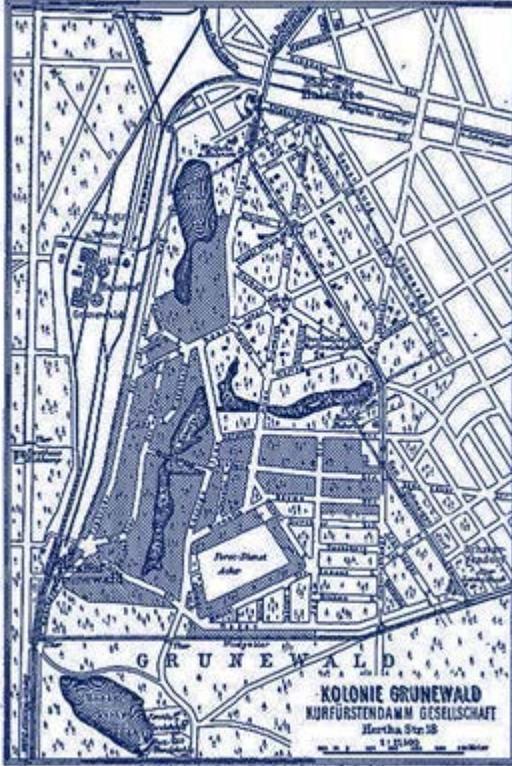
Die ersten zwanzig Jahre meines Lebens verbrachte ich in Berlin-Mitte, die zweiten zwanzig Jahre zumeist in jenem Teil Schönebergs, der nach Speers Plänen für „Germania“ abgerissen werden sollte. Von dort fuhr ich im Juni 1999 in die Wallotstraße, um dem Wiko-Fellow Hans-Ulrich Wehler meine Doktorarbeit in die Hand zu drücken (am nächsten Tag konnte ich mir das korrigierte Manuskript wieder abholen). Zehn Jahre zuvor endete auch für meinen anderen Bielefelder Lehrer, Reinhart Koselleck, das Fellow-Jahr, von dem mir nun Wolf Lepenies berichtete. Einige spätere Freunde und Kollegen aus der anglophonen akademischen Welt traf ich zuerst im Grunewald.

Der Umweg ganz nach Westen, bis an den Pazifik, hat mich Kind von Ostberliner Intellektuellen auch für zehn Monate als Fellow in den Grunewald geführt, dort, wo heute die Frauen und Kinder der russischen Oligarchen auf der Koenigsallee entlangrauschen, die Nudisten zwischen Autobahn und „Strandbad Halensee“ ihren Körpern den Venice-Beach-Bronzeton geben und sich das alte Westberlin beim Floh am S-Bahnhof Grunewald auf ein Köpi zu Omlett mit Bratkartoffeln trifft, *as if nothing ever happened*. Das Wiko ist eine Insel der Glückseligkeit in der ehemaligen Villen-Kolonie mit ihrer schwierigen Geschichte, ein mit öffentlichen Geldern ermöglichter und von einem einzigartigen Mitarbeiterstab täglich neu geschaffener Luxus-Freiraum des gemeinsamen Nachdenkens. Für mich einer der gelungensten Orte Berlins, die Wissens-Kolonie am Halensee.

# Kolonie Grunewald

3,5 Km. westlich vom Zoologischen Garten (Berlin) gelegen,  
durch die Stadtbahn, Ringbahn, Dampfstrassenbahn bequem erreichbar.  
Post- und Telegraph, Kinderschule, Arzt, Gas- und Wasserversorgung vorhanden.

Bezugweise für Gas- und Wasser wie in Berlin.  
Selbstständiger Gutsbezirk, bis Ende 1894 unter Verwaltung der Kurfürstendamm-Gesellschaft.



Namen- und Wohnungsangaben der Koloniebewohner  
sind im Theil I des Berliner Adressbuches zu ersehen.

Pläne und Verkaufsbedingungen sind jederzeit in unserem Bureau, Kolonie Grunewald, Hertha-  
Strasse 18, kostenfrei zu beziehen, auch werden dieselbe alle erforderlichen Auskünfte erteilt.  
**Kurfürstendamm - Gesellschaft.**

Image: Berliner Adreßbuch für das Jahr 1892  
([https://digital.zlb.de/viewer/image/10089470\\_1892/1546/](https://digital.zlb.de/viewer/image/10089470_1892/1546/))



MY YEAR AT THE  
WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG  
ZEYNEP KIVILCIM

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Zeynep Kivilcim is an Associate Professor of Public International Law. She got her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Université Paris II and she taught gender and law, critical approaches to public international law and international human rights law at Istanbul University until her dismissal by a state of emergency decree in October 2016 for signing a peace petition with 2,200 other Academics for Peace. In Germany, she taught at Göttingen University, Osnabrück University and Humboldt University. She adopts a critical approach and employs feminist and postcolonial theory. Her recent publications include “Legal Violence against Syrian Female Refugees.” *Feminist Legal Studies* (24, 2016); *A Gendered Approach to the Syrian Refugee Crisis*, co-edited with Jane Freedman and Nurcan Özgür Baklacioğlu (Routledge, 2017); and “Articulating Human Rights Discourse in Local Struggles in a Neoliberal Age.” In *The Politics of Legality in a Neoliberal Age*, edited by Ben Golder and Daniel McLoughlin (Routledge, 2018). She is currently Guest Professor at the Institut für Sozialwissenschaften, Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin. – Address: Humboldt Universität zu Berlin, Institut für Sozialwissenschaften - Vergleichende Demokratieforschung und die Politischen Systeme Osteuropas, Unter den Linden 6, 10099 Berlin, Germany. E-Mail: kivilcimzeynep@gmail.com.

During my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg, I witnessed not only the further degradation of the political situation in my home country, but also the further strengthening of the far-right political movements in Germany, including the very alarming success of the AfD in the German elections and its entry in the Bundestag. The empowering of the right-wing political movements is closely linked with the anti-immigration discourse and

legislations that were at the heart of my research project at Wiko on the new paradigms of refugee protection.

The creative provocation of the talks and discussions with my class of Fellows at Wiko at the Tuesday colloquia and during lunches demonstrated to me the close link between racism and the social sciences, as well as the necessity to engage with colonialism to better understand current approaches to immigration. In this context, I intensified my readings of literature on legal racism and colonialism and reshaped my project, following the axis of the analysis of European migration laws in light of these literatures.

My year at Wiko proved once again that academic production is the fruit of a collective labour with all other members of the academic institution. All the staff members at Wiko in all departments, including the IT Service, the library, the “preparing your stay” team and the restaurant staff, were the collective labourers of our projects at Wiko. All Fellows are indebted to them for their hard work in this co-authorship.

Like many other Fellows, I first finished the articles that I had started before arriving at Wiko. The first one was the book chapter titled “La démocratie radicale dans les discours légaux contemporains au Rojava au cœur de la ‘crise’ Syrienne: Une analyse genrée”; it will appear in the volume *How International Law Works in Times of Crisis*, Oxford University Press (forthcoming). The second article that I finished during my Wiko year became my first work that has been translated into and published in German. Its English title is “Gendering the State of Emergency Regime in Turkey” and has been published in the edited volume *Nach dem Putsch: 16 Anmerkungen zur “neuen” Türkei*, edited by Ilker Ataç, Michael Fanizadeh and Volkan Açar. Wien: Mandelbaum, 2018. I wrote the first article of my Wiko project in late spring. It became a chapter in the *Oxford Handbook of Migration Crisis* and will be forthcoming in 2019.

I gave a number of public lectures in Germany and other European countries on academic freedom and on the responsibilities of scholars in the struggles for social justice and for peace in times when neoliberal economic order and political liberalism are in crisis in Europe like they are elsewhere.

I was invited to contribute to two very impressive projects about migration stories in Germany, both initiated by women. The first project is the book prepared by International Women Space, a feminist political group of migrant and refugee women in Germany. It is entitled *In Our Own Words* and is the second book in the series. It aims to document the lives and stories of refugee women in Germany, the experiences of brave women who have fought difficult realities in this host country. Carolin Emcke, with whom I met first

when she gave the keynote speech for the introduction of our Wiko year in October, authors the second project. I have contributed to her project “Archiv der Flucht” at the Haus der Kulturen der Welt.

The German lessons were among the warmest memories of my stay at Wiko. Eva and Ursula, with their competence, excellent pedagogy and patience, initiated and encouraged my work with the German language. I am committed to continue to study German, since I will stay some more years in Berlin. I want to express my gratitude to Wiko’s academic coordinator Daniel Schönflug, who supported and stood in solidarity with me during my year-long struggle with the German immigration administration.

I feel very lucky to have witnessed the institutional efforts of Wiko to initiate gender mainstreaming measures following a fruitful discussion with Fellows and staff members. The election of a staff member as the responsible person for the establishment and the implementation of the gender-sensitive institutional frames was the very important first step. As a former Fellow and feminist legal scholar residing in Berlin, I want and hope to contribute to the future progress of gender-sensitivity at Wiko.



FAMILIENGESCHICHTE ALS FAMILIEN-  
UNTERNEHMEN? ERFAHRUNGEN MIT  
EINER FOKUSGRUPPE  
CAROLA LENTZ

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Seit 2002 bin ich Professorin für Ethnologie am Institut für Ethnologie und Afrikastudien an der Johannes Gutenberg-Universität Mainz; vorher war ich Professorin für Ethnologie an der Goethe-Universität Frankfurt am Main. Seit meiner Promotion in Soziologie (Hannover, 1987) – habilitiert habe ich mich dann für das Fach Ethnologie (Freie Universität Berlin, 1996) – forsche ich in Ghana und Burkina Faso zu Kolonialgeschichte, Arbeitsmigration, Bodenrecht, Ethnizität, Nationenbildung, Mittelklasse und Erinnerungspolitik. Zu meinen neueren Buchveröffentlichungen gehören *Land, Mobility and Belonging in West Africa* (Indiana University Press, 2013), von der amerikanischen African Studies Association mit dem Melville J. Herskovits-Preis ausgezeichnet, und, gemeinsam mit dem australischen Historiker David Lowe verfasst, *Remembering Independence* (Routledge, 2018). 2011–15 war ich Vorsitzende der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Völkerkunde. 2014 wurde ich in die Berlin-Brandenburgische Akademie der Wissenschaften aufgenommen; 2016–18 war ich Sekretarin der Sozialwissenschaftlichen Klasse, seit Oktober 2018 bin ich Vizepräsidentin der Akademie. – Adresse: Institut für Ethnologie und Afrikastudien, Johannes Gutenberg-Universität Mainz, 55099 Mainz, Deutschland. E-Mail: [lentz@uni-mainz.de](mailto:lentz@uni-mainz.de).

Dienstagmorgen, Mitte Juli, nach dem großen Abreise-Wochenende. Die meisten Fellows haben die Villa Walther schon verlassen, die sommerliche Terrasse am See ist verwaist. Ich genieße die Stille im Haus, meine zwei letzten Tage in Berlin, eine liminale Phase, wie wir Ethnologen diesen Moment eines Übergangsrituals nennen. Zeit, um auf die vergangenen zehn Monate zurückzuschauen, aber auch einen Blick in die Zukunft zu werfen.

Schon einige Institutes for Advanced Study habe ich als Fellow kennengelernt, war in den Niederlanden, in Harvard, in Delmenhorst, am Max-Planck-Institut für Ethnologie in Halle und bei re:work in Berlin. Aber noch kein Forschungsaufenthalt war so intensiv und fordernd, so anregend und beglückend und zugleich so anstrengend und erschöpfend wie der am Wissenschaftskolleg. Das liegt nicht zuletzt daran, dass ich dieses Jahr nicht nur für mich allein verantwortlich war, sondern eine Fokusgruppe geleitet habe – eine Fokusgruppe ganz besonderer Art. Isidore Lobnibe, Stanislas Meda Bemile und ich bildeten ein interdisziplinäres Dreierteam von zwei Ethnologen und einem Filmwissenschaftler und Filmemacher und haben zum Thema „Familiengeschichte und sozialer Wandel in Westafrika“ gearbeitet. Wir waren und sind aber auch Mitglieder der ghanaisch-burkinischen Großfamilie, die wir untersucht haben – Isidore und Stan von Geburt an, ich als Ende der 1980er-Jahre adoptiertes Mitglied. Genealogisch gesehen ist Stan mein jüngerer Bruder („same father, same mother“, wie die Ghanaer sagen würden) und Isidore unser Neffe zweiten oder dritten Grades, so genau lässt sich das nicht feststellen.

„Familiengeschichte als Familienunternehmen“: So betitelte Manuela Lenzen ihren Artikel über die Fokusgruppe, den sie Anfang 2018 für die Reihe *Köpfe und Ideen* nach einem ausführlichen Interview mit uns geschrieben hat. Und in der Tat: die vielen Diskussionen in der Fokusgruppe, unsere Arbeit in unserem wunderbaren großen Büro in der Villa Jaffé, manchmal auch unser Auftreten gegenüber anderen Fellows, im Kolloquium und bei verschiedenen Veranstaltungen am Wissenschaftskolleg und in externen Institutionen, hatte Züge einer Familienunternehmung. Dazu gehörte ein fast fragloses Gefühl der Verbundenheit und Loyalität, gewachsen aus dreißigjähriger Bekanntschaft. Dazu gehörte auch gelegentlich scharfer Dissens und immer wieder freundlicher Spott untereinander über unsere jeweiligen Rollen – Isidore als Familientraditionalist, Stan als Mythenproduzent, ich als Dekonstruktivistin. Zugleich haben wir intensiv über unsere unterschiedlichen biografischen Positionen in der Großfamilie und die Frage nachgedacht, wie dies unsere Perspektiven als Wissenschaftler und Künstler auf die Geschichte des Familienverbands prägt. Und wir haben ausführlich diskutiert, welche Rolle unsere Arbeit, die von den ghanaischen und burkinischen Familienmitgliedern mit einer Mischung aus Hoffnung und Skepsis beobachtet wurde und wird, für den Zusammenhalt der Familie und ihr öffentliches Ansehen haben könnte.

Isidore erläutert in seinem Bericht für dieses Jahrbuch, wie sich der Schwerpunkt unseres Buchprojekts von der Frage nach der Geschichte der Familie auf die Erkundung der sich wandelnden Erinnerungspraktiken verschoben hat. *Imagining Futures: Memory*

*and Belonging in an African Family* lautet der Arbeitstitel unseres gemeinsamen Buchs. Stanislas denkt in seinem Beitrag für das Jahrbuch darüber nach, wie sich sein Filmprojekt über die Familie im Lauf des Jahres verändert hat – von einer auktorialen Erzählung über einen Gründungsahn und seine Nachfahren hin zu einer vielstimmigen Kollage verschiedener Perspektiven auf die Geschichte und vor allem auch auf die Zukunft der Familie. *Bio bir: Seed of the Future* ist der Titel seines Filmprojekts. Alle drei haben wir also inzwischen die Zukunft – einschließlich vergangener Vorstellungen von Zukunft – stärker im Blick, als wir uns das beim Beginn der Arbeit an unserem Projekt zur Geschichte einer Familie vorgestellt hätten. Eine Historiographie oder ein Dokumentarfilm „aus einem Guss“ wird daraus nicht entstehen; uns mit unseren unterschiedlichen Perspektiven auseinanderzusetzen, die verschiedenen Erinnerungen und Lebensentwürfe in der Familie zu erforschen, hat solche eingangs vielleicht noch anvisierten Pläne über den Haufen geworfen. Wir wollen nun vielmehr der Vielstimmigkeit Rechnung tragen. Und wir haben, weil unsere einzelnen Produkte zwangsläufig dennoch selektiv sein werden, viel Arbeit in die Möglichkeit künftiger Vielstimmigkeit investiert – in ein umfangreiches Familienarchiv. Es wird Ton- und Videoaufnahmen, Fotos und persönliche Unterlagen und vieles mehr dokumentieren und den Familienmitgliedern erlauben, in der Zukunft noch ganz andere Interpretationen der Vergangenheit vorzunehmen, als wir sie vorschlagen.

In meinem Beitrag zum Jahrbuch möchte ich einen zukunftsorientierten Rückblick auf die Arbeit unserer Fokusgruppe unternehmen. Unsere Erfahrungen in der Fokusgruppe waren sicher speziell; die Konstellation, dass persönliche Biografien und wissenschaftliche Arbeit so eng verschränkt sind, dürfte sich nicht so schnell wiederholen. Aber einige allgemeine Faktoren gibt es vielleicht doch, die für den Erfolg des Arbeitsformats Fokusgruppe ausschlaggebend sind und über die sich im Interesse der Konstituierung künftiger Fokusgruppen nachzudenken lohnt. Die folgenden Überlegungen sind noch nicht sehr systematisch durchdacht. Sie kreisen um eine zentrale Erfahrung: Ein gutes, „atmendes“ Gleichgewicht von Innen- und Außenbeziehungen ist die grundlegende Bedingung einer produktiven Fokusgruppe, die von den Teilnehmern als bereichernd erlebt wird. Organisationssoziologen könnten das sicher wissenschaftlich untermauern; ich schreibe hier eher intuitiv, aus meiner eigenen Anschauung und Reflexion heraus. Die Gruppe muss sich als Gemeinschaft herausbilden und identifizieren, und sie braucht dafür intensive Austauschbeziehungen mit der Umwelt, sprich: mit anderen Fellows, Mitarbeitern des Wiko und Wissenschaftlern außerhalb des Wiko.

Für eine erfolgreiche Gruppenbildung nach Innen ist eine grundlegende Voraussetzung, dass die „richtigen“ Teilnehmer zusammenfinden. Die Arbeit einer Fokusgruppe beginnt also lange vor dem gemeinsamen Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg – mit der Initiative des Fokusgruppenleiters und seinen personellen Vorschlägen, aber auch mit dem Auswahlprozess durch Beirat und Rektor. Was sich selbstverständlich anhört, ist letztlich gar nicht so einfach: Die Mitglieder der Gruppe müssen auch zusammenarbeiten wollen; der Wiko-Aufenthalt muss in ihre jeweiligen wissenschaftlichen und persönlichen Biografien gerade gut hineinpassen. Das Problem von Trittbrettfahrern ist Organisationssoziologen wohl bekannt, und je größer die Gruppe ist, desto mehr können sich einzelne Teilnehmer ihrer Verantwortung für den Erfolg der Gruppe entziehen. Aber auch kleine Gruppen wie unsere, mit nur drei Teilnehmern, bedürfen der sorgfältigen zeitlichen und personellen Koordination. Für mich war das Jahr am Wiko nicht zuletzt deshalb so produktiv, weil ich mich, anders als bei vielen anderen Sabbaticals, tatsächlich vier Wochen nach Abarbeitung von Altlasten voll und ganz dem gemeinsamen Projekt gewidmet habe und während des Aufenthalts anderweitige Verpflichtungen minimieren konnte. Auch bei Isidore und Stan war das so: Isidore war bereit, sein unabhängiges eigenes Buchprojekt hintan zu stellen und sich auf unser gemeinsames Vorhaben zu konzentrieren; Stan hatte gerade sein Amt als Staatssekretär im Kulturministerium Burkina Fasos beendet und war nach einer kurzen Ausruhphase begierig, ein Filmprojekt zu beginnen, das ihm am Herzen lag und für die Fokusgruppe wichtig war.

Am Wissenschaftskolleg angekommen, gilt es dann in den ersten Wochen, die Gruppe zu konstituieren. Man könnte meinen, bei so einer kleinen Gruppe wie unserer würde sich das quasi automatisch ergeben, zumal wir uns ja auch als Familienmitglieder bereits seit vielen Jahren kannten. Auch bei den meisten anderen Fokusgruppen sind die Teilnehmer vermutlich schon außerhalb des Wiko-Kontextes auf die eine oder andere Weise persönlich miteinander verbunden. Doch ein Jahr gemeinsam am Kolleg zu leben und zu arbeiten, erfordert ein neues Miteinander. Die vorher bestehenden Beziehungen müssen gewissermaßen transformiert werden – was teilweise spontan und ungeplant geschieht, teilweise aber auch der Lenkung bedarf. Ich selbst war in den Wochen vor dem Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg zunehmend nervös ob des bevorstehenden Sozialexperiments, für dessen Verlauf ich mich verantwortlich fühlte. Ich habe mir viele Gedanken gemacht und auch mit erfahrenen Kolleginnen besprochen, welche Arbeitsformate ich ausprobieren und wie ich die Gruppenbildung vorantreiben könnte. Rückblickend glaube ich, dass allein schon dieses Annehmen einer Verantwortung für den Gruppenprozess

für die Gemeinschaftsbildung wichtig ist. Auch eine Kleingruppe bedarf einer gewissen Leitung. Eine große Entlastung war dabei, dass ich mich um die ganzen bürokratisch-praktischen Belange, die der Aufenthalt von zwei Afrikanern in Deutschland nun mal mit sich bringt, nicht zu kümmern brauchte. Das Wiko-Team hat hier Großartiges geleistet, und ich konnte mich auf die wissenschaftliche Seite der Fokusgruppenarbeit konzentrieren.

Die entscheidenden Weichen der Fokusgruppenarbeit werden meines Erachtens in den ersten Wochen gestellt. Gerade zu Beginn scheint es mir dabei wichtiger, eine produktive, freundlich-solidarische und für neue Ideen offene Arbeitsatmosphäre herzustellen als sich auf Ergebnisse zu fixieren; diese werden von einer gut integrierten Gruppe dann später zwar nicht von selbst, aber doch leichter erzielt. Ich habe im Lauf des Jahres viele klassische, erprobte Instrumente der Gruppenarbeit angewandt – eine Eingangssitzung mit „Blitzlichtern“ über Erwartungen an die eigene Arbeit und die Gruppe im Lauf des Jahres; regelmäßige Planungssitzungen und Zwischenbilanzen (von mir protokolliert); eine Abschlusssitzung mit individueller und gemeinsamer Auswertung unserer Erfahrungen (vorbereitet durch eine „Stillarbeitsphase“ zu den Stichworten „surprises“, „achievements“, „challenges“). Man kann das alles sicher auch anders organisieren, aber in unserem Fall haben sich diese Instrumente als hilfreich erwiesen.

Wichtig für die Gruppenbildung ist auch die materielle und symbolische Infrastruktur, um es einmal so technisch auszudrücken. Unser Büro in der Villa Jaffé mit einem großen Arbeitstisch in der Mitte haben alle Teilnehmer der Gruppe als wichtigen gemeinsamen Ort empfunden. Alle Gruppendiskussionen, Arbeitsgespräche mit anderen Fellows und Staff-Mitgliedern, kleine Workshops mit Gästen fanden dort statt; individuelle Arbeitsprozesse eher an den jeweils eigenen Schreibtischen in unseren Wohnungen. In einem langjährigen Forschungsprojekt in den 1990er- und 2000er-Jahren hatte ich Bodenrechtskonflikte und die Geschichte der Landnahme durch Dagara-Gruppen in Nordghana und Burkina Faso erforscht, und Isidore hatte mich dabei streckenweise als Forschungsassistent begleitet. Lustigerweise interpretierten er und Stan nun die Zuweisung eines Gemeinschaftsbüros, die auf meine Bitte an die Wiko-Leitung hin ganz unproblematisch erfolgte, als erfolgreiche Landnahme, als Symbol unserer Stärke als Gruppe. Die Zeichnungen der Familiengenealogie, mit der wir eine Wand tapezierten, waren nicht nur ein hilfreiches Arbeitsmittel, sondern auch visueller Ausdruck der Inbesitznahme.

Auch der virtuelle gemeinsame Ort, unser Gruppenlaufwerk, auf dem wir Textdokumente, vor allem aber auch Familienfotos, Stans Filme, Audiofiles von Interviews, Transkriptionen und vieles mehr ablegen und austauschen konnten, war eine

gruppenbildende Infrastruktur, materiell nützlich und zugleich symbolisch bedeutsam. Zwar erforderte das Anlegen und regelmäßige Ordnen dieses Gruppenlaufwerks von mir einen nicht unbeträchtlichen Arbeitseinsatz – eine leicht erschließbare Ordnung von Material nach Jahreszahlen und Materialtypus ist nicht jedermanns Sache. Doch letztlich wurde das Gruppenlaufwerk zur Basis des eingangs erwähnten Familienarchivs, das Isidore und Stan nun weiterführen werden.

Zwei weitere wichtige, auch eher symbolische Schritte der Gemeinschaftsbildung waren unsere ausführliche Fotosession mit Maurice Weiss und das Interview mit Manuela Lenzen für den Beitrag über unsere Fokusgruppe in *Köpfe und Ideen*, Ausgabe 2018 ([www.wiko-berlin.de/wikothek/koepfe-und-ideen/](http://www.wiko-berlin.de/wikothek/koepfe-und-ideen/)). Die klugen und neugierigen Fragen der Journalistin boten eine wertvolle Möglichkeit der Gruppenreflexion, und ihr Artikel hat unser Experiment „Familiengeschichte“ so humorvoll und gehaltvoll präsentiert, dass wir uns damit gut identifizieren konnten. Es war gewissermaßen ein erstes gemeinsames Produkt. Die Fotos aufzunehmen, war anstrengend und hat doch auch allen Spaß gemacht. Es war eine spielerische Reflexion über unsere Positionalitäten in der Gruppe, über Hautfarbe, Alter und Geschlecht ..., und das Ergebnis ist nicht nur ästhetisch beeindruckend, sondern auch für die Wahrnehmung der Gruppe nach innen und außen äußerst hilfreich.

Damit ist das Thema „Austausch mit der Umwelt“ angesprochen, der für das Gelingen einer Fokusgruppe von zentraler Bedeutung ist. Ein Aspekt dieses Austauschs lässt sich vielleicht am besten unter dem Stichwort „Produktorientierung“ zusammenfassen. Die gruppeninternen Arbeitsprozesse brauchen ein Ziel, inklusive Zwischenziele auf dem Weg zum „großen“ gemeinsamen Produkt. Die Arbeitsteilung im Blick auf die anvisierten „Endprodukte“ – das Buch von Isidore und mir und der Film von Stan – hat sich in den ersten Monaten konkretisiert; es war hilfreich, dass die Rollen, die Stan beim Schreiben des Buchs und Isidore und ich bei der Produktion des Films spielen würden, nicht von vornherein festgezurrert waren, sondern sich aus der gemeinsamen Diskussion heraus entwickelten. Wichtige Etappen waren für uns die Gestaltung der Kolloquiums-Präsentationen. Dabei hat sich meine Überlegung bewährt, dass die uns gewährten drei Termine am besten über das Jahr verteilt liegen sollten. Das erste frühe Kolloquium hat Isidore erlaubt, sich mit seinem eigenen Projekt als selbstständiger Wissenschaftler zu präsentieren (was angesichts meiner potenziellen Dominanz als Gruppenleiterin wichtig war); das zweite Kolloquium im März hat Isidore und mir ermöglicht, unser inzwischen gemeinsam erarbeitetes Buchkonzept vorzustellen; und Stan konnte für sein langsamer wachsendes Filmprojekt bis zum

Mai sein ursprüngliches Konzept überarbeiten und digitalisiertes sowie neu aufgenommenes Material zusammenstellen. Alle drei Präsentationen haben wir in der Gruppe ausführlich vor- und nachbesprochen und sogar in Anwesenheit weiterer Fellows regelrechte Generalproben gemacht. Über die konkreten Anregungen hinaus, die die Kolloquiums-Diskussionen boten, waren diese „Aufführungen“ auch gemeinschaftsbildende Maßnahmen, bei denen wir uns für den Erfolg jedes einzelnen Gruppenmitglieds verantwortlich fühlten.

Der notwendige Austausch mit der Welt jenseits der Fokusgruppe nahm verschiedene Formen an, die sich allesamt als hilfreich erwiesen haben. Erstens haben wir zu Beginn unserer Zeit am Wiko, vor der Arbeit an unserem eigenen empirischen Material zur Familiengeschichte, eine mehrwöchige gemeinsame Lektürephase eingelegt. Teils schon vor unserer Arbeit am Wiko, teils hier, in Zusammenarbeit mit der Bibliothek, habe ich eine Leseliste zusammengestellt, die den Blick auf Familiengeschichte, Familiensoziologie und Erinnerungsforschung weltweit öffnen sollte. Dabei haben wir eine Reihe von kürzeren Texten gemeinsam gelesen und diskutiert, aber uns auch arbeitsteilig längere Fallstudien zu Familiengeschichte(n) gegenseitig vorgestellt und die Literaturzusammenfassungen sowie unsere Diskussionen ausführlich schriftlich dokumentiert. Ich hatte ursprünglich vorgeschlagen, diese Literaturdiskussionen auch für andere Fellows zu öffnen, was aber meine Mitstreiter nicht sinnvoll fanden – und in der Tat erwiesen sich unsere Diskussionen im kleinen Kreis als außerordentlich produktives Instrument, um anhand der „fremden“ Fälle unseren eigenen Fall vergleichend zu analysieren.

Zweitens haben wir mehrfach das vom Wiko ermöglichte Format der Einladung von wissenschaftlichen Gästen genutzt. Für uns war das unaufwändig und sehr ergiebig, besser als etwa einen Workshop zu organisieren, was wir erst im Nachgang vielleicht im nächsten oder übernächsten Jahr machen wollen. Wir haben ganz gezielt einzelne Kolleginnen und Kollegen mit Kompetenzen auf für uns einschlägigen Forschungsfeldern gebeten, bestimmte Entwürfe der Fokusgruppe zu lesen (etwa das Exposé zum Buch oder eine erste Version des Drehbuchs), aber auch uns Texte von sich selbst zur Lektüre vorzuschlagen, die wir dann mit ihnen diskutieren könnten. Diese recht informellen, meist nur eintägigen Treffen waren außerordentlich anregend – und das empfanden auch unsere Gäste durchweg so. Bei diesem Austausch haben wir auch ganz nebenbei oft eine gemeinsame Argumentation entwickelt und, mit dem Blick von außen auf unser Projekt, neue Ideen für die eigene Arbeit bekommen.

Drittens hatte ich Daniel Schönflug und Alice von Bieberstein, eine Fellow-Ethnologin in unserem Wiko-Jahrgang, gebeten, uns in einem Gespräch zu Beginn der Arbeit und

einem zweiten Gespräch sechs Monate später, gegen Ende des Aufenthalts, zu unseren Vorstellungen über Familie und unser Projekt zu befragen. Die Idee war, eine Art „making of“ der Familiengeschichte zu dokumentieren. Für die Arbeit der Gruppe war diese freundlich-unterstützende, aber durchaus auch kritische, evaluative Begleitung außerordentlich hilfreich. Die Fragen haben uns gezwungen, manches sehr viel präziser auf den Punkt zu bringen, um es den „Außenstehenden“ zu erklären, als wir das untereinander getan hätten. Und die Verschriftlichung und Editierung der Tonbandprotokolle konnten wir als Baustein zu einem weiteren gemeinsamen Produkt nutzen, einem Blog beim Forum Transregionale Studien („Family History as Family Enterprise?“ <https://trafo.hypotheses.org/11214> und „From History to Memory“ <https://trafo.hypotheses.org/11377>).

Und schließlich waren die vielen anregenden informellen Gespräche mit den anderen Fellows beim gemeinsamen Mittagessen und an den Donnerstagabenden wichtig für unsere Arbeit und unser einigermaßen harmonisches Leben als „Familie“. Ich hatte gleich eingangs vorgeschlagen, dass wir uns bei diesen gemeinsamen Essen nicht als Gruppe an einen Tisch setzen, sondern möglichst aufteilen sollten, um vielfältige Begegnungen zu ermöglichen und nicht zu exklusiv zu wirken. Was zunächst etwas künstlich anmuten mochte, hat sich dann zu einer Gewohnheit entwickelt, die das ganze Jahr über zum „atmenden“ Austausch beigetragen hat. Ich kann mich noch gut an mein Jahr beim Netherlands Institute for Advanced Study erinnern: Dort hatte eine größere Gruppe amerikanischer Soziologen nicht nur gemeinsam gearbeitet, sondern auch fast immer bei den Mittagessen zusammen gesessen, was die meisten anderen Fellows als schwierig empfunden hatten. Ich glaube, uns ist es gelungen, eine solche Abschottung zu vermeiden. Im Gegenzug konnten wir von den vielen Gesprächen mit anderen Fellows profitieren. Ein solcher Austausch war und ist sicher auch hilfreich, um die in einer recht intimen Kleingruppe doch leicht entstehenden Spannungen aufzufangen.

*Last but not least* haben wir aber als Fokusgruppe und Verwandte gelegentlich auch jenseits der Arbeit Gemeinsamkeiten erlebt und genossen, auf einer Reihe von Ausflügen, durch den Besuch weiterer Verwandter aus Ghana, Burkina Faso und Minden (meine deutsche Schwester), gemeinsame Restaurantbesuche und vieles mehr. Von großer Bedeutung war bei all dem eine gute Prise Humor und gelassene Zuversicht – Ingredienzien, die man nicht erzwingen kann, die zu entwickeln das Wiko aber sehr erleichtert. Einen besseren Ort als das Wiko konnte und kann ich mir für unser Gruppenexperiment nicht vorstellen. Und es ist zu hoffen, dass sich andere inspiriert fühlen, die Mühen der Organisation einer Fokusgruppe auf sich zu nehmen – es lohnt sich!



FROM HISTORY TO MEMORY: WRITING  
ABOUT A WEST AFRICAN FAMILY  
ISIDORE LOBNIBE

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I was born in 1965 in Hamile, a town divided by the Ghana-Burkina Faso international boundary. I attended the University of Cape Coast in Ghana, where I obtained my B.A. in History and French. I proceeded to the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign to pursue my M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. I am currently Associate Professor of Anthropology at Western Oregon University. – Address: Department of Anthropology, Social Science Division, Western Oregon University, 210 HSS Building, 345 Monmouth Ave, Monmouth, OR 97361, USA. E-mail: lobnibe@wou.edu.

My project at the Wissenschaftskolleg was situated within the framework of the theme “Family History and Social Change in West Africa”. I was one of three researchers who constituted the 2017/18 Focus Group convened by Carola Lentz. Although we all worked around the theme and held regular meetings, we had different potential substantive outcomes in mind. Carola Lentz and I worked on a joint book project that draws on several years of collaborative fieldwork with members of our own extended family in northern Ghana; the other member, Stan Meda Bemile, for his part, worked on a film essay entitled *Bio bir: Seed of the Future*, using documentary footage of many family ceremonies that he and his media colleagues have filmed since the 1990s. The extended family that we study comprises some five hundred persons, depending on how one defines family membership, and belongs to the ethnic group of the Dagara. Carola was adopted into the family in 1987 while Stan and I were born into it, albeit we belong to different lineages. The family’s original homestead is located in Hamile, in northwestern Ghana, close to the border with Burkina Faso. About a century ago, the family had moved from a nearby village in Burkina

Faso, where most of its members were still farmers. Today, family members are dispersed throughout the major cities of Ghana, Burkina Faso, and beyond and pursue a wide range of professions. The central questions our book project is seeking to address is what keeps the family together in light of the increasing professional diversification and what role does memory of the family history play in maintaining cohesion and a sense of belonging?

Before coming to the Wissenschaftskolleg, Carola and I had contemplated writing a monograph on the history of the family and conceptualized a chapter outline with that great transformation in mind. But once we started to review the extensive literature on family history, family sociology, memory, and the new kinship studies in anthropology, we began to foresee some challenges. Among these was the question whether to use family history as a window to understanding larger processes of change, or rather to analyze these processes and their impact on family members in order to better analyze the family history. Related challenges concerned the book's conceptual framing, its periodization, and whether to organize our chapters chronologically or thematically. Furthermore, we struggled to organize the sheer amount of material in our possession. Whose stories or version of the family history were we going to write? Because we are members of the family with differing backgrounds and situatedness, we were also confronted with ethical dilemmas regarding our positionalities as simultaneously scholars and members of the family under study. It took discussions with several guests whom the Focus Group invited to Wiko, our own internal deliberations about the differential perspectives we brought to our task, and insights from conversations with Daniel Schönplüg and Alice von Bieberstein for us to begin to address these challenges.

A turning point in dealing with these dogged problems came when we decided to shift from writing a family history to exploring the changing forms of memory making. This shift helped mitigate the challenge of claiming to write a unified history and authoritative account. Focusing on practices of remembering the family history, we felt we were able to explore the ways narrative accounts and remembering by family members are shaped by the politics of memory. We received good feedback from other Fellows during and after our colloquium in March with the pivot from history to remembering family history. To be sure, by the time we left Wiko, a lot of writing still needed to be done to complete our eight-chapter book, but I nevertheless felt confident that the time we spent together in Berlin turned out to be a very productive one on several levels. For one thing, we have been able to engage with a wide variety of scholarly literature on family, family history,

and family memories worldwide, which enriches our perspective on the West African case with which we deal. Furthermore, we were able to complete the analysis of the material gathered in our case-study family in the 1980s and subsequent years. Finally, we submitted an edited book proposal to a university press with the tentative title *Imagining Futures: Memory and Belonging in an African Family*, and we were able to produce two installments for the Transregional Forum Blog that document our collaborative work process (“Family History as Family Enterprise?” <https://trafo.hypotheses.org/>).

Earlier, I spent the first two months at Wiko developing the broad chapter outlines of my own book project on funerals. I presented this book project at the Tuesday Colloquium as work in progress that dovetails with the broader theme of the Focus Group, but aims specifically to analyze changes in mortuary practices, and funeral rites as constitutive of local people’s response to increased geographical and social mobility and to the opening up of new economic opportunities. Over the past few decades in northwestern Ghana, the lives of families and individuals have been impacted by broad socio-economic forces such as outmigration in search of labor, increased social mobility because of expanded access to Western-style education, amplifying interactions with other regions in Ghana, conversion to Catholic Christianity, and exposure to new discourses of modernity. My colloquium presentation therefore highlighted the ways major institutions such as mortuary practices and funeral rites, which remain one of the few publicly attended traditional events, are being shaped and affected by the region’s changing political economy. The need to maximize the rare opportunity of working face-to-face in the Focus Group did not allow me to make further progress on this particular individual project. As I return to my home institution, I have a clearer sense of how to contextualize my ethnographic material on funerals and how to better frame my theoretical analysis to show how local actors explain why they celebrate their funerals the way they do now. Beyond my initial concern with analyzing how funerals are celebrated in the Upper West Region in Ghana, I now expect to be able to tie the changing funerary and mortuary practices to how regional disparities help to produce the new local funeral. I hope to clearly analyze how the “cultural” aspects of funeral celebrations interweave with those of the political economy. After discussing my work with other Fellows at Wiko, I am excited that this layer of analysis has the potential to also offer fresh insights into the experience of upward mobility and middleclassness.

Living and working together as a Focus Group for an entire year was both challenging and rewarding. For instance, how to harmonize our respective interests and work schedules while finding time to explore the incredible city of Berlin and its suburbs posed

a challenge. At the same time, our stay presented us with a unique opportunity to meet as family members and as scholars; we got to know each other much better than before, and we had the chance to exchange experiences and viewpoints. Frankly, I came to Wiko not knowing what to expect. I had, of course, anticipated a stimulating and congenial academic environment, but not the very lively conviviality created and made possible by both Fellows and the hardworking staff of the institute.

One very early but lasting impression about the Institute that helped ease my adjustment into the Wiko community of scholars stemmed from my initial interaction with one staff member who represented the positive face of the Kolleg upon my arrival at Tegel airport. This impression endured throughout my stay at Wiko and made me feel more comfortable approaching her with my personal problems. After a very long and difficult flight from Ghana via Lisbon, I had run into problems. I missed my flight to Berlin in Lisbon so that I opted to buy my own ticket. In addition, I could not update Andrea Bergmann on the status of the flight. To make matters worse, when I arrived at the airport I could not find one of my bags. When I finally did manage to come out of the airport, it was past 1 a.m. I was then very tired and frustrated and as I turned to walk toward the exit not knowing what to do, I spotted a lady towering over everybody near her. Beaming with smiles, she shouted my name. "Are you Isidore? I am Andrea!" I thought to myself how could Andrea deny herself sleep at this hour to come and look for me when I had not been in contact with her over the past 48 hours? She rushed to me. I then noticed she had come with her partner to the airport. To show my gratitude, I voiced my appreciation, repeating to her the question I earlier thought to myself. Andrea responded calmly that she anticipated that I had missed my flight and did not want me to spend time scrambling to find a hotel in the city. "It would be very expensive!" This response erased all my frustrations. In fact, the fatigue disappeared and signaled to me that I was coming to a great institution with dedicated workers who cared for its Fellows. From Tegel Airport, at 1 a.m., I was sensitized to how far the Wiko staff could go to ease the adjustment of its Fellows and continually facilitate their daily working conditions. My positive impression of Andrea, whom I would later come to jokingly call "my friend the troubleshooter", held up with many other staff members I had the opportunity to meet and interact with. To all the Wiko staff, I greatly acknowledge your warm embrace that permeated throughout my dealings and interactions during what was a fascinating intellectual journey for me at the Kolleg.



THE SERENITY OF WIKO AND THE  
TURBULENCES OF THE WORLD  
PAWEŁ MACHCEWICZ

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What is the most obvious literary analogy to the life of Fellows conducted in the serenity of the Wissenschaftskolleg environment and the relative seclusion of suburban Grunewald? The answer to this question is not very original and in fact was mentioned

several times in Fellows' discussions in the final stage of our year, when we tried to look back and catch a sense of our common experience. Like us, the people depicted in *The Magic Mountain* lived for a long time in a small community, sharing most of their time, engaging in serious (and less serious) dialogues and relationships. The apparently idyllic character of their life was, however, very illusory and questionable. Not only because they suffered from illnesses that they tried to cure in the alpine climate of Davos, being exposed to the Prospect of death that might turn out to be not so distant. The more relevant point is that the characters in Thomas Mann's novel engaged in extremely passionate disputes regarding politics, culture and morality. These were the same controversies that deeply split European nations on the eve of the cataclysm of the Great War. Settembrini and Naphta struggling for a grip over Hans Castorp's soul epitomized ardent ideological conflicts that were soon to tear down the whole continent.

It was pretty much the same at Wiko. We had our ongoing ideological disputes that broke out with great ardor after a few months, and perhaps unexpectedly to many Fellows, but persisted till the end of our stay in Grunewald. They focused on issues of gender, diversity, race, and equality within and outside of the Wiko establishment and were precipitated by the waves coming from the world at large – the “#MeToo” action of exposing sexual harassment by privileged people. This scrutiny in our case seemed to me rather artificial and misplaced, since, judging by my own experience and intuition, Wiko was a very open-minded place, friendly to diversity, even making this latter value one of the cornerstones of its selection process and everyday life. I respected, however, the intentions of those promoting this critical agenda. It is always beneficial for both people and institutions to question solutions that outwardly seem to be close to perfect. Nevertheless, in my case, much more important and dramatic were political and ideological tensions outside Wiko, which invaded its serenity and seclusion in probably far more direct ways than those experienced by Hans Castorp, Claudia Chauchat and other patients in the Davos sanatorium.

This serenity of Grunewald was to a great extent illusory. One could easily see traces of violent history near where we conducted our colloquia and quietly read innumerable books in our offices. Beside the stairs leading to Villa Jaffé, in the basement of which I had my office, every morning I stepped past *Stolpersteine* commemorating the Jewish owners of this house, who had fled the Nazis and died in Shanghai. There were more *Stolpersteine* on almost every street in this most affluent Berlin suburb. On my way on my bike to the Grunewald forest, I passed by *Gleis 17*, from which thousands of Berlin Jews were deported to Auschwitz and other camps. The last transport left this station just a few

weeks before the capitulation of Berlin in early May 1945. Not much farther – just 15 minutes on bike – one could find the Olympia Stadion, the gigantic remnant of Hitler’s *hybris*, built for the Olympic Games of 1936.

Exploring Berlin on a bike is a great idea. One could easily see how this city was destroyed during the war, thus paying a high price for its support for the Nazis. Many empty spaces, many new buildings inserted between pre-war structures. The longest trip I made was from Schönefeld through Köpenick, Schöneeweide, Neukölln, Kreuzberg, Schöneberg, Wilmersdorf and back to Grunewald. Sometimes these trips demonstrated how present times overlap the past. Riding my bike around Tempelhof Airport – another remnant of Nazi might in Berlin – I came across the temporary houses of refugees living on the former airfield.

These pressures and invasions of the outside world into the Grunewald refuge were, of course, much more manifold and direct than mere observations from bike trips throughout the city. All the time, I was torn between the work I wanted to carry out at Wiko (a comparative book about retributive justice after the collapse of various dictatorships in the 20th century), incessant discussions and interactions we had in our group and innumerable social and cultural activities provided by our hosts, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, continuous and alert following of the developments unfolding in my country. The latter were increasingly depressing. Dismantling the democratic state of law and Poland’s ties with Europe was a harsh experience, especially for people of my generation and background who had personal memories of living under the Communist dictatorship and, after 1989, of witnessing and participating in “miracles” of regaining independence, creating democracy and joining the European Union. For us, this was all the fulfillment of the ambitions and dreams of many generations in our country. Now it seemed to be not only endangered, but shattered step by step.

For me there was also an additional, personal level to these developments: my experience with the Museum of the Second World War in Gdańsk, which turned out to be one of the major battlefields in this fundamental conflict ongoing in Poland, but to some extent reflecting similar tensions in many other countries, as well. I came to Wiko almost immediately after an extremely tense and dramatic time I had had in Poland. After the long struggle with the Law and Justice government, I succeeded in opening the Museum to the public. Two weeks later I was removed from my post as its director; my colleagues with whom I created the museum were also purged. In many ways, I needed an academic “rehab” and Wiko promised a lot in this respect. However, it soon turned out that for me

it was not the end of this story, and I continued to be deeply immersed in the Museum's controversy, despite living abroad and staying at Wiko. The issue continued to be an extremely heated public debate in Poland. It was a unique feeling to read in the news accusations by the Minister of Culture and even Jarosław Kaczyński, the real ruler of Poland, that creating this museum was an act of national betrayal, because allegedly it was from its outset created on the orders of Berlin (sometimes Brussels was added to this indictment). I had to give Polish and international media hundreds of interviews to counter these allegations and explain the real situation. This made the calmness of the Wiko life illusory for me from the very beginning and created the dual and to some extent paradoxical framework in which I lived all these months: on the one hand, trying to benefit from the intellectual, cultural and social richness that Wiko offered and to contribute to it within my capacities and, on the other hand, continuing to carry out my battles in the outside world. The latter meant not only dealing with the mass media, giving countless lectures and talks, but also facing a criminal prosecutor who interrogated me in Gdańsk and preparing legal suits (in the Polish courts and in the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg) in defence of the integrity of the permanent exhibition of the Museum. The exhibition started to be changed according to the expectations of the Law and Justice government during the time I stayed in Berlin. The interest and support of the people at Wiko, both staff and Fellows, surpassed my expectations and immensely helped me deal with this situation. One of the nicest and most satisfactory moments for me was accompanying to Gdańsk a group of Fellows who wanted to visit the Museum.

Living in such a diverse community also brought about interesting and to some extent ambiguous feelings. I remember how I envied Fellows coming from stable and democratic (for how long?) countries for having their peaceful lives and being able to focus on their work and – only if they wanted – on contemplating fundamental intellectual and moral dilemmas of the academic community and of mankind. Sometimes it seemed like living in an ivory tower, but perhaps this should be the ideal of the life of intellectuals, instead of wasting time in battles that one cannot win. On the other hand, the presence of Fellows from less “fortunate” countries helped me see the Polish experience from the right perspective and to avoid inflating its drama. The fate of our Syrian and Turkish Co-Fellows who were not able to live in their countries and who faced the gravest consequences of the choices that they had made showed us all what real political persecution means and, for me in particular, how it is still different from the minor harassment I experienced from the Polish government.

Hans Castorp eventually had to leave Davos for the turbulent world. The last glimpse of him we got in the novel was in the trenches of the Great War. It is not entirely the same experience, but we also left our asylum in Grunewald and dispersed in all possible directions into an increasingly unstable world. The memory of Wiko would help us remember how life should look like if we could live in “the best of all possible worlds”. Unfortunately, such a world can be sustained only for ten months.



CAHIER DE DOLÉANCE  
VITTORIO MAGNAGO LAMPUGNANI

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Vittorio Magnago Lampugnani, 1951 in Rom geboren, studierte an der Sapienza und an der Universität Stuttgart, wo er 1977 promovierte. In den achtziger Jahren arbeitete er für die Internationale Bauausstellung Berlin und lehrte in Harvard, später gab er in Mailand die Zeitschrift *Domus* heraus und war Direktor des Deutschen Architekturmuseums in Frankfurt am Main. Von 1994 bis 2016 hatte er den Lehrstuhl für Geschichte des Städtebaus an der ETH in Zürich inne und leitete dort das Institut für Geschichte und Theorie der Architektur. 1981 gründete er ein eigenes Büro in Berlin, dann in Mailand. Seit 2010 führt er zusammen mit einem Partner Baukontor Architekten in Zürich. Eines seiner neuesten Bücher ist *Die Stadt von der Neuzeit zum 19. Jahrhundert*, bei Klaus Wagenbach in Berlin erschienen; zu seinen wichtigsten Bauten zählen das Bürogebäude auf dem Novartis Campus in Basel, für dessen Masterplan er verantwortlich ist, das Richti-Quartier in Wallisellen und das Geschäftshaus am Schiffbau in Zürich. – Adresse: Baukontor Architekten, Röntgenstrasse 10, 8005 Zürich, Schweiz. E-Mail: lampugnani@gta.arch.ethz.ch.

Seit über zehn Monaten warte ich auf diese Gelegenheit: eine öffentliche Plattform zu haben, um mein Missbillen, meine Unzufriedenheit, ja meine tiefe Empörung gegenüber dem Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, in dem ich dieses akademische Jahr verbracht habe, zum Ausdruck zu bringen. Nun ist sie gekommen, und ich werde sie freudig und ausgiebigst nutzen.

Angefangen hat alles damit, dass der Rektor mich in einem Brief (ich muss sagen: ausgesprochen überraschend) zu einer Fellowship eingeladen hat und mich um eine kurze und informelle Beschreibung meines möglichen Arbeitsvorhabens ersuchte. Das

war der erste Affront. Denn jeder weiß, dass wir Architekten und Architekturhistoriker es lieben, lange, ausführliche und wortreiche Anträge zu schreiben, die niemand liest und bei denen wir so tun, als wüssten wir genau, was wir erforschen wollen und was dabei herauskommen wird. Auch die praktizierenden unter uns schätzen die Auseinandersetzung mit hunderten, ja tausenden teilweise einander widersprechenden Vorschriften, deren Erfüllung wir in undurchdringlichen Formularen nachzuweisen haben, über alles. Nun bin ich auch noch ein italienischer Architekt, der mit der *carta bollata*, dem staatlichen Stempelpapier, das zu meinem größten Bedauern inzwischen abgeschafft wurde, und mit Anträgen in fünffacher Ausfertigung mit notariell beglaubigter Unterschrift aufgewachsen ist. Der Einladungsbrief war ein schamlos unmissverständlicher Vorstoß, mich der bürokratischen Bereicherung meines Arbeitslebens zu berauben.

Ich bin nicht unbedarft, und außerdem hatte ich, allerdings schon vor vielen Jahren, bereits eine üble Erfahrung mit dem Wissenschaftskolleg gemacht. Also konterte ich schlagfertig, ich könne im besagten Jahr gar nicht kommen, weil es meine Lehrverpflichtungen an der ETH in Zürich nicht erlauben würden. Leider unterschätzte ich die hinterlistige Geschicklichkeit des Rektors und der Institution, die er vertritt. Geistesgegenwärtig bot er mir das darauffolgende Jahr an. Ich hatte keine Ausrede mehr und verfügte mich, das Schlimmste ahnend, nach Berlin.

Natürlich fügte ich mich damit nicht in ein Schicksal, das sich derart verhängnisvoll ankündigte. Nach nur wenigen Wochen erklärte ich, ich wolle gar nicht das tun, wofür ich eingeladen worden war, sondern etwas anderes. Mit einer Listigkeit, an die nicht einmal Odysseus herangereicht hätte, wählte ich als neues Thema die kleinen Dinge des Stadtraums: vom Bordstein über den Gully bis zur Straßenlampe und zum Pissoir. Kein noch so unbedarfter Rektor, kein noch so zerstreuter wissenschaftlicher Beirat dieser Welt hätte sich auf ein so offensichtlich nutzloses und lächerliches Vorhaben eingelassen; die erlauchte Leitung des Wissenschaftskollegs zu Berlin tat es. Unberührt durch das schallende Gelächter, das durch die gesamte architektur- und stadtwissenschaftliche Welt ertönte, willigte sie ein, ja noch mehr: sie ermutigte mich dazu.

Ich saß in der Falle, war mir aber noch nicht ganz der Dramatik meiner Situation bewusst. Denn ich fand mich in einer Gruppe von Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftlern wieder, mit denen ich, wie mir bedeutet wurde, interagieren sollte, und zwar sowohl transdisziplinär als auch persönlich. Nun ist es sattsam bekannt, dass wir Architekten zwar gerne reden und auch persönliche Beziehungen eingehen, aber nur und ausschließlich mit unseresgleichen. Die Architektur ist bekanntlich das Dach der Künste,

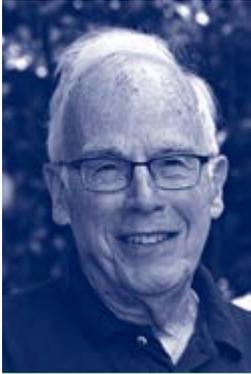
und die einzigen Gesprächspartnerinnen und Gesprächspartner, denen wir auf Augenhöhe begegnen und die unserer Aufmerksamkeit würdig sind, sind andere Architektinnen und Architekten. Deswegen pflegen wir, unserer Arbeit möglichst alleine nachzugehen, ausschließlich untereinander zu verkehren und auch, soweit es sich irgendwie bewerkstelligen lässt, untereinander zu heiraten. Jetzt musste ich diese gesunde Regel durchbrechen und Beziehungen mit Andersartigen pflegen. Als besonders hinterhältig empfand ich, dass die Dinge, mit denen sich meine Kolleginnen und Kollegen (die, ich muss es noch einmal betonen, eben keine Kolleginnen und Kollegen im echten Sinn waren), sich als gar nicht uninteressant herausstellten, sondern überwiegend sogar als entwaffnend angenehm und anregend. Den Trick durchschaute ich sofort, Opfer der böswilligen Machination war ich trotzdem.

Das Ganze, dessen wurde ich rasch gewahr, spielte sich in einem ebenso effizienten wie stilvollen institutionellen Kontext ab. Der Grunewald ist, vor allem in der schönen Jahreszeit, ein reizvoller Ort in Berlin, die Baulichkeiten des Wissenschaftskollegs, sieht man von einem beiläufigen Ausrutscher ab, nobel. Und dann sind da die Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter. Wie sie gefunden und verpflichtet werden konnten, entzieht sich meiner Kenntnis, und ich vermochte es auch trotz intensiver detektivischer Ermittlungen nicht herauszufinden. Unübersehbar ist, dass die Gruppe von Menschen, die für das Kolleg und die Fellows arbeiten, von einzigartiger Kompetenz, Hilfsbereitschaft, Zuvorkommenheit und Charme ist. Das machte freilich die Sache nicht besser, sondern schlechter. Mittelpunkt und letztlich Ziel unserer Arbeit als Architekten ist, selbst dann, wenn wir zu forschen vorgeben, das Bauen. Und beim Bauen geht es ruppig zu. Jeder versucht, den anderen zu übervorteilen, Fallen und Intrigen sind an der Tagesordnung, sämtliche Konflikte, und ich versichere, es sind deren viele, werden mit genüsslicher Grobheit ausgetragen. Entsprechend ist der Umgangston. Das ist unsere Welt, und wir lieben sie. Noch mehr: Wir gehen in ihr auf. In einer rücksichtsvollen, vornehmen, ja geradezu zartfühlenden Umgebung wie jene des Wissenschaftskollegs sind wir wie Fische, denen man das Wasser weggenommen hat.

Das gilt, *cum grano salis*, für jeden Bereich dieser diabolischen Institution an der Wallotstraße, aber einen möchte ich hier herausgreifen, als *pars pro toto*, aber auch als Ort der grausamsten Qual: die Bibliothek. Wenn es eine Sache gibt, die wir Architekten mit allen uns zu Gebote stehenden Mitteln vermeiden, ist es, Bücher zu lesen. Zu Recht pflegte Wolf Jobst Siedler zu sagen, ein Architekt könne keinen Gedanken fassen; wenn er ihn fassen könne, würde er ihn nicht zu artikulieren vermögen; und wenn er ihn artikuliert,

würde er ihn in verständlichen Sätzen niederzuschreiben nicht in der Lage sein. Wir können keine Bücher schreiben, und jene, die es tun, können wir nicht ausstehen. Natürlich haben wir und benutzen wir Bücher: aber nicht, niemals, unter keinen Umständen, um sie zu lesen. Wir sind kreative Menschen, in Tat und Wahrheit die kreativsten, die es auf der Welt gibt, und jegliches Wissen, vor allem historisches, ist ein Hindernis für unsere Kreativität. Allenfalls schauen wir die Bilder an. Denn da wir selber Bilder erzeugen müssen und uns manchmal, unserer legendären Kreativität zum Trotz, nichts einfällt, können wir dann wenigstens eines der Bilder reproduzieren und darauf hoffen, dass niemand das merkt. Insofern ist die Bibliothek des Wissenschaftskollegs mit ihrer Effizienz, ihrem Entgegenkommen und ihrem Sachverstand für uns der Feind schlechthin. Die Strategie, die sie verfolgt, ist ebenso gerissen wie wirksam: die Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter halten sich elegant zurück, warten darauf, dass man schwach wird und irgendwann doch nach einem Buch fragt, geben dann scheinbar beiläufig Anregungen, welche anderen Texte vielleicht interessant sein könnten, tun alles, um auch die ausgefallensten Bücher rasch und unkompliziert zu besorgen, und ehe man sich versieht, hat man einen Stapel davon auf dem Schreibtisch. Ich bin ein durch und durch genuiner Architekt und eine außerordentlich starke Persönlichkeit, die jeglicher Versuchung widersteht, aber ich muss zugeben, in meinem Wissenschaftskollegsjahr bin ich öfter schwach geworden, als zu erinnern mir lieb ist.

Die Liste der Beschwerden ließe sich beliebig fortsetzen: Mein Aufenthalt in der Wallotstraße war eine schier nicht enden wollende Abfolge von Hinterhalten, die ich zwar erkannte und deren Gemeinheit ich durchschaute, deren Opfer ich jedoch gleichwohl wurde. Die letzte und größte Perfidie kam als Überraschung, erschütterte mich mehr als jede andere und beschäftigt mich noch in diesem Augenblick: das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg war eines der anregendsten, produktivsten, angenehmsten und in jeder Beziehung bereicherndsten Jahre meines Lebens.



A SEASON TO RETHINK HISTORY  
CHARLES S. MAIER

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Charles S. Maier (born in New York City, 1939) received his undergraduate degree (1960) and Ph.D. (1967) in History from Harvard University with intervening study at St. Antony's College, Oxford. He has taught since then at Harvard, then at Duke University, 1976–81, and since 1981 again at Harvard, where he is currently Leverett Saltonstall Professor of History. He has served guest stints at the University of Bielefeld (1976), the *École des hautes études en sciences sociales* (2007), and the LUISS in Rome (2014). He has also held a John Simon Guggenheim Memorial fellowship, been a distinguished fellow at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, and a recipient of a Humboldt-Forschungspreis. He directed the Minda de Gunzburg Center for European Studies at Harvard (1994–2001) and is currently co-director (with Sven Beckert) of the Weatherhead Initiative on Global History. He has been awarded the *Große Verdienstkreuz* of the German Federal Republic and the *Österreichisches Ehrenkreuz für Wissenschaft und Kunst 1. Klasse*, and in January 2018 received a *laurea honoris causa* in European Studies from the *Università di Padova*. He is a member of the American Academy for Arts and Sciences and the Council on Foreign Relations. Publications: *Recasting Bourgeois Europe: Stabilization in France, Germany, and Italy in the Decade after World War I* (1975, 2015); *Leviathan 2.0: Inventing Modern Statehood* (2012, 2014); and *Once within Borders: Territories of Power, Wealth, and Belonging* (2016). – Address: Center for European Studies, Harvard University, 27 Kirkland Street at Cabot Way, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: csmaier@fas.harvard.edu.

I said farewell to the Wallotstraße at the end of my three-month invited sojourn on the morning of June 19, 2018, with weather as fair as the previous two months had offered. The

Wissenschaftskolleg, one of my colleagues had said at an earlier lunch, was our own Magic Mountain, but, as I had added, a *Zauberberg* without tuberculosis. As I walked back to Villa Walther along the Koenigsallee savoring the melancholy of departure – past the little Koenigssee on which the two white swans who had fruitlessly guarded their nest for two months magically reappeared for my departure – I recalled Hans Castorp, who in Thomas Mann’s final scene darts and dodges under the lurid fire of the Great War then shattering the careless civilization whose merits he and his sanatorium companions had endlessly debated.

As I start to write this report *en vol* back to Trump’s America – my own country whose government is apparently ready to destroy the institutions that it constructed to stabilize a liberal global order – no one can predict the outcome of the complex political crises that have unfolded in recent days. There is an unprecedented tension between Bavaria and Berlin that may break the long-standing union of the CDU and CSU and force new elections that could benefit the populist Alternative for Germany. To resolve it, the Berlin government needs Brussels to stabilize a revised refugee regime, but the EU is unprecedentedly divided between populist governments in Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Austria, and Italy, on the one hand, and liberal Western regimes, on the other, weakened by the exit of Great Britain and by Germany and France’s differences over how to strengthen a financial system that has strained the Union for a decade. Perhaps all these manifold tensions will be resolved, although ultimately they derive from the fact that in the 21st century, continents blessedly wealthy and hitherto peaceful (at least for the last decades) live next to regions in turmoil and civic breakdown, and borders cannot really protect against the almost hydraulic sociodemographic pressure emanating from the Middle East, Africa, and Mesoamerica.

Perhaps, however, Europeans and Americans will look back and ask themselves how they heedlessly threw away the most sustained era of welfare and progress that they had hitherto enjoyed in their respective histories, just as in 1914 they abandoned over 40 years of peace for an unnecessary war that resolved little. According to a recent poll, 30 percent of Americans believe that their country, my country, is headed toward civil war, and I myself fear the worst – if not outright civil war, then the lethal political violence that marred the early and late Weimar Republic. As a Fellow at the Wiko, I could look at the memorial erected across the street to one of its prominent victims, Walter Rathenau. *Si monumentem requires, circumspice.*

How do these gloomy thoughts relate to my stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg, which is a monument to Germany’s transformation into a paragon of soft power? I came to the

Wiko as a historian of the 20th century, and historians always hear resonances from the past. My self-assigned task at the Wissenschaftskolleg was to think about how to interpret the 20th century. In contrast to most of my intellectual companions, I did not primarily engage in the opportunity to read. Although the wonderful librarians summoned books so efficiently, my own vast university library, I knew, would also allow their ready consultation. Instead, I worked through a book outline and introductory essay – the basis for my colloquium presentation – and exploited the lovely, quiet reference library for its silences. Sitting at a window desk, gazing out at the magnolia blooms, undisturbed amidst treatises on civil law and political theory in my favored corner allowed me a sustained and precious time for reflection that my university office never has. My problem needed definition. How does one write a history of the last 100 years, say since the First World War, that accounts for the disastrous outcome that may be unfolding before our eyes? Not just a narrative of “the unwinding” itself, but a long-term account that makes plausible, even if it does not exhaustively “explain” what has been developing (I believe) since the 1970s and with ever greater momentum since the end of the Cold War?

Historians of the 20th century in Europe and the United States have followed catastrophe and violence, tyrannies and emancipation; but they have generally narrated the epic conflicts between democracy and fascism, or capitalism and communism, colonialism and national independence, all with an implicit if not explicit happy ending: welfare states and the European Union, the advance of India and China, the prodigious technologies of the digital age, the advances in the status of women – the 70 years since the Second World War apparently justifying a Whig history of our era. But how do we tell the story if the ending no longer seems so happy? How do we rethink the great ideological protagonists of the epoch?

Political and social theory has always beckoned to me, and in this case Montesquieu’s *The Spirit of the Laws* offered a challenge. The philosopher sought to define the political systems at stake and the underlying principles that let governmental archetypes function: civic virtue in the case of democracies, status distinctions for monarchy and aristocracy, fear of despotism. I proposed archetypes for the 20th century different from the usual heroes and villains, democrats and totalitarians: first, “project states” with ambitious agendas, whether democratic or totalitarian, for transforming civil society; second, rentier empires, important until 1960 and depending on the enjoyment of colonial revenue and deference; third and fourth, the interstate or transnational webs of capital and governance. My account of the last 100 years was to follow the changing weights and evolutions

of these four collective agents. It would be called “The New Spirit of the Laws: Political Society Since the Era of World Wars”. I do not know whether the units, much less the title will remain, and I have not had time or leisure since leaving the Wiko to continue in a sustained way. Sometimes I think I should abandon Montesquieu and just write “Rethinking the History of the Last Century in the Shadow of Autocrats”. All the work lies ahead.

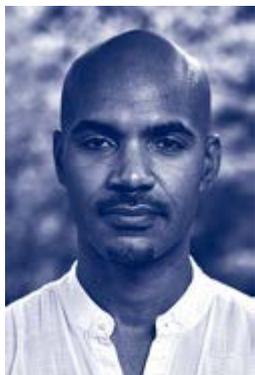
We do not know how Hans Castorp reflected back on the formative hiatus in his life at the Berghof. I will remember the Wissenschaftskolleg for this privileged season of tranquility. Also for the discovery of original minds and creative spirits. As a Short-term Fellow I heard only a few presentations, but they expanded my horizons: Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmann, perhaps closest to my field, along with the political economist Manu Goswami and the political philosopher Lisa Herzog and her effort to preserve a non-algorithmic polity. Since I had written at intervals over the years on collective memory, Paweł Machcevicz’s travails with the Danzig/Gdańsk Museum of the Second World War were, alas, familiar. Hannah Mumby and Kevin Gaston connected me to the world of large mammals and night-time creatures. Asfawossen Asrat Kassaye’s exploration of Africa’s long-term climate history helped me place my own *histoire événementielle* into a longer perspective; Vladimir Tarnopolski’s music and Andreas Staier’s wonderful performances – along with the offerings of musical Berlin (seven operas in 12 weeks! after which I debriefed with Carola Lentz) – took me beyond words. Mohammed Hanif’s fantastically whimsical sense of humor; our Syrian writer Yassin al-Haj Saleh, who demonstrated such vitality while weighed down by the laceration of his homeland and the disappearance of his wife; Vittorio Lampugnani was the most observant and urbane of urbanists; and the chance to get to know my own Harvard colleague James Simpson to a degree that I never had when we both were at home, all demonstrated the value of translocation. Totally unanticipated but delightful was the friendship with Jan and Aleida Assmann.

Berlin is a small town in feel compared with London, Paris, and New York – sometimes eerily devoid of traffic in its grand squares – but with great music and theater. Its temporalities and geography can be disconcerting; the architectural establishment’s efforts to reappropriate Hohenzollern tradition across the “parentheses” of 1933–45–89 overlap ambiguously with the earnest efforts at memorialization (of which Gleis 17 at the Bahnhof Grunewald is one of the most touching). The Wiko sits beyond the urban center and among the green spaces with their villas annexed to Berlin a century ago, thereafter successively aryanized, bombed, restored, and now recycled as institutes or old age homes.

History in Berlin does not so much flow as it deposits sediments of memory, and the Wiko's permissive schedule, punctuated by lunches and colloquia, reinforced this detached sense of a furlough from normal time, intensified in my case by the chance to reconnect with close friends dating from decades of repeated visits.

The Wiko experience depended upon the fantastically dedicated staff: it is unfair to single any out, but Vera Pfeffer was my very congenial point person; and having Dunia Najjar as a personal culinary consultant was a benefit I've never before enjoyed. She manages a wonderful kitchen, and the cooks who baked my farewell cakes along with daily offerings did a superb job. Restaurant, hotel, academy – the institution was run with such a light touch by Luca Giuliani, seconded by Thorsten Wilhelmy and Daniel Schönflug, whose own intellectual interventions were unfailingly acute, that I wanted for nothing – well almost nothing: an economist or two would have played a useful role.

Let me mention finally what I most appreciated: the Wiko fully integrated my wife, Anne Sa'adah, into its activities. Given her writing project about failed Middle East politics, she found the Wiko with its contingent from Syria and Lebanon rewarding beyond expectations; Sonja Mejcher-Atassi provided particular encouragement. By June, though, it was time to leave – Hans Castorp decided that he had to descend from his asylum in the Engadine, and I too found that I must as well, if not yet to war, international or civil, then to the viscosity of family and institutional life, but refreshed, befriended, and educated.



ASK FOR MORE  
KRIS MANJAPRA

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I study global, transnational, and comparative history. My interests include the fields of modern South Asia, modern Germany, the modern Caribbean, and the comparative study of race and empire. I am especially interested in the intellectual and social histories of the Global South. My work adopts postcolonial and critical perspectives on the study of race, colonialism, diaspora, and capitalism. My current research projects focus on global plantation histories that circulated across the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans. I recently completed an oral history project on Bengali and Bangladeshi intellectuals in the age of decolonization. My publications include “Plantation Dispossessions: the global travel of agricultural racial capitalism.” In *American Capitalism: New Histories*, edited by Sven Beckert and Christine Desan (New York: Columbia, 2018); *Age of Entanglement: German and Indian Intellectuals across Empire* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2014); and *M. N. Roy: Marxism and Colonial Cosmopolitanism* (Delhi: Routledge, 2010). I am the founding Chair of the Department of Studies in Race, Colonialism, and Diaspora at Tufts. I have held fellowships from the Alexander von Humboldt Foundation and the Radcliffe Institute of Advanced Study. And I’m honored to have received the 2017 Lillian and Joseph Leibner Award for Excellence in Teaching and Advising of Students at Tufts. – Address: Department of History, Tufts University, East Hall 03, Medford, MA 02155, USA. E-mail: kris.manjapra@tufts.edu.

Is today’s terrain for academic discussion a level field? Or does the work of the mind in a community of disparate scholars operate according to a patently different design? My generative and inspiring year at the Wissenschaftskolleg provided a period of experimentation

to explore this question. The Wissenschaftskolleg is an ideal space for experiments. But these experiments do not take place solely on the scale of individual scholars pursuing self-prescribed itineraries of study and research. Rather, the intellectual experiments of the Wissenschaftskolleg also take place on a social scale. It is not just individual scholars who are testing limits and teetering, sometimes disconcertingly, on the edge of the unthought and unexplored. But the social space of the Wissenschaftskolleg, itself, is also a party to the test – an agent without a single nucleus – that stretches and contorts and transforms in unexpected ways, as if in an ongoing metamorphosis.

Some say the Anglophone American philosophical tradition lacks a wealth of terminology to describe the agency of collective social entities and formations. Indeed, among some Fellows this year, there seemed to be a palpable weariness with the supposed limits of the American “mind”, and they often charged, “Amerikanismus!” The German language, on the other hand, apparently offers us powerful analytical keywords to talk about collective agents and group formations, such as *Kultur*, *Geist*, and *Gestalt*. So how might we describe the *Geist* of the Wissenschaftskolleg in 2017/18, or reflect on its *Gestalt*? I propose the spirit of the Wissenschaftskolleg was characterized by contortions and contradictions that were themselves an expression of intellectual life in our times.

Far from a neutral and placid domain of isolated experts, the Wissenschaftskolleg created a bracing field for intellectual disruption and interchange. Many of the scholars at the Wissenschaftskolleg this year engaged in interdisciplinary inquiry, crisscrossing the pre-assigned domains of the humanities and the social sciences. Many crossed cultural boundaries, and historical thresholds, and employed diverse modes of social and critique and analysis. In our cohort of Fellows, there were scholars fascinated by the relational and critical study of race and ethnicity, gender and sexuality, and colonialism and empire. The biologists and ecologists in our cohort broadened the discussion to inter-species proportions. They invited us to focus on the study of species beyond the human; and ways of being that relate to and diverge from human ways of being; and orders of life that challenge and destabilize the way the Humanities and Social Sciences conceive of the human “order of things”.

As the year progressed, it became ever more clear that the social space of the Wissenschaftskolleg was not flat, but productively striated and bendable. This bending of space at the Wissenschaftskolleg created torsions and tensions, especially as the stakes for intellectual inquiry were raised by the awareness that we are living in perilous times. Whether we think of the #MeToo movement, or Brexit, or the rise of authoritarianisms

worldwide, or the state decompositions in the Middle East, or the international migration crisis, our world in 2017/18 felt awash in large-scale historical transformation. These are volatile times, teetering on the edge of something unknown. And this external, worldly context projected itself into the social and intellectual experiment of the Wissenschaftskolleg in myriad, everyday ways.

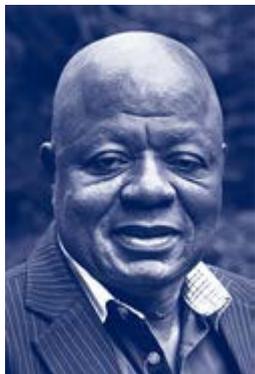
We weathered a fugue of contradictions and conflicts at the Wissenschaftskolleg in 2017/18. Sometimes there was even a sense that a return to flat social and intellectual space – the space of the familiar, of the self-same, of the “harmonious community” – would be preferable to the challenges of intense debate and irresolvable differences of scholarly opinion and perspective. Sometimes contradictions were expressed in intellectual debate, but other times, contradictions took the form of political and even emotional explosions. If the first months at the Wissenschaftskolleg seemed placid, the contradictions were brewing and eventually bubbled to the surface by the end.

But the cohort of Fellows this year never fled the field of engagement. We all persisted through the contradictions. We began to understand the striations and bends and the tensions and torsions of our multi-nucleated intellectual community as the very material for our experiments together. Perhaps we not only reflected upon, but also practiced a new kind of scholarly community that characterizes these 21st-century times in which we live: volatile yet sober, playful yet serious, generous yet critical, concentrated yet dispersed. The figure of the Wissenschaftskolleg in 2017/18 took shape this year through forces of contradiction.

As the 2017/18 cohort experienced flashpoints in discussions about gender and sexuality, race and colonialism, and diversity and difference, one hopes that the Wissenschaftskolleg will only open itself up even further to these flashpoints in coming years. Dominant Western epistemological frameworks should co-exist in creative contradiction with perspectives that reflect on the limits of Western epistemes through the critical study of race, class, ethnicity, diaspora, gender, sexuality, and disability. And the inter-species framework contributed by the life scientists enhances the potential to place all our assumptions about order, institution, agency, identity, and intelligibility under scrutiny.

One hopes that the future cohorts of Wiko Fellows will continue to reflect this ongoing embrace of creative contradiction, with increased recruitment of scholars from the Global South (e.g. African scholars, Middle Eastern and West Asian scholars, Latin American scholars, and scholars from South Asia and the Asia-Pacific) and from racialized diasporic communities within the Global North (e.g. European scholars with a migrant heritage

and scholars from the Black, Asian, and Latino diasporas in Europe and in North America). One hopes the Wissenschaftskolleg will increasingly complement its corps of Permanent Fellows and Members of the Governing Board with scholars who bring diverse kinds of backgrounds and situated knowledges to their scholarship. One hopes that the Wissenschaftskolleg will continue to ask for more. I was grateful to participate in this institution in 2017/2018, and I look forward to witnessing the exciting transformations underway.



SEED OF THE FUTURE: REFLECTIONS ON A  
FILM ESSAY ON A WEST AFRICAN FAMILY  
STANISLAS MEDA BEMILE

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I was born in 1958 in Ouessa, Burkina Faso. After earning a B.A. and a M.A. at the Université de Ouagadougou and a Diploma in Film Studies at the École Supérieure Libre d'Études Cinématographiques, Paris, I completed a Doctorate in Information and Communication Sciences at the Université Bordeaux Montaigne in 2006. I published the monograph *Film africain et compétition: Les Etalons de Yennenga de 1972 à 2005* (Saarbrücken: Editions universitaires européennes, 2010), and a number of articles. The films I directed comprise *Les peintres Kasena* (1990); *Koligure, la gardienne des champs* (1989); and *L'eau, fruit du travail* (1985). As a civil servant, I was appointed Managing Director of the National Film Board, Burkina Faso and of the Institute for Training and Research in Arts, Culture and Tourism, Burkina Faso. Later I worked as Chief Director and Secretary General of the Ministry of Culture, Arts, and Tourism of Burkina Faso. I was awarded the title of Chevalier, then Officier and finally Commandeur of the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres of the Ministère de la Culture et de la Communication of France. – Address: 13 BP 108 Ouagadougou 13, Burkina Faso. E-mail: lawbemile15@yahoo.fr.

I had already visited Berlin twice in 1989 for some short periods, but my stay in this city since 16 September 2017 has been memorable, for two reasons: spending an entire academic year at the Wissenschaftskolleg instead of brief visits before and being a scholar after leaving the civil service. It had been a challenging decision to take and was a somehow adventurous enterprise. But there was no way of turning back, and I would have to manage.

The first meeting with the Wiko staff and Fellows could have been routine if the Rector would not have explained, a few minutes after the meeting started, that one of the Institute's

rules was to pay attention to the other Fellows during their colloquium and the discussions. While he was talking, I was busy manipulating my smartphone, reading messages of acknowledgements from the staff of my Ministry that praised me for what I had done for the youth of the institution and the country and replying to their kind salutations. The Rector's exhortation was the main lesson I retained that day as a newly admitted alumnus who would spend ten months with nearly seventy Fellows and partners coming from an enormous diversity of countries, languages, disciplines and careers. Diversification ultimately became an important theme in our Focus Group discussions and one that I had to explore in depth in order to construct a narrative for my Wiko project, a film essay on a West African family.

The film essay was part of the family history project that the Focus Group pursued, with Carola Lentz, Isidore Lobnibe and me as members. Isidore and Carola's book project on family memory struggled with challenges similar to those my film faced, namely whose history to tell and how to deal with the lack of sources from earlier periods. In my film project I looked for solutions to these challenges by editing existing and creating new visual and sound material, then assembling all these materials into a coherent narrative.

How family history is being remembered, in the context of an increasing diversification of life trajectories, depends on the family members' level of education, their social position and the different purposes that they associate with the family history. For my film project, this posed several challenges. My first challenge was to define a substantial narrative: which family history should the film portray? Should I construct a unified version of "the family history"? My first intention was to build a story that would focus on one ancestor. I wanted to show how far our family had come since 1865, the approximate birth year of my great-grandfather. But eventually I found it more convincing to widen the narrative to include stories about his offspring. This would allow me to capture the increasing diversification of careers, lifestyles and future projects. Furthermore, the different versions of this ancestor and his descendants' stories told among family members over several generations would hardly fit into a monolog. I also reconsidered the place of the non-literate of the family, as well as the youngsters' expectations in my film essay, and decided to do more justice to them by balancing the existing documentary footage on family celebrations by filming some supplementary shots.

A second challenge was how to combine different footages, formats and media to yield an aesthetically satisfying product. Will there be fictional shots and how are they to be combined with documentary footage? How will my film cater to commentaries and other sounds beside the reportage shots, and who will be the narrator? How can new

devices like selfies with smartphones or tablets be integrated to broaden the points of view of family members represented in the film? Many of these questions still remain unanswered. However, I realized that easy access to equipment – and I finally decided to buy my own film camera – would help to ensure that the project can continue.

A third challenge concerned the audience. The film recounts the memories of an African family. On which materials can I base my story to make it compelling or attractive, and for whom? European audiences seem to be indisposed towards stories that do not focus on conflict, but rather praise the family and try to promote its cohesion. Will my optimistic narrative meet their expectations? Or should I rather find a way to narrate the story that fits in the paradigm of a wider audience? Or should I just contextualise my narrative, and go ahead with my praise of the family? After all, through the literature review that we undertook in the Focus Group, I have come to the conclusion that human beings share more similarities than the differences residing in their cultures – and that this is also true for questions of family.

The title of my film *Bio bir: Seed of the Future* summarises my understanding of family: creating virtual links with “home” and fuelling family cohesion, no matter how dispersed its members are. The growth of the family in the future depends on what seed the present generation sows. Among the Dagara people, to which my family belongs, names often express visions of the future. And the names that my grandfather Yob gave to his offspring deal with cohesion, knowledge, evil, injuries and confidence; they conveyed his life experience and his spiritual beliefs.

Developing my film essay was inspired not only by examining our family history in the Focus Group and by analysing the documentary footage that I had brought with me, but also by our review of some of the existing scholarly literature on family history, genealogy and memory. From our discussion of case studies and theoretical approaches to families worldwide, I retain these useful assumptions: the structure of family is progressively changing worldwide, but there is no clear-cut trend towards the nuclear family; family history has been constantly reframed in the course of time; and myths are an omnipresent part of family memory.

Finally, spending ten months at Wiko allowed me to make acquaintance with various staff members and many Fellows. That has been a wonderful experience. The discussions during the colloquiums, the Focus Group meetings and encounters with scholars from outside helped me to broaden my concept of family. My project, which was merely about an ancestor and a handful of children, became more diversified.



## DA KOMMT SO EINIGES ZUSAMMEN SONJA MEJCHER-ATASSI

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Sonja Mejcher-Atassi is Associate Professor of Arabic and Comparative Literature at the American University of Beirut. She completed her D.Phil. at the University of Oxford (2005) and her M.A. at the Free University of Berlin (2000). Her research areas range from modern and contemporary literature and art in the Arab world to book culture/art, museum and collecting practices, writers' libraries, cultural/intellectual history, memory studies and aesthetics and politics. Her publications include *Rafa Nasiri: Artist Books* (ed. with May Muzaffar, 2016); *Reading Across Modern Arabic Literature and Art* (2012); *Archives, Museums, and Collecting Practices in the Modern Arab World* (ed. with John Pedro Schwartz, 2012); *Writing: a 'Tool for Change': 'Abd al-Rahman Munif Remembered* (ed.), special issue of *The MIT EJMES* (7, 2007); and *Geschichten über Geschichten: Erinnerung im Romanwerk von Elias Khoury* (2001). She has published numerous book chapters and articles in refereed journals, e.g. in *Art History*, *Journal of Arabic Literature*, *Journal of World Literature* and *International Journal of Middle East Studies*. She is currently working on a biography of the Palestinian writer Jabra Ibrahim Jabra and an edited volume on the Syrian playwright and public intellectual Saadallah Wannous. – Address: Department of English, American University of Beirut, P.O. Box 11-0236, Riad Solh, 11072020 Beirut, Lebanon. E-mail: sm78@aub.edu.lb.

The year at the Wissenschaftskolleg went by way too fast, time literally just flew by. When we were asked to write our reports recording our memories, I felt that this was an impossible task since I had not yet registered in my mind the year at the Wissenschaftskolleg as part of my memories but felt still very much in the midst of it, and I hope to

carry this feeling – and the research mode it invigorated – with me into the next year, the year after, and the year after ... I am grateful beyond words to have had the chance at this point in my life and career to spend a year at the Wiko. My year at the Wiko was an extremely rich and productive year at three interrelated levels, the professional, the social and the personal.

At the professional level, I was able to finish a number of articles, advance my book project and launch new projects. I arrived at the Wiko in need of catching my breath, after three admin-intensive years as chairperson of the Department of English at the American University in Beirut (AUB). I first finished a research article on the private library of the Syrian playwright and public intellectual Saadallah Wannous (1940–96), which I had helped to get to the AUB. I gained much insight from the Marbach Weimar Wolfenbüttel Research Association for this article thanks to Sonja Asal, who generously invited me to join her on a visit to Weimar. There I met with Reinhard Laube and Stefan Höppner, who kindly showed me the Herzogin Anna Amalia Library and Goethe's private library. At the same time, I worked on a co-edited volume on Wannous with my AUB colleague Robert Myers, who visited me for this purpose at the Wiko. I also finished the translation from Arabic into English of "Writer and Exile", an essay by the acclaimed Arab novelist 'Abd al-Rahman Munif, which has gained new relevance with the tragic fate of millions of Syrians who have been reduced to refugees in the wake of the 2011 revolution-turned-war. The essay relates nicely to other writings on exile, in particular to Jabra Ibrahim Jabra's "The Palestinian Exile as Writer" and Edward Said's "Reflections on Exile". I advanced my book project on Jabra, a biography in fragments, as I might say also in reference to Ina Hartwig's biography of Ingeborg Bachmann, which she worked on during her year at the Wiko in 2015/16 and which I read with great interest. It engages with a number of questions I have struggled with for a long time, which have to do with archives, the conditions of collecting practices in what we today refer to as the Global South, in societies marked by colonial legacies, political conflicts and wars. How do we write literary histories and biographies, when we do not have access to literary estates, when there are no literary archives or when such collections have been destroyed? Jabra's house, containing his private library and papers, paintings and collections of modern Iraqi art and classical music records, was destroyed in bomb attacks targeted at foreign embassies in Baghdad in 2010. Jabra's house happened to be adjacent to the Egyptian embassy and the attack was carried out from his driveway. What some brushed aside as collateral damage was considered Jabra's second death by critics in the Arab world. My visits to archives, from the Academy

of Arts in Berlin to the University of Cambridge, disclosed unexpected finds about Jabra – about his friendship with the German-Jewish writer Wolfgang Hildesheimer in Palestine before the *nakba* and about his time as a student of English literature at Cambridge. A second book, focused on some of these finds, is in the making. There are other research projects that have advanced and multiplied, things mentioned here or there zoomed in and elaborated further, books coming out of books as stories evolve out of stories, the Wiko and its fantastical library figuring as a “marvelous story [and research] machine”, as Tzvetan Todorov described the *Arabian Nights*.

I am grateful to many people at the Wiko who have helped me to advance these projects in various ways, in particular to Daniel Schönflug and to my Co-Fellows Anna Kathrin Bleuler, Pascale Cancik, Manu Goswami, Kris Manjapra and James Simpson, and to the tireless library team, Anja Brockmann, Stefan Gellner, Kirsten Graupner und Thomas Reimer. I also thank the Focus Group “Family History and Social Change in West Africa”, Carola Lentz, Isidore Lobnibe and Stanislas Meda Bemile, for having invited me to their work-in-progress discussions and welcomed me into their extended family.

At the social level, the Wiko brought together a diverse group of scholars along with a few musicians and writers whose presence was invaluable, as it brought academia in touch, if not in tune, with art and activism. I am grateful to Andreas Staier and Vladimir Tarnopolski for having opened my eyes and ears to their music. I greatly enjoyed and learned a lot from the Wiko’s concert talks, film screenings, evening lectures and the colloquia of different disciplinary orientations, spanning the humanities and the social and natural sciences. The Wiko’s location in Berlin Grunewald greatly facilitates both concentration (research) and distraction (sociability). The various seminar, reading and dining rooms, office and recreational spaces, terraces and gardens of the Wiko’s historical villas generously provide formal and informal meeting grounds, but also reading and writing retreats. The city is not far and bursts with cultural activities, but far enough to forget its hustle and bustle. A word about languages: German and English dominated the discussions at the Wiko, but I also heard other languages – among them Arabic, Chinese, French, Hebrew, Hindi, Italian, Russian, Turkish and Ukrainian – and would love to see this multilingual setting flourish even more as it promises to bring to the table different academic traditions as well as diverse political and personal experiences. Another word about my office: I loved my office! Walking over from Villa Walther in the Koenigsallee in the morning, I usually made a stop at the White Villa to pick up my books in the library, then another to grab a latte macchiato in the main building, where a bouquet of flowers,

one more fabulous than the other, welcomes the Wiko's staff, Fellows and visitors. I then continued along Wallotstraße to the beautiful Villa Jaffé, where two *Stolpersteine* greeted me daily in the names of the former homeowners, Emmy and Georg Braun. They had fled Berlin to Shanghai in 1940, where Georg died a year later and Emmy died in the ghetto in Shanghai in 1943. Their tragic lives reminded me daily of political realities here and there, past and present, and their global interconnectedness. Entering my office with its high ceilings, beautiful window and the large desk, I was met with a sense of serenity that invited me to sit down and work. I still feel I could enter the office now and find my books and papers where I had left them the day before.

At the personal level, the year at the Wiko allowed me to make new friends and to meet current and former Fellows and the amazing, always friendly and helpful staff of the Wiko. It also enabled me to reconnect with friends and colleagues in Berlin, including some from Lebanon and Syria who have found a new home temporarily or permanently in Germany. I arrived at the Wiko with my family, my husband Mohammad Ali Atassi and our two children, Nouri and Karim. Ali showed his documentaries at the Wiko at Daniel Schönflug's kind invitation, but had to travel back to Beirut often. Our boys spent an exciting year at the Lycée Français and the École Voltaire in Berlin – they now know all of the M19 bus stops from Erdener Straße to Nollendorfplatz by heart – and with their Wiko family. The Fellows' children came together on Thursday evenings, thanks to the childcare organized by Andrea Bergmann with some of the nicest and coolest young people in Berlin, Joey, Katie, Chiara and David, when the Fellows met for dinner at Dunja Najjar's hospitable gong.

To conclude, after a year at the Wiko, I feel enriched at all levels, professionally, socially and personally. I hope to retain the research mode invigorated for many years to come and to share my Wiko experience at best I can.



## HUMANS AND OTHER ANIMALS OF WIKO HANNAH MUMBY

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Hannah studied first Biological Anthropology and then Epidemiology at the University of Cambridge. She did her Ph.D. with Virpi Lummaa and the Myanmar Timber Elephant Project at the University of Sheffield, researching the relationships between elephant mortality, fertility and stress with ecological variables. She will communicate about elephants using any medium and wherever she is, including on aeroplanes, so watch out if you're sitting beside her. She is currently Branco Weiss – Society in Science Fellow at the Department of Zoology, University of Cambridge and Drapers' Company Research Fellow at Pembroke College, Cambridge, as well as being an Honorary Fellow of the Centre for African Ecology at the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. She leads a research group named the Bull Elephant Network Project, within which she and her group conduct research on the social lives, genetic relationships and communication of elephants. She has conducted fieldwork in South Africa with the non-profit Elephants Alive in Myanmar, Thailand, Kenya and Botswana and used part of her fellowship to set up a new study in Nepal. – Address: Department of Zoology, University of Cambridge, David Attenborough Building, Cambridge, CB2 3QY, United Kingdom.  
E-mail: [hsm29@cam.ac.uk](mailto:hsm29@cam.ac.uk).

In preparation for writing this report, I read the one by my Ph.D. supervisor, Virpi Lummaa, who was a Fellow here in 2011/12. Visiting her here was my introduction to the Wissenschaftskolleg, when I was a second-year Ph.D. student and she was doing her usual thing: raising tit chicks, walking her huge dogs and her kids and working on a heroic number of projects and manuscripts. On that trip, I tucked the idea of one day applying for a

Fellowship here into the back of my mind, and five years or so later, as a JRF, it was the first place to come to mind (and to the top of my colour-coded application spreadsheet) when I thought of spending time outside of the Cambridge bubble. I remembered the excellent food, the wild boar in the Grunewald, the welcoming staff and that I somehow got lost going from Virpi's flat in Villa Walther to Villa Jaffé. My navigational skills around neighbourhoods have improved little since, although I'm lucky to have found Wiko again, and I now have my gorgeous little dog Hershey (and sometimes dog Freud) to help me get around the world.

### A Different Animal

I arrived later on in the Wiko year, something I regret, and I would urge College for Life Sciences Fellows to strongly consider taking up their fellowship in September. As it was, I turned up in February, with the bitter cold weather and the associated cold viruses. Nonetheless, my dog and I have benefitted from a glorious, idyllic spring and summer; sometimes I find it so perfect that I wonder if I have wandered onto a film set and that the blue-sky background will start peeling away to reveal some kind of plywood beneath. Finding my feet and beginning observations was certainly an experience, with the Tuesday Colloquias being particularly eye-opening. But somehow, I found a niche; I came to feel able to participate in seminars and focused on the diversity of life and shining a light on what can sometimes seem like human exceptionalism to the zoologist in me. In turn, I was exposed to, and challenged to answer, questions I had never thought of! How do elephants learn their gender roles? At first this question might seem bizarre, but it actually speaks to one of the fundamental questions in animal behaviour – how much of the behaviour is learned and transferred socially? I had many interesting conversations with other Fellows about my research, topics adjacent to it and many other things besides. I would like to thank Asfa and Isidore in particular for their sympathetic response to my research aims and their engagement with the context and applications of my work.

### Where are the Elephants in Berlin?

As Kevin noted when introducing my seminar, I am concerned with studying big animals, those that constitute, from a biodiversity perspective, the minority of the large. We are not

living in the time of megafauna; the quaternary extinction put paid to much of it. Nor a great age of elephants themselves. Like us humans, the living elephant species constitute the extant branches of a bushy evolutionary tree. There have been elephants before, from the straight-tusked elephant, which weighed up to 15 tonnes and lived in this area in the Pleistocene, to the dwarf elephants that inhabited Mediterranean islands and were just one meter high and weighed just 100 kg as adults. There are certainly more than the current extant three ways to be an elephant. In Berlin, the only way to physically be an elephant is in a zoo or a museum collection, possibly also in the sediment. But there are many ways to think about them. My project has become much more than I originally proposed: comparing male sociality in environments with different anthropogenic risk. It developed to include a simulation, within-site temporal variation in social dynamics, investigating the relationship between social and genetic relatedness and establishing a collaboration on forest elephants to test similar questions. Effectively, at least four papers rather than one. Unlike most of the Fellows, who came here to write a book, I had absolutely no such intention. But as I leave, I have an agent, a publisher, a contract and the conviction that I will write something more substantive about humans and elephants than I would ever have considering attempting before. This is just another one of those intangible Wiko gifts: confidence.

### All the Elephants in the Room at Once

My workshop on the applications of research on elephant behaviour, life history and ecology to conservation was a high point in my Fellowship. Being able to bring the experts (some of whom I've spent years dreaming of meeting) together in a room and listening to them speak was incredible. I did feel responsible, with most of the representatives of my little subfield present, that they should be safe, and for days before I had nightmares about a sinkhole opening up under the seminar room and swallowing all of the combined expertise. I needn't have worried. Greased by the excellent meals, fairly extended restaurant trips and walks around the neighbourhood (herding elephant people is no easier than cats), we made more progress in two days than we could have in years of e-mail exchanges. I dared to think, for the first time, that my work could mean more than just digging deeper and adding to the piles of primary research at the metaphorical mineshaft and that someone or something might benefit from what we're mining. Perhaps this is that concept of agency that we keep returning to in discussions.

## It's not all a Walk in the Park

This isn't to say that the experience constituted highs alone. But what was striking is that people made themselves available, wanted to listen and if they couldn't help, they wanted to help me find someone who could. Our little group learning German was always a refuge and I somehow managed to, as my language teacher Ursula Kohler would say, be existential, despite my very loose grasp of grammar. I apologise to Ursula for being keener to learn names of animals than anything else – *Dachs, Fuchs, Reiher, Schwan, Schmetterling* – that's my world. I was able to make progress on many axes of my career; managing a group, working with policy makers, that paper that keeps bouncing (you'll be happy to know it has now been accepted in *Conservation Biology*), I talked it all through, as I'm sure those who heard it can confirm. Central to this dealing with the more challenging aspects of the *Umwelt* was being a part of the College for Life Sciences. Having Ulrike Pannasch coordinate the College was a stroke of genius; I can't emphasise enough how she manages to balance being helpful, supportive and resourceful with being totally non-invasive. I wish my next institution would have an Ulrike. I also very much appreciated my other colleagues and was so reluctant to let my Co-Fellow Tim go that I had to distract myself by shopping for his gifts (of course animal-themed).

## But Sometimes It Is

The actual walks in the park I went on have been unforgettable. From the time Hershey christened the first crocuses of spring, to the very last one, which I am sure to stretch out for as long as possible. I always said that I have my best ideas in the shower, but now I know I have my best ideas walking my dog here. I always thought my work was a rather awkward fit, straddling the interface of behavioural ecology and conservation science. My background is also not typical of a biologist; I'm trained in anthropology and only fell for elephants one day in August 2010 in Samburu. A male called Yeager walked into the research camp and my life and moved some tracking collars around. He was the most spectacular thing I ever saw do anything so mundane. It was only when I reflected that I had no idea how long I had been watching him that I realised that watching him made me forget myself. Potentially, I fell for him so hard that the past eight years have forgotten the human animals I started my research career with. My aim now is to bridge the species divide again, by studying human-wildlife interactions. I initially dismissed the idea of

going beyond elephants and looking into other species, but the presence and appeal of wild boar crystallised in my mind as I walked and has proved hard to shake, so human interactions with other large mammals are on the cards. I've even managed to get myself a faculty job, in which I plan to stop awkwardly straddling interdisciplinary boundaries and begin actually building some bridges, or at least throwing some life vests across. It might seem a small achievement to some of my more seasoned colleagues, but as an early-career researcher, I think Wiko (and the walks around the Grunewald) can be formative as well as transformative. And for me, realising who I am as an animal, as a researcher, has been my main outcome.

### Interspecific Encounters

I wanted to list my favourite animal (human and non-human) sightings at Wiko, but I thought it would become tiresome; besides, I think Viktoriya and Ostap had the most memorable encounter with humans early on in the academic year (and the most impressive fox encounters of late). So, I will write just two and touch on the interspecific interactions, or the lack thereof. The first was a lovely bright lunchtime, during which I was lucky to sit outside on the terrace with Kevin. He had been generous and affable as usual, but his real value came in spotting the sparrow hawk that swooped down past the trees and tucked into something just behind the hedge. Effectively, it would have had a lovely view of the lake and, more importantly, was super easy to see for everyone drinking their coffee on the terrace, but only Kevin, and I upon his pointing it out, were able to enjoy the sighting. I felt as though I was in a little zoologist bubble. Later, after the hawk exited stage left, I went behind the hedge to look for feathers or evidence of what it was eating, but there was nothing. I barely would have believed it had ever been there. The second, more domestic sighting was a little mouse that Pascale caught (absolutely humanely) in her apartment. A few of us took a look at it in the enclosure, but to avoid giving it any more stress, Ulrike released it near the deck in Villa Walther. Since then I have on several occasions seen a little brown mouse with a tail like a shoelace run across my path in the garden and, perhaps too sentimentally, I think that it's the same one, that it doesn't want to leave.



INCOMPLETE ABECEDARY OF A YEAR  
JEAN-PHILIPPE NARBOUX

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Jean-Philippe Narboux is Associate Professor of Philosophy at the Université Bordeaux Montaigne and honorary Fellow of the Institut Universitaire de France. He studied Philosophy and Logic at the École normale supérieure and the Université de Picardie Jules Verne and obtained his doctorate degree in Philosophy at the Université de Picardie Jules Verne. He has written extensively on Wittgenstein and other figures of the early history of analytic philosophy, often confronting their views with those of some main figures in the phenomenological tradition, but also on contemporary figures such as Jocelyn Benoist, Stanley Cavell, Vincent Descombes, Cora Diamond, John McDowell, and Charles Travis. His recent publications include “Showing, the Medium Voice, and the Unity of the *Tractatus*”, *Philosophical Topics* 42, 2016; “Is Self-Consciousness Consciousness of One’s Self?” In *Wittgenstein and Phenomenology* (edited by Oskari Kuusela, Mihai Ometita, Timur Uçan; Routledge, 2018). He just completed a book manuscript entitled *Essai sur le problème de la négation*. – Address: UFR Humanités, Département de Philosophie, Université Bordeaux Montaigne, Domaine Universitaire, 33607 Pessac Cedex, France. E-mail: jeanphilippe@narboux.fr.

A. Account

In trying to give a short account of what I have done, workwise, during the ten or eleven months of my stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg (which is what I understand an *Arbeitsbericht* to be in the circumstances at hand), I am reminded of the many semantic valences of the English word “count” and its cognates.

Am I to count the tasks I have completed, or the steps I have taken toward their completion? Like anyone, I arrived at the Wiko with a set of goals and expectations. In my case, the main self-assigned missions were: 1) to make some progress with the German language (see Kafka); 2) to write about the issue of logically alien thought, the topic of my research project at the Wiko (see below Alien); 3) to study classics of social anthropology relevant to 2); 4) to complete a draft of a book on the problem of negation (see Negation); 5) to get distracted along the way (see Parentheses). I did not fully realize at first that my set of missions was inconsistent. Had I been more consistent, I might have set 5), the anti-mission par excellence, as my primary mission.

But giving an account of what you have done, I take it, is not necessarily a matter of accounting for it (i.e., justifying yourself), let alone of counting the things that you have done, your academic *Werke* in the broad sense (see Reformation). It may also be a matter of recounting a course of events or experience, or of singling out what counts, that is to say, what matters, has importance, for you, and perhaps in itself.

Nowadays, the assessment of academic research all too often takes the form of a balance sheet, or at the very least a form that you would have thought was reserved for the assessment of military campaigns (which percentage of the targets were hit?). The Wiko releases its Fellows, not only from the weight of virtually all material concerns, but also from the pressure of short-term intellectual productivity, even, I dare say, from the pressure of productivity as such. It knows better than to value products only. It values thinking and conversing, which are not products, but activities.

## K. Kafka

Shortly after my arrival in Grunewald, I took part in the intensive German course offered by the Wiko. I found myself in the congenial company of Catherine Wilson and James Simpson. Under the gracious and thoughtful supervision of Eva von Kügelgen, our little group read through Franz Kafka's *Das Urteil* and *Brief an den Vater*. James Simpson convinced me that some aspects of the convulsion of thought and sensibility that Luther initiated were carried to their ultimate consequences in Kafka's writings. During breaks, Catherine Wilson mentioned to me some books relevant to my research project (see Logically Alien Thought), among them A. R. Luria's *Cognitive Development: Its Cultural and Social Foundations*, which we had various occasions to discuss together throughout the year.

## L. Logically Alien Thought

The issue of logically alien thought, of its possibility and significance, was the main focus of my research project at the Wiko. My plan was to bring out the structuring role that the problem of the intelligibility of radically alien forms of thought has played, under different guises, in both the advent of modern logic and the constitution of social anthropology.

This topic had intermittently occupied me before coming to the Wiko, ever since I had read Lucien Lévy-Bruhl's *La mentalité primitive* as well as the forceful criticisms to which it is subjected in E. E. Evans-Pritchard's *Witchcraft, Oracles and Magic Among the Azande* and Claude Lévi-Strauss's *La pensée sauvage*, and I thought that as an answer to the query "What is your work about?" it would be far less of a conversation-killer than, say, the topic of negation (see Negation) (or, for that matter, certain current scientific topics: see Mathematics and Physics).

In effect, I learned about the history and current state of social anthropology through conversations with Isidore Lobnibe, who ended up joining me in the organization of a workshop on the relations between logic and anthropology in early June. I also had the privilege of discussing with Stanislas Meda Bemile his planned documentary film, *Bio Bir – Seed of the Future*, thereby acquiring an inchoate understanding of the resources and stakes of visual anthropology. Watching former Fellow Michael Oppitz's stunning documentary film, *Shamans of the Blind Country* (see Structuralism), was another memorable experience along that path.

## M. Mathematics and Physics

The fields of mathematics and physics were conspicuous by their absence. A quick look at previous lists of Fellows confirmed that the situation was no mere anomaly. Given the equally conspicuous and structural predominance of biology, it was hard to resist the impression that the more mathematical sciences were being evicted by the less mathematical. This little frustration was largely compensated by the good fortune of being around Lorraine Daston, who was tracing the history of the concepts of rule and calculation.

Just as in normal time I would not have had the impetus and luxury to read theological writings (see Reformation), so I would hardly have been in a position to devote time to learning some basic mathematics, such as is contained in William Lawvere and Stephen Schanuel's masterful introduction to category theory, *Conceptual Mathematics: A First Introduction to*

*Categories*. I also got distracted by Alan Turing’s paper, “On Computable Numbers, with an Application to the *Entscheidungsproblem*”. It was by stripping the process of human computation down to its essentials that Turing arrived at the general concept of a computing machine, as Juliet Floyd stressed in her talk at the Wiko workshop on logic and anthropology.

## N. Negation

The problems attending the concept of negation formed the topic of the other, more narrowly philosophical project that I pursued at the Wiko (see *Logically Alien Thought*). As with my other project, I was greatly helped by the inexhaustible resources of the Wiko Library.

During the fall, I attended a seminar co-taught by James Conant and Irad Kimhi largely devoted to this topic at the University of Leipzig. Attending seminars and events at the Department of Philosophy of the University of Leipzig, where I could meet Andrea Kern and Sebastian Rödl, proved highly beneficial to my work.

I spent most of the winter returning to the passages Wittgenstein devoted to negation in his 1939 Cambridge Lectures on the Foundations of Mathematics. I came to identify three interrelated puzzles concerning negation. They are laid out in the introduction to the manuscript that I have completed this year, entitled “*Essai sur le problème de la négation*”.

## P. Parentheses

As we were painstakingly finding our way through Thomas Bernhard’s *Wittgensteins Neffe* in the German class, it dawned on me that making out the grammatical structure of a complex German sentence was not unlike getting acquainted with Polish notation in logic: at first, one typically finds oneself inserting parentheses around sequences of semantic units so as to make relevant groupings perspicuous. Here is an example taken from chapter 4 of W. O. Quine, *Methods of Logic*. In learning to master Polish notation, it may be useful to rewrite the following formula of propositional calculus, couched in Polish notation:

AsKEKpCqrKApqrt

as A( s (K( (E( (K( p (C(qr)))) (K((A(pq)) r ) ) ) t ) )

in order to realize that it is the same formula as

$s \vee (p(q \rightarrow r) \leftrightarrow (p \vee q)r)t$

or for that matter, in the notation using dots instead of parentheses:

$s \vee : p . q \rightarrow r . \leftrightarrow . p \vee q . r : t$

A somewhat boring theorem of propositional calculus, easily provable by recursion (see Mathematics and Reformation), says that the number of opening parentheses of a well-formed formula equals the number of its closing parentheses (see Account). A counterpart “theorem” holds, I presume, for well-formed German sentences, even when composed by someone like Bernhard. As a sample, and with an eye to the mental health of future Fellows enlisted in the German course, I tentatively cast the first clause of the first sentence of *Wittgensteins Neffe* in the proposed notation:

(Neunzehnhundertsiebenundsechzig (legte mir (auf der Baumgartnerhöhe (eine der ((im dortigen Pavillon Herman) unermüdlich tätigen geistlichen Schwestern) (meine (gerade erschienene) *Verstörung*, (die ich (ein Jahr vorher in Brüssel in der rue de la croix 60) geschrieben habe))), auf das Bett), (aber ...

Like Kafka (see Kafka), and unlike the author of *Wittgensteins Neffe*, Wittgenstein typically composes bafflingly simple sentences. Thus, for example, Tractatus 5.2341 runs: “Die Verneinung verkehrt den Sinn des Satzes” (Negation reverses the sense of the proposition) (See Negation). Yet, the kind of structure displayed by certain tracts of Wittgenstein’s *Philosophical Investigations* is best brought out by means of nested parentheses. Thus, consider for example the sequence of sections §§138–185 in Part I. It should be phrased as follows:

138–142(143–149(150(151(152–156(157–171(172–178)179)))180–184)185)

In a nutshell, my modest proposal is that Wittgenstein, in struggling with the constraints of linearity, came to compose large tracts of his text in the way other German-speaking writers compose their written sentences.

A year spent at the Wiko is a parenthesis within one’s life and intellectual trajectory. It is a distraction of sort. Unlike most parentheses, however, one’s stay at Wiko is apt to feel all too short. My sense is that this feeling is partly a function of the fact that the experience is likely to involve the opening of many parentheses, many of which might get closed, if ever, at a much later stage in one’s life and intellectual trajectory. Consequently, making a count of the parentheses that I was able to close (i.e., the projects and pieces of writing that I was able to bring to a close) during my stay at Wiko would be seriously misleading as an account of what I have been doing, let alone of what I have tried to do (see Account).

P. PowerPoint®

With one single exception, all of the Fellows of this year made use of the software PowerPoint® in their presentation at the Tuesday Colloquium, no matter what the discipline

and topic of their talks were. The normality of this practice was all the more remarkable as there was no pressure emanating from the institution itself (at least, as far as I could tell). Was it a tribute to the unity of knowledge (see *Wissenschaft*)? Was it testimony to the power of images to bridge the gaps between the various objects and modes of knowledge? Evidence that all fields of knowledge are now in the same boat, as none can any longer ensure its transmission by speech and writing alone? What are exactly the point and power of PowerPoint®?

Abnormality, too, raises many questions, some of them philosophical, others more personal (that is, for the deviant person). Can one depart from a rigorously observed practice, or at any rate fail to take part in it, without seeming to take exception to it, as if intent on questioning it? In such circumstances, can the fact of abstaining from using PowerPoint® remain a “gratuitous negation” (like the fact of abstaining from using a synthesizer, or horse, or what not) or is it bound to acquire the status of an “internal negation” (see *Negation*)?

## R. Reformation

This past year’s *Reformationstag* took on special significance, as it was on 31 October 1517, exactly five centuries ago, that Martin Luther nailed his Ninety-five Theses on the door of the Schlosskirche of Wittenberg. His claim was simple: works, being countable, do not justify, only faith does (see *Account*).

Before coming to Berlin, I had resolved to read systematically some of Luther’s works during my stay at the Wiko, to gain a better understanding of German culture in general and of modern German philosophy in particular.

I was further encouraged to do so, not only by the prospect of the celebration of the five-hundred-year anniversary of the beginning of the Reformation, but also by conversations with James Simpson, my comrade in the intensive German course, who was engaged in writing a fascinating book on the Reformation. Her main contention is that Protestantism is animated by a spirit of “permanent revolution” and a “literalism” that have shaped, one way or another, virtually all subsequent Western history, including that of the arts.

Thanks to the Wiko, I was able to invite Claude Imbert, my teacher at the *École normale supérieure*, to visit the Wiko in early May. She summarized a certain strand in her work by saying that it was an attempt at showing that Jansenism had the same sort of significance for an understanding of modern French philosophy as Protestantism is commonly

deemed to have for an understanding of modern German philosophy. In Pascal's work, issues regarding salvation combined with the discovery of recursion to make possible the emergence of a calculus of probabilities. I had memorable conversations with Claude Imbert and Lorraine Daston about Pascal's arithmetical machine and what it is to follow a rule or deviate from it.

### S. Structuralism

I had assumed that the social sciences, if not the humanities at large, were still struggling with the insights and blindness (in a word, the legacy) of structuralism. What I found instead was that structuralism was in disrepute, not so much contested as disqualified or ignored (sometimes in both senses of the word). I was beginning to think that I should probably keep my admiration for Saussure, Jakobson, and Lévi-Strauss to myself, when Vladimir Tarnopolsky, our Fellow composer, told me of the impact of structuralist linguistics upon some of his musical pieces, and when I came across the works of German anthropologist Michael Oppitz, himself a former Wiko Fellow (in 1986/87), author of *Notwendige Beziehungen: Abriss der strukturalen Anthropologie* and currently engaged in a structural study of variants of the myth of the loss of writing among certain oral cultures (see Negation). Conversations with Vladimir Tarnopolsky were for me immensely instructive. And so was the exhibition about Michael Oppitz's works at Gallery Buchholz on Fasanenstraße, "Forschungen an den Rändern der Schrift" (Inquiries on the Fringes of Writing), which I was able to attend in early March, and a few meetings with him.

### V. Value

Saussure compared the value of a sign to the value of a coin (see Structuralism). But what is it that confers value to a coin ultimately? Does economics have a ready answer? Should one turn to social anthropology to get the full story? I learned a lot from my contact with Manu Goswami, who is engaged in a remarkable study of the parallelism between the evolution of the British Empire and the emergence of economics as a discipline, and who is also distrustful of the ultimate consistency of subjective theories of value. Our many conversations also helped me make some conjectures regarding the vexed question of the character of the influence that the unorthodox economist Piero Sraffa seems to have exerted upon Wittgenstein. The question raised by Wittgenstein of whether the standard

meter can be meaningfully said to be one meter long is not unrelated to the issue encapsulated in the very title of Sraffa's book, *Production of Commodities by Means of Commodities*.

#### W. Wissenschaft

Most languages, including English and French, notoriously lack a word with the meaning of "Wissenschaft". It is as if these languages had long despaired of the possibility of bridging the gaps between the various fields and modes of knowledge (see PowerPoint®). But the Wissenschaftskolleg, as an institution, achieves something of a greater magnitude: it concretely demonstrates the possibility of the unity vindicated by the word "Wissenschaft".



NOT WHAT I EXPECTED  
H. GLENN PENNY

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H. Glenn Penny is Professor of Modern European History at the University of Iowa. Much of his work focuses on relations between Germans and non-Europeans over the last two centuries. He is the author of *Objects of Culture: Ethnology and Ethnographic Museums in Imperial Germany* (UNC Press, 2002) and *Kindred by Choice: Germans and American Indians since 1880* (UNC Press, 2013). He is also the editor (together with Matti Bunzl) of *Worldly Provincialism: German Anthropology in the Age of Empire* (University of Michigan Press, 2003) and (with Laura Graham) *Performing Indigeneity: Global Histories and Contemporary Experiences* (Nebraska University Press, 2014). He is currently engaged in an in-depth study of German interactions with Guatemala, and he came to the Wiko to complete a book manuscript titled *Unbinding German History, 1760s–1960s* for Cambridge University Press. That, however, is not what he did. – Address: Department of History, University of Iowa, 280 Schaeffer Hall, Iowa City, IO 52242-1409, USA.  
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It was the skulls that caused Greg Johnson to contact me; those and the bones; and the human teeth on an unusual sculpture with strong religious resonances: *Kihawahine* is one of some 500 objects the German physician Eduard Arning collected while studying leprosy in Hawai'i in the mid-1880s and that he gave to the Berlin Museum of Ethnology upon his return. Ostensibly, Arning retrieved *Kihawahine* from a burial site.

Greg teaches Religious Studies at the University of Colorado. He has spent his career focused on American Indian and Hawaiian encounters with US and international legal systems. He was traveling to Germany in October 2017 because the state of Saxony was

poised to return Hawaiian human remains housed in Dresden to a group of cultural practitioners and repatriation experts with whom he had been working for years. Five of them were traveling with him to claim the remains. It was a momentous, cathartic occasion, and he did not want to miss it.

Greg and his friends also had some questions about Berlin. Berlin's Ethnological Museum is one of the largest and most important in the world. It contains over 500,000 objects, including one of the most significant historical collections of Hawaiian artifacts outside of Hawai'i. Over the last decade and a half, its fate has also been closely tied to the controversies swirling around the new museum complex in the heart of Berlin: the Humboldt Forum. They wanted to know about that as well.

I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg to finish a set of projects on Germans living outside the German nation-state during the last two centuries. Over the last decade, much of my work has focused on Germans abroad, particularly in the Americas, and my questions have turned largely around migration, immigration, notions of belonging, and how to narrate German history without the nation-state occupying the center of that narrative and dictating its contours and content.

Soon after I arrived, however, I was catapulted back into my own past, as a former historian of German ethnology and ethnological museums. In addition to Greg and his colleagues, a series of museum directors, ethnologists, and historians contacted me. They were aware of my earlier work, and they wanted to talk to me about the history of German ethnology, the fate of German ethnographic museums, and the controversies around the Humboldt Forum. Initially, I chalked that up to the Wiko effect – many more people knew I was in Berlin than during one of my usual trips – so I politely declined most of the invitations and stayed focused on finishing my other projects. That all changed, however, after Greg's call and after I met him and his colleagues at the Berlin Ethnological Museum to help them negotiate the German language, the Museum's bureaucracy, and the structures of the Prussian Cultural Heritage Foundation.

It was a tall order. From the perspective of someone who wrote a book on the history of German ethnological museums during the period in which they acquired the vast majority of their collections, it is hard not to notice how frequently participants in the last decade of debates surrounding the Humboldt Forum have misrepresented and misused the history of the collections. A striking number of people on both sides of the debates seem keen to instrumentalize those collections and their history for their own purposes. Perhaps that is why history seems to be repeating itself: a giant edifice that transforms

scientific collections into a municipal display? A building deemed inadequate before it is complete? Ethnologists and their efforts subordinated to the dictates of bureaucrats and politicians? *Bildung* usurped by “a showy collection” and edification by entertainment mixed with didactic displays? The gift shops and cafes are new. So too is the emphasis on *Veranstaltungen*, *Inszenierung*, and *Gastronomie*. The rest, however, sounds strikingly familiar. So too does the dramatic disjuncture between the funding for the municipal displays meant to impress visitors and the monies allocated to support the Ethnological Museum’s staff, their research, future collecting, and the kinds of collaborative work Greg and his colleagues were hoping to initiate.

I am not sure when the epiphany came. Maybe it was already there as Halealoha Ayau, who long worked with Hui Malama I Na Kupuna 'O Hawai'i Nei, a leading group in indigenous repatriation worldwide, emerged with the others from the taxi ready to talk. It was an impressive group: a Hawaiian Studies Professor and renowned sovereignty activist, a Museum Studies Professor, a representative of the Edith Kanaka'ole Foundation, who was the group's lead chanter and ritual protocol expert, and Kamana'opono Crabbe, CEO of the Office of Hawaiian Affairs, which supported the trip. Maybe, however, it was the earnestness with which they looked at the books on the shelves of the curator's office where we met to talk about the collections. It might have been the way the group drew us together around the table after drinking coffee, stood up, had us clasp hands, and burst into a chant that lasted longer than the uninitiated might imagine. It might have been the seriousness with which Halealoha Ayau questioned the curator about the collections, the locations of objects and body parts, and the reasons for Arning's collecting practices. Perhaps it was because the curator was so forthcoming, so eager to work with them, making sure that objects they identified at the last minute could be seen. She never questioned the fact that the lead chanter, after ascertaining which objects would be seen, continued to leave the room to make international calls to older family members to determine which chants and procedures were necessary for initiating their relationships with the objects. There is no question that I felt lucky to have the chance to see them present the curator with a different ontology, to explain the ways they related to and communicated with the remains and culturally significant objects. But it was more than that. During that meeting I saw the need to intervene in the debates around the Humboldt Forum. I was reminded again that working relations like these are the future of German ethnological museums, and the best relations require openness to cultural difference as well as a keen understanding of the history of the collections.

As a result of my meeting with the Hawaiians and my subsequent discussions with German colleagues, I shifted my focus. With the help of Daniel Schönplüg, I acquired a German literary agent, and shortly thereafter I gained a contract with C.H.Beck. With their help, I fashioned a sketch for a book that would explain to a broad audience why there are more than a half million objects in the Berlin Ethnological Museum and millions more in similar museums across Germany. I set out to answer three central questions: how those objects came to Berlin and other German cities; what the people who collected these objects thought they were doing; and what we could and should be doing with those objects today. My central contention is that we cannot answer the third question without understanding the answers to the preceding two.

If the first half of my time at the Wiko was taken up by this transition, I spent the second half writing a book that eschews direct historiographical and theoretical arguments – my usual concern – in favor of narrating what is ultimately a tragic tale: how German ethnology emerged out of Humboldtian science; how Adolf Bastian, the father of German ethnology, and the thousands who joined him followed Alexander von Humboldt's example while attempting to construct a total history of humanity; how they embraced the promise of harnessing material culture as alternative historical texts; how they developed a vision of museums as archival work spaces dedicated to an inductive project meant to reveal a total world history; how the Faustian bargains they agreed to along the way undermined their goals; and how a confluence of forces curtailed, undercut, and ultimately buried that project over the last century. The book also advocates for excavating that project.

Most people who visit museums today are unaware that only a fraction of their collections are on display. Very few, in fact, understand that the majority of the collections in Berlin's Ethnological Museum have never been displayed for any significant length of time or that the piles of ethnologists' proposals written over the last century in an effort to free the objects from their containers continually failed. Even fewer visitors understand that while millions of euros have flowed into the edifice now deemed the Humboldt Forum, very little funding has been allocated for staffing the Ethnological Museum, for research within it, or for work with the collections. Stagnation and stasis dominate the museum's recent history. Therein lies the tragedy.

The Berlin Ethnological Museum, like many of its counterparts across Germany, is a treasure trove of German and human history. It is filled with the traces of global histories that have yet to be written and that will only emerge after the objects are released from

their confinement and space is created for working relationships between ethnologists and people like Halealoha Ayau and his colleagues. Those Hawaiians understand the power of the objects; many young curators do as well; but those who control the power of the purse pay them little attention.

Realizing the potential inherent in the collections will be impossible in the Humboldt Forum as it is currently conceived. Yet its creation has done some good. The controversies turning around it have illuminated a history of knowledge that has been undermined, obscured, and thus largely forgotten. That alone has done us a fantastic service. It has provided us with an opportunity to engage those hidden histories and call for their release. The potential of the collections, as Adolf Bastian and others once envisioned it, has diminished little over time. Bastian, too, understood the power of the objects, and thus he prioritized collecting. As he collected at an ever more rapid pace over decades, he knew that his was only the first of many acts in this play. He frequently wrote that it would be up to subsequent generations to realize his collections' potential. The central argument behind the book I drafted at the Wiko, *Die fliegende Schwan-Maske: Völkerkunde und die Entdeckung der Welt*, is that now is an excellent time to begin that process.



MAN HAT SCHON PFERDE KOTZEN SEHEN  
HANNAH M. ROWLAND

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Hannah is a Max Planck Research Group Leader at the Institute of Chemical Ecology in Jena. She studied for her first degree in Zoology and for her Ph.D. in Biological Sciences at the University of Liverpool. In 2008, Hannah received two awards for her Ph.D. research: the Thomas Henry Huxley Award and Marsh Prize from the Zoological Society of London, and the Alfred Russell Wallace Award from the UK's Royal Entomological Society. Hannah completed four years of postdoctoral research at Liverpool and Glasgow before being elected a Junior Research Fellow at Churchill College, Cambridge University. She subsequently held a joint lectureship and fellowship at Cambridge's Zoology Department and the Zoological Society of London's Institute of Zoology. Hannah joined the Max Planck Institute for Chemical Ecology in summer 2017. Hannah has researched the evolution of animal colours involved in predator-prey interactions and published her findings in *Nature* and *Science*. Her research interests now focus on the adaptations of predators that eat toxic prey. – Address: Max-Planck-Institut für chemische Ökologie, Hans Knöll Straße 8, Jena 07745. E-mail: [hrowland@ice.mpg.de](mailto:hrowland@ice.mpg.de).

“Here’s a good phrase for you to learn,” said Inga Geipel, a fellow College for Life Sciences Fellow, “Man hat schon Pferde kotzen sehen.” One has already seen horses vomit.

In England the closest phrase we have to this is the much less colourful “stranger things have happened”. This was the end of my first lunch at the Wissenschaftskolleg on the 10th November 2017. At the time, neither Inga nor I realised the relevance that this funny idiom had for my Fellowship.

I'd been meant to come to Wiko in 2015/16 as part of Tim Caro's Focus Group on animal colouration. Alas, it didn't happen. I was appointed to a lectureship at Cambridge, and I wasn't able to take ten months away from my new job. I did manage to visit Wiko briefly in 2016 and participated in the Focus Group workshop on the biology of colour. I got to see what could have been and left Berlin thinking I'd probably missed an opportunity.

Fast forward to May 2017. I had left my lectureship at Cambridge and was getting ready to start as a Max Planck Research Group Leader in Chemical Ecology in Jena. *DING*; Berlin calling! I got an e-mail from Kathrin Biegger telling me that, due to a cancellation, a Fellowship slot had opened up for September to December; had my circumstances changed, and would I be interested to come to Berlin.

Back in 2015/16 I'd planned to work on a project about the evolution of colours for antipredator defence. My interests had evolved since then, and I had developed a greater interest in the behaviour of predators. I came to Wiko with the aim of researching the chemical ecology of predation: to focus on predatory responses to cues released by prey and on predator tolerance of the chemicals that prey have evolved as defences.

I did spend most of my time sequestered away in Villa Jaffé researching this project. It was an especially wet autumn and winter, which made it easy to sit indoors, only venturing out to follow the scent trail of lunch like a foraging ant, or to pop down the stairs in my slippers for German grammar lessons in the Villa Jaffé Clubraum. However, and in keeping with my new idiom, a surprise project emerged during my stay.

Over breakfast on a Thursday morning, Inga and I started to talk about predators responding to eating toxins by vomiting, and other animals that vomit, and the evolution of the reflex. Off we marched to the Weiße Villa to visit Stefan Gellner in the library office. "Hi Stefan, we wonder if you could do a literature search for us? On animals that vomit." We wonder if this is the strangest request that Stefan has ever received.

What else did I do during my brief Fellowship? I visited former Fellows, Barbara Caspers and Andy Higginson, in Bielefeld and Exeter; I discussed a new collaboration with Maik Behrens at the German Institute of Human Nutrition Potsdam-Rehbrücke (DIfE); and I advertised for my first postdoc and Ph.D. student. I reviewed over 100 applications and interviewed a shortlist of excellent candidates. Amy Eacock and Cecilia Heyworth are now both here with me in Jena, doing great work on predators and prey.

I am also grateful for the extracurricular opportunities afforded by the Fellowship, which left me recharged and ready to lead my new group. I read several novels; I swam the equivalent of the English Channel crossing; I explored Berlin food markets with tips

from and vibrant discussion with Glenn Penny; I discovered the fantastic Berlin museums and art galleries; I enjoyed Wednesday salads and Thursday dinners; I eavesdropped on the most beautiful piano playing by Andreas Staier; I made my first trip to the Berlin Philharmonic; and I frequented the Weihnachtsmarkt. At Wiko I listened to colloquia on Bach, human rights, the history of plantations, the Last Eukaryote Common Ancestor (LECA), and football-playing bees. I also shared a temporary home in Villa Jaffé with the most interesting and inspiring people.

What did people say to me about Wiko before I arrived? Unquestionably, GO! It's also what I now find myself saying to others. "Definitely go if you can," I said to a professor friend who skyped to ask about Wiko: "It seems too good to be true," she said. I couldn't argue with that, but I assured her it's better than good, and it is all-true, and *Man hat schon Pferde kotzen sehen*: stranger things have happened!

Work published and submitted while at Wiko:

- Rowland, H. M. (2018). "Countershading: Encyclopedia of Animal Cognition and Behavior." DOI: 10.1007/978-3-319-47829-6\_684-1.
- Eacock, A., H. M. Rowland, A. E. van't Hof, C. J. Yung, N. Edmonds, and I. J. Sachheri (2017). "Extraocular photoreception mediates adaptive color change and background choice behavior in peppered moth caterpillars." Manuscript under review.
- Rowland, H. M. and R. P. Burriss (2017). "Human colour in mate choice and competition." *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society B* 10.1098/rstb/372/1724.



MORE THAN IVORY TOWER  
VIKTORIYA SEREDA

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Viktoriya Sereda, Sociologist, Associate Professor of the Department of Sociology of the Ukrainian Catholic University. Since 2016, she has worked on the “MAPA: Digital Atlas of Ukraine” project at the Ukrainian Research Institute, Harvard University. Her research focuses on urban sociology, memory studies, nationalism, and identity studies. She holds degrees from the Ivan Franko National University of Lviv (majoring in History, 1996), the Eötvös Loránd University of Budapest (UNESCO Ethnic and Minority Studies M.A. Program, majoring in Sociology, 2000), the University of Edinburgh (M.Sc. by Research in Sociology Program, 2001), and the Institute of Sociology of the National Academy of Sciences of Ukraine (Ph.D. in Sociology, 2006). Recently, she co-organized and participated in the sociological research projects “Region, nation, and beyond: an interdisciplinary and transcultural reconceptualization of Ukraine”, “Displaced cultural spaces: current Ukrainian refugees” (both based at the University of St. Gallen), “Present Ukrainian refugees: main reasons, strategies of resettlement, difficulties of adaptation” (British Embassy in Ukraine/Peacekeeping school), and “Ukraine’s hidden tragedy” (University of Birmingham). She is the author of a number of articles published in Ukrainian, Austrian, French, German, Hungarian, Polish, and Russian academic journals. – Address: Ivan Franko National University of Lviv, 1, Universytetska St., Lviv, 79000, Ukraine. E-mail: sereda.vik@gmail.com.

When I received the marvelous news that I was invited to spend the 2017/18 academic year at the famous *Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin*, I could not resist fostering a dream that for the next ten months I would hide in an ivory tower not only from my teaching

obligations, students, and seminars, but also from public presentations and discussions, and communication with media and local communities or, in short, that I will be doing something opposite to what is increasingly expected nowadays from a public sociologist and especially a Ukrainian sociologist. In fact, over the last four years, political upheavals in Ukraine and Russian aggression in Crimea and Donbas added a new dimension to my long-term study of regional and local senses of belonging in the emerging post-Soviet Ukrainian society. It is not that I prefer to hide from new challenges posed by the aggravated political situation; on the contrary, I increasingly felt how scholarly critical analysis is literally becoming vitally important for my country and a region of Eastern Europe. But the possibility to retreat to the safe harbor of an academic desk was indeed very tempting.

My book project aims at studying the interplay between (trans-)national, regional, and local models of the past and their impact on inhabitants' historical identities. This requires changing the focus from macro-level research to national/regional official models of the past and the politics of memory in relation to the local perspective and the specific methodology to be used. Methodologically, I plan to focus on personal narratives about individual life experiences. Through the analysis of in-depth interviews, more than several hundred of which I collected in different regions of Ukraine before my arrival in Berlin, I sought to understand the role of history in the everyday routine of inhabitants of local towns and to trace the complex interrelations between dominant [regional and (trans-)national] history discourses versus personal senses of the past. I also looked for the presence of marginalized voices and existing strategies of resistance to dominant models of the historical past. The bulk of my empirical data was collected since 2011 in cooperation with the "Ukrainian Regionalism" initiative that was launched by the University of St. Gallen and in several other international projects focusing on Ukraine and its neighboring cultural contact zones. As I arrived in Berlin with a massive amount of data – interviews, field notes, supporting photos, and respondents' drawings – I had a foretaste of the pleasure of organizing, coding, structuring, and analyzing it.

And at the beginning of my stay in Berlin, especially during the adaptation period, it looked like my ivory tower dream would come true. Settled in a spacious apartment located in a nice green park by the lake with beautiful swans floating around and cordially welcomed by the supportive and tireless Wiko administration and staff, who seemed to be able to resolve even the smallest problems, one might indeed feel like a guest scholar at a princely court. The initial chats with the other Wiko Fellows, who needed some time to

get to know each other, were at the beginning rather short and sporadic, although the Wiko administration did a great invisible job of ice-breaking and interconnecting various professional factions within our group. But as the academic collaboration at the Wiko took on its dynamic, I realized that there were new inspiring challenges that I had to meet during this academic year beyond the imagined pleasures of living in an ivory tower.

From the very beginning, belonging to the vibrant and diverse multidisciplinary community of the Wiko Fellows offered inspiring intellectual stimuli. Without exaggeration, our weekly colloquia opened the whole universe of German and international scholarship. Yet the unlimited possibility for an intensive individual or small-group communication and discussion with my new colleagues helped even more to question critically accepted schemes and to search for fresh perspectives. The unique opportunity to learn from cultural anthropologists about the culture of remembrance in Western Africa, or from a climatologist about cultural sensitivity and local knowledge in a course of fieldwork, or from a sociologist about methodologies of studying the “Darknet” led to several valuable intellectual revelations. Other formal and informal talks about such problems as the ethnography of violence and value in a post-genocide society; social, racial, or gender inequalities; dimensions of agency and capabilities emerging in connection with transnational migration and integration, civic activism, genealogies of human rights, and many more issues resonated profoundly with my own search for a new conceptual framework. Not less inspiring and eye-opening were my talks with those Wiko Fellows who were from the natural sciences. They made me think about the “humanization bias” and how it not only shapes our (mis-)understanding of many natural-science phenomena, but also limits our perspective on what and how social scientists should study. Interestingly, the latter talks even forced many of us to change our daily habits and to become more aware of ecological damage that our routine activities may cause to nature and to our bodies.

Yet intensive collaboration with an academic community of Wiko Fellows was also unexpectedly challenging. Over the last years, I have become used to participating in international projects or events where everybody was familiar with the current studies on contemporary Eastern European politics and society and specifically looked for unorthodox arguments and nuanced analysis. In contrast, during my stay in Berlin, I was surprised to see how distant current Eastern European problematics are from mainstream Western academia, even after the global turn. Quite often I encountered stereotypical viewpoints and thought patterns about Ukraine shaped by lack of information or clichéd media coverage. For many, Ukraine was still invisible or unseparated from the Russian

political and cultural space. Well, “Ukraine is not Russia”, proclaimed one of the post-Soviet Ukrainian presidents, and then this simple rhetorical formula covered the whole range of political and cultural anxieties of an emerging political nation. Thus, probably one of the biggest challenges for me was to discuss Ukraine’s origin and relationship with different cultural zones and not to slip into simplified arguments representing standard Ukrainian nation-centered narration. Have I unintentionally limited my argument to the same simple formula when colleagues asked whether Ukrainian is a separate language or whether Ukraine has its own currency, and so on? Did I literally stand for my country at each presentation? Should I have provided my audience with a more complicated and sometimes obscure picture of Ukrainian society, or was it all right to highlight these “uncharted territories” in rather essentialist terms for the sake of clarity? My wonderful Wiko colleagues from Poland and Russia, Paweł Machcewicz and Vladimir Tarnopolski, were always extremely supportive of my attempts to locate the Ukrainian case on a broader regional map. But I would feel much more secure intellectually if rich Berlin bookshops would offer at least a few Ukrainian books along with the Russian and Polish ones that would make the Ukrainian cultural landscape more recognizable.

All in all, it appeared that being a sociologist from Ukraine, which is one of the biggest European countries (both in terms of territory and population size) and which recently survived two revolutions (Orange and Euromaidan), Russia’s annexation of the Crimean Peninsula, and the military conflict over Donbas, I could not close myself within the imagined ivory tower. During my stay in Berlin, I gave altogether 17 presentations at various academic forums. After my research on internally displaced people attracted the attention of some Swiss and German academics, government experts, and the media, I had to change my initial plan and put my other academic projects aside for a while. Of course, such an unexpectedly intense academic communication outside of the Wiko opened many opportunities to “discover” German academic institutions, as my previous academic experience was mostly connected to Eastern European or English-speaking countries.

At the same time, the possibility to explore Berlin resulted in so many new findings for me. In fact, it is very difficult to be a sociologist whose field of interests lies at the intersection of urban sociology, memory studies, and identity studies and not be fascinated by Berlin’s immense transformations, rich cultural collections, diverse neighborhoods, cultural spaces, and memories. This sociological plunging into the city would not have been possible without scholarly, reflective talks with Daniel Schönplflug, Thorsten

Wilhelmy, Ursula Kohler, Katharina Bluhm, and Andrii Portnov and city walks with my old friend, Berlin-based historian Dietlind Hüchtker. This exploration also had different levels, from visiting some museum collections to discussions with a museum director organized by the Wiko, or from simply wandering through Berlin's quarters with a guidebook to organized study trips with German academics. My son's school provided yet another important channel of exploring today's German society and Berlin's diversity. Berlin is a city that is difficult to reduce to a simple formula. With its very diverse neighborhoods and multifaceted spaces, it eludes from any generalizations. Interestingly enough, with the Wiko administration's help, I managed to locate in Berlin some Ukrainians who had fled from the annexed Crimea and Donbas conflict zone.

All these activities have not eclipsed my main book project, but I had to reformulate and restructure my main argument several times. It would have been impossible if the Wiko library had not provided books for very intensive reading. Unfortunately, Ukrainian academic libraries give scholars very limited access to the newest foreign language publications. To be able to write or teach, Ukrainian scholars still must make "pilgrimages" to the good academic libraries abroad. I was not the exception. The pleasure of ordering a book or article literally from my desk in my office and receiving it within a few hours gave me the sense of being at the center of the academic universe. In fact, many other Wiko Fellows said that they had never experienced a library as efficient, supportive, and helpful.

This extraordinary year was not spent in an ivory tower, and my dream remained a dream. But I have returned home with the experience of participating in a unique scholarly project and with new arguments for my future book. In fact, I have analyzed most of my data and have begun to write. I imagine that all the materials I went through will keep me busy writing for the next several years upon my return home. The time I have spent at the Wissenschaftskolleg seemed a very short, but extremely valuable part of my academic life.



BERLIN ENCHANTMENT  
JAMES SIMPSON

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Professor James Simpson is Douglas P. and Katherine B. Loker Professor of English at Harvard University. He was previously Professor of Medieval and Renaissance English at the University of Cambridge. His main publications since 2002 are: *Burning to Read: English Fundamentalism and its Reformation Opponents* (Cambridge, Mass., 2007); *Under the Hammer: Iconoclasm in the Anglo-American Tradition*, Clarendon Lectures in English (Oxford, 2010); *Reform and Cultural Revolution, 1350–1547*, Oxford English Literary History, vol. 2, (Oxford, 2002). He has published more than 90 articles in scholarly journals and is a co-editor of *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, general editor: Stephen Greenblatt (New York: 2018, 10th ed.), and *Cultural Reformations: Medieval and Renaissance in Literary History*, edited by Brian Cummings and James Simpson (Oxford, 2010). – Address: Department of English, Harvard University, Barker Center, 12 Quincy Street, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: [jsimpson@fas.harvard.edu](mailto:jsimpson@fas.harvard.edu).

I teach a course at my home university that contrasts utopian philosophical schemes, from Plato to Marx, with more skeptical literary accounts of how the road to hell is paved with utopian intentions, from Euripides to Chekhov. My course asks American undergraduates to treat utopian schemes with due caution. When I return to teaching in Fall '18, I will be obliged to teach the course a little differently, since now I know that not all utopias end badly: the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin is as close to an intellectual utopia as I will ever get, and I will remain forever grateful for its radiant generosity and for its dedicated promotion of the intellectual life.

But even if the Wiko is indisputably a kind of *Zauberberg*, one was consistently conscious across the year that the Wiko is but a preparation for return to a disenchanted world. Any world would feel disenchanted after the Wiko, but the consciousness of challenges ahead this year was especially pressing. Ours is, and our year at the Wiko was, to cite the English title of a book by Daniel Schönplug, *A World on Edge*. In fact we all felt the pressure of that disenchanted, not to say often brutal world to which we will soon return very directly: many of our Fellows were under threat from their own governments. In my view, many of the colloquium discussions we had were marked and enriched precisely by a difference between two sets of Fellows. On the one hand, some of us read and experienced history from the conviction that we belonged to roughly coherent historico-legal communities; on the other, some of us experienced history at the sharp and painful end of illegitimate governmental action aggressively targeting scholars, among many others. There were many shades between the obvious cases at either end of this spectrum, each one with very specific and often arresting contributions to make.

For me personally, this was primarily a year of writing rather than reading. Of course the Library was indispensable for checking materials. (The rapidity, efficiency, and friendliness of the library system stand at the heart of Wiko's flourishing formula.) I arrived with 12 or so first draft chapters of a book written (*Permanent Revolution: The Reformation and the Illiberal Roots of Liberalism*), a book about early modern European modernity and religion. I leave with 18 chapters fully written, accepted by Harvard University Press, and to be published in January 2019.

In addition, I wrote or wrote up a number of articles: on the late medieval traditions of representing the Trojan War; on early modern paintings of church interiors, and their implications for memory, by the 17th-century Dutch painter Saenredam; on late medieval-early modern English literary historiography; on English translations of Alain Chartier's brilliant early 15th-century text about France in civil war, the *Quadrilogue Invecitif*; and about Whig historiography's persistent errors about the Reformation and its understanding of work. So energizing was the context, and so ready was the Library to foster my work, that I also embarked on my next book project. This is focused on the representation of recognition in works of European literature and our own cognitive experience of recognition as we read those works. I sketched the whole book and wrote the first three chapters. On the edge of all this work, I made significant headway with an edition of the works of Geoffrey Chaucer that I am co-editing.

In sum, this was a hugely productive year. Many contexts made it even more productive. The presence of evolutionary biologists changed my thinking about the relation of the humanities and the life sciences. The presence of Fellows from Eastern Europe had me focused properly and with nuance beyond the frontiers at which I usually stop in Europe. I learned a great deal about German medieval poetry from a delightful weekly “poetry slam”, at which another Fellow and I swapped texts from the German-speaking and Anglophone traditions. My German classes, which ran throughout the year, gave me a much richer understanding of German history and culture, as well as a good reading knowledge of the language.

In addition to the astonishing intellectual richness of the Wiko, this was also, I say in closing, a thoroughly delightful year. How could it not have been? Very easily in fact: were it not for the utterly professional, dedicated, ever-cheerful staff of the Wiko, this remarkable institution would not be magical at all. The social life of the Wiko, with its regular common meals, is no less at the heart of the Wiko’s success than the library system. All of us walked on water across the entire year, or so it seemed. But just below the surface the astute and accomplished direction and staff, at every level, without exception, lightened and energized our way.

My wife Luisella and I will remain forever grateful to the Wissenschaftskolleg for its gift of an extraordinarily productive, profoundly illuminating, and utterly delightful year.



GESTÄNDNISSE  
ANDREAS STAIER

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Andreas Staier, geboren 1955 in Göttingen, studierte Klavier und Cembalo in Hannover und Amsterdam und wurde Cembalist des Ensembles Musica Antiqua Köln. Seit 1986 hat er sich als Cembalo- und Hammerklavier-Solist der freien Solisten-Laufbahn zugewendet. Er arbeitete mit international bekannten Interpreten wie Christoph Prégardien, Anne Sofie von Otter, Pedro Memelsdorff, Alexej Lubimov und Christine Schornsheim. Als Solist gibt er regelmäßig Konzerte mit Concerto Köln, dem Freiburger Barockorchester, der Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin, dem Orchestre des Champs-Élysées. Er tritt regelmäßig bei internationalen Musikfestivals auf (Festival de La Roque-d'Anthéron, Saintes, Montreux, Styriarte Graz, Schwarzenberg, Schleswig-Holstein Musik-Festival, Bach-Fest Leipzig, Bachtage Berlin, Bachwoche Ansbach usw.). Er erhielt zahlreiche Preise und Ehrungen, u. a.: „Künstler des Jahres“ der Zeitschrift *Diapason* (2006), Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik für seine Interpretation der Konzerte von Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (2011), Diapason d'or Arte für die Einspielung der Diabelli-Variationen von Beethoven (2012), Gramophone Award für die Anthologie „Pour passer la mélancolie ...“ (2013) und „Künstler des Jahres“ durch die International Classical Music Awards (2014). Seit 2011 ist Andreas Staier Associate Artist der Opéra de Dijon. Seit einigen Jahren arbeitet er auch als Dirigent und Orchesterleiter. – Adresse: Franzstraße 19, 50931 Köln, Deutschland. E-Mail: andreas.staier@t-online.de.

Das allerbeste ist es, Künstler am Wiko zu sein. Niemand weiß ganz genau, was man eigentlich treibt – der Inbegriff von Freiheit! „Weißt Du es denn hoffentlich selbst?“ hat mich Tim einmal gefragt. Ja, schon. Nur ist man als Künstler, vor allem als ausübender

Musiker, kaum je mit irgendetwas ganz und gar fertig. Asfawossen und Kevin haben schon wieder fünf Artikel publiziert, James und Paweł ganze Bücher geschrieben, während ich immer noch über die Kunst der Fuge nachdenke ... Dafür wird man mit Momenten von nicht zu überbietendem Charme entschädigt. Im Mai spielte ich Mozarts G-Dur-Konzert im Berliner Konzerthaus; der Auftritt gehörte nicht zu meinen schlechtesten. Hanif war unter den Zuhörern. Am nächsten Morgen trafen wir uns zufällig an der Espressomaschine, und er beglückwünschte mich: „Ich wusste gar nicht, dass Du so schön Klavier spielen kannst. Aber Hand aufs Herz: dieses Kolloquium im Dezember, in dem Du so tatest, als ob Du Musikwissenschaftler seiest – das war dann doch alles Fake, oder?“

Ist der eigene Berufsalltag mit der Emission störender Betriebsgeräusche verbunden, zieht man das große Los – und wird in der Remise einquartiert. Ruhige zentrale Lage: keine Nachbarn Tür an Tür, aber nur zwei Schritte entfernt von der Bibliothek und ihrem wunderbaren Team, zehn Schritte bis ins Büro Katarzyna Speders, des guten Geists im Hause; unverzichtbar ihre Hilfsbereitschaft für jemanden, der technisch so katastrophal unbegabt ist wie ich. Schon nach wenigen Wochen am Wiko freute ich mich geradezu, wenn wieder etwas an der Waschmaschine nicht zu funktionieren schien: Gelegenheit für einen kleinen Plausch. Im November machten wir uns beide Sorgen um unseren Paweł, und wie es ihm auf seiner Reise in die feindliche Heimat ergehen würde. Also bat ich Katarzyna um einen kurzen Überblick über die Berichte in polnischen Zeitungen. Ihr sei hier stellvertretend für alle Mitarbeiter aufs Herzlichste gedankt. Ihr wart wunderbar! Tief hat mich insbesondere gerührt, wie selbstverständlich, freundlich und liebenswürdig Ihr auch meinen Partner Klaus aufgenommen habt. Von ihm sende ich Euch die besten Wünsche und ein großes Dankeschön.

Dies war überhaupt die größte Überraschung: Man kommt sich am Wiko soviel näher, als ich je erwartet hätte. Ich hatte mir ein Ambiente vorgestellt, in dem man während diverser Mahlzeiten freundlich konversiert und ansonsten eigene Wege geht. Wie anders wurde es! Aus Fellows wurden Freunde. Was hätte ich in manchen Situationen ohne Pascales Humor und Warmherzigkeit getan? Inga fehlt mir schon seit März; andere fange ich gerade an zu vermissen ... – Aber Nähe macht auch verletzlich. Dass manche Konflikte mir schlaflose Nächte bereiten würden, hätte ich ebenso wenig erwartet. „Andreas, worüber sprichst Du, wenn Du mit lauter anderen älteren, weißen Männern am Mittagstisch sitzt?“ Ja, vielleicht über die Weltherrschaft der Cembalisten und Bach-Forscher? Wie darauf reagieren, ohne sarkastisch zu werden? Die Frage blieb unbeantwortet. Es ist

traurig, sich einzugestehen, dass manchmal Kommunikation nicht möglich ist, selbst wenn sich beide Seiten Mühe geben, einander sogar in Sympathie zugetan sind. Schwer war auch der Abschied von Yassin, der sich im Juni entschloss, nach Syrien zu gehen. Zwischen uns hatte die Musik eine Nähe geschaffen, die sich bei zwei Menschen mit so unterschiedlichen Erfahrungen und Biografien sonst wohl nicht ergeben hätte.

Ich habe es als größtes Geschenk empfunden, jeden Dienstag Einblicke in die verschiedensten Projekte, Disziplinen und Denkweisen zu erhalten: Glücksstunden des Lernens, der Neugier und Anregung, des Erahmens von Zusammenhängen. Liebe Fellows, ich danke Euch!

Auf diese Stunde ab elf Uhr habe ich mich immer gefreut. Ab zwölf wurde es mitunter problematisch. Ziemlich bald wurde mir klar, dass Wissenschaftler keinesfalls weniger eitel als Künstler sind. Ein überwachtes Differenzierungsbedürfnis nach Graden von Prominenz und Etabliertheit schien allenthalben durch (übrigens nicht nur bei den anwesenden Fellows ...). Haben wir das nötig? Als Fragen deklarierte Bastionen wurden errichtet, meist unter beträchtlichem Zeitaufwand. Nach ein paar Monaten glaubte ich, die Mechanismen so gut kennengelernt zu haben, dass ich mir hin und wieder den Spaß erlaubte, anhand der im Voraus versendeten Abstracts gewisse Gesprächsbeiträge und -verläufe zu prognostizieren. Meine Trefferquote konnte sich sehen lassen. Einige Fellows zogen sich resigniert ganz aus der Diskussion zurück.

Ihr zukünftigen Fellows: Macht es besser als wir! Lasst die Hüllen früher fallen. Ihr werdet Euch, ob Ihr wollt oder nicht, auf Eurer zehnmonatigen Klassenfahrt so gut kennenlernen, dass Ihr Euch gegenseitig auf die Schliche kommt.

Bei den nachfolgenden Mittagessen wurde es wieder interessant. Im kleineren, inoffiziellen Rahmen wurden auch eigene Zweifel und Unsicherheiten geäußert, und das Gespräch erhielt jene Richtung und Entwicklung, die der vorausgegangenen Diskussion gefehlt hatten. – Ich beglückwünsche Euch, liebe Naturwissenschaftler: Bei Euch war es anders. Die Diskussion nach Ingas Kolloquium ist mir als leuchtendes Beispiel in Erinnerung geblieben. Ein Argument baute aufs andere auf, man reagierte aufeinander, legte einen Weg gemeinsam zurück, der selbst für einen Laien wie mich nachvollziehbar war. Ein großes Kompliment auch an meinen verehrten Kollegen Vladimir, der – soweit ich anwesend war – sich nur ein einziges Mal mit einer Frage zu Wort meldete: „Gibt es Fortschritt in der Kunst?“ Leider fiel sie sofort unter den Tisch. Ohnehin war an diesem Morgen, zu Franco Morettis Vortrag, nur die Hälfte der Fellows erschienen. Aber das ist ein anderes Thema ...

Eines Tages bat mich Georg, die Moderation seines Kolloquiums zu übernehmen. Dies bescherte mir eine Erfahrung besonderer Art: eine Diskussion zu leiten, von deren Thema ich nicht die leiseste Ahnung hatte. – Lieber Georg, ich war gerührt über Dein freundschaftliches Zutrauen, aber ich hatte Dich gewarnt! – Meine schüchterne Bitte, jeder möge sich in seinen Wortmeldungen auf drei Sätze beschränken, verhallte völlig ungehört. Außerdem hatte Christoph Möllers irgendeinen Kinderwagen in der falschen Limousine deponiert, was die Stimmung zusätzlich verfinsterte.

Dann kam der Frühling, der sonnigste seit langen Jahren. Mit Wärme und Licht wuchs die Versuchung, manchen dienstäglichen Diskussionen wenigstens kurz zu entfliehen. Warum drinnen sitzen und sich grämen, dass einmal mehr die oder der Vortragende eine offenere Auseinandersetzung verdient hätte? Ich beehrte, nicht schuld daran zu sein, und setzte mich lieber eine Viertelstunde mit einem Cappuccino auf die Terrasse. Wie schön, nach Jahrzehnten wieder an das süße Gefühl des Schule-Schwänzens erinnert zu werden: geschenkte Zeit! Musik höchsten Ranges vermag etwas Ähnliches: die Zeit so zu gestalten, dass sie zu einem Geschenk wird. Man denke nur an das Trio aus dem dritten Satz von Schuberts G-Dur-Streichquartett. Jedenfalls ertappte ich mich dabei, wie ich seine Melodie auf der Terrasse vor mich hin sang.

Ich schließe mit Bach. Lieber Hanif: Ich muss Dich enttäuschen; mein Kolloquium war ernst gemeint.



AM WIKO MIT FREUD  
CARLO STRENGER

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Ich wurde 1958 in eine jüdisch-orthodoxe Familie in Basel hineingeboren. Mein in Zürich begonnenes Studium setzte ich an der Hebrew University, Jerusalem, fort. Das gab mir die Möglichkeit, gleichzeitig meinen Dokortitel in Philosophie zu erwerben, meine Ausbildung in klinischer Psychologie zu absolvieren und eine Vollzeitstelle als Dozent auszuüben. Mein wichtigstes Interesse galt der theoretischen und klinischen Psychoanalyse und ihrer Schnittstelle zur Philosophie. Meine ersten Bücher beschäftigten sich mit der epistemologischen Struktur der Psychoanalyse, der Integration der Psychoanalyse mit existentiellen Denken und einer psychoanalytischen Interpretation der Auswirkungen der Globalisierung auf die individuelle Psyche. Ab dem Jahr 2000, als ich an der Tel Aviv University tätig war, beschäftigte mich das letztgenannte Thema immer mehr, und ich schrieb *The Fear of Insignance* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2011) mit einem breit angelegten interdisziplinären Ansatz. Anlässlich der politischen Entwicklungen sowohl in Israel als auch weltweit, wandte ich mich einer Reihe von politischen Fragen unserer Zeit zu, die zu psychopolitischen Studien über Israel führten. Zum Phänomen des Aufstiegs der extremen Rechten in Israel und Europa schrieb ich: *Zivilisierte Verachtung: Eine Anleitung zur Verteidigung unserer Freiheit* (Berlin: Suhrkamp, 2015). – Adresse: Cohn Institute for the History and Philosophy of Sciences and Ideas, School of Psychological Sciences Tel Aviv University, Ramat Aviv, Tel Aviv 69978, Israel. E-mail: strenger@post.tau.ac.il.

Mein erster Kontakt mit dem Wissenschaftskolleg entstand, als ich Luca Giuliani bei einem Besuch in Berlin zu einem Kaffee traf, um ein bestimmtes Thema, das mich interessierte, zu diskutieren. Es kam zu einem angeregten Gespräch, gegen dessen Ende er

mich fragte, ob ich Interesse hätte, ein Sabbatical am Wiko zu verbringen. Ich war natürlich begeistert, sandte ihm innert Tagen einen Forschungsvorschlag, und erhielt, da die Fellowships des kommenden akademischen Jahres schon alle vergeben waren, eine persönliche Einladung von ihm, für die ich ihm noch lange dankbar sein werde. Luca Giuliani hat viele Jahre in meiner Heimatstadt Basel verbracht, doch es sollte eine Weile vergehen, bis wir uns überwiegend auf Schweizerdeutsch unterhielten – es begann an einem wunderschönen Frühlingstag, als wir im Garten des Hauptgebäudes zum Apéro ein Glas Wein tranken.

Meine Frau Julia und ich kamen am 1. Januar 2018 am Wiko an – ein Feiertag, an dem wir trotzdem höchst freundlich von Vera Pfeffer begrüßt wurden, die sich aber keinesfalls beklagte, sondern uns half, das für ein Jahr berechnete Gepäck in unsere Wohnung hinaufzubringen und uns alles zu zeigen. Und dann natürlich kam auch Freud mit herauf, unser damals noch zwölfmonatiger Schäferhund.

Wir packten so schnell wie möglich aus und setzten uns dann auf einen Drink in den Salon, von dem aus man den Koenigssee überblickt. Wir hatten Glück: es war ein wunderschöner Winter, kalt aber meist sonnenüberflutet. Da die Bäume ihre Blätter des letzten Jahres schon lange verloren hatten, hatten wir freien Blick auf den See und das gegenüberliegende Ufer mit seinen Villen. Wir schauten einander an, und konnten unser Glück nicht fassen. Freud schnupperte inzwischen eifrig umher, um sein neues Heim kennenzulernen.

In den nächsten Tagen und Wochen lernten wir das Wiko näher kennen; zuallererst die Mitarbeiter: Andrea Bergmann hatten wir schon vorher, bei unserem ersten Besuch getroffen, dann Vera Pfeffer beim Einzug. Die Namen aller Mitarbeiter zu erwähnen, würde eine ganze Seite benötigen. Aber wir waren durchweg beeindruckt, sei es vom Hausmeister, der, als ich ihn fragte, wo ich neue Birnen für eine Lampe kaufen könnte, mir klarmachte, dass er diese in einer halben Stunde (es waren am Ende fünf Minuten ...) vorbeibringen würde; sei es das von Dunia Najjar geleitete fantastische Küchenpersonal, das auch den abstrusesten Bitten entgegenkam (außer der, mir doch bitte kleinere Portionen zu bringen ...) oder sei es von den IT-Mitarbeitern, die beim kleinsten Problem innert Minuten in der Villa Walther vorbeikamen, und natürlich den administrativen Mitarbeiter(inne)n, die für alles, von der Umschreibung des Führerscheins bis zur Vorbereitung meiner Präsentation, zur Verfügung standen.

Die Fellows kennenzulernen dauerte, schon wegen der Anzahl, etwas länger. Der erste intensivere Kontakt ergab sich, als wir ein Problem hatten. Julia hatte für unser Sabbatical ein Forschungsstipendium der Humboldt-Stiftung erhalten und hielt sich

deshalb wöchentlich mindestens zwei Tage in Jena an der Friedrich-Schiller-Universität auf. Ich hatte wegen meiner Buchveröffentlichungen, die in diesen Monaten in verschiedenen Sprachen erschienen, immer wieder kurze Reiseverpflichtungen. Nach drei Wochen überschritten sich unsere Verpflichtungen, und die Frage war: was machen wir mit Freud, der weder nach Jena, noch nach Amsterdam mitkommen konnte.

Julia sandte per Rund-Mail eine Anfrage an alle Fellows, wer ihn für zwei Tage und Nächte übernehmen könnte. Es stellte sich heraus, dass Freud schon weithin bekannt war, denn er war schon seit jeher an Menschen mehr interessiert als an Hunden, und hatte sich mit vielen der Fellows der Villa Walther bereits angefreundet. So kamen noch am selben Tag viele Angebote, ihn zu beherbergen. Wir nahmen das erste Angebot von Mohammed Hanif, seiner Frau und ihrem jüngsten Sohn Django an. Als wir zurückkamen, interessierte sich Freud für uns eigentlich gar nicht mehr. Er spielte mit Django am Boden, blickte uns nur kurz an und zeigte keine Lust, in unsere Wohnung zurückzukehren. Das Gleiche geschah bei den Fellows, die ihn später zu Gast hatten: Georg Essen, Andreas Diekman und Hannah Mumby, deren kleine Hündin Hershey genau ein Zehntel von Freud wog, ihm aber sehr schnell zeigte, wer da die Chefin sei. Dasselbe galt auch, als Hershey einige Male bei uns war, wo sie sich sehr schnell wohlfühlte, uns beim Schreiben auf dem Schoß saß, wofür Freud natürlich viel zu groß war, und worum er sie ein wenig beneidete.

Mittlerweile war der See zugefroren. Die Enten verschwanden in eine Ecke am Verbindungskanal zum nächsten See, wo sich kein Eis bildete. Einzig „unser“ Schwanepärchen gab tägliche Shows, in welchen sie im langsamen Sinkflug auf dem Eis landeten, acht bis zehn Meter auf dem Eis schlitterten, um dann ihren Spaziergang in der Sonne zu machen. Freud sah erstmals in seinem Leben Schnee, war äußerst verwundert, und dann hellauf begeistert. Je tiefer die Temperaturen sanken, desto lebendiger wurde er. In Israel, wo er sein ganzes Leben bisher verbracht hatte, leidet er die Hälfte des Jahres sehr unter der Hitze. Im Berliner Winter war er endlich in seinem Element, und hüpfte im Schnee herum, als hätte er fünf Jahre abgeschüttelt. Als der See wieder auftaute und die Enten zurückkamen, jagte er ihnen nach, soweit sein Hüftgelenk, das – wie üblich bei deutschen Schäferhunden – langsam dysfunktional wurde, ihm dies erlaubte, bis sie auf den See flüchteten. Wir mussten ihn daran hindern, ihnen nachzuspringen, da er wohl nicht mehr hätte herausklettern können.

Die Natur blühte wieder auf; innert weniger Wochen war alles grün, die ersten Blüten waren schon zu sehen, was wunderschön war, aber einen Nachteil hatte: vor lauter Laub,

konnten wir den See aus der Wohnung kaum noch sehen. Freud störte das nicht besonders, auch nicht die Brennesseln, die ihm anscheinend nichts anhaben konnten; er war vor allem an den neuen Gerüchen interessiert, die jetzt überall für ihn wahrnehmbar waren. Das Schwanenpärchen schwamm mittlerweile stolz mit acht Neuankömmlingen über den See.

Am 20. April wurde Freud dreizehn Jahre alt, und wir wollten seine Bar Mitzva feiern. Er erhielt zwei Lammkoteletts, die wir zum Abendessen für ihn ohne Gewürze zubereiteten. Er fragte nicht zu viele historische oder spirituelle Fragen, vertilgte sie innerhalb von Sekunden, und legte sich zufrieden neben uns, um eine Filmserie anzuschauen.

Sie fragen sich vielleicht, warum ich nichts über das intellektuelle Leben am Wiko schreibe, insbesondere, da viele der Kolloquien faszinierend waren, und wir viele wunderbare Menschen kennenlernten, sowohl auf der persönlichen als auch auf der intellektuellen Ebene. Das gesamte Programm, von Thorsten Wilhelmy und Daniel Schönflug fantastisch organisiert und geleitet, zeigte die enorme Vielfalt der Wiko-Fellows: von akademischen Vorträgen in den verschiedensten Disziplinen über Andreas Staiers wunderbare Cembalo-Konzerte bis zu Mohammed Hanifs Lesungen aus seinem Roman war das Programm so reichhaltig, wie es in der akademischen Welt nur selten zu finden ist.

Aber ich erzähle unsere Eindrücke vor allem aus Freuds Perspektive. Da er seine gesammelten Werke schon lange abgeschlossen hat, kam er nicht zu den Kolloquien, auch weil die fünfhundert Meter zum Hauptgebäude ihm eben doch schon zu viel waren. Am persönlichen Leben nahm er hingegen rege Teil, ob an Barbecues im Garten der Villa Walther oder Zufallsbegegnungen mit Fellows und ihren Kindern, mit denen er sehr gerne spielte.

Als wir Mitte Juli wieder in Israel landeten, konnte sich der Arme mit Israels Klima nur schwer zurechtfinden. Sein Hüftproblem hat sich mittlerweile sehr verschärft, und er kommt die Treppen zu unserem Haus nur noch mithilfe einer speziellen Trageschleife herauf, mit der wir ihm das Gewicht von den Hinterbeinen nehmen. Ich bin sicher, dass er nachts vom Schnee am Koenigssee und Barbecues mit Fellows träumt. Er lässt herzlich grüßen, und bittet mich darum, Luca Giuliani sehr für diese wunderbare Zeit zu danken.



CASTALIA IN GRUNEWALD  
VLADIMIR TARNOPOLSKI

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Vladimir Tarnopolski, Russian composer, born in 1955 in Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine, educated at the Tchaikovsky Conservatory Moscow. Tarnopolski is a frequent guest at many Western contemporary music festivals, he has written pieces on commission for some of the world's leading orchestras, and his operas have premiered in Germany, France, Great Britain, the Netherlands, and Norway. Tarnopolski plays a significant role in the development of contemporary Russian musical life. He founded the first Russian Centre for Contemporary Music (1993), the Studio for New Music Ensemble, the International Festival of Contemporary Music *Moscow Forum* (1994), the International Jurgenson Competition for Young Composers (2001), and the Contemporary Music Department at the Moscow State Tchaikovsky Conservatory (2003), where he is Professor of Composition. – Address: Scientific Artistic Centre of Contemporary Music, Moscow Tchaikovsky Conservatory, Bolshaya Nikitskaya ul. 13/6, 125009 Moscow, Russia. E-mail: vladimir.tarnopolski@gmail.com.

I must acknowledge that I had not known anything of the existence of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin – Institute for Advanced Study when I received the invitation to send for the consideration of the screening committee one of the projects on which I wished to work seriously in Berlin. Just like any other artistic person, I always have various ideas roaming in my head, but among those, there is one that I regard as especially important. It is the idea for the opera *The Abduction of Europa*, about which I have already pondered for a long time, but which I was unable to take on seriously. After all, work on a large opera takes years and, turning to such work, a composer must have at least a preliminary agreement with one of the opera theaters.

The idea to compose an opera on the subject of this ancient Greek myth, showing through its prism the present-day European political situation, first occurred to me back in the “golden years” of the early 1990s. At the same time, I hardly planned to retell the famous story familiar to us from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, which since its creation has become one of the most favorite plots in the history of European art. Generally, I have a skeptical attitude toward opera that “illustrates” literature by musical means; for me, the “literary opera” is a purely historical genre that already exhausted itself in the first third of the 20th century in the operas of Richard Strauss and Shostakovich.

I always compile something like a musical scenario for my compositions for musical theater – this is not a *literary text*, but a certain plan for *stage action*, initially meant to be unfolded particularly in the space of music and developing according to music’s laws.

During the 25 years of my contemplations about *The Abduction of Europa*, I have had the time to write several compositions for musical theater, whose premieres have been successful in various countries – in Germany, France, England, and Norway. But for some reason, my most significant idea, the one I cherished most – that of an opera about Europa/Europe – was chronically out of luck! Each time I presented this scenario to directors of various theaters and festivals, at first it aroused the most positive, and sometimes even enthusiastic, reactions, but in the end, in virtue of various circumstances, each time everything ended similarly: “at present, unfortunately, it is not working out with this plot, so for now let us take on another idea”, and “we shall certainly take on the opera about Europa next time”. But this “next time” never occurred.

It is difficult for me to say why the affair always ended in this particular way; either a new opera with a large format – with a chorus and a large number of participants – presented too risky and costly an endeavor, or certain aesthetic notions of mine had not convinced the theater directors, although all of my previous opera premieres had gone very successfully. It was also possible that the conception of a “political” opera about Europe seemed too risky – who could have said at that time in what direction Europe would change on the way to its completion! In the meantime, in my view, with each passing year and month, the idea of an opera about Europe was becoming more and more topical, and it still seems rather strange to me that no contemporary composer had yet turned to this plot!

The invitation I received from Wiko to work for an entire year on this opera and the possibility to withdraw from the routine pedagogical and organizational concerns at the Moscow Conservatory, from the struggles of our Center for Contemporary Music, and

from the concerts of the Studio for New Music orchestra to realize our projects was an unexpected one, as if a chance sent from heaven. For the first time in my life, I had the opportunity to engage in only musical creativity for an entire year!

Having found myself in a remarkable, truly refined intellectual milieu of scholars, I was confronted with the necessity to formulate my “philosophy of opera” very simply and concisely for my colleagues who were not musicians. Frankly speaking, I had not expected to encounter such a vivacious interest in my work on the part of the Fellows of the Kolleg, and I immersed myself with enthusiasm in this peculiar “reflected self-comprehension”, attempting to look at my work from the perspective of an enlightened non-musician. Initially, I began preparing a musical-enlightening seminar of a general design, but during the course of close communication and regular “musical” conversations with my colleagues, I discovered that a number of them, while not being professional musicians, possessed a knowledge of music practically on a professional level!

Among them was Lisa Herzog, Professor of Political Philosophy and Theory, who turned out to be a wonderful cellist! I engaged in combined music-making with her and even risked performing at the farewell amateur concert in ensemble with maestro Andreas Staier himself, an outstanding musician of our times, with whom I am presently bound in a steadfast friendship. There was also Carola Lentz, Professor of Social Anthropology, who has sung in a chorus all her life (frequently performing very difficult compositions!), has a brilliant knowledge of chamber music, even the most rarely performed compositions, and attends, as it seems, all the musical premieres! Then there were the enlightened lovers and connoisseurs of music, Victoria and Ostap Sereda, and many other colleagues.

I wish to say a few special words about my colleague Andreas Staier. Communication with him was a great pleasure for me, both professionally and humanly, and comprised the most vivid moments of my stay at Wiko. His brilliant concerts, amazing, greatly detailed erudition not only in the sphere of Baroque and Classical music, but also in the most contemporary trends and his overall exclusive astuteness as a musician, have left an immense trace in my soul.

Obviously, we communicated seriously not only in the field of musical subjects – we discussed the professional positions of our colleagues in the most varied spheres of knowledge! And as the result of such meetings, it became more and more apparent that in this communication, just as in preparing my Tuesday Colloquium, there was absolutely no need to “lower” the professional bar or to “simplify” anything; it was necessary only to try to find very precise wording and to choose vivid musical examples.

Unexpectedly for me, this work turned out to be even more instructive than I had thought! I made the attempt to perceive and to formulate more precisely, not only to my colleagues, but also to myself, my own intuitive presentiment of the future opera, both in its entirety and in some of its concrete details. I attempted to answer such a “simple” question as – what is it that properly constitutes the “plot of the opera” (is it only a conventional plot?) – and to discuss such a “naive” theme as why people sing in the opera at all, if it is simpler and more “understandable” to declaim the text. In my perception, the mission of the opera is to realize a special image of the human being that, by analogy with *Homo ludens* (playing man) and *Homo sapiens* (man the wise), could be defined as *Homo cantans* – singing man.

My insufficient knowledge of English prevented me from participating on an adequate level in the general seminar discussions, but in numerous private conversations and especially in my German lessons, since my knowledge of German is somewhat better than my knowledge of English, the arguments raised about the most diverse questions were very heated ones. Our remarkable German teacher Eva von Kügelgen additionally invited interesting lecturers to our meetings, and the latter acquainted us with new ideas from the most varied spheres. A special impact was created by the ardent lecture about Max Weber presented by Stephan Schlak, the editor of *Zeitschrift für Ideengeschichte*, who literally astounded us with his depth of thought and ... the dexterity of his speech. Eva always reserved part of her lesson for free communication, and very quickly we developed a fabulous group of humanitarians, who made desperate attempts to discuss in German (!) all the insoluble problems of the universe.

My colleagues among the attendees of these seminars were: James Simpson, a wonderful specialist in Medieval and Renaissance English literature, who was able to extract in a remarkable way a profound philosophical meaning from the etymology of words; Paweł Machcewicz, a preeminent, principled historian, the former Director of a conceptually new Museum of the Second World War in Gdańsk, who had first-hand knowledge of all the pressure of Poland’s nationalistic government; two wonderful, stunningly profound and refined philosophers – Catherine Wilson, at the core of whose scholarly interests are issues of ethics and aesthetics, which she analyzed with special intellectual finesse, and Jean-Philippe Narboux, a specialist in Heidegger and Wittgenstein, who instantly captivated everybody with his brilliant discourse on logic and anthropology; and, finally, my wife, Irina Snitkova, musicologist and culturologist. Our heated discussions, which passed within the “overflowing” space of aesthetics-ethics-morality-politics-philosophy-culture-art,

frequently felt cramped by their limitation to a small group, and they “poured over” into a broader circle of our colleagues, who were interested in discussing a particular subject.

These discussions helped me to a certain degree to answer questions that musicians frequently hear from intellectuals from other fields. I attempted to the best of my abilities to speak about music in the language of aesthetics and philosophy. My position was that the main conceptual content of an opera is not in the least constituted by its plot. The meaning of opera is Music itself! In a phenomenological sense, Music is the main heroine of ANY opera, since each opera, each instrumental composition is ultimately a piece about Music and about how, within the framework of the play’s logic of the art of music, it becomes possible to present any plot on stage. In other words, the content of a musical composition is HOW Music plays in any plot by the specific means of its art. For me as a composer, all the sham operatic killings of Carmen, all the sufferings of characters like Aida and Radames, the dramas of Boris Godunov, and the heroic feats of Siegfried, which are known to the listener *a priori* – this is all merely the outer content and the outer form of some opera. The inner, profound content is stipulated by Music itself, its sensuous-emotional and intellectual energy. It was particularly within the frameworks of such an understanding of the genre that I wished to approach the process of composing my opera.

In my scenario, departing from the motives of the plot from Ancient Greek mythology, I wished to present the struggle of various *ideas* within Europe and *around* Europe during the course of the past century. The ancient Greek myth presents the prism, the *camera obscura*, that makes it possible to glance at the events of European life of the last few centuries in a new light.

It seemed to me that I arrived in Berlin with practically a completely ready scenario, but at Wiko, my naive presumption in this question was dealt a heavy blow! The employees of the Wiko library delivered this “blow” with their remarkably professional work! Already a week after my arrival, I was approached by librarian Stefan Gellner, who graciously offered me assistance in selecting literature on the subject of the opera. Very soon my desk became filled with a massive selection of new original materials about the myth of Europa, from Antiquity to the present day, which led me to break away from my music and to immerse myself completely in the study of this question. During the course of the entire year, Stefan Gellner helped me very keenly not only with the search for the necessary literature, but sometimes also with the selection of concrete poetic fragments with the consideration of the parameters “set” by the music. An immense amount of assistance

with the source materials was constantly provided to me by Anja Brockman and, in general, the entire team of the Wiko library!

What is more, Daniel Schönpflug, the academic coordinator of Wiko, told me that, in the wedding ceremonies of the German Kurfürsten of the 17th and 18th centuries, the myth of the abduction of Europa was one of the favorite plots of theatricalized festivities and pageants. It turned out that an immense chapter of one of his books is devoted to this.

As the result of my yearlong study, with the assistance of the remarkable associates of Wiko, I researched around 400 books and several hundred articles, which may be somewhat redundant for a composer. On the other hand, now I can consider myself a specialist on the question of the historical reception of this European myth.

As a result of this work, I introduced several fundamentally new scenes into my initial scenario. I was struck by the fact that, in the present-day political reality, the motifs of the myth acquire absolutely new, unexpected, and paradoxical meanings, which I could not have thought of at any time before. Here are just three vivid examples.

In the narrative of the ancient Greek poet Moschos, Europa has a dream in which two women struggle for her: her mother Asia and, on the other bank of the sea, another woman, unfamiliar to her. Today, in the context of growing political tensions, this scene fits absolutely naturally into a new symbolic set – as an allegory of the complex struggle for Europe between the various world systems of the East and the West.

Interestingly, according to the myth, Europa is by birth a Phoenician princess. The historical Phoenicia was situated on the territories of present-day Lebanon and Syria. And today it is particularly here in Syria that the confrontation between the two struggling women – the East and the West – is taking place in the sharpest and most dangerous form.

The bull that abducted Europa has in the present also obtained day an absolutely new symbolism: it is the emblem of the stock exchange, symbolizing faith in the rising value of shares (sculptures of the bull adorn the plazas of the Stock Exchanges in New York and Frankfurt). The bull also presents a reincarnation of the biblical “Golden Calf”, around which the entire world’s financial and political elite dances.

The play of paradoxical juxtapositions and deflected reflections of the classical myth building upon its present-day interpretation are the source of my scenario. The abduction and the love story of Europa and Jupiter the bull are transformed from allegories into a large-scale historical grotesquerie.

An additional symbolism for me lay in the fact that I began my serious work on the opera specifically in Berlin. This city, like no other, had experienced all the dramatic

vicissitudes of the most recent European history, and today it has turned into one of the most important symbols of New Europe. During the course of an entire year, I had the opportunity to enjoy the riches of its cultural life, having attended about a hundred concerts, exhibitions, theater plays, and opera productions. It was very pleasant for me that, during my stay in Berlin, several of my compositions were performed in various venues. I have the most heartfelt gratitude to the associates of the Kolleg, Katharina Biegger, Petria Saleh, Katharina Wiedemann, and Frank Johannsen, for their enthusiasm and for their assistance in the preparation of my concert-lecture in the venue of Wiko!

Having returned to my routine, bustling life in Moscow, when a difficulty arises I sometimes catch myself with the impulse to automatically call Vera Pfeffer, who seems to be capable of solving any mundane problem. In cold Moscow, I remember with great warmth (and always with a wonderful appetite!) Dunia Najjar and her incredibly tasty dinners! In general, in my thoughts I most frequently return to “my” Grunewald. And unwittingly I remember what Wiko presents in the very restless contemporary world: a utopian Castalia as lyricized by Hermann Hesse – or is it the portent of a future world filled with artistic creativity?

Most likely, in the long run, this depends on each of us, and maybe especially for those who constitute our Institute for Advanced Study brotherhood.



VIGNETTES WITHOUT A TITLE  
JEREMY G. WIDEMAN

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Jeremy Grant Wideman is a white, (mostly) heterosexual anglophone male attempting to scale the walls of academia while trying to acknowledge his privileged status. He is generally careful about what he wishes for, because when he thinks boldly “I will never be X, Y, or Z”, these seem to be just the things that he ends up being. When he was just a young nerd growing up on the plains of Alberta, Canada, he said to himself as he watched a man pick up all the trash left over after a hockey (read: ice-hockey) game: “I will never do that.” Sure enough, he took on that particular job to get extra money during his undergraduate biology education at Augustana Faculty, University of Alberta. Likewise, growing up as a creationist, although he loved biochemistry and genetics, he went as far as to cover his ears during the evolution sections of high school biology courses, thinking, “I will never believe this.” Naturally, through his love of biochemistry, he began to understand evolution such that belief was never necessary; knowledge was sufficient to convert him completely. During his more conservative years, he laughed at the idea of an arts’ degree; he was going to be a medical doctor or an optometrist. Philosophy courses were for leftist nut jobs. Throughout his academic life, however, both continental philosophy and philosophy of science have been constant sources of inspiration and pleasure. During his Ph.D., he even tricked his supervisor into signing off on an optional course “Philosophy of Biology”. This course was completely unnecessary to his Ph.D. in Molecular Biology and Genetics, which focused on the role of the ERMES complex in mitochondrial protein import in the filamentous fungus *Neurospora crassa*. After his Ph.D., he swore off research. It just wasn’t for him. Then, he quite literally stumbled into a research position in yet another thing he had sworn off years ago: investigating biological diversity. And no less, the methods

required were all computational! – something he had avoided learning about his entire life (in the late '90s his parents owned only a Tandy1000). He truly fell in love with academic research on evolutionary cell biology and was awarded a European Molecular Biology Organization Fellowship, which he took up at the University of Exeter, UK (2015–17). Of course, before starting his fellowship, he took a five-month writing break to pursue his philosophical interests – was he becoming nutty and leftist? After his time in Exeter, he was awarded a College for Life Sciences Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. His research has been published in journals ranging from *Trends in Ecology and Evolution* to *Current Biology*, the *Journal of Cell Biology*, and even *Biology & Philosophy*. He is still learning how to navigate what he wants from life. He finds it difficult to figure out exactly what one should do when life keeps giving him things that he doesn't want but ends up loving. So, he continues living the motto that he adopted early in his adult life: “try everything twice”. Which is why he feels that, one day, he should probably give this whole Wiko thing one more try. He is not completely certain that he got it right the first time ... – Address: Department of Biochemistry & Molecular Biology, Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, B3H 4R2. E-mail: jeremy.grant.wideman@gmail.com.

Since my time at the Wiko really, truly felt like an experiment, I attempted to write up my experiences in the format of a scientific article. In truth, however, it is a series of nearly unrelated vignettes without a title.

#### Abstract

My wife (Alicia) and I had several visitors during the short six months that we were living in Villa Walther. One of the visitors was my father, who came in November, after we had been at the Wissenschaftskolleg for about two months. Even at this time, I could not quite grasp what I was experiencing. I was showing him around the backyard, and he was marveling at the sculptures and architecture of the building and the location on the little Grunewaldsee. I was still in a state of disbelief at my surroundings. My father is not an academic, but he has always respected my life choices and is proud of me. Reflecting on my career and accomplishments thus far, he said to me with pride and love, “You deserve this.” I replied immediately, “No one deserves this.”

*I still feel this way.*

## Introduction

Being a College for Life Sciences Fellow, a stubborn procrastinator, and a short-term Fellow who started in September, I sit here in Halifax, Canada, detached from my Wiko family for more than four months, attempting to put into words my experience in Berlin. I think it is healthier to reflect now, after the bittersweet departure, after the dreamland that is Wiko has disappeared into the dreamland of academic reality. I miss my dreamland of lunches, suppers, wine, discussions, arguments, biting colloquium questions, cultural tensions, friends, döners, clubs, dancing, BERLIN!

*But I miss it like I miss Disneyland.*

I would like to go again, but maybe not for a little while. Don't misunderstand me. It was NOT a vacation. I got a lot of work done. It was an extremely productive six months. I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg to "gain time to think". I did just that; I thought, and I wrote, and I worked. But before I arrived, I did not know what to expect from Wiko, and whatever I might have expected was not what I got – which is a good thing. I really thought that though I am an evolutionary biologist, since I have a strong liberal arts education and a deep connection with philosophy, I was going to be just fine. The colloquia would make sense to me. I would contribute my unique academic perspective. I did contribute ...?

## Materials and Methods

*Food was always plentiful at the Wiko. For new Fellows, I have a few suggestions:*

1. Go to breakfast as often as you can. You will miss it when it's gone. Especially on Thursdays – some Fellows could make it all the way to supper if they pilfered enough bread at breakfast.
2. You can have seconds. It may not seem like it, as most Fellows are too shy or don't want to be judged by their Wiko *fünf*. Just wear that extra *fünf kg* with pride. You will never regularly have this much good food ever again in your life.
3. Pre-aperitifs. I know that aperitifs happen before supper on Thursdays, but what happens before aperitifs is up to you! A small taster of vermouth or a drop of gin really warms up the palate for a bit of bubbly.

4. Fridays are fish Fridays! Think about being a vegetarian on Fridays. I love fish, I really do. However, Thirsty Thursdays often led to Fuzzy Fridays, which more often than not made fish less appealing.
5. Beware the *desert* of the weekend (not the dessert of the weekend). Social interaction and the availability of good food disappears and the longing for Monday's lunch occurs shortly after finishing Friday's dessert.
6. LEAVE GRUNEWALD. Just get on the M19 to the U1/U2 or walk to the S7. Go have as many döners as possible. Go to Winterfeldtplatz, Neukölln, Wedding. Go find the best restaurants in Berlin. Go have a cocktail. If you stay in Grunewald you will miss it all.
7. Stock up on the good wine. Not all wine is equal. Take note of the best Thursday bottles and stock up in advance in order to ensure that you always have the best vintages close at hand.

## Results and Discussion

*Things became real that were once only myths.*

Wars and struggles that were distant and foreign became present and real. Survivors became friends, prisoners became mentors. Nothing has been the same since. The tenacity and courage of my Wiko family has changed the way I view life and has changed the way I judge people. However, in spite of my Wiko family and the seeming transformation that occurred within and around me, the world outside my Wiko never changed at all. Most, when faced with adversity, vehemently protect what is theirs instead of standing up for those that are oppressed. My Wiko family has taught me that self-sacrifice is necessary if some kind of justice is to be brought to this world. I can only hope that when the time comes I can choose wisely.

*The same words mean very different things.*

I was shocked on several occasions to learn that my usage of fairly simple words like “method” and “theory” was at odds with the majority of Fellows at the Wiko. In several conversations I would notice two sides emerge, the natural scientists on one side and the less-natural scientists on the other side. I have to admit that I still struggle to view theories

as neither predictive nor explanatory. I am however happy with my conclusions that all humanities scholars and social scientists are biologists who study one rather peculiar species.

*“We are all equal here at the Wiko”* – unknown

I forget who said this, but it was the subject of contention for me throughout my whole stay at the Wiko. As a junior academic, with no permanent position to go home to, with no books or honorary degrees to my name, 30 years junior to many of my Wiko colleagues, I did not feel equal. Nor did many others. I learned that feelings of equality are usually felt by those that have benefitted from a system more than others. This has made me much more cognizant of situations in which I feel equal – it usually means that I am in a power position. Feelings are deceiving. I have realized that the privileged have the power to dole out the feeling of equality. My greatest mentors have made the effort to make me feel equal, while acknowledging the existent inequalities between us. This perspective is extremely important as I begin my journey into academia full of white, male, Western, straight privilege – as a perpetual ally, how can I help bring justice into this world?

### Conclusions

If you have an extended family of about 40 individuals, chances are you don't like all of them equally. But, chances are you love most of them, or at minimum understand their quirks and faults. You might have that aunt who just says things too loudly, even when the people she might be insulting are within earshot. But she is actually just lovely and doesn't quite mean what she says. You might have that crazy uncle who falls asleep at the dinner table, but if you catch him just before he nods off, he has the most brilliant insights. You might have that smug cousin who always leaves early, but you know that he/she is doing something really important. But more likely than not, you also have that group of misfits to which you happily belong. So too it is with the Wiko family. Like any family, the Wiko family isn't chosen; it is collected somewhat haphazardly, a bit by chance, a bit by design. Ours was a beautiful thing amidst even the blemishes. In part, it was beautiful because it reflected the struggles going on in the world outside. We were unwittingly modeling the confusion seen at much larger scales on the outside. May we all learn from our experiences.



MORE THAN I CAME FOR  
CATHERINE WILSON

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It was a dark, cold, late afternoon the day after New Year's when I arrived at Tegel with my great big suitcase. My panicky and numerous phone calls to the *Empfang*, prompted by the fear that no one would be there to let me into my new flat, proved unfounded. Although, ominously, no one answered the phone, all went smoothly once I arrived at Wallotstraße 19. This friendly efficiency was the norm: throughout my stay, any small but urgent request – for a postage stamp or a lighter duvet, to fix the dishwasher drain – was met without delay. Fussy mealtime requests were treated as no bother at all. Meanwhile, in the first week on site, the academic staff helped integrate me, making sure I knew about the other philosophers in Berlin with common interests and how best to connect with them.

As I came to the Wiko in mid-year – I do not recommend this, but it was my only option because of my two employers – I came into an already established social life and an already set colloquium schedule and ongoing language lessons. I signed up for two hours per week of private lessons with Eva von Kügelgen, as well as the Wednesday course. Paweł, James, Jean-Philippe, Irina, and Vladimir turned up in varying patterns, and as spring came and went, we performed increasingly colorful and linguistically competent versions of the one-person performance “What I did Last Week”. Under Eva’s well-informed direction, we dipped into some classics of 20th-century German literature, including Thomas Bernhard, Hannah Arendt, Martin Heidegger (a shock), and Walter Benjamin. Benjamin, I have to admit, kind of defeated us. I rounded out my German language education by reading recent blockbuster/trashy English novels translated into German, which I picked up at the Oxfam shop on the Kurfürstendamm. I recommend this self-instruction method, along with watching a lot of TV, because it avoids the problems of high style that need to be left to truly advanced learners.

Where my actual project on 18th-century materialism and Kant’s philosophy was concerned, I made reasonable progress. By way of explanation, for a long time, most historians of philosophy assumed that German philosophy had gone straight from a form of dogmatic, metaphysical *Schulphilosophie* (crowned by the multi-volume works on God, the soul, and the world by Christian Wolff) straight to the “critical” philosophy of Immanuel Kant. My intention was to search for documentation of what I suspected to be a massive, but largely invisible “third body” influencing the Kantian path. This deflecting influence was a philosophy of nature based on essentially Epicurean (sometimes only semi-correctly identified with Spinozistic) principles, namely atheism, materialism, and critique of civilization. This naturalism posited the purely physical origins and end of the world, the eventual extinction of the human species, and the supreme ethical relevance of happiness and the avoidance of suffering in political and personal affairs.

I found that third body, as I had hoped, represented not only by the incursion of the French materialism of the *Encyclopédie* into German awareness and by Frederick the Great’s unabashed hedonism, but also in the psychological writings of the Göttingen School. In the process, I was led down many other interesting highways and byways, into Prussian social history, determinism and the opposition to the death penalty, and the “theory of women” in 18th-century anthropology. One surprise in conducting this research was that looking up names and topics on Google Scholar in Germany turned up completely different results from searches in the USA or the UK; my research simply

could not have been done outside Germany. And the ability of the Wiko librarians to turn up anything one asked for, often within 24 hours, made research flow, because everything came to hand just when it was needed.

As a historian and philosopher of science, I was an enthusiastic attendee at the many colloquia concerned with animal behavior and mentality and their evolutionary background. In my year, such talks were abundant, featuring the very latest research on elephants, bees, “the dark”, and bats. Swapping papers with Tim and Lars led to some good discussion on animal awareness, and Lars and I wound up writing a joint article for a popular science magazine, *Aeon*, on the topic why we might think insects have phenomenal awareness of their world.

An everyday feature of the Wiko and of Berlin generally that I especially appreciated was the honor system. We Fellows, with our magic fobs, had the freedom to come and go at all hours. We were trusted not to steal the open shelf library books or bottles of beer or to abuse the copy machines. This freedom – very different from the lockdown mentality of so many institutions elsewhere – kept me in a seriously relaxed and good frame of mind, as did the absence of turnstiles and gates in the U-Bahn and S-Bahn.

What I will perhaps most remember about my stay is the combination of intellectual force and individuality in the other Fellows and in the *Verwaltung*. Although weekday reading and writing often seemed interrupted by meals, colloquia, language classes, and special events, I don't regret for a minute their obligatory or semi-obligatory character. I didn't leave on July 15th with a finished book manuscript, but I did leave with new knowledge and convictions, with admiration for the sophisticated presentation skills of the Fellows, and with a much deeper exposure to fields outside my own.



## MISSING THE PERFECT PLACE FOR MUSING QIANFAN ZHANG

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Qianfan Zhang is a leading constitutional scholar and public intellectual in China and has been the Vice President of the Chinese Constitutional Law Association since 2004. He obtained his Ph.D. in Government from the University of Texas at Austin (1999) and taught comparative constitutional law and administrative law at the School of Law, Nanjing University, where he served as the Chief Editor of the faculty law journal, *Nanjing University Law Review*. He joined the law faculty in Peking University in 2003, where he is now the Director of the Center for the People's Congress and Parliamentary Studies and the Senior Deputy Director of the Constitutional and Administrative Law Center. He has published widely in the areas of Chinese and comparative constitutional law and moral and political philosophy. His works include: *The Constitutional Systems in the West* (2nd ed., 2004/05), *From Constitution to Constitutionalism: A Comparative Study of Judicial Review* (2008), *Legalizing Central-Local Relations* (2009, with Paul Gewirtz), *Principles of Constitutional Law* (2011), *Equality in Rights and Local Diversity: Another Perspective of Central-Local Relations* (2011), *The Constitution of China: A Contextual Analysis* (2012), *The Future of a Constitutional China* (2013), *Introduction to the Study of Constitutional Law* (3rd ed., 2014), *Human Dignity in Classical Chinese Philosophy: Confucianism, Mohism, and Daoism* (2016). – Address: School of Law, Peking University, 5 Yiheyuan Lu, Haidian District, 100871 Beijing, China.

I am writing this report on the direct flight to Beijing via Hainan Air, which offers surprisingly good service despite constant rumors about its embroilment in the political power circle. But rumors are much expected if not positively welcomed here. In fact,

contemporary Chinese live on rumors. It is the daily political rumors that provide the amorphous liberal circles with entertainment, dreams, even some hopes that, of course, most often turn out to be false. Aspiring rumors are ringing again just before the day I am heading home, which makes nice company. I wasn't quite sure if I could get out of my country last August; no such uncertainty on my way back. And I look forward to being back after a long departure.

Reflecting on my stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg, the most impressive time is still the first moment when I stepped into my Villa Walther apartment. I was the first one to arrive; no other Fellow was here yet; it was very quiet. I walked from one room to another, looking at the beautiful lake and greenery, congratulating myself for the prospect of staying at such a paradise for the next ten months. Of course, I never thought about leaving, until I received the note about writing this report. What has to come has come.

There isn't really much to be said about my life at the Wiko. Beautiful scenery, excellent service, wonderful people. No reasonable person can possibly have any complaint. My life was simple and my purpose almost singular. Other than occasional academic visits and excursions into special museum events (and 2017/18 is the anniversary of many events: the October Revolution, Martin Luther, and the Weimar Republic, just to name a few major ones), my life was largely limited to two points between the Koenigsallee and Wallotstraße. So I'll keep this note shorter than the other ones, lest it bores you.

My original project was on comparative federalism, a topic broad enough in itself. But it was quickly further broadened to a more general project on comparative constitutional design. I was intrigued to learn from the initial reading that the original meaning of federation (*foedus*) is a compact. The concrete federal institution isn't that important. It's even hard to say how "federal" the *Federal* Republic of Germany is. But the idea of federalism is important – at least for a giant and historically centralized state like China, if not generally for the world. It means equality rather than absolute hierarchy, mutual respect rather than unilateral allegiance, and rule by negotiation and compromise rather than by command and obedience. If a nation is not governed along these lines, it will be trapped in a vertical order that turns everything upside down.

So this turned me to a more thorough study of social contract, the subject of my long-term interest, in connection with constitution-making, the first subject in comparative constitutional design. It was also my weak subject, since it is pre-constitutional, thus not a traditional subject for constitutional law. But it has been a hot subject in China's constitutional law community for some years. Frankly, I didn't like what has been published in this

area, because much of it consisted of false prophecies based on the wrong (i.e., holistic) methodology. If not careful, the constituent power and even social contract theory can be made to defend if not demand the worst type of dictatorship. This means, however, that I shouldn't have simply ignored the subject as insignificant, since it can make a decisive difference at the outset. Anyway, I am happy that I have developed and largely answered my own queries on the subject and delivered what I see as a major blow to the false prophecies, and even got it published – surprising given the deteriorating speech environment in China today. Another article – this time, positively, on social contract as a “meta-constitution” – is coming out, though in China you can't trust “is” until it turns into “has”. There are still holes in the theory, as some Fellows pointed out during my presentation. Capital and the inequality it creates, for example, do pose a challenge to the idea of contract, meaning that certain conditions need to be met to make social contract socially feasible.

In both of these papers and in future papers, I acknowledge the Wiko, particularly its highly efficient library service. As the first Wiko arrival, I borrowed the first (and probably also the last) book from the Wiko library. I apologize for having overworked the library staff and the student assistant(s) who scanned so many book chapters for me. I cannot possibly read all the books and articles, but I have the materials to ruminate on back in China, so that my research and writing can carry on. The main purpose of my visit is really to get the key materials, because of course I'm aware that I won't have nearly as efficient library service back home. Actually, the Wiko management and library expertise can be useful to China and particularly to my institution, which is establishing a center similar to the Wiko, in collaboration with German universities and a foundation. Our library service needs and could be significantly enhanced by learning from the German library system.

The Wiko library workload could possibly have become heavier had I not taken some time off for something else. I do occasionally write op-eds on constitutional issues, though no longer so often partly due to China's tighter restriction on the media in recent years. But my nerve was a bit touched when Beijing sent a Marx statue to Trier for his 200th-birthday ceremony, which the city accepted after some debates. The event prompted me to write a commentary “From Marx to Lenin”. It was less widely appreciated by China's liberals, probably because they think that it understated the evil his theory did to the world, at least to Russia and China. Many people in the West, particularly in Germany it seems, however, are much friendlier to him, detaching him from the disastrous actions taken under the theory bearing his name. I was also surprised to find that a controversial

intellectual on the left is treated here as the representative of China's intelligentsia and perhaps as a comrade of the Western liberals on the left. This is a gross misunderstanding, of course. It is understandable from the perspective that Germany suffered mostly from the Nazis rather than the Communists, and China the opposite. Anyway, I'm happy to supply a sympathetic yet critical analysis of the intellectual foundation of the latter, and its English and German translation since it may be relevant for German public opinion.

The only imperfect incident at the Wiko was that the lovely swan couple failed to hatch little swans this year. I usually took a walk at least once a week around the Herthasee. That poor swan brooded for nearly three months, while a normal hatching should last no more than 40 days. I had to write a note to the lake administration from the information provided by the Wiko reception. A few days later, the swans disappeared. Then I saw them again in the other half of the lake, swimming to the world that belongs to them. I hope to see them again next time I have the chance to visit here.

As I am back home (unfortunately in hot rainy weather) and about to send this note, I find myself obligated to thank the Wiko again, this time to its IT services, whose staff helped me to recover a file I forgot to back up from my apartment computer. I need it for the conference next month in Nepal, which is assessing the efficacy of its federalist constitution, which is just three years old.

In a word: Thank you!



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