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INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY

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MIT BERICHTEN UND BEITRÄGEN VON

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VORWORT DER HERAUSGEBERIN

Das Fellowjahr 2018/19 stand im Zeichen von *transitions*, mehr oder weniger großen Übergängen. Die *major transitions* von Einzellern zu Organismen zu ‚Superorganismen‘ waren das zentrale Thema der Evolutionsbiologinnen und -biologen, die den Jahrgang in mancher Hinsicht geprägt haben. Einen Übergang gab es auch im Rektorat: Dies war der erste Jahrgang, den ich als Nachfolgerin von Luca Giuliani begleitet habe, und ich hoffe sehr, dass es ein sanfter und unmerklicher Übergang war. Mit *major* oder wenigstens *minor transitions* hatten es auch die Fellows selbst zu tun – mit „career changes, project changes, human changes, story changes“, wie Yvonne Owuor schreibt.

Die Berichte der Fellows legen Zeugnis ab von den unterschiedlichen transformativen Erfahrungen, die der „Wechsel vom akademischen Hamsterrad in die lustvolle Kreativität“ mit sich brachte, so Silja Häusermann. An die Freiheit, sich ohne schlechtes Gewissen ablenken zu lassen, ein Buch *nicht* zu schreiben, allerlei zu lesen, was man *nicht* lesen muss – daran hat sich manche(r) erst gewöhnen müssen. Die Befreiung aus den akademischen Alltagszwängen geht ja nicht selten mit gesteigertem Selbstzwang einher: In der Einsamkeit des Schreibtischs ist man nicht nur sein eigener Herr, sondern auch sein eigener Knecht, schreibt György Dragoman. Andererseits, so hat Gordon Feld seine Erfahrung auf den Punkt gebracht: „The time spent *not* getting things done was probably even more important.“

Als großen Übergang haben viele den Wechsel in ein anderes Land, eine andere Sprache, eine andere Wissenschaftskultur empfunden. Wer sich auf das mühsame Unternehmen eingelassen hat, als Anfänger Deutsch zu lernen, absolvierte eine Übung in Demut, wurde aber durch eine besondere Gruppensolidarität belohnt, wie David Queller, Hassan Salem und Jessica Stockholder anschaulich beschreiben. Die Erfahrung mit der Sprachenvielfalt schärfte auch die Sensibilität für kulturelle Übersetzungsprobleme im weiteren

Sinne. Das wurde nicht nur zum Thema eines Workshops gemacht, sondern auch im Berliner Alltag erfahrbar. Höflich, wie die Wiko-Fellows sind, lassen sie ihre Irritationen nur ganz verhalten durchblicken: ein Sommer mit Hitzerekorden ohne Klimaanlage! Brat- und Currywurst in allen Sorten, aber ein erschreckender Mangel an *jalapeño peppers*!

Um einen mehr oder weniger großen Übergang handelte es sich auch bei dem neuen Gesprächsformat, das in diesem Jahr zum ersten Mal ausprobiert wurde, dem *Science Humanities Forum* als Brücke über den Graben, der zwischen den beiden großen Wissenschaftskulturen, aber mitunter auch quer durch ein und dieselbe Disziplin verläuft. Die spezifische Konstellation dieses Jahrgangs mit der ungewöhnlich großen Zahl von Fellows aus den Lebenswissenschaften eignete sich in idealer Weise, um etwa die Frage zu thematisieren, wie viel Sozialwissenschaft eigentlich in der Biologie steckt. Schließlich benutzen *Life Sciences* und *Humanities* in vieler Hinsicht die gleiche Sprache, die gleichen Begriffe, Metaphern und Erzählmuster: Organismus, Kooperation, Konkurrenz, Ausbeutung, Betrug und nicht zuletzt: Evolution. Wenn die Biologin Judy Bronstein fragt, wie die Kooperation zwischen Spezies dauerhaft funktionieren kann, wenn doch alle Beteiligten dauernd der Versuchung ausgesetzt sind, einander zu betrügen, dann ist das womöglich gar nicht so weit entfernt von dem Projekt der OSZE-Unterhändlerin Heidi Tagliavini, die im Kollegjahr ihre Erfahrungen bei der Aushandlung des Abkommens von Minsk zu Papier gebracht hat, und von dem Projekt des Historikers David Armitage, dem es um das eher unwahrscheinliche Zustandekommen völkerrechtlicher Verträge zwischen ungleichen Kontrahenten ging.

Das *Science Humanities Forum* hat gezeigt, dass gerade die Verwendung der gleichen Begriffe eine wesentliche Ursache interdisziplinären Aneinandervorbeiredens ist. Aber wie, wenn nicht im Gespräch über Missverständnisse, sollte man auf die blinden Flecken der eigenen Disziplin aufmerksam werden? Aus der Allgegenwart von Missverständnissen folgt für Richard Swedberg die schlichte Einsicht, dass man seine Begriffe sorgfältig definieren sollte; woran er wiederum die interessante Beobachtung anschließt, „that most conversations would soon come to an end if people did not constantly misunderstand each other.“ Nicht zuletzt deshalb rissen unter den Fellows die Gesprächsfäden nie ab. Das produktive Potenzial von Missverständnissen führte mitunter sogar, wie im Fall von Bhrigupati Singh und Michael Wade, zu einer gemeinsamen Publikation. Doch Interdisziplinarität setzt bekanntlich zuerst einmal Disziplinen voraus. Dass am Ende die Welt doch durch die Brille des eigenen Faches wahrgenommen wird, zeigen die Metaphern, mit denen die Fellows das Kolleg beschreiben: Der Theologe versteht es als Gnadenanstalt (Günther Wassilowsky), der Medizinanthropologe als Sanatorium und Sanktuarium (Bhrigupati Singh), der Biologe als

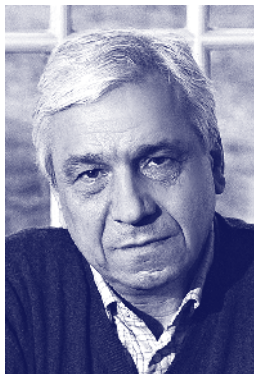
System arbeitsteiliger Zellen (Victor Sojo). Wie Jason Wolf schließlich zwingend nachweist, lässt sich die Arbeit am Kolleg auch sehr elegant als mathematische Gleichung beschreiben.

Als *major transition* ganz anderer Art haben viele Fellows den Übergang von der politischen Realität in ihren Herkunftsländern zum vergleichsweise friedlichen und behüteten Dasein im Wissenschaftskolleg empfunden. Die politische Lage in Syrien, Ägypten oder Brasilien, in der Türkei, in Ungarn oder Polen, aber auch in den USA war in diesem Jahrgang allgegenwärtig. Yassin al-Hadj Saleh und Amr Hamzawi können ihre Heimatländer seit langem nicht mehr betreten, wenn sie nicht riskieren wollen, inhaftiert zu werden. Bařak Tug musste sich während der Weihnachtspause in der Türkei wegen „Terrorismus“ vor Gericht verantworten. Christoph Grabenwarter und Stanisław Biernat befassten sich nicht nur theoretisch mit der Aushöhlung rechtsstaatlicher Verfahren in Polen und Ungarn. György Dragomán wusste, dass sein Name in Ungarn auf einer schwarzen Liste steht. Thomas Lewinsohn sah sich mit der Tatsache konfrontiert, dass die neu gewählte brasilianische Regierung seinen Forschungsgegenstand, den Regenwald, in großem Stil vernichtet. Heidi Tagliavini konnte von der politischen Strategie Russlands in der Ostukraine aus eigener Anschauung berichten. Die Fellowgruppe hat all das nicht unberührt gelassen. Ihre Initiative, politisch verfolgten Kolleginnen und Kollegen Unterstützung zu leisten, wird über das Fellowjahr hinaus Bestand haben.

Es war nicht zuletzt die Stadt Berlin als zentraler historischer Erinnerungsort der Revolutionen und Katastrophen des 20. Jahrhunderts, was viele Fellows während ihres Aufenthalts beschäftigt hat. Für einige von ihnen bedeutete Berlin zugleich die Erinnerung an ihre emigrierten oder ermordeten Vorfahren, und sie nutzten den Aufenthalt im Kolleg, um ihre deutsch-jüdische Familiengeschichte zu rekonstruieren. Kirsten Traynor ist in das Land ihrer „Vatersprache“ zurückgekehrt; Thomas Lewinsohn hat das Grab seines gefallenen Großvaters wiedergefunden. Sarah Richardson hat den Wunsch ihrer Großmutter erfüllt, einen „Stolperstein“ für ihre deportierten Familienmitglieder zu stiften, und sie hat das Formular für die Beantragung der deutschen Staatsbürgerschaft immerhin schon ausgefüllt. Auch Joan Strassmann ist den Spuren ihrer Familie in Berlin nachgegangen, und sie hat am Ende die deutsche Staatsangehörigkeit angenommen. „What role did Wiko play in my accepting the new bond of German citizenship and Berlin as a home city? A big one.“ Ein größeres Kompliment kann man dem Wissenschaftskolleg kaum machen.

Man findet noch vieles andere in diesem Jahrbuch, das den Fellows in Erinnerung bleiben wird: die Schwäne, die Füchse, das Wildschwein. Die Tanzparties, die Karaoke-Abende, das Berghain. Denn, wie Gordon Feld erleichtert festgestellt hat: „Fellows are just people!“

Arbeitsberichte



MY BERLIN
YASSIN AL-HAJ SALEH

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 then spent 16 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 Hamisch (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: نقد ونقد المعاصر الإسلام نقد: الآخرين أساطير (Myths of the Successors: a Critique of Contemporary Islam and a Critique of the Critique). Beirut: Dar al-Saqi, 2011. شباب يا بالخلاص: السوروية السجون في عام 16 (Salvation, oh Boys: 16 Years in the Syrian Prisons). [Beirut: Dar al-Saqi, 2012]. English edition: *The Impossible Revolution: Making Sense of the Syrian Tragedy*. London: Hurst, [2017]. الإسلاميين، طوائف وظهور الإسلامية المسألة في: المقهورون الامبرياليون (Conquered Imperialists: On the Islamic Question and the emergence of Islamist Sects). Beirut, 2019.

Friendly was the word that came directly to my mind to dub Berlin when I first visited the city in spring 2017. I still do not know what the friendly thing about Berlin is, but I guess it is related to the breadth of its streets, to the comparative rarity of very high buildings, to the rarity of traffic jams, and to the very good, seldom crowded transportation network. This is humane, respectful to the reasonable needs of humans. Berlin is the most “friendly” to its population of the (few) cities I know.

Are the people themselves friendly? They are formal, and this has been good for me, a person in the second half of his fifties, who likes to keep his safe distance like the Berliners. “Warmth” is not that dear to me.

Berlin is not a demanding or self-imposing city. I do not think that specific credentials are expected for someone to be a good Berliner. A Lebanese friend of mine thinks that Berlin does not change people, unlike London, which he knows very well. I do not know London, and I do agree that cities should change people, that they are spaces for people to change themselves as well. But I think that Berlin does change people, and in more than one way. One way is quite apparent: intellectual life. So active, rich and reachable, and vibrant, with huge and sprawling cultural infrastructure. Changed a little bit, you leave a film or a lecture or an exhibition or a play ... and you go with friends to a bar or restaurant in one of Berlin’s many centers. These are not private spaces nor public; they are in a middle status between the two, a limbo in which you have to spend some time before going back home. The polycentric character of Berlin is one source of its diversity, plurality, and humanity. In Paris, the city that I know a bit, the one center attracts everybody, with many frustrated because they are not central at the center. I mean they feel alienated, not very good for a space so visible. They tend to be aggressive because they are dismissed; some turn into saboteurs. You are not under such pressure in polycentric or a-centric Berlin; you develop a sense that you are okay wherever you are. This keeps you a bit healthier and protects your capacity to learn. To change. As far as I can see, expatriate people are changed and changing themselves here more than in Paris.

At a restaurant, what to eat? Well, you are not obliged to eat German food, which by the way does not deserve its very bad reputation. It can be good at times. It is by no means only *Kartoffel* and pork. However, Berlin is really cosmopolitan from the perspective of the variety of its restaurants. An expatriate Syrian joke exclaims: how do you know that a certain neighborhood in Berlin is really mixed and cosmopolitan? And the answer is: there, you find even German restaurants!

Is Berlin equally friendly to women? Refugees and immigrants? People of color? I cannot authoritatively answer. But for refugees, I know that there are some 750.000 Syrians in Germany, many of them in the *Hauptstadt*. I heard this unforgettable sentence from a German I respect a lot: the only day I felt proud to be German was when Merkel took the decision to open the border to refugees (most of them were Syrians, my fellow citizens). This was at a Wiko Thursday dinner, and it is what I keep most from a second year at the institute.

I know very well that things are not so rosy in daily life. Still, I have only two firsthand experiences of the opposite; in one incident, I was targeted among other people and, in the other, a witness. I think younger people have more bad stories.

Some of my people may say: ah, this is a man who has always had a ceiling over his head in Berlin and enjoyed privacy, never lived in *al-heim* as we, Syrian refugees, call it, the *Flüchtlingslager*, the feared “space of exception” in which one of my friends remained for almost three years with his wife and three children; he never had to register at a job center, nor deal with the notorious German bureaucracy (apart from another “space of exception”: the barbed-wired consulate in Istanbul). Fair enough. I do not mean to defend Berlin, not against those who have had bitter experiences in it, for god’s sake, let alone German integration policies (I have big problems with the very concept of integration). I just want to salute the city I have been living in for two years.

I am sure that the presence of many strangers in the city makes things easier for me by “breaking” its pure Germanness. Break is the verb we use in Syria for adding water to ‘*araq* (*raķi* in Turkey, and I think they use the same verb) to lessen the concentration of our national alcoholic drink. Not so many people drink ‘*araq* without “breaking” it. They would get drunk soon.

Drunk are those who are addicted to their own pure things. Germany has its share of them today. It had a disproportionately big share of addicts just three generations ago. What I like in Berlin is that it is not obsessed with purities.

And believe it or not, I do not feel specifically depressed by the notoriously gray, long days and weeks of Berlin’s fall and winter. I swear I do not. But I will not defend that. It could be an idiosyncratic leaning of a person who is not very young.



ZUM EWIGEN FRIEDEN:
EIN WIKOLOGISCHER ENTWURF
DAVID ARMITAGE

David Armitage was born in Stockport, UK, in 1965 and, after education at Cambridge and Princeton, has spent most of his professional life in the United States. Over the past 25 years, he has taught various forms of history there – British, Atlantic, and global; intellectual, imperial, and international – first at Columbia University and more recently at Harvard University, where he is the Lloyd C. Blankfein Professor of History and an Affiliated Faculty Member at Harvard Law School. He is the author or editor of 18 books, among them *The Ideological Origins of the British Empire* (2000), *The Declaration of Independence: A Global History* (2007), *Foundations of Modern International Thought* (2013), *The History Manifesto* (co-authored, 2014), and *Civil Wars: A History in Ideas* (2017). He has held visiting professorships and research positions in Australia, Britain, China, France, Germany, South Korea, and the United States, and he is currently an Honorary Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge and an Honorary Professor of History at both the University of Sydney and Queen's University Belfast. He is also a Corresponding Member of Spain's Real Academia de la Historia, a Corresponding Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, an Honorary Fellow of the Australian Academy of the Humanities, and a Foreign Member of the Academia Europaea. – Address: Department of History, Harvard University, Robinson Hall, 35 Quincy St, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA.
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I arrived at the Wissenschaftskolleg with a puzzle and high hopes. My hopes centered on Wiko. The puzzle concerned Kant. Ten months later, I left with some answers, more questions, and all my great expectations surpassed. “The best year of my life,” I told a

friend who asked how it had been. “So far,” he kindly replied. Yet it would take a lot to equal, let alone to outdo, that *Wunderjahr* on Wallotstraße.

Among academic institutions, Wiko is the ideal to which others may aspire but never quite reach. In this regard, it resembles Kant’s idea of perpetual peace – the source of the puzzle I brought in my baggage to Berlin. Kant laid out his vision in 1795 in a short book entitled *Zum ewigen Frieden: Ein philosophischer Entwurf* (Toward Perpetual Peace: A Philosophical Sketch). He couched his argument as a set of preliminary articles, definitive articles, and even, in a revised edition, a “secret” article of perpetual peace. In short, Kant composed his treatise in the form of a *treaty*. But why? That was one conundrum I wanted to tackle at Wiko, as part of a larger project I began there on the global history of “treaty consciousness” from the early modern period to the present, viewed through the lens of intellectual and cultural history.

To make any headway with that project, I needed, at a minimum, time, books – *lots* of books! – interlocutors, and greatly improved German. Wiko provided all this, and more. I arrived early in August for the intensive German lessons, to both humiliation and illumination. After being thrown out of the first class for being a “false beginner”, the reward was an enlightening conversation with my forgiving teacher about the semantics of *Vertrag*, meaning, revealingly but for anglophones confusingly, both “contract” and “treaty”. Those weeks of deep immersion before the Wiko year began helped me immeasurably to polish my rusty German, to resettle in Berlin (where I’d been a brief visitor at both Wiko and the Freie Universität in recent years), and, above all, to kindle friendships that lasted the whole year and beyond.

One main goal for the year was *not* to write a book: I’ve done that perhaps too often lately. Instead, I badly needed the time and space to read, reflect, and recharge before my next major work. Yet one can never quite shake off earlier work. Soon after I arrived in Berlin, my latest book appeared in German as *Bürgerkrieg: Vom Wesen innerstaatlicher Konflikte* (2018); over the course of the year, I gave interviews and presentations about it, wrote a reply to critics for a special journal issue devoted to it, and in the majestic theater of the Deutsches Historisches Museum presented the Humboldt-Universität’s annual Droysen Lecture on it. Alongside this residual work on war, I finished co-editing a collection on the cultural history of peace in the Age of Enlightenment, as well as articles defending presentism in historical writing and treating John Locke’s bureaucratic and philosophical engagement with treaties. Because 2018/2019 was the first full year I had spent across the Atlantic since moving to the US in 1993, I keenly seized most opportunities to keep up

connections and to create new ones in Europe and the UK with lectures, seminars, and conferences on these and other subjects in Augsburg, Belfast, Berlin, Freiburg, Gotha, Göttingen, Hamburg, Helsinki, Jena, Newcastle, Sussex, Tartu, Verona, Vienna, and Zurich. For two weeks in February, I even played truant to lecture on the history of the Pacific Ocean and its peoples in French Polynesia. The first Europeans to visit those islands thought Tahiti the closest place on earth to paradise: of course, they hadn't been to the Wissenschaftskolleg.

Wiko launched my study of treaty-making and treaty-breaking over the *longue durée* with three main events and a thousand smaller prompts along the way. The first occasion was my Tuesday Colloquium at the mid-point of the year in early December. Daniel Schönplüg urged us to play with the standard lecture format and I took him at his word by offering three short talks, punctuated by rapid-fire questions sessions, memorably introduced and meticulously chaired by Gisèle Sapiro. I spoke about the ubiquity of treaties, their visual representation in Western art from Holbein to 1919, and their contemporary significance in the age of Trump and Brexit. Acute responses from fellow Fellows and their partners that day shaped the next six months of my work at Wiko; I'm sure they will continue to inform my book over the coming years.

That is also true of the second event, a classic Wiko workshop, generously funded by the Otto und Martha Fischbeck-Stiftung, on the question "What is a Treaty?" It was classically Wiko because it was multidisciplinary, gathering scholars of art history, international relations, international law, and legal theory in conversation with historians of many stripes, but also because it was informal, open-ended, and richly fertile in new questions rather than definite answers. Finally, at the close of the year, I was honored to join former Fellow Anne Peters in presenting an Abendkolloquium on the theme of "Treaties in Danger? Contemporary Crises of International Order in Historical Perspective". This was an occasion to bring a wider audience to Wiko. It allowed us to debate whether the postwar international legal order founded on treaties was shifting or shattering, based on developments such as the Trump administration's withdrawal from various international agreements, the then British government's inability to ratify its treaty for exiting the European Union, and the defeated Swiss referendum on the supremacy of domestic law over international law. Each of these events propelled my project but also made it harder, by revealing new complexities and opening up unanticipated lines of inquiry: all, again, classically Wiko.

Yet, what's perhaps most characteristic are the more informal, self-organized, and unplanned exchanges that Wiko excites. Where else could I have found out why it might

matter what kind of table you sit at to negotiate a treaty, as I did from Heidi Tagliavini? (In one of her inimitable installations, Jessica Stockholder later transformed the table at which the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht had allegedly been signed.) Or how treaty regimes that seem benign to Western powers can be so destructive to more vulnerable populations, as Yassin Al-Haj Saleh powerfully reminded me in relation to Syria? Or whether the sanctions imposed in certain treaties mirror similar behaviors among social insects, as Koos Boomsma urged me to consider? Every occasion for interaction – from the August walking tours of Berlin and many stumbling exchanges in German lessons, via brief encounters in the Club Room, to all those lovely long lunches and even longer dinners – seemed to bring new pleasures and novel insights, especially from our large, lively group of biologists. Then there were moments of quiet triumph, such as finally reading (most of) Max Weber's *Politik als Beruf* in the original, thanks entirely to patience and encouragement from Gisèle and Eva von Kügelgen.

All this happened with Wiko's unusual commitment to integrating the arts, and artists, with the human and natural sciences. As a fiction reader, I'll be forever proud to have played a small part in launching Yvonne Owuor's kaleidoscopic novel, *The Dragonfly Sea*. (When Yvonne wins the Nobel Prize, I shall dine out on the story of her thrashing me at pingpong.) And as an opera lover, I'm eternally grateful for the chance to sit in on rehearsals at the Staatsoper of Beat Furrer's unsettling masterpiece, *Violetter Schnee*. For ours was a year of memorable music – Quatuor Diotima and Cantando Admont performing more from Beat; Nurit Stark and Cédric Pescia playing Schumann; Beat and Cordula's touching Schubert at the *Abschiedsfest*. In a different register altogether, there was even Siobhán O'Brien's Spotify list that electrified our dance parties from deepest winter through to dazzling summer.

Those parties were perhaps the signature achievement of the Fellows' Speakership, to which Gisèle and I were unexpectedly elected at the beginning of the year. The great upside of this office was the chance to spend even more time with everyone who makes the Wissenschaftskolleg such an extraordinary environment. We were fortunate to be there during Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger's first year as Rector: Barbara's grace and rigor, inclusiveness and good humor, set the perfect tone right from the start, with the generous support of those most blessed of academicians, the Permanent Fellows. Daniel and Thorsten inhabit their unusual roles with inventiveness and dignity, but how to begin to thank them, along with Andrea, Nina, and Vera, Katharina, Petria, and Sophia, and all those who keep the Rolls Royce vehicle that is Wiko humming so smoothly? And how to

pay tribute to Dunia and her incomparable team? Perhaps Hassan Salem said it best, after leaving Wiko too soon in mid-year. What was the hardest part about being away? “That there’s no Dunia,” he lamented. Hassan, we now all feel your pain.

What, after all, of my Kantian puzzle? With the help of Wiko’s miracle-working librarians (*vielen Dank*, Anja, Kirsten, and Stefan!), I uncovered his learned playfulness. *Zum ewigen Frieden* begins with an old joke. Kant tells us that “toward perpetual peace” were the words a Dutch innkeeper inscribed on his tavern sign with a picture of a graveyard: the only true way to find peace was to *rest* in peace. It turned out the joke wasn’t even Kant’s: it came from his predecessor, Leibniz, who had told it a century before in the preface to a compendium of treaties he compiled in the 1690s. This showed he was familiar with treaty collections, where he would have found the formula “perpetual peace” much used in the texts of treaties and which would have provided templates for his own treaty-like text. That work appeared in late 1795, just a few months after his native Prussia had signed a pivotal peace treaty with revolutionary France.

Kant’s use of the treaty genre was allusive, witty, and timely all at once. And it turned out it was not unique in his oeuvre. As we discovered in a magical reading group on Cassirer and Kant (*grace à* Karin, Juliane, and Gisèle), Kant extended the joke a year later in an essay that ironically promised the “imminent conclusion of a treaty of perpetual peace in philosophy” (*Verkündigung des nahen Abschlusses eines Traktats zum ewigen Frieden in der Philosophie*). I hadn’t quite solved my puzzle – just where had Kant read about the Treaty of Basel? How did he know his readers would get the jokes? – but it had ramified satisfyingly. And it helped me to lay the foundations for a multi-year project I could not have begun without Wiko’s stimulus and support.

Kant argued that institutional innovation, individual independence, and occasionally agonistic sociability would all be needed in the search for perpetual peace. He also knew such a condition was more likely to be pursued than finally achieved. Yet even he could not have imagined the kind of profound calm amid ferment that the Wissenschaftskolleg inspires.

Wiko has a logo – that famous naked (male) angel with his outsized pair of compasses – but not, it seems, a motto. Why not steal one from Kant, as he had pilfered it from Leibniz? *Zum ewigen Frieden*.



MATTER MOVES MIND.
AN ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE UNWIELDY
RUTH BIELFELDT

Ruth Bielfeldt is Professor for Classical Archaeology at the Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität Munich; previously she taught at the universities of Harvard and Heidelberg. She has worked on visual narratives in Roman funerary art, especially Roman sarcophagi, the relationship between visual arts and written text, and concepts of spectatorship. She is the author of *Orestes auf Römischen Sarkophagen* (Berlin, 2005). Her recent interests lie in the field of object studies. A single-edited volume *Ding und Mensch in der Antike: Gegenwart – Vergegenwärtigung* (Heidelberg, 2014) explores phenomenological approaches to ancient material culture and discusses notions of vitality in objects. In 2016, she launched “New Light from Pompeii”, a multidisciplinary project on the largely unpublished corpus of lighting devices in bronze from the Naples region. The project studies the materiality, optics, ambience, and performativity of Roman artificial lighting and uses 3D data of lamps and lamp stands to produce virtual light simulations. At the Wissenschaftskolleg she worked on her next book project on the Colossus of Rhodes. – Address: Institut für Klassische Archäologie, Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität München, Katharina-von-Bora-Straße 10, 80333 München, Germany. E-mail: bielfeldt@lmu.de.

My steps echo when I walk through the empty, depopulated courtyard of Villa Walther. We are the last to leave. All the other Fellows, partners, children, and Zeus the dog have dispersed into the wide world, while Villa Walther, stubbornly, makes sure it is left out of the circle of mobility. If I start thinking back about this very special year at the Wissenschaftskolleg, two things come to mind that will stay with me as I leave Berlin.

Wiko as Social Experiment.

Never before in my life – and I have been on other residential grants – have I worked, dined, and lived together with an intellectually and nationally so diverse group of people – academics, politicians, artists, musicians. Wiko was much more radical than I expected it to be (and much more radical than many Institutes for Advanced Studies in other places of the world): in bringing together a cohort that had no common disciplinary or academic background, no common goal, no common god (or boss). All attempts, and there were many, to institutionally, poetically, or psychologically metaphorize the Kolleg thus had to fail: Wiko is *not* a school, *not* a monastery, and *not* a desert island to find oneself stranded on. Wiko is Wiko and no place else.

The most amazing thing about Wiko is that this institution insists on face-to-face conversation, on orality, on nearness, on the materiality of the word. It is an academia in a Platonic sense. You have to talk. If you don't want to talk, don't go there. The oral culture of Wiko is beautiful, and hard. The more we academics have turned into managers, the more we have lost the ability to listen carefully – and consequently – to speak to others. Conversation across the continental divides of our disciplines worked as often as it did not. Many of us wondered how long it actually took, more than half a year, until we had reached deeper levels of exchange. But failure or retardation is as interesting as a good outcome. And with some Fellows, friendship came first, and then free, effortless talking.

Wiko and the Unwieldiness of Place

For the archaeologist, Berlin is the place to be. Berlin feels like a huge archaeological site that is to be experienced by means of the ground, with its – physically and historically – uneven pavements, its stumbling stones, the tracing of the Wall, the iron platforms of Gleis 17. Memory lies in the many wounds that the city dares to leave open, sometimes untended. I had forgotten, not so much how ugly Berlin was, but also how haunted it still is. It is as if the city's historical layers are involved in numerous fights with one another: Prussian bourgeois modesty with Nazi to-be-Germania, the megalomaniac German Empire façades with the bullet-hole-wall aesthetics, the charm of time-forgotten West Berlin corners with the Disney World of Mitte. Berlin produces, or better, cherishes antagonisms that are sometimes beautiful, often hardly bearable, rarely both: the Reichstag, center of German democracy, whose walls are covered with Russian graffiti by soldiers

occupying the building in 1946; the Memorial Center in the Bendlerblock where German Resistance is still being remembered in the form of a nude male bronze (1953) by Richard Scheibe, a sculptor who had had a stellar career under the Nazis; or the phantom of the Palace of the Republic haunting the ready-made Humboldt Forum, an eye-for-an-eye-for-an-eye. The whole city, in the shell of the global metropolis, is an antinomy. It keeps producing and reproducing itself in the midst of a deserted Brandenburg countryside, where we meet the failures of the Prussian colonization and the German reunification project, with insects, wolves, and eagles filling the voids.

Berlin, the palimpsest of unmediated history, is archaeologically creative ground. It is a city of signs and traces to be uncovered. Many of these signs are unambiguous; they still bleed through the brittle signs of the city's wounds. Others have become largely silent: leftovers of a forgotten past, unable to adjust themselves to the meanings and values of the present. It is open whether we will be able to fill them with new meaning.

One of the erratic, unsettled, and unsettling Berlin "blocks" that deeply shaped my time at Wiko was Villa Walther, severely damaged in WWII and halfheartedly modernized after escaping total demolition in 1980. A METEORITE whose scale does not fit into our perceptual systems. The Fellows move like dwarves within the unintelligible colossal frame of the building, and they care little. The building is there, but it does not speak to us, monstrous in its eclectic decorum, forlorn, burdened with the haunted stories of its architect, an unwieldy relic of a forgotten past. I myself spent the year working on the colossal figure in antiquity, namely the Rhodian Colossus, a monument that suffers from a megalomaniac origin and its almost complete loss of meaning in modern times, and here I found myself living in a similar colossus that combined scale, pretense, and oblivion. My first reaction after moving into the building was aversion and some kind of humorous negligence, so laborious and preposterously sad looked the random mixture of archaizing and Romanizing reliefs, sprinkled with quotations of Roman morals. The first months, it remained a theatrical backdrop, unable to engage with my Wiko present. By winter, I had given the colossus a name – the mausoleum: so prominent the themes of ancient funerary iconography (such as the "garland sarcophagi" or the "ram altars" and the casts of the Hegeso stele or the Orpheus and Eurydice panel in the main staircase), so prominent the anecdote of the architect's suicide in one of the Villa's rooms. By spring, I caught myself wondering what kind of impact the Villa had on the work I was producing in it. Only by early summer, when it was time to leave, was I finally ready to look at the building: no research, just look.

Mind Moves Matter? Approaches to My Wiko Home.

Not much is really known about the architect Wilhelm Julius Walther, apart from the incredibly long list of private and public buildings he authorized and his tragic end. How come a Gründerzeit architect is as much lost to us as an ancient monument? My first step was to lift the veil of oral and written rumors, which was easy. There never was a Russian patron or buyer. What Schäche et al. describe as the Zarist coat of arms¹ decorating the balcony on the back of the building (fig. 1), an autopsy and a quick Google search quickly revealed to be the coat of arms of the city of Cologne: the double eagle, the eleven flames of St. Ursula, and above all the term Agrippina, naming the Roman colony. Cologne was Walther's native city and he must have thought of the balcony as a kind of epiphanic space, where he could step out of the private breakfast room to emerge to his guests behind his emblem. So, did he ever plan to sell the building? I doubt it. But what was the colossus then? The hand-drawn architectural plans tell us that the second floor was to host an extensive picture gallery featuring Lenbach, Stuck, and the European Masters, while the third floor contained huge studios. With the Haus zum Bieber in Wilmersdorf, Walther had already built a combined "Wohn- und Atelier-Haus", but this house went far beyond: was he thinking of a private Bau- and Kunstakademie?

Over the year, I had trained myself to see an aggressive historicism, a pictorial war-mongering in the decoration of the 1912 building. Luca Giuliani, in the Kolleg's brief publication, suggestively wrote about the clenched-fist ideology in images and inscriptions, alluding to one of the centaurs on the façade (which is actually a well-trained female hybrid bravely countering her male partner). And yes, there are the two warrior statues in the back, which, on the 1940 postcard of the building then used as the Reichsfinanzschule, one of them clearly is equipped with a Hitler Gruß! (fig. 2). And on the few personal photographs that survive in the TU-Architekturmuseum,² Walther himself, lifetime officer, always appears in military attire (fig. 3). He was drafted in 1914 at the age of 57, which is one of the reasons why his business eventually failed: he had no time to work. When taking a closer look at the images, however, I became less and less convinced about

¹ Schäche, Wolfgang, Daniel Ralf Schmitz, and David Pessier. *Berlin und seine Bauherren: Als die Hauptstadt Weltstadt wurde*. Berlin, 2018, 95–123.

² Technisches Architekturmuseum <https://architekturmuseum.ub.tu-berlin.de/index.php?p=58&O=102709> (last accessed 15 August 2019).

the bellicose iconography. What I saw, again and again, was an obsession with the arts and the gods. The mosaic on the central pediment has them all (fig. 4): to the left of the window, Pallas Athena framed by a woman with a kithara, music, and a smith, standing for the iron and steel industry; to the left, a seated stucco mason (?). On the right, personifications of sculpture and poetry approach a bare-breasted woman who can only be *Architectura*, here celebrated as *Mater Artium* (and not Cicero's *Philosophia*), and next to her a stonemason. The mosaic is one big allegory of the Gründerzeit crafts and industries being aligned with the gods of skill and the personifications of the traditional liberal arts. Above them there is room for nothing but the sky: a nude hero rises toward heaven in his chariot. But is he the sun god Helios? Where are his rays?

Upon a closer look, the same and similar figures of arts and crafts appear again and again. The bronze panel over the main door shows Athena framed by the bronze smith and *Architectura*, the fine stucco pairs on the staircase ceilings are Athena and the iron industry, *Pictura* and *Architectura* (fig. 5), Apollo, Athena, each with the muses of Tragedy and Comedy, and a boy making a dedication to a saintly man with scroll and globe, maybe *Philosophia*. Is this "eclecticism"? Painstakingly, Walther created this network of visual and textual references across the entire building, covering different places and materials: the arts, crafts, and gods weaving the semantic and material web of the Villa's divine materiality. A similar game might be played with the Greek, not Roman, gods and heroes in the awkward-looking, severe-style reliefs that populate the walls (why on earth did Walther resort to the archaic and severe style in 1910?). Next to the Phidian Zeus, the protector "Gott", I managed to recognize Helios, Zeus, Poseidon, the baby Dionysos, Apollo, Artemis, Athena, Asclepius, and Hermes, and there are more. The reliefs are difficult to read even for the archaeologist, as most of them are idiosyncratically designed, even if already employed for other Berlin buildings,³ again combining gods and personifications in a visual language that was intelligible only to Walther himself.

All the Latin phrases about work and hardship, *labor* and *aspera*, about learning (*doceri*) and competition, all calls to persevere (*ne cede malis*), all symbols of hand-to-hand fighting and victory suddenly become comments not only on the ideology of productivity in the Deutsche Kaiserreich, but on the hard and hilariously successful life of the

³ The façade of his 1910 building for the Wohlfahrt GmbH (once Am Karlsbad 23) already employed the relief with seated and standing gods (?) offering wine that we find above the balcony in the courtyard of Villa Walther.

Königliche Baurat Wilhelm Walther himself, a workaholic and gifted draftsman, who, according to his preserved hand drawings, conceptualized, designed, and drew all of his buildings himself, outside and inside. Even the *carpe diem* panel in the courtyard has an image of Herakles wrestling with a hind: work is in every moment.

Villa Walther as embodiment of Bauhandwerk – Villa Walther as a globe of artistic productivity and creativity (a third globe, now missing, was once perched on the roof) – Villa Walther as mausoleum – Villa Walther as school of learning. Which of these interpretations is right? Any? Or maybe all? Did Walther, a multi-millionaire, single, and childless, think of his house as an architecture school, museum, and heritage foundation after his death, a small successor to Schinkel's Bauakademie, and of himself as a patron of the arts? Is this a monument to commemorate his achievements in life and to announce – preemptively – his glorious apotheosis after death? Is that why he added the ambiguous image of a man rising to the skies in his chariot? The charioteer, who is not Helios, might be Walther himself.

Walther's memory has faded quickly and the imperial meanings of Villa Walther are inaccessible as if buried by archaeological layers. Is there a way to uncover them? Maybe yes. Is there a way to bring them back to life? Maybe not. Walther's allegories and self-glorifications will never mean much to us now, his personal tragedy will. But the Villa has physically endured, a monument to nothing but "herself", and this is what matters to us now. Virgil's *mens agitat molem* – mind moves masses – under the Aeneas-Dido panel is, among the many sententiae, the one that time has shown to be most blatantly wrong. It is not the mind, but the unbecoming, unwieldy *molis* – the rock – of the Villa, that, by her sometimes sullen, sometimes serene persistence, sets our curiosity and creativity in motion. We were lucky enough to call her home for the year. Thank you, dear team at Wiko and dear friends, for a year spent together on good ideas, in good company, and: in good stones.



Fig. 1. Coat of Arms of Cologne, integrated in balcony on garden façade.



Fig. 2. Villa Walther, Reichsfinanzschule (1940), historical postcard.



Fig. 3. Wilhelm Walther, center, undated photograph, Architekturmuseum der Technischen Universität, Inv. Nr. 62674.



Fig. 4. Mosaic in central pediment with Athena and personifications of arts and crafts.



Fig. 5. Stucco reliefs in staircase: Athena and industry (above); architecture and painting (below).

Credits

Fig. 1, 4, 5 photo author.

Fig. 2 public domain.

Fig. 3 Technische Universität, Architekturmuseum.



A MULTICOLOURED AUTUMN
IN GRUNEWALD
STANISŁAW BIERNAT

Stanisław Biernat, born in 1949, is Professor of European and Public Law at the Jagiellonian University in Kraków. For nearly 15 years, he also taught at the National School of Public Administration in Warsaw. He was a member of the Legislative Council at the Office of the Prime Minister and subsequently became a judge on the Supreme Administrative Court (2001–2008) and the Constitutional Tribunal (2008–2017), as well as the Tribunal's Vice-President (2010–2017). He has authored well over a hundred publications in Polish, English and German and is a member of Polish and international scientific associations. Professor Biernat was on scholarships *inter alia* in the USA (University of Wisconsin), the United Kingdom (All Souls College, Oxford) and Germany (including a scholarship from the Alexander von Humboldt Foundation in Heidelberg). He is a doctor honoris causa of the Friedrich-Schiller-Universität in Jena. – Address: Uniwersytet Jagielloński, Katedra Prawa Europejskiego, Olszewskiego 2, PL-31-007 Krakow, Poland. E-mail: stanislaw.biernat@uj.edu.pl.

I was pleasantly surprised when, unexpectedly, in June 2017, I received a letter from Rector Luca Giuliani with an invitation to hold a three-month Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin (Wiko). Regrettably, I had to decline the invitation at that time. It was a difficult time at the conclusion of my activity as a judge and Vice-President of the Constitutional Tribunal, which coincided with the escalating constitutional crisis in Poland.

The Rector approved the postponement of the invitation to the following year, when, in the meantime, Professor Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger became the new Rector. I was offered a three-month stay (so-called short-term Fellowship), which is shorter than for most

Fellows. I stayed in Berlin between September and 20 December 2018. My wife accompanied me for some of the time there.

A concise presentation of my stay in Wiko is not an easy task, if it is to include its various aspects. Briefly stated, I could term my stay as multicoloured, literally and metaphorically.

It is worth starting with a short description of the surroundings. Grunewald is a villa district of Berlin amongst lakes, an oasis of peace (to say nothing of Koenigsallee!), even though it is located at a distance of only about one kilometre from the busy Ku'damm. Old villas of the Wissenschaftskolleg, scattered over quite a large area, perform various functions. I was staying in the huge, slightly demonic Villa Walther associated with the dramatic fate of its creator – architect Wilhelm Walther.

The comfortable working conditions created for the Fellows and their family members deserve appreciation. I had a very convenient residence with a separate part of it intended for work. The view from the window offered a chance to observe the changing autumn colours of leaves on the branches and twigs entangled around the entrance gate leading to the courtyard in front of Villa Walther, as winter was approaching. I watched that relaxing colourfulness of nature every day from behind my computer screen.

The friendly approach of Madam Rector and the Wiko staff intended to facilitate the stay of the Fellows and their families should be emphasized. The assistance offered by the library staff in bringing the books that were ordered and scanning articles was quick and faultless. Equally professional and kind were the persons working at the Reception and other departments.

Above all, however, note is to be made of the key characteristic of the Wiko Fellowship: the gathering in one place and at the same time of several dozen academics from various countries and continents, with various specialities and of different ages, as well as artists, writers and musicians. The encounter with such different people who are distinguished personalities in their fields and the intensive contact between them were an exceptionally interesting experience. It was a diversity of colours, metaphorically speaking!

The forms of contact between the Fellows and their families varied. Most educational were the colloquia on Tuesdays and sometimes Thursdays, too, with extensive presentations on various subjects of interest to the particular Fellows, which engendered intensive discussions. When I was at Wiko, subjects in the natural sciences prevailed. I would be lying if I said that I understood everything!

Of great importance for the Fellows' integration were daily common lunches, which were Wiko's specialty, as well as dinners on Thursdays, providing an opportunity for long

discussions on diverse themes. Also, individual Fellows demonstrated initiative organising social events on various occasions (or on no special occasion!), in Wiko buildings or elsewhere. Personally, in November 2018, I organised for the Fellows, their partners and Wiko staff a show of the Polish film *Cold War*, which was then nominated for an Oscar. At the end of my stay, I invited the Fellows and their partners to a social event (with Eva von Kügelgen's help) combined with the screening of the film *Am Ende kommen Touristen* / *And Along Come Tourists*.

The crowning glory of the social life before I left was a grand ball held in December 2018. After leaving, I checked Wiko e-mails regularly and observed nostalgically, from a distance, the blooming of cultural life and the further intensification of social contacts!

Most relevant from the perspective of the individual Fellows, of course, was the aim behind their coming to Berlin, i.e. what they intended to achieve whilst staying at Wiko. Because of the shortness of my Fellowship, I did not decide to embark on a new project, but rather focused on intensifying several ventures I had commenced before, taking advantage of the most comfortable conditions created by our hosts.

The first of the projects I continued was an analysis of the phenomenon of a crisis of the state governed by the rule of law and democracy in EU member states. This is a problem that has been discussed animatedly for several years now, *inter alia*, in relation to developments in my country – Poland. This phenomenon demonstrates a tendency to expand and takes various forms. Research on this issue is being conducted with regard to its many manifestations and aspects. Of interest to me were its legal and politological aspects and, more specifically, matters of constitutional law and EU law. It so happened that I came across issues of a crisis of the rule of law and democracy in my country initially not as a researcher, but as a participant in these developments in the Constitutional Tribunal during the first two years of the crisis in Poland.

During my stay at Wiko, in addition to an analysis of general and theoretical issues, I followed and commented upon current events, e.g. innovative case law of the Court of Justice of the European Union (CJEU). Immediate effects of my interest in these subjects included a commentary on the *Verfassungsblog* – a popular blog devoted to problems of European and world constitutionalism, an interview for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* and several articles in Polish newspapers. My Donnerstagskolloquium presentation at Wiko on 6 December 2018, entitled “The Rule of Law and Its Enemies” was devoted to the issue of threats to the rule of law in member states and the European Union's response to them.

Very useful and instructive for me were discussions with distinguished lawyers: Permanent Fellows Dieter Grimm and Christoph Möllers, as well as my Co-Fellow at Wiko, Christoph Grabenwarter.

The themes relating to my area of interest, as presented, were the subject of several lectures I gave during my stay at Wiko, at conferences or workshops, entitled 1) *Law and Revolution. Disruption and Continuity of Legal Development: in Central and Eastern Europe* (University of Cologne, November 2018); 2) *The Role of National Constitutions in European and Global Governance* (European Research Council, London, November 2018); and 3) *Die europäische Dimension der Krise des Rechtsstaats in Polen* (Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, November 2018). I did not manage during my Fellowship, however, to deliver a pre-arranged guest lecture at the University in Heidelberg on *Rechtsstaatlichkeit in Polen – eine verfassungs- und unionsrechtliche Analyse*. I gave that lecture after I had left Berlin, at the beginning of 2019.

An interesting experience was co-operating with Christoph Grabenwarter to organise the workshop on *Verfassungsgerichte und politischer Wandel*. The workshop was devoted to the transformations experienced by constitutional courts in some European and non-European states in connection with the political changes departing from the principles of liberal democracy. The workshop was attended by judges and academics from several countries, mainly Germany, Hungary and Poland. The workshop took place in January 2019, which was not very long after the end of my Fellowship. I moderated one of the sessions and took part in discussions.

During my Fellowship at Wiko, I had a chance to participate in several other conferences in Berlin. I consider two of these to be the most interesting: the first one was *Constitutional Resilience* (WCB Center for Global Constitutionalism) and the other was *Verfassungsstaat im Wandel* (Berliner Rechtspolitische Konferenz, Konrad-Adenauer-Stiftung).

The other project I dealt with at Wiko was about the issue of EU citizenship. In Berlin, I worked on an extensive study of the subject. It will form a chapter in Volume I of *System Prawa UE* (System of EU Law) to be published in Poland, with papers written by more than ten authors. I am the editor of this volume, and at Wiko I was also engaged in partial coordination of the contributions from the particular authors.

The third project I carried out during my stay in Wiko was named *Kamienie milowe orzecznictwa ETS* (Milestones of the CJEU case law). Its effect was an extensive collective study with me as the scientific editor. The study was to provide a picture of CJEU jurisprudence in six areas of the EU's substantive law: EU citizenship, environmental

protection, public procurement, state aid, EU funds and copyright. My role in the project was to evaluate the merits of the elaborations of the individual authors, harmonise the structure of the entire publication and write a foreword to the whole of it. It contained concise characteristics of the relevance of CJEU case law for the development of EU law. I wrote the first version of that foreword in Berlin.

No one needs to be convinced of how attractive and multicoloured Berlin is. I used my stay there also to get to know the city better, as far as possible. On my own or with my wife or friends from Wiko, we went sightseeing in attractive parts of the city and its surroundings, e.g. Kreuzberg, Neukölln, Dahlem, Potsdam, palaces – Schloss Sanssouci, Schloss Charlottenburg, Jagdschloss Grunewald – and museums such as the Bode Museum and the Kulturforum: the Gemäldegalerie, Kunstgewerbemuseum, Brücke Museum, Museum Berggruen and Sammlung Scharf-Gerstenberg. Exceptionally attractive were concerts and performances in the Berliner Philharmonie, the Konzerthaus and the Deutsche Oper. Towards the end of my stay, a must on the agenda was to see the numerous *Weihnachtsmärkte*.

Yes, for sure, even though short, my stay in Berlin was intense, varied and multicoloured.



MY MAJOR WIKO TRANSITIONS JACOBUS J. (KOOS) BOOMSMA

Koos Boomsma's career-long interest is to understand adaptive design by natural selection, particularly when social interactions make it ambiguous what optimal design might be. An explicit "gene's-eye" focus on the social insects has allowed him to unravel deep-seated potential conflicts between the sexes, between castes, and between hosts and mutualistic symbionts and to address questions about the origins of major evolutionary transitions in organizational complexity. Born in Rotterdam in 1951, he studied biology in Amsterdam (Ph.D. 1982), had postdoctoral affiliations in Utrecht, Oxford, and Cornell, and settled down in Aarhus, Denmark (1990) and from 1999 on in Copenhagen. He coordinated two EU Research Training Networks in Social Evolution around the turn of the century and started the Copenhagen Centre for Social Evolution in 2005. He has done sabbaticals in Utrecht, Oxford, Regensburg, and Würzburg. His scholarship has been recognized with an elected membership of the Royal Danish Academy of Sciences and Letters (1998), an Alexander von Humboldt Research Award (2001), an honorary doctorate from the University of Helsinki (2010), a Newton Abraham visiting professorship at Oxford (2016), and the quadrennial Hamilton Award by the International Union for the Study of Social Insects (2018). – Address: Department of Biology, University of Copenhagen, Universitetsparken 15, 2100 Copenhagen, Denmark.
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My ten months at the Wissenschaftskolleg were characterized by two kinds of *Major Transitions*. Scientifically, our Focus Group discussed the key tenets of social evolution theory to explain when and why *Major Transitions* in organizational complexity can evolve

when natural selection capitalizes on high relatedness or symbiotic potential. Interestingly, however, Wiko residency also became a major personal transition in symbiosis across the academic disciplines. It soon dawned on me that many linguists, historians, and social scientists have a concept of evolution that merely means progression to something better, both individually and collectively. As an evolutionary biologist, I tend to be sceptical about progress, because natural selection has produced both impressively complex life forms and awful parasites whose bodies lost ancestral endowments for an “honest” independent life to retain only traits of specialized nastiness. Major transitions are relevant here because, very occasionally, life’s history on earth has been punctuated by irreversible upward reboots of life’s organizational complexity. We would like to think these events were unambiguous progress – how else could we have ultimately evolved ourselves to reflect on this topic? But every major gain in life’s complexity has always implied loss of individual freedom of the participants.

For example, the first eukaryote cell came about by one microorganism swallowing and enslaving another, turning it into a domesticated power station that we call mitochondrion (plural mitochondria). When animals, plants, fungi, and several lineages of algae later became multicellular, almost all their cells were domesticated as somatic service-tissue to help the germ cells pass on gene copies to future generations. A fruit fly or an elephant is thus fundamentally more complex in internal organization than the yeast that makes us bread or beer, but every yeast cell does its own thing and divides independently. If elephant cells revert to that deep ancestral legacy, we call their independent cell division cancer; and we know that natural selection has consistently minimized the likelihood that elephant cells do break loose in that manner. Suppression of almost all beginnings of cancer could evolve because animal cells are suicidally loyal to their bodies – they are all clonal so the elephant’s gametes pass on genes to the next generation that are identical to those in all its other cells. Evolved tumor suppression normally lasts until senescence finally makes these checks fail. Just like humans, elephants will die of cancer unless they die of something else first.

While multicellularity thus derives its “progress” from outright domestication and suppression, it appears to become even worse when we move one level of organizational complexity upward – to the ants, bees, wasps, and termites with morphologically differentiated queen, worker, and soldier castes. Every colony of these social insects is an organism in its own right, and every individual worker and queen is as loyal to her colony collective as muscle and bone cells are loyal to the elephant’s body. “Progress” again, it seems,

in sophisticated organizational complexity; but every ant worker is as totally unfree as the muscle and bone cells of the elephant, even though they all have six legs and a brain. A murky reflection made me realize that when human individuals with brains and legs become that loyal to a collective, we call that fascism. Early evolutionists such as Julian Huxley and George Gaylord Simpson therefore made it clear that humans should never use ants or honeybees as sociological models, but that notion was largely lost when socio-biology later tried to make us believe that fruit flies, elephants, ants, and humans are somehow all part of a smooth gradient toward increasing social perfection.

I could not have written these paragraphs before my stay at Wiko. I had the intuitions, but reading lots of older sources that the Wiko librarians tracked down made me realize that evolutionary scholars in the first two-thirds of the 20th century were sometimes thinking more clearly about these fundamental interpretations of social life than my own generation. A sobering insight, flying in the face of what we would like to believe about scientific progress.

Discussions with Wiko Fellows were instrumental in encouraging historical reflection. It often seemed easier to explain the questions that I was wrestling with in the skeptical phrasing of the previous paragraphs than in language that today's science journalists like to use. But metaphors and analogies with human social life remain a two-edged sword. Sometimes, they help to cut a Gordian knot like a hot knife goes through a clump of butter, but anthropomorphic language also often misleads, particularly when we start to emphasize that animals are so sophisticated that we cannot help feeling inspired by them. Is it not marvelous that termites can farm fungus gardens that are free of disease (work by my colleague Michael Poulsen in Copenhagen) or that fungus-farming ants have evolved ways to solve problems of antibiotic resistance when they control crop pathogens with bacterial symbionts? Is it not impressive how clever tool-making Caledonian crows and politically inclined chimpanzees appear to be, not to mention honeybees and their dance language? These animals sometimes seem to be almost like us, but it is all blind natural selection that has created these complex cleverness adaptations. They ultimately serve only one purpose, which is maximizing the efficiency of passing on copies of the genes coding for these characteristics to offspring and other close kin – it is coerced cleverness throughout, even when it involves advanced associative learning.

All this justifies admiration of the efficiency of blind natural selection in “designing” complex adaptations, but we cannot take this as evidence that “with hard work” nature, nurture, and humanity should be able to head for a bright joint future because so many

other animals seem to have made forms of harmonious cooperation work. If nature shows itself to us as a glass half empty rather than half full (of meaning), that is really what it is.

Natural selection does not appreciate *liberté*, *égalité*, and *fraternité* as simultaneous values. When kinship (*fraternité*) drives natural selection for stepwise transitions to higher organizational complexity, inevitably freedom and equality suffer. When rain forests or coral reefs strike us as harmoniously beautiful, that is because unseen death and destruction reign. All visible and invisible life forms in these communities are shaped by a relentless statistical lottery with odds biased against the less strong and not quite optimally functional. A Darwinian understanding of adaptation through natural selection is one of the most profound scientific achievements of all time but – in humanistic terms – it is at best a very mixed bag of plusses and minuses. And if we cannot trust nature to offer us moral values that are good by definition, we are on our own to achieve them. Our only chance of maintaining enlightened universal rights and values – freedom of thought and speech, equality of opportunity protected by law, and appropriate solidarity with the deprived – is to build and maintain public institutions that secure these objectives and to protect and defend them against continuing threats of free-riding, complacency, and corruption.

Academic institutions devoted to the fundamental sciences and humanities are instrumental to help maintain these universal human values, and Wiko is outstanding among them. Since the turn of the century, the appreciation of scholarship has suffered from erosion in many affluent countries, but Wiko – and Germany in general – appear to have been relatively resistant. The political temptation to prioritize academic enterprises of short-term incremental benefit over those pursuing deeper and more fundamental contributions appears to have been less pronounced in Germany than elsewhere. It was that commitment to scholarship that invited us to Wiko, a class of 2018/2019 Fellows representing hugely diverse scholarly and artistic strength. However, it was sobering to experience that a number of Fellows suffered from direct personal repression or depreciation of their fundamental academic freedom by national governments, even though it was encouraging that other Fellows served international missions to remedy these breaches of humanistic values or prevent worse. Overall, the Wiko experience clearly carried the perspective of a glass at least half full, because the potential for a more meaningful future was always there.

Managing academics is comparable to herding cats, and the secret of Wiko's success is precisely that they support rather than manage their Fellows – or if they did manage us it

was subtle enough not to notice. Where dogs focus on their masters, cats associate with the house that feeds them and that is what Wiko practices. The superb devotion of Dunia and her kitchen staff kept us well looked after in a stimulating restaurant setting, and Wiko's unrivalled personal library service and the colloquia nourished our brains. All very apt and consistent with what cats stand for when they thrive. In Japan, a breed of cats symbolizes good fortune, and the Nordic goddess Freya – representing love, beauty, and fertility – rides a chariot drawn by cats. Because of all that, I did indeed thrive academically. My book project developed, not quite as much as I had hoped, but enough to feel assured it is viable. There were, as I understand, an unusually high number of biologists in our 2018/2019 class – both junior and senior, so we could organize a *Social Evolution Forum* to meet and talk, and Wiko used the opportunity to set up a series of informative *Sci-Hum* sessions on sometimes controversial topics of general interest. At times it helped me to think more like a historian or a social scientist and I hope other Fellows came to understand what drives evolutionary biology better than they did before.

It is impossible to live in Berlin for ten months without experiencing a deep sense of world history almost wherever one goes. Even in a luxurious suburban area like Grunewald, one is confronted with the statue of Chancellor Bismarck, who started building the neighborhood, and with the names of many Jewish inhabitants who died during the Nazi regime, as they are commemorated via brass cobblestones in front of the houses where they lived. These are not just history book paragraphs but memories kept alive. It was touching to see fresh flowers at the Rathenau monument just outside Wiko on 24 June, the day on which he – Foreign Secretary of the Weimar republic – was murdered by one of the first street gangs that would help to bring Hitler to power. A visit to Gatow airport, where British airplanes landed for more than a year during the 1948 airlift, was another unforgettable experience and a welcome reminder of the price and resolve that secured the first major Western victory in the Cold War.

Further highlights were visits to the Bauhaus Museum in Weimar, a monumental illustration of how Weimar Republic Germany gave the world deep innovation toward modernity, and to the Reichstag, where soberly designed displays summarize more than a century of tremendous hubris and suffering. However, the same series of panels also disseminate an impressive rebound into what may now well be the best-functioning liberal democracy in the world, at least among the big countries with 50–100 million residents and beyond. The 70th anniversary of the German constitution on 23 May was celebrated for 75 minutes in prime television time on *Das Erste* under the telling title *Im Namen des Volkes*,

which made me wonder how many other established parliamentary democracies would engage in a national celebration of comparable ambition. But all this is fragile and in need of continuous nurture – the Weimar Bauhaus Museum has a *writing-on-the-wall* display with quotations from politicians and “intellectuals” who were instrumental in eroding the credibility of Germany’s first democratic republic – the similarity with contemporary populist language is uncanny.

Fortunately, Berlin’s cultural legacy is not just history, but vibrantly alive and we can only regret we did not experience more of the tremendous variety of high-quality music, theater, and exhibitions. Our special highlight was the Pierre Boulez Saal, where we attended four concert evenings, including the second season’s closing one with Daniel Barenboim as director – a great mix of contemporary and classical music and with an *im-promptu* closing speech by the maestro himself – now 76 – in appreciation of the public’s support throughout the year. Visiting Schloss Tegel, the former residence of Wilhelm von Humboldt, with a Wiko delegation marked our final farewell to Berlin’s cultural pinnacles. Von Humboldt was the German diplomat, philosopher, and linguistic scholar who developed the idea of the enlightened state and its citizens having aligned interests in the pursuit of education, truth, and virtue. It is to him the world owes the concept of research universities and of the doctoral degree as a necessary condition for being employed there.

But let me end with biology. Probably few non-biologists are aware that Berlin’s Museum für Naturkunde hosts the world’s best-preserved fossil specimen of *Archeopteryx*, the famous missing link with both reptile and bird characteristics that symbolizes another major transition in life’s modern appearance. A small animal relative to the huge dinosaur skeletons on display next to it and a fitting reminder that our own mouse-like primate origins would almost certainly not have progressed much further if not all dinosaurs except the bird lineage had been wiped out 66 million years ago.



VOM ICH ZUM WIR – WIKO-GESCHICHTEN
VON MENSCHEN UND MIKROBEN UND
NEUEN MÖGLICHKEITEN
THOMAS C. G. BOSCH

Thomas C. G. Bosch studierte in München und am University College Swansea. Nach der Doktorarbeit an der Universität München arbeitete er mit Unterstützung eines Stipendiums der Alexander von Humboldt-Stiftung als Postdoc in den USA. Er habilitierte sich in München und nahm 1997 eine Professur im Fach Zoologie an der Universität Jena an. 2000 wurde er an die Universität Kiel als Professor für Allgemeine Zoologie berufen. Dort war er von 2010–2013 Vizepräsident für Forschung und Internationale Beziehungen. Seit 2013 ist er Leiter des Universitätsschwerpunkts „Kiel Life Science“ (KLS) und seit 2016 auch Sprecher des DFG Sonderforschungsbereiches „Entstehen und Funktionieren von Metaorganismen“. Im Mittelpunkt der Forschungsarbeit steht die Frage, wie sich Organismen gemeinsam mit ihren besiedelnden Kleinstlebewesen im Laufe der Evolution zu einer multiorganismischen Einheit entwickelt haben. – Adresse: Zoologisches Institut der Universität Kiel, Am Botanischen Garten 1–9, 24118 Kiel, Deutschland. E-Mail: tbosch@zoologie.uni-kiel.de.

Meine Arbeit fußt auf der Einsicht, dass der Mensch wie auch jedes Tier und jede Pflanze keine klar abzugrenzende biologische Einheit ist, sondern eine komplexe, multi-organismische Assoziation aus Körperzellen und Mikroorganismen. Ed Yong's viel verkaufte Taschenbuch *I Contain Multitudes* (2016) fasst unsere Beobachtungen verständlich zusammen: Symbiotische Mikroben sind nicht nur an Stoffwechselprozessen und der Entwicklung des Immunsystems beteiligt; sie beeinflussen selbst das Verhalten. Organismen sind daher als Metaorganismen zu betrachten. Wir sind viele!

Grenzen dienen der Festlegung des „Eigenen“ und des „Fremden“. Mit der neuen Sichtweise auf die Organismen bahnt sich in der Biologie ein fundamentaler Paradigmenwechsel

und eine neue Ära an, in der die Grenzen unklar werden und das ganzheitliche Verständnis komplexer Lebensprozesse als Zusammenspiel einer Vielzahl von Organismen im Vordergrund steht. Diese enge Verschränkung menschlichen und bakteriellen Lebens erfordert eine neue Form der disziplinübergreifenden Forschung. Was für ein Glücksfall, zu diesem Zeitpunkt Fellow am Wissenschaftskolleg zu werden.

Dank neuer Technologien und reduktionistischer Ansätze sind wir heute dabei, die molekulare Architektur der Zelle, ja des Lebens zu verstehen. Gleichzeitig sind wir erstaunt und zutiefst besorgt über die Zunahme an immer neuen, komplexen und meist chronischen Erkrankungen, an denen Menschen und Tiere in den vergangenen Jahrzehnten zu leiden begannen. Entzündliche Darmerkrankungen, Fettsucht, Allergien, neurodegenerative Erkrankungen, das Aufmerksamkeitsdefizitsyndrom – all diese modernen Krankheiten sind unheilbar, nicht zu verhindern, und nur gelegentlich in ihren Auswirkungen zu lindern. Die Medizin spricht von „complex diseases“, „non-communicable diseases“ und auch von „nature deficit disorders“. Wie passt das mit der fast vollständigen Aufklärung der molekularen Prozesse zusammen, die in den Zellen ablaufen? Haben wir beim vermeintlich tiefen Blick in die Zusammensetzung und das Funktionieren von Geweben etwas Wesentliches übersehen? Die Hochdurchsatz-Sequenzierung und neuartige bildgebende Verfahren lassen erkennen, dass sich in unseren Geweben und Organen, im Darm und auf der Haut, neben unserer eigenen Erbinformation eine Fülle von genetischen Fußabdrücken entdecken lassen, die unzählig vielen Mikroorganismen zugeordnet werden können. Bislang Unsichtbares ist sichtbar geworden. Auf allen unseren Epithelien und in den meisten unserer Organe leben Milliarden von Mikroben. Sind es die Interaktionen im Metaorganismus, die bei so vielen nicht mehr richtig funktionieren? Kann die Zeit am Wiko Klarheit bringen?

Ursprünglich als Fokus-Gruppe geplant, war mein Arbeitsvorhaben mit dem Titel „Das Individuum als Metaorganismus“ darauf aus, die Komplexität der multi-organismischen Einheit Metaorganismus, die über die Grenzen von Individuen und Arten hinweg die Funktion und die Entwicklung von Lebewesen bestimmt, besser zu verstehen. Das Zusammentreffen mit Fellows aus der eigenen Zunft und ganz anderer Disziplinen versprach eine spannende Zeit, vielleicht neue Erkenntnisse und in jedem Fall eine tragfähige Basis für mein Vorhaben.

Die anwesenden Fellows aus der Evolutionsbiologie standen erwartungsgemäß dem Bemühen um ein ganzheitliches Verständnis komplexer Lebensprozesse als Zusammenspiel einer Vielzahl von genetisch nicht verwandter Organismen eher skeptisch gegenüber.

Ihr Interesse war auf die Beschreibung und Modellierung evolutionärer Prozesse in genetisch eindeutig definierten Modellsystemen und genetisch-orientierten mathematischen Gleichungen gerichtet. Dazu muss Komplexität reduziert und insbesondere die Rolle der Umwelt weitgehend ausgeklammert werden. Reduktionismus hier, mechanistisch und ganzheitlich ausgerichtete Ansätze dort. Ich erlebte Monate der Systemkonkurrenz. Aber: der latente Rechtfertigungsdruck gegenüber den einer rein genetisch-mathematisch basierten Biologie huldigenden Fellows war produktiv; ich musste ja erklären können, warum ich mich mit einer holistischen Sichtweise befasse.

Vom Ich zum Wir: zu den Biologen gesellten sich in den vergangenen zehn Monaten Historiker, Musiker, Politiker und Juristen, Philosophen, Künstler, Schriftsteller und Architekten. Die Architektur der Krankheit, *X-Ray Architecture* – das kam überraschend und zündete. In ihrem Dienstagskolloquium ging eine Architekturtheoretikerin dem Zusammenhang zwischen medizinischen Errungenschaften des frühen 20. Jahrhunderts und der Entwicklung moderner Architektur nach. Ging es damals um Tuberkulose, so dreht sich bei mir alles um die Interaktion von gutartigen Mikroben mit dem Körper. Und angesichts zunehmender Störungen der Interaktion zwischen Mikroben und tierischen und menschlichen Geweben mag es durchaus von entscheidender Bedeutung sein, Maßnahmen, die der Aufrechterhaltung des Gleichgewichts in einem Metaorganismus und der Erhaltung der mikrobiellen Vielfalt zugutekommen, aktiv in architektonische Planungsprozesse einzubinden. In diesem Dienstagskolloquium wurde mir klar, wie stark der Einfluss der Architektur auf die Ausbreitung und Bekämpfung von Krankheiten sein kann. Die am Mittagstisch fortgeführten Gespräche eröffneten mir als Biologen neue Konzepte für die Aufrechterhaltung der Vielfalt unseres Mikrobioms. Ich beginne mit einem Berliner Kollegen und Architekten über Stadt- und Landschaftsplanung nachzudenken. Kann ein interdisziplinärer Ansatz von Ökologie, Mikrobiologie, Architektur und Planung konkrete Maßnahmen zum Schutz der Vielfalt in einem Metaorganismus gerade im urbanen Wohnumfeld sinnvoll vorbereiten? Spaziergänge um die Seen im Grunewald und der einsame Schreibtisch im Dachgeschoss der Wallotstraße waren dazu genau der richtige Ort. Und als mir dann noch ein Fellow rein zufällig seinen Tagesgast vorstellte, der seit Jahren mit öffentlicher Unterstützung an „Animal-Aided Design“ arbeitet, dann fügte sich einiges doch wunderbar zusammen. Architektur neu denken.

Das Dienstagskolloquium und die neuen Ideen. Was für eine immense Herausforderung für uns alle, über unsere Arbeitsvorhaben zu berichten in einer Sprache, der die anwesenden Disziplinen folgen können. Raus aus der Komfortzone der eigenen Zunft

und rein in ein wahres Kommunikationsabenteuer. Ging das gut im vergangenen Jahr? Bedingt. Die Denkwelt eines Schriftstellers blieb mir weitgehend verschlossen, weil das Arbeitsvorhaben in Französisch vorgestellt und auch diskutiert wurde. Auch die Forschung eines Geisteswissenschaftlers aus den klassischen Altertumswissenschaften, der sich seit Jahren mit einem eher begrenzten Quellenbestand beschäftigt, blieb undurchdringlich schleierhaft. Warum die überkomplexe Sprache, die eine Kommunikation praktisch unmöglich macht? *Wer schwer verständlich schreibt, hat keine klare Einsicht in das, was er anderen mitteilen will.* So bringt es Karl August Möbius, erster Lehrstuhlinhaber am Zoologischen Institut der Universität Kiel, um 1879 einmal auf den Punkt. Sein Leitbild im wissenschaftlichen Schreiben war, sich klar und verständlich und möglichst einfach auszudrücken, auch wenn die Inhalte komplex sind. Dass dies auch in den historischen Wissenschaften möglich ist, bewies eine Kunsthistorikerin, die uns eine völlig neue und faszinierende Sicht auf die Ikonenkunst im Mittelalter ermöglichte. Die Wirkung einer Ikone, ihr Ehrfurcht erregender Eindruck göttlicher Präsenz, ist nur zu verstehen im Kontext der jeweiligen Umwelt; unter Einbeziehen der damals üblichen Kerzenlichtbeleuchtung und auch der dazugehörigen Musik, der Gregorianischen Gesänge mit ihrem besonderen Taktmaß. Durch das im Windhauch und durch den Atem der Betenden bewegte Lichtflackern der Kerzen entstehen bewegte Visionen, die Figur scheint in Bewegung versetzt. Ich habe vorher nie darüber nachgedacht, aber es leuchtet unmittelbar ein. Ein Blick, der ausschließlich auf die Figur konzentriert ist, und auch die Betrachtung bei ungeeignetem, weil elektrischem Licht kann die Komplexität und die Wirkung, das „Funktionieren“ der mittelalterlichen Figuren nicht erklären. Mittelalterliche Kunst neu denken.

Geht es mir nicht ähnlich beim Blick auf den tierischen oder menschlichen Körper? Nur im Gesamtkontext werden komplexe Prozesse entschlüsselbar. Der Metaorganismus reguliert mit fein justierten molekularen Werkzeugen und einer ausgeprägten zwischenartlichen Kommunikation die Zusammensetzung und Funktionsfähigkeit seiner Mitspieler. Funktionen und Aufgaben können dabei auf assoziierte Partner übertragen werden. Seine modulare Zusammensetzung erlaubt es ihm, rasch und situationsbedingt zu reagieren. Jede Entfremdung und Trennung der Mitglieder dieser Lebensgemeinschaft und jede Reduzierung der Zahl ihrer Mitspieler ist von Nachteil. Erst wenn wir uns als Teil von multiorganismischen Netzwerken begreifen und loslassen von der Idee, wonach der menschliche Körper ausschließlich aus menschlichen Zellen besteht, erreichen wir die Widerstandsfähigkeit und Belastbarkeit gegenüber einer sich ständig ändernden Umwelt.

Diesen „Metaorganismus“ besser zu verstehen, war mein Ziel. Wie weit bin ich in den vergangenen zehn Monaten damit gekommen? Zu den Erträgen meines Jahres am Wiko gehören eine Reihe von Übersichtsartikeln, ein Verlängerungsantrag für einen Sonderforschungsbereich zum Thema, eine ganze Mappe neuer Projektpläne. Und die Lust, die starren Grenzen zwischen den Geistes- und den Naturwissenschaften einzureißen und gemeinsam an einem neuen Bild von Tier und Mensch zu forschen. Organismen neu denken.

Und schließlich: das Wissenschaftskolleg bot ein Jahr außerhalb der Routinen der universitären Existenz. Losgelöst von den meisten Verpflichtungen war Zeit zum Reisen und zum Kontakte knüpfen. Zum Fellow-Glück und -Privileg gehörten die vielen Gespräche mit den jungen Fellows des College for Life Sciences ebenso wie die Möglichkeit, mitten im vibrierenden Berlin sein zu dürfen. Im Gedächtnis bleiben werden die Frühstücksplausche mit dem Composer in Residence nicht nur über seine neue Oper. Unvergesslich ist auch ein Abend im Watergate Nachtclub; noch nie habe ich erlebt, wie so viele junge Menschen einem anspruchsvollen klassischen Cello-Konzert so gebannt zugehört haben. Berlin neu sehen.

Vom Ich zum Wir. Wir waren viele. Danke den Fellows und Partnern meines Jahrgangs. Danke der großartigen Unterstützung durch die Wiko-Bibliothek. Danke dem ganzen fabelhaften Wiko-Team.



THREE MONTHS JUDITH L. BRONSTEIN

Judith L. Bronstein is University Distinguished Professor of Ecology and Evolutionary Biology at the University of Arizona. Her career-long research goal, pursued through field observations, experiments and theory, has been to develop a conceptual foundation for our understanding of mutualism, cooperative interactions among different species. Specific conceptual issues that intrigue her and her students include conflicts of interest between mutualists and their consequences for the maintenance of beneficial outcomes; the causes and consequences of “cheating”; context-dependency; and anthropogenic threats to mutualisms. At the Wissenschaftskolleg, she and her colleagues focused on developing new theory for mutualism evolution. An award-winning instructor, she teaches on both the undergraduate and graduate levels. She has served in a variety of leadership positions at the University of Arizona, the National Science Foundation, and major professional societies. She has been Editor-in-Chief of *The American Naturalist*, a leading international journal in ecology and evolution, and is a Fellow of the Ecological Society of America. – Address: Department of Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona 85721, USA. E-mail: judieb@email.arizona.edu.

What I learned during my three months at the Wissenschaftskolleg is that three months is too short to spend at Wiko – but that three months is enough to change one’s intellectual life.

My presence at Wiko was due entirely to Mike Wade. My long-term research focus has been to establish a conceptual foundation for understanding mutualisms, cooperative interactions between different species. In 2015, I edited an Oxford University Press volume on this subject, the first full treatment in several decades. Mike reviewed it for one of

our major journals. He tells me that, in the course of perusing the book, he became inspired to investigate these interactions using the powerful intellectual framework and theoretical tools in evolutionary genetics whose development has occupied his own career. Mike applied for and was accepted as a Wiko Fellow for the 2018/2019 academic year. He then invited me, as well as his past students and collaborators Tim Linksvayer and Jason Wolf, to form a working group on mutualism evolution. He did this before he ever met me in person. He made a shrewd guess that an ecologically focused, somewhat mathematically incompetent empiricist who really knew the literature (me) was going to be able to mesh well with theoretically-minded evolutionary geneticists (them) to produce something new and interesting.

How could I say no? The single drawback of this extraordinary invitation, for which I will be eternally grateful to Mike, is that it did not correspond to a sabbatical opportunity. Luckily, University of Arizona cheerfully allowed me to leave campus for part of the winter semester. So, three months it had to be.

Arriving in the iciest week of January, I allowed myself minimal time to get acquainted with my surroundings. I was the last working group member to show up, and time was short; once I was present, we dove directly into work. It was many days before I looked up and realized that I had not even begun to explore Berlin. Perhaps a little oddly, my first trip out of Grunewald was not to a museum or historical site or concert hall, but to an ice hockey match. The evening was raucous and alcoholically well-lubricated, as Jason, Tim, and I saw Berlin's Eisbären crushed by Mannheim.

Mike's vision was that our working group would work closely together with concrete products in mind. We had a biological phenomenon that interested all of us (mutualism), and we had a conceptual and theoretical toolbox. But we didn't really start out with a set of orienting problems that we wanted to solve. Articulating them consumed my first weeks at Wiko. Ultimately, we focused upon an observation about mutualism that has intrigued me for many years. Biologists tend to assume that a given interaction (say, between a flower and a bee) is more or less the same in any setting in which it occurs. In fact, a small change in context can produce a big change in how interactions work. We haven't, though, given much thought to what such "context-dependency" means for where they occur in space or how they change over time. The working group set out to model species interactions in a way that would allow us to explore the consequences of this kind of ecologically realistic variation. Our "grand model" is almost finished. It is a massive and complex tool with many working parts. But analysis is already suggesting to us explanations

of how well-known ecological phenomena might have arisen over evolutionary time. Most exciting of all, it's generating entirely new questions about mutualism. This is a model that should keep us busy for years.

Our working group discussions, as well as the three papers we are currently writing from them, came to center on symbiotic mutualisms – those involving one species, often a microbe, that lives inside its partner. This is probably the single form of multispecies interaction of greatest interest to biologists today. I'd fallen uncomfortably out of date with the fast-moving literature on symbiosis, though. I saw this as a serious problem, since I'm supposed to be the expert on mutualism as a whole, and my research community often looks to me for conceptual direction and synthesis. For this reason, in my solitary work hours at Wiko, I set myself the challenge of updating my knowledge of symbiosis. It was unexpected and a huge advantage that many of the world's leading experts on symbiosis were among this year's class of Fellows. Conversations with Joan Strassmann, Dave Queller, Koos Boomsma, Hassan Salem, and Thomas Bosch in particular strongly influenced my thinking – and lengthened my reading lists considerably.

I left Wiko, then, with a set of manuscripts directed toward a fundamental problem in my focal search area; a deeper understanding of both evolutionary genetics and symbiosis ecology; and a newfound bravery to engage with devilishly complex theory. Beyond that, my working group became my family (joined with gusto by our spouses, at least when we weren't talking science). Mike, Tim, and Jason introduced me to odd corners of Berlin, Brazilian cooking, Neanderthal genetics, bad puns, and, of course, German-league ice hockey. I in turn did my best to educate them about whisky and fine teas. Our joint research will persist, and our friendships will, as well.

Three months is a short time. But, at Wiko, that's a full 90 days of exposure to new ideas and ways of thinking, in a setting serene and collegial enough to foster prolonged discussions about them. At Wiko, I found common intellectual ground in some of the most unexpected places. These serendipitous moments, extended into dialogues lasting many days, will remain some of my strongest memories.

One of these was stimulated by a Science-Humanities Forum soon after I arrived. Led by Karin Kukkonen and Thomas Lewinsohn, we argued intensely about the functions of narrative in fiction versus science. I found myself disturbed that some of the arguments, not only from the humanists but from many of the scientists as well, caricatured scientific writing as, by definition, dry and lacking in a narrative arc. Meanwhile, I had the sense that the scientists in the room, myself included, were pronouncing judgments based on

only the most superficial understanding of how literary theorists define and study narrative. Over the following weeks, I pursued these issues with Karin, particularly with regard to the role of narrative arcs in natural history writing. On a large university campus like hers or mine, a literary theorist and a field biologist would be fairly unlikely to cross paths and then to find common intellectual ground (at least, outside of shared sentiments regarding university politics ...).

A second set of conversations was sparked by a short workshop on community ecology organized by Thomas Lewinsohn. We participants spent over a day pulling together a single conceptual figure that could capture the complex set of patterns and processes we were discussing. This got me thinking hard about conceptual figures in general. What purpose do they serve? What makes a conceptual figure useful or useless, enlightening or downright deceptive? There were a few weeks when I seemed to be bringing up conceptual figures with my tablemates at every meal. I found this to be a topic on which every Fellow has experience and firm opinions. I particularly valued Thomas' thoughts, along with the insights of Richard Swedberg, Michela Betta, and Peter Keller, three colleagues in fields distant from my own.

The final set of conversations were stimulated by three talks that I myself presented. I gave a presentation to the Theology Department of the University of Potsdam in January, then a Wiko colloquium talk rather late in my stay. I was then offered the extraordinary opportunity to return to Wiko ten weeks after I had left, to present the final Abendkolloquium of the year. (For this opportunity I am deeply grateful to Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger and Daniel Schönplüg; not only was it wonderful to have the chance to share my work with a broader audience, it also gave my working group one more critical week of work on our joint project.) General audiences are clearly fascinated by all forms of cooperation in nature, and conversations went on for hours after each of my lectures. However, it became clear that many listeners were deeply unsettled by the language that I and other scientists were using to describe cooperation, either in humans or in other species. One core issue involved metaphor – what biologists really mean by certain of our catchphrases (for instance, when we speak of what organisms are “trying to maximize” by cooperating). A second involves value judgment – whether our word choices imply that we consider cooperation to be “good” and the failure to cooperate (which happens quite frequently in nature and that we unfortunately term “cheating”) to be “bad”. Spirited discussions with my listeners have forced me to critique my own explanatory language. Their challenges have led me to ask myself the hard question whether my choice of

language has, over the years, come to bias how I think about the phenomena I study. As a direct consequence, I am not talking about mutualism in exactly the same way anymore. In fact, I am not thinking about mutualism the same way anymore. Let me be clear: this is because of my attempts to explain what I do to highly educated individuals whose expertise and training are at the furthest possible remove from my own. This is how Wiko can change you as a scholar. Among many other reasons, this is why I hope to return, if at all possible, for my next sabbatical year.

When I left Berlin at the end of three months, I could not help lamenting all the things I didn't have (or didn't take) the opportunity to do. I'll read with envy the other entries in this yearbook, and I'll be taking notes on what I should do next time. I went to two great restaurants and too few cultural and historical venues (although, thanks to Peter Keller and Thomas Lewinsohn, I did attend some incredible early-music concerts). I did make some quick progress in German, thanks to Ursula Kohler and to my partner-in-crime Debbie Rush-Wade, but not nearly enough to be of practical use. Perhaps most disappointingly, I didn't get to know the other Fellows nearly as well as I wanted. Arriving in January and departing in March, I missed many colloquium talks. More significantly, though, my arrival coincided with the moment when many Fellows realize that they must screen out all distractions if they are to achieve their own ambitious research goals by year's end. Many intriguing conversations were started but never finished. Other, potentially promising ones were never begun.

But the conversations I had ... oh, what conversations they were!



A ZEAL OF SCHOLARS: MY YEAR AT WIKO ELIZABETH E. BRUCH

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A tower of giraffes. A sleuth of bears. A parade of elephants. A murder of crows. Many conversations over Thursday night dinners at Wiko stand out in my mind, but among my favorites was a heated debate over the most appropriate word for a collection of Wiko scholars. As these different names suggest, collections of animals may take many forms and the diversity of scholarly communities is similarly wide-ranging. Interdisciplinarity has long been a cornerstone of my work, which typically occurs in research collaborations, working groups, symposia, panels, and other structured forms of intellectual engagement.

While these were all modes of interaction that occurred at Wiko, the aspect of interdisciplinary engagement that I found most surprising, unexpected, and ultimately transformative during my Fellowship year was something murkier, less formal, and harder to quantify in terms of concrete outcomes or outputs. This yearbook entry reflects on that aspect of my experience and what it taught me about scholarly communities, interdisciplinary engagement, and opportunities for discovery.

What It Was

In my experience, much interdisciplinary work has an instrumental aspect: an outside field has a method or model that seems relevant to one's own question or problem; that field is explored in a way that is guided by one's own questions or problems. To put it more bluntly: reading and listening are selective; pieces of the outside field that do not resonate are mostly skipped over for expediency. Most interactions occur in working groups and other "semi-structured" settings in which the people are mobilized around a particular problem or question. This can be a tremendously useful and generative mode of doing research. But I'd like to contrast that with an alternative, more open-ended and exploratory mode in which a field is engaged with for its own sake: one is drawn into moments of bafflement and unfamiliarity, rather than shying away from them.

One of the best but most challenging aspects of my Wiko experience were my interactions with scholars in fields quite far from my own. The ones that stand out in my mind are: architecture, archeology, literature, biology, law, and diplomacy. In each case, the experience unfolded in three distinct phases. First, I had an initial moment in which I assumed I knew something about the field or at least how the questions and research might relate to my own areas of expertise. Second, something happened – a Tuesday colloquium, a hallway conversation, or some other interaction in which that area of scholarship revealed itself as confusing, unfamiliar, and strange. One lunch with a recently arrived Fellow stood out in this regard, as it quickly became apparent when we first started talking that not only did I not understand what she was doing, but also I actually had no idea why she was asking the types of questions she was asking. Third, there was an opportunity for a follow-up conversation that addressed the confusion and led to some deeper appreciation of what the scholar was aiming to do and how she went about that effort.

These open-ended interactions were not trying to solve a particular problem or achieve a particular goal, although they certainly might lead to that in the future. Sometimes you

don't want to lead with a specific question or problem you're trying to solve; you want to lead with bafflement or confusion or an acknowledgement of the unfamiliar. The result was a much deeper appreciation of the richness and diversity of intellectual life.

This experience also went beyond academic interactions; it permeated my experience of Berlin and the friendships I formed during my fellowship year. For example, sometime in late fall I went on a two-hour walk through the forest with a Wiko colleague. We talked non-stop the entire time and had a wonderful conversation. On the way back to the Villa Walther, she remarked that if we were Finnish we might have spent the entire walk in complete silence and it would still have counted as a complete success for a new friendship. I recall that idea sounding so exotic to me as an American, but also so completely alluring and freeing. The Finnish silence!

Some of my happiest memories in Berlin were just walking through neighborhoods and stumbling on historical buildings and monuments. Moments of discovery and rambling through the city; one favorite excursion was an afternoon spent in Rixdorf, where I discovered an 18th-century village in the middle of hipster Berlin. I am very grateful to Wiko for supporting both the language courses and the architectural tours, as they provided the initial foundation for these explorations.

Environmental Factors

I believe several factors contributed to and supported these experiences.

Frequent Interaction: Of course, there are many opportunities for formal socializing at Wiko during the lunches and Thursday night dinners. But I especially appreciated the informal opportunities made possible largely through our shared co-residence: chatting on the steps of Villa Walther, waiting at the bus stop, sharing the walk to work, encounters in the Grunewald forest, ping-pong tournaments, and hallway conversations. These small interactions cumulated into a larger set of rewards: a steady patter about what was on people's minds, what they were struggling with, their goals for a particular day, where they had been the previous week. And small and not-so-small gems of sociability: for example, one breakfast that started as my catching up on e-mail and morphed into an hourlong discussion about overlaps between data science and methods in the digital humanities.

Playfulness, Openness, Generosity: I suspect that having regular interactions is a necessary but not a sufficient condition to create the sorts of interdisciplinary interactions described above. I believe it also requires a particular set of attitudes or orientations among

the Fellows. Whether it was brainstorming new directions for architectural exhibitions or exploring the connections between sociology and animal behavior (another delightful, albeit planned, breakfast encounter), one thing that fueled some of my most wonderful Wiko interactions was an attitude of playfulness, exploration, openness to trying on ideas and being wrong, and willingness to tread on uncertain territory. I'm not entirely sure what factors foster these types of attitudes, but I do know that the dance parties certainly did not hurt!

I would be remiss if I did not acknowledge one other critical factor that contributed to this environment: the warmth of and expert care by Wiko's staff, who looked after our needs so well during the year. Not only did their efforts eliminate so many of the everyday concerns that sap one's energy, they also injected an energy and enthusiasm into domains ranging from German wine to literature review to recommendations for haircuts. These interactions, as much as my time with the Fellows, made Wiko a place of such openness, ease, and discovery. Thank you.



GLÜCK IN ERNSTER ZEIT FRIEDEMANN BUDDENSIEK

Studium der Kirchenmusik in Esslingen und der Philosophie, der Neueren und Alten Geschichte, der Slawistik und der Gräzistik in Erlangen, dort Promotion 1997 und Habilitation im Fach Philosophie 2004. 2005–2007 Lehrstuhlvertretung in Würzburg, seit 2007 Professor für antike Philosophie an der Goethe-Universität Frankfurt am Main. Auslandsaufenthalte 1995/1996 in Oxford und 2002/2003 am Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington, DC. 2016–2019 Vorsitzender der Gesellschaft für antike Philosophie. – Adresse: Institut für Philosophie, Goethe-Universität Frankfurt am Main, Norbert-Wollheim-Platz 1, 60323 Frankfurt, Deutschland. E-Mail: buddensiek@em.uni-frankfurt.de.

Mein Aufenthalt war der Arbeit an einer neuen Übersetzung und einem umfassenden neuen Kommentar zu Aristoteles' *Eudemischer Ethik* (*EE*) gewidmet. Aristoteles erarbeitet hier eine erste Konzeption des besten Lebens (der *eudaimonia*). Ein Hauptteil seiner Ausführungen ist einer Untersuchung des Gut-Seins des Charakters gewidmet, ein weiterer einer Untersuchung der Freundschaft (*philia*). Weitere Teile erörtern unter anderem Fragen zur Methode; die scheinbar etwas kuriose Frage, wie es zu erklären ist, dass manche Menschen in Angelegenheiten, die Güter außerhalb der Seele betreffen, regelmäßig Erfolg haben; die Frage nach dem Standard für die richtige Wahl solcher Güter; die Frage nach der Gesamtheit der Formen des Gut-Seins des Menschen; und die Frage nach dem ethisch Schönen.

Übersetzung und Kommentar sollen die letzte deutschsprachige Ausgabe zur *EE* von 1962 ersetzen und das Werk – unter Berücksichtigung der neueren Forschung zum griechischen Text und zum Inhalt – neu erschließen und zugänglich machen. Auf übergeordneter

Ebene will die neue Ausgabe damit einen Beitrag zu einem genaueren Verständnis der aristotelischen Ethik leisten: zum einen verstehen wir die *EE* als Werk in eigenem Recht besser; zum anderen verstehen wir Aristoteles' Ethik insgesamt besser, wenn wir neben der bekannteren *Nikomachischen Ethik* auch die *EE* besser verstehen und wenn wir so die verschiedenen Weisen, in denen er bestimmte Themen in diesen Werken behandelt, genauer in Beziehung zueinander setzen können.

Zu den Fragen, die über die spezifischen Sachfragen hinaus für die Anfertigung wie für die gedachte Verwendung von Übersetzung und Kommentar zu berücksichtigen sind, gehören: 1) Wie ist – hier im Fall eines philosophischen Textes – mit der Unmöglichkeit präzisen Übersetzens umzugehen? 2) Wie viel Wohlwollen ist bei der Interpretation des Textes – der Theoriestücke, Argumente, Hintergrundtheorien – angezeigt? 3) Wie viel und welches heutige Vorverständnis wird in der Interpretation an den Text herangetragen? 4) Dient die Ausgabe eher rein philosophie-historischen Zwecken oder kann und soll sie auch für systematische Interessen und Fragen fruchtbar sein? 5) Wie verhält sich die Ausgabe zur ganz großen Frage nach dem Verhältnis oder den Verhältnissen zwischen Philosophie und ihrer Geschichte? Die Beantwortung dieser Fragen verlangte mehrere eigene Projekte. Gleichwohl müssen sie auch bei einem spezielleren Projekt, wie es die Erarbeitung der *EE*-Ausgabe ist, stets sorgfältig beachtet werden.

Fortschritt ergibt sich bei einem solchen Projekt nur aus sorgfältiger, geduldiger Arbeit am Detail, und die Möglichkeit zur kontinuierlich konzentrierten Arbeit, wie sie das Wissenschaftskolleg bot, war dafür von unschätzbarem Wert. Andererseits scheint eine solche Arbeit, ja überhaupt eine Beschäftigung mit antiken Texten, angesichts aktueller Probleme merkwürdig aus der Zeit gefallen, wenn zur gleichen Zeit Menschen auf der Flucht aus lebensunmöglichen Umständen ihr Leben verlieren, wenn Populisten zu herrschen glauben, die in ihrem Streben nach noch mehr Geld, Ruhm, Lust und Macht allzu sehr an Platons Beschreibung der Seele des Tyrannen denken lassen, und wenn wir einen Wandel des Klimas erleben, der uns inständig hoffen lässt, dass andere nicht mehr so viel fliegen mögen: Was soll uns da Aristoteles? Eine Frage, die sich noch einmal mit besonderer Deutlichkeit stellt angesichts des Umstands, dass auch einige Mit-Fellows selbst unmittelbar von politischen Verwerfungen in ihrer Heimat betroffen waren und sich in politischen Angelegenheiten beeindruckend engagieren. Wer dann als Aristoteles-Forscher, dem Himmel nah, unterm Dach des Hauptgebäudes lebt und arbeitet, kann in Sachen Weltfremdheit allzu leicht Assoziationen an Sokrates in den Wolken oder an Thales im Brunnen wecken oder an einen Philosophen, der nicht gerne in die Höhle

zurückkehrt. Und in der Tat: Aristoteles bietet uns keine Antworten auf die drängenden Probleme unserer Zeit – jedenfalls, so ist zu ergänzen, keine direkten Antworten. Aber wie viele andere Philosophen lädt auch er uns eindringlich ein, über die Grundannahmen unseres Lebens und Handelns nachzudenken, und das mag dann doch – entgegen dem ersten Anschein – nicht nur für die Befriedigung unseres natürlichen Strebens nach Wissen von Nutzen sein. Vielleicht wachte der geflügelte Haus-Genius ja doch ein klein wenig auch über der *Eudemischen Ethik*.

Neben der wunderbaren Gelegenheit, an der *EE* zu arbeiten, werde ich mich auch an vieles andere gerne erinnern. Beeindruckend im Herbst war das wunderbare Farbschauspiel, das die Ahornbäume vor meinem Fenster gaben. Beeindruckend im Frühling und bis zuletzt war jeden Tag das große Vogelkonzert in der frühmorgendlichen Dämmerung – auch wenn auch wir nicht geklärt haben, ob Vögel Musik machen (zeichnet die Ameise ein Bild von Churchill in den Sand?). Wohl eher nicht: Lauert im Gesang der Vögel doch – wie ein Kollege einmal meinte – das Schreckliche, weil er kein Gesang ist, sondern dem Bann gehorcht, der sie befängt. Unterm Dach des Hauptgebäudes mochte man sich in diesen frühen Morgenstunden beinahe im Wolkenkuckucksheim glauben. Freilich, das Wissenschaftskolleg ist kein solch luftiger Ort zwischen Menschen und Göttern. Doch der Gedanke an die Vögel drängt sich immer wieder auf – etwa in der berühmten Überlegung, die die Teile des eigenen Wissens Vögeln vergleicht, die in einer großen Voliere teils einzeln, teils in Schwärmen, teils auf diese und jene Weise umherfliegen. An Vögel erinnert auch die aristotelischen Frage, ob Freundschaft zwischen Gleichen oder zwischen Ungleichen besteht: Sitzen Fellows nebeneinander eher wie Dohle neben Dohle oder verhalten sie sich symbiotisch zueinander, wie es in Herodots (auch bei Aristoteles berichteter) Legende der Krokodilwächter (oder war es doch ein Spornkiebitz?) und das Krokodil tun. Aristoteles würde die Frage in der ihm eigenen Weise mit einem kräftigen „kommt darauf an“ beantworten, nämlich darauf, um welche Art von Freundschaft es sich handelt. Der Gesang jedenfalls war vielstimmig, und es war interessant zu sehen, wie und wo Kommunikation funktioniert. Ein wunderbares Beispiel für gelingende Kommunikation gab etwa György Dragomán in seinem nachhaltig beeindruckenden Kolloquium. Ebenso interessant war es zu sehen, auf wie unterschiedliche Weisen wir den ur-sokratischen Gedanken verwirklichen, dass die Götter vor die Erkenntnis die wirkliche Anerkenntnis des eigenen Nicht-Wissens gesetzt haben. Unter den zahllosen Gesprächen bei Tisch und andernorts gab es – der vielfältigen Hintergründe und Interessen wegen nur erwartbar – viele anregende Gespräche, sei es mit Mit-Fellows,

Partner/innen oder Mitarbeiter/innen des Wissenschaftskollegs, nicht selten auch zu Fragen antiker Philosophie, die hier und da durchaus auf Interesse stießen. Die Möglichkeit zu diesen Gesprächen und die Möglichkeit, mit all den Menschen am Wissenschaftskolleg gemeinsam durch dieses Jahr zu gehen, war eines der großen Geschenke der Berliner Zeit.

Manche Besonderheiten des Ortes werde ich gerne in Erinnerung behalten, nicht zuletzt, und ganz unoriginell, natürlich die Konzerte in der Philharmonie – weniger hingegen den zur Schau getragenen Reichtum Grunewalds (und: weshalb gibt es, in unmittelbarer Nähe zur Wallotstraße, immer noch eine Wissmannstraße?). Vermissen werde ich die räumliche Nähe zu den Berliner Freunden, die ein weiteres großes Geschenk war.

Nachrichten von zu Hause erinnerten immer wieder daran, dass das Paradies ein Paradies ist und dass jedenfalls dieses Paradies nicht von Dauer sein wird. An die ganz vorzügliche Umsorgung von Seiten wirklich aller Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter des Hauses hat man sich allzu leicht gewöhnt, und der Dank an sie alle – und hier wären wirklich alle einzeln zu nennen – kann nicht groß genug sein. Nichts hätte anders sein sollen.

Vordergründig schenkt ein Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg Zeit, auch wenn es nicht eigentlich Zeit ist, die sich gewinnen oder verlieren, schenken oder wegnehmen lässt. Tatsächlich gewinnen wir die Möglichkeit, einer Aktivität intensiv nachzugehen, die ein Teil eines möglichen guten Lebens ist. Zwar nur für zehn Monate, nicht – wie es für die *eudaimonia* notwendig wäre – für ein ganzes Leben, doch auch immerhin für mehr als nur für einen Tag. Und so reise ich zwar gerne in die Frankfurter Heimat zurück, doch auch mit einiger Wehmut, denn, wie auch Aristoteles schon wusste: eine Schwalbe allein macht noch keinen Frühling, und jene Aktivität wird kaum jemals wieder den Raum bekommen, den sie benötigt.



LAST YEAR IN MARIENBAD BEATRIZ COLOMINA

Beatriz Colomina is the Howard Crosby Butler Professor of the History of Architecture at Princeton University. She writes and curates on questions of design, art, sexuality, and media. Her books include *Sexuality and Space* (Princeton Architectural Press, 1992), *Privacy and Publicity: Modern Architecture as Mass Media* (MIT Press, 1994), *Domesticity at War* (MIT Press, 2007), *The Century of the Bed* (Verlag fur Moderne Kunst, 2015), *Manifesto Architecture: The Ghost of Mies* (Sternberg, 2014), *Clip/Stamp/Fold: The Radical Architecture of Little Magazines 196X–197X* (Actar, 2010), and *Are We Human? Notes on an Archaeology of Design* (Lars Muller, 2016). She has curated a number of exhibitions, including *Clip/Stamp/Fold* (New York, 2006), *Playboy Architecture* (Frankfurt, 2012), *The Century of the Bed* (Vienna, 2014), and *Radical Pedagogies* (Venice, 2014). In 2016, she was co-curator of the third Istanbul Design Biennial. Her latest book is *X-Ray Architecture* (Lars Muller, 2019). – Address: School of Architecture, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ 08544, USA. E-mail: colomina@princeton.edu.

I arrived in Berlin in the dead of winter, four months after everyone else, on a cold and dark afternoon in early January. The lake in front of Villa Walther was frozen except for a very small patch near Koenigsallee where two swans flipped around furiously as if trying to keep the water from freezing. By morning they had given up, or lost the battle, and were sitting on the same spot where the hole once was, as if resigned. Was the hole still there for them, as a kind of conceptual piece? Can swans not move around on ice? Are they cold when out of the water? Can they freeze? I worried about them.

The swans were a big part of Wiko. “Where are the swans?” was a recurrent question for me and many of my dear Fellows when walking back and forth from Wallotstraße, or coming back from a foray into town, or strolling along the lake behind Villa Walther to check on them, admire their majestic glide across the lake, their architectural abilities in building and rebuilding their nest, their methodic and obsessive cleaning of themselves by the shore. Can swans be neurotic?

The swans were actual fellows, fellow neurotics, along with the birds who woke us up every morning before dawn with the most incredible performance – a true orchestra of sounds I have never heard before – and visited the windows of my apartment regularly as if saying hello while I worked. The trees were also our friends. Tall, beautiful, august, old trees. It was as if they could talk, and in this area, Grunewald, where so many crimes were committed, I felt sometimes, particularly at night when walking around the streets or coming back from the supermarket or the train station, the air dense with an incommensurable sadness and the trees whispering stories of the horrific events they have witnessed. At the end of February, a municipal team came around and, for no apparent reason, cut many trees along Koenigsallee and the banks of the canal running down the side of the villa, and many of us cried. Did the trees also cry? Have you heard about the neurobiology of trees? Do you know that recent research demonstrates that plants have senses and memory and they communicate with each other and therefore can be considered intelligent? In February we went to the opening of the Triennale di Milano and saw the moving exhibition “A Nation of Plants” and learned about it. Did the trees alert each other of the upcoming massacre so they could prepare to die, if chosen for no apparent reason? Joan, who has good German and admirably speaks her mind at every turn, confronted the tree cutters about it and told them off, but they said they were only following orders. After a big tree by Bissera’s and Ruth’s terraces came down, a beautiful black bird with a red beak kept smashing itself against the glass of Bissera’s window. Was it disorientated and desperate, having lost its nest, Bissera asked Ruth and me one day. Was it attempting suicide? I wondered.

It was also in one of those “cutting” days, precisely the day that right outside our windows onto the canal many trees fell, that we were robbed, an experience that could happen anywhere, on the road or at home, Wiko being somehow both. An intruder broke in through the kitchen window onto the courtyard while we were out and took everything of sentimental value in the apartment, including my wedding ring. Now I had other reasons to cry, but I didn’t. I can’t explain very well why. But I was reminded of my

friend Yehuda, who a long time ago spent a year in Rome. Upon his return, I asked him how it was and he said that Rome was a “very fine city: among the ruins of so many great civilizations, nobody can take themselves too seriously.” Likewise, among so much palpable pain, past and present, how could I feel sorry for myself over the loss of some things? How could I compare my experience to that of millions of people, including some current Wiko Fellows, who have gone through and are going through unimaginable suffering and lost everything? Perhaps the greatest gift of Wiko is to offer an intellectual and personal home, respect and affection, to displaced thinkers. It is a gift to those who have lost, are lost, but also, and usually unacknowledged, an enormous gift to those of us who get to live with them, learn from them, eat, drink, sing, and dance with them. And yes, cry silently together for these times we are living in, “these times wherein the unimaginable occurs and wherein what has to occur is no longer capable of being imagined,” as Karl Kraus put it more than a century ago during the first war of the world.

One day, walking into Wiko for a Tuesday Colloquium with some friends, a woman I didn’t know came towards us clearly upset and said “There has been a murder on the lawn.” We were understandably alarmed. It turned out that the fox, which is also a Fellow at Wiko – coming into the garden of Villa Walther, not through the bushes but through the front gate, unperturbed if we are coming out at the same time, and routinely crossing Koenigsallee to visit Wiko too – had killed one of the swans and left the corpse on the lawn. Poor swan! Did it sing before it died? Did anybody hear the swansong? For a while, only one swan was on the lake looking very lonely and sad. Do you know that swans mate for life and can die of heartbreak if their partners die? Luckily, another swan appeared one day. I thought it has been put there by some official institution in charge of the lakes, but my Fellow friend Jessica, who also followed the swans assiduously, said that apparently the ecology of the lakes is much like that of real estate and when there is a vacancy somehow the word goes around the lakes and another swan takes the position. I loved that story.

In the spring, the swans gave birth to seven adorable cygnets and the frenzy around them intensified. We followed their movements constantly and mourned every time we realized they, and we, had lost one. Soon after birth they were only six, and a while later five, and all of a sudden just two, which remained for the rest of our days in Wiko, getting bigger and stronger, as we watched adoringly their coming and goings. “The swans are here,” was enough to get me rushing out of the shower to catch a glimpse of them from my window. One day, when the cygnets kept disappearing, I was walking back from

lunch with Dave, and I asked him what he thought was happening, and he said, matter of fact, that they were probably eaten by another animal. I was horrified just to think about it, but he was not alarmed. I told Mark and he said, “Well, you know, he is a biologist, he sees it from a different perspective.”

The biologists were by far the largest group at Wiko this year and while some in the so-called humanities lamented our small number, I found the experience truly exhilarating. They are a completely different species! Their topics of study, attitudes toward research, collaborative methods, and direct questions after a lecture were inspiring. It is not that there are no scientists at Princeton, on the contrary, it is hard to move without tripping over a Nobel Prizewinner, but we in the humanities rarely interact with them. Unless you are in some bureaucratic committee of the university, you don’t even know who they really are. We talk a lot about interdisciplinarity, but it tends to be among the humanities themselves. This makes Wiko very special – spending so many months living in close proximity, having lunch together, dinner together, singing in Victor’s karaoke parties, having drinks by the lake in the back of the villa hosted by Joan, discussing with Judith why some species collaborate, the sexual life of bees, etc. It turns out that scientists, at least at Wiko, are a much more outgoing and inclusive group of people. And I thought they were all nerds! I was reminded that I was myself a nerd for a long time, a science-math nut as a child and still in my early years at the university, who somehow defected to the wild terrain of architecture.

This was for me another important experience at Wiko. To learn from the biologists. And when it was time to choose who would introduce my colloquium on the intimate relationship between medicine and architecture, I naturally went for Thomas, whom I had met by chance, sitting next to me in one of my very first lunches and with whom I immediately had a stimulating conversation about architecture and the microbiome – the first of many that will continue beyond Wiko, as we are planning a couple of collaborative projects. I thought the *X-Ray Architecture* book that I finished at Wiko was the end of a long obsession of mine – starting in the 1980s with my first ideas and draft chapters for a Ph.D., but long repressed in favor of other super-absorbing topics. Turns out, it was just the beginning.

The strangest thing about these special months in Berlin was the constant sense of reliving different histories, of having been in this place before, of even having thought some of these thoughts. Walking into the building in Wallotstraße on the very first day, I had one of those “Last Year in Marienbad” moments. Was I really here before, or did I dream

about it? Did I promise someone to come back? I had to check my own CV to confirm that I had given one of my very first lectures as a young scholar, right here, in the main room of Wiko. It was the Spring of 1986. I must have written a chapter or two of my dissertation and published a few articles when I was invited to a symposium on architecture and politics organized by a remarkable cluster of four architectural historians who were all Fellows that year. I met several other younger thinkers who have remained colleagues and friends to this day. To return to Wiko to finish the project I had left behind before the Ph.D. was somehow a tender responsibility, a promise even, and a privilege. I cannot separate the arc of my thinking from Wiko, nor do I want to.





WRITING IN BERLIN GYÖRGY DRAGOMÁN

Born in 1973 in Tîrgu Mureş (Romania) I emigrated to Hungary with my family in 1988. I studied English literature and philosophy at Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest, but after graduation I left the Academia to become a novelist and translator. I published four novels and a volume of short stories. My novels have been translated into more than 30 languages. I also work as a literary translator, having translated books by Isaac Bashevis Singer, Samuel Beckett, Irvine Welsh, Mickey Donnelly, as well as various texts by James Joyce, Ian McEwan and Sebastian Barry. Publications: *A fehér király* (novel). Budapest, 2005 (English: *The White King*, 2008; German: *Der Weiße König*, 2008). *Máglya* (novel). Budapest, 2014 (English: *The Bone Fire*, 2019; German: *Der Scheiterhaufen*, 2015). *Oroszlánkórus* (novel). Budapest, 2015 (German: *Löwenchor*, 2019). – Address: Fővény u. 2, 2040 Budaörs, Hungary. E-mail: dragoman.gy@gmail.com

“IT IS ALL YOUR FAULT.” This phrase, an axiom as it were, is painted in huge black block letters on the otherwise white walls of my study. Or perhaps those letters are red, or maybe it is a neon sign crackling and shimmering in bright orange. It is an imaginary sign, the color and type does not really matter, what matters is the stark reality it signifies: when you write you are all alone, and everything you do or do not do is entirely dependent on you and you alone, whatever you write or do not write is yours to own, and own up to, nothing and nobody else is to blame, faulting the circumstances would be a form of self-deception, a way to find an escape when in fact there is no escape, you are all alone, locked into the structure you are trying to create; your study is a prison of sorts, a world of its own, a place of total confinement and absolute freedom, where you are your own

tyrant and your own servant, locked into the reality or unreality of the novel you are trying to create.

In the past year, this imaginary sign hung on the walls of my office J10 in the Villa Jaffé, and I would sometimes carry it with me to the bedroom of our apartment number 142 in the Villa Walther, and its significance became even more poignant than ever before. When I devised this imaginary sign as I started out as a writer in my twenties, it served as a tool for self-discipline, a tool to ward off complaints and procrastination, a tool serving to distract my attention from the writing conditions, which often were far from ideal; now, in the almost utopian comfort of the Wiko, it slowly morphed into its opposite, it became a sort of a warning, constantly drawing my attention to the ideal working conditions, making me very much aware of the location.

Yes, the axiom meant that I could and should be able to work anywhere, that circumstances did not matter, that inner calm and inner freedom were supposed to be achieved anywhere, but when this was mirrored by the calm and almost limitless freedom of one's surroundings, circumstances gradually began to take hold and matter, and I realized I was being affected in a curious way. While working away on my fragmented novel about the imaginary city ravaged by civil war that is trying to rebuild itself into some sort of functional existence after the effects of destruction – a location brewing a web of stories that have been haunting my dreams for more than a decade – I gradually began to notice a subtle change in my attitude towards my surroundings.

The reality that I was working in Wiko began to matter, the circumstance that I was in fact working in a building with such a rich history somehow became more and more important, that every morning I passed the *Stolpersteine*, that I was in fact working in the heart of Berlin, that my early morning runs in Grunewald led me to the Teufelsberg, a hill built on the ruins of a destroyed and war-torn city, started to rattle me, the here and now of being in Berlin started to assume an ever stronger importance, and disregarding it seemed less and less possible. I kept working on my novel, but the images I kept seeing slowly fused with history, perhaps aided by my immersion in the German language (Eva's classes were really wonderful, we read quite a lot of literature in our advanced group with Tung-Hui Hu and my partner Anna), my attitude towards my own language began to change in a subtle way – some of the images I saw demanded to be put into writing, and the lines I wrote did not fit into the structure of the novel, nor did they belong to the short stories I was writing in parallel to the novel, so after a while I noticed that to my utter surprise I started writing poetry. Up to my Wiko year, I only ever wrote one single poem,

which came about by relentlessly cutting down a long and not very successful essay into eight lines of text, but now I was writing with a different attitude, and by the end of my Wiko year I had half a volume of poetry ready. This was an entirely new development for me, I am still unsure what to make of it.

As the fragmented cityscape of the novel I was writing kept developing, I was also constantly working on unrelated short stories. The conversations I had with the other Fellows often were sparking ideas that I was quick to put on paper, many of the stories I published in my weekly science-inspired short story column bordering on sci-fi, the ones I have on the website qubit.hu called “The Bright Future”, were direct or indirect consequences of the discussions we had over lunch, coffee or dinner. I am sure that, when these stories will be published in English, many of my Wiko friends will be keen to discover a lot of the ideas we had conversations about. One example out of many – thinking about the evolutionary consequence of matchmaking algorithms, led to a conversation with Elizabeth and Joan, inspired my story “Társkereső” <https://qubit.hu/2019/02/14/tarskereso>, in which an artificial entity in the guise of a serial killer sets out to reintroduce randomness into the partner-finding process that has been taken over by false preferences and expectations.

Living in the Wiko often felt like being in the eye of a storm. We were leading an ideal and somewhat secluded life, but when we sat and talked, the problems facing humanity all over the world, from Ukraine to Brazil, to Syria, Turkey, Venezuela and Kenya suddenly became tangible. When forest fires and prison camps and civil wars are just a handshake away, the world can get uncomfortably small; as a consequence, I often noticed being reminded of the importance of the work we were all doing and of the beauty and burden and fragility of our privileged position. Here I was, sitting in the most perfect, peaceful location, writing about war, trying to somehow scare myself and everybody else into realizing the precious and ephemeral nature of our way of life. Here I was trying to scare myself into believing that what I did, what I was working on, did in fact matter. That every line I wrote counted. So I created another imaginary sign, and stuck it on the wall, near the other one. It was less harsh, more encouraging. It looks something like this: “DO YOUR WORK. IT MATTERS MORE THAN YOU KNOW.”

I took it back home to Budaörs, it is now there in my study, along with the other one. I am slowly getting used to it, doing my best to learn to believe it, to believe in it.



A SPRING TO REMEMBER SIMON ELSÄSSER

Simon Elsässer is an Associate Professor of Systems Biology at the Karolinska Institutet in Stockholm. He received a Biochemistry degree (Diplom) from the University of Tübingen in 2007 and a Doctorate in Philosophy from Rockefeller University, New York, in 2011. Following a postdoctoral research period at the MRC Laboratory of Molecular Biology as Junior Research Fellow of Wolfson College, Cambridge, UK, he became Assistant Professor and Science for Life Laboratory Fellow at Karolinska Institutet in 2015. He is a Fellow of the Ming Wai Lau Center for Reparative Medicine and a member of the Global Young Academy. His research career has revolved broadly around molecular and mechanistic aspects of the human cell's ingenious system to package its genetic information. In his laboratory, launched in 2015, he is developing novel quantitative and systems approaches to study the crosstalk between genetic and epigenetic information. He has received national and international funding in support of his current research portfolio, including an ERC Starting Grant. – Address: Science for Life Laboratory, Department of Medical Biochemistry and Biophysics, Karolinska Institutet, Box 1031, 17165 Solna, Sweden. E-mail: simon.elsasser@scilifelab.se.

Prelude

Not having witnessed the stunning premises of the Wissenschaftskolleg before, it was the simple and bold promise to “Gain time to think!” that drew me towards it, irresistible like a siren song. However, I remember well the doubts I had while working on my application

for the College for Life Sciences. Would an in-residence fellowship in Berlin really unchain me from the fast-paced, fast-moving academic world? Would my laboratory and research progress suffer from my absence? Would it be a good idea to rip my wife and two children out of our well-oiled daily routine in Stockholm to come with me to Berlin? Moreover, would all the organizational effort that might be involved eat up the time gained in the end? Thankfully, the romantic dream of a scientific recluse and family vacation in Berlin prevailed at that moment. Looking back, most, if not all of my concerns turned out to be unjustified.

College for Life Sciences

My first encounter/experience with the Wissenschaftskolleg, even under the tense circumstances of facing the panel interview, was a true revelation. Having arrived comfortably ahead of time, I was able to witness a small slice of the daily life at the main building (Villa Linde), the studious, yet quiet, comings and goings of staff or Fellows, the cordial and professional interactions in the hallways, the warm and welcoming reception of visitors, all of this against the background of a charming turn-of-the-century villa. My stay was prepared with marvelous efficiency, and I cannot thank Andrea Bergmann of the team enough for her commitment to solving all our family issues. On the scientific side, Ulrike Pannasch, heart and soul of the College for Life Sciences, provided fantastic support, from getting to know everyone in the Institute and making connections in Berlin to reading and editing some of my texts. It is the impeccable administration and services for Fellows and partners that made it possible to come here without worries and, indeed, “Gain time to think!” Sadly, my stay only overlapped with a fraction of the College for Life Sciences Fellows, but I enjoyed even more the company of Victor Sojo and Asheley Landrum. Spending time together with Hassan Salem would have been great, as I was told that he is a runner, too. Seeing spring make Grunewald bloom and get green on my regular runs was priceless.

Scientific Project

Throughout my education and my career as a researcher, I have explored new horizons both geographically and thematically. Planning my stay, limited to about three-and-a-half months by various external factors, I was hoping to use this opportunity to depart from

my ongoing projects towards framing more long-term goals for my laboratory. Here, one key theme crystallized quickly: the need and opportunity to move toward more quantitative methods. Work in my laboratory was already on the way to revamping a classic methodology in the field (termed ChIP-Seq) with a strictly quantitative readout, a novel approach that even within our first few successful applications resulted in a surprising number of unexpected biological insights. I set myself the task of reading up on how quantitative methods have been implemented in other areas of cell biology and how to combine experimental data with computational analysis and modeling, to cumulate in a quantitative description of molecular mechanisms. This has indeed become the center of my activity at the Wissenschaftskolleg in the form of a key experimental manuscript that we were able to move towards publication during my time here, and a draft of a theoretical paper that critically examines the biochemical foundation and rationale of quantitative ChIP-Seq methods. As I had hoped, I was able to structure my time more freely and was able to dive into various datasets we collected in the lab during my stay without too much distraction. Of course, the constant stream of e-mails never stopped, but at least I perceived them as less urgent.

Beyond the *Tellerrand*

When it comes to interdisciplinary exposure, the Wissenschaftskolleg certainly kept its promise. I felt it was an absolute privilege to be part of the group of Fellows, highly recognized in their professions, be it the sciences, humanities, literature, or arts. In addition, I should add that I never felt it made a difference that I was a Junior Fellow. Interdisciplinarity here has to be defined as a wide gradient of unrelatedness. Naturally, I felt quite at home with the unusually large group of evolution biologists in residence this year, and I would like to thank Ashleigh Griffin for inviting me to take part in her workshop on multicellularity. Also, new connections (that may even affect my research direction in the long term) have formed beyond the obviously related disciplines. As a case in point, I recall a great discussion with science theorist Sarah Richardson. Maybe most gratifyingly, the Wissenschaftskolleg provides such ample opportunities to turn to know the persons behind their work, their sometimes upbeat and sometimes deeply moving life stories.

Berlin Opportunities

Berlin is a bustling hub for biomedical research, and with Grunewald as my base camp, I was in an excellent position to make and foster new connections, friendships, and collaborations across Berlin. Particularly, I would like to thank Alexander Meissner for providing an opportunity for my wife to work in his laboratory at the Max Planck Institute for Molecular Genetics and for facilitating contact with several additional groups there. During my stay, I also had the opportunity to present my work at the Charité and the Berlin Institute for Medical Systems Biology. Moreover, I attended the Annual General Meeting of the Global Young Academy in Halle, a fantastic opportunity to meet outstanding scholars from around the world. I know it is one of the goals of the College for Life Sciences' Program to connect the Fellows in residence to institutions in the Berlin area, and this was very beneficial to me. Given the importance for a junior scientist to build networks, this is an area I would love to see expanded in the future in order to maximize contact between the Fellows from different universities and research institutes.

Mentoring from Afar

In the last four years, I have developed my laboratory rather rapidly into a multidisciplinary team encompassing five Ph.D. students, five postdocs, and one lab manager. It has been an amazing journey and challenge to conceptualize a coherent research program on the scale of an entire team. I have been dedicated to getting everyone's projects off the ground and keeping up with the details of each project from beginning to end. However, I have realized the limitations of my time, and progressively I have come to appreciate that only by distancing myself from some of the details could I buy time to put my knowledge and experience into working with our emerging data, placing it in the context of the wealth of publications in each field, writing up manuscripts, and developing new hypotheses. Having witnessed the steep learning curve of young scientists in taking control of their own projects, I also wondered if some of my activities were, in fact, unnecessary micromanagement that might hinder rather than promote creativity and progress. Thus, my Fellowship at Wissenschaftskolleg has provided a valuable opportunity to rethink mentoring models. Having already embraced the use of modern online project management and team communication, I indeed managed to keep in touch with everyone in the group, ensuring that current projects continue to run smoothly. Nevertheless, I came to miss the social interactions,

hallway discussions, and joy of sharing exciting moments of discovery in person. Catching up with the group members after gaining some distance will be a unique opportunity to collect feedback and set new goals for our professional relationships.

Family

The greatest gift of the Fellowship was certainly that I could bring my wife and two children with me on a Berlin adventure. My stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg would not have been possible without a solution for the whole family; too great would have been the sacrifice of “commuting” 1000 km between family and Fellowship. Our adventure started with a visit in September, on which we met the years’ Fellows and their families on the beautiful boat tour.

Once there, we realized how much the Fellows’ families and their children were part of life at the Wissenschaftskolleg. Our stay was still far away and many problems remained to be solved, but my children were already sold on Berlin. Given the Kita crisis in Berlin, I know that Andrea Bergmann went out of her way to secure us two spots; thank you very much for that. The transition went amazingly smoothly and soon we were enjoying many family activities in Berlin, mostly related to playgrounds, lakes, and sand dunes. The kids enjoyed their own adventures at the Kita and Thursday evenings at Weiße Villa with the other Fellows’ children; special thanks here to the babysitters. We all went home with fond memories of our time at the Wissenschaftskolleg and we are certainly looking forward to coming back.



A PHYSICIST, A PHILOSOPHER
AND A PSYCHOLOGIST ENTER A BAR ...
GORDON FELD

Gordon Feld is a psychologist in the field of sleep and memory processing. Born to an English mother, he grew up in the German countryside close to the city Frankfurt am Main. He graduated from the University of Mainz in 2009. In 2014, after moving from the University of Lübeck, he received his Ph.D. from the University of Tübingen for his work on the neurochemical mechanisms of sleep-dependent memory consolidation. In 2016, after an initial postdoc in the lab of Jan Born, he received a fellowship from the German Research Foundation (DFG) to join Hugo Spiers' lab at University College London for two years. There, he investigated how sleep transforms memory traces. To "gain time to think", he spent six months at the Wissenschaftskolleg transforming his research pipeline towards open science and reproducibility. He is currently leading an Emmy Noether Research Group at the Central Institute of Mental Health in Mannheim researching the relationship between sleep, memory and addiction. – Address: Central Institute for Mental Health, University of Heidelberg, J5, 68159 Mannheim, Germany. E-mail: gordon.feld@zi-mannheim.de.

Getting in

When I saw the call "Gain time to think" for the College for Life Sciences Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, it immediately resonated with me. I had just returned to University College London after Christmas break and had to run a tightly scheduled brain-imaging project. I had only very little spare time to write my proposal, so I was super-surprised to be invited to an interview. On the day of the interview, my plane was

delayed for two hours, and I made it into the reception with about five minutes to spare. The interview was pleasant, but the questions were spot on, not ever trivial. Thus began my journey to the Wissenschaftskolleg – commonly known as Wiko.

The Arrival

I arrived at the flat in the Villa Walther on Saturday, that is, two days before the beginning of the academic year. I was driving alone in a car full of our belongings at the end of a two-day trip from St. Albans, UK, where I had just handed over our house after two years of our British adventure. Driving through the lush Grunewald Forest in the late afternoon light of this summer day, it was a huge surprise how close to our new home it was. Katha, Sophie and Liah were waiting for me in the flat of this 1900s villa at the edge of huge Berlin. The mood was set for an exciting experience, and I was not disappointed.

Getting Things Done

On the first day, Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger, the Rector of the Wiko, gave a welcome talk. In it she mentioned the many pressures on an academic, the deadlines, the productivity assessments, all of that. She told us that this is not the way things are done at Wiko and that “das Haus” believes the Fellows are the best judges of how to spend their time. The freedom that comes with such an announcement is hard to convey. I came to Wiko to do a lot of boring work transforming my research pipeline to more open and reproducible science. I did not do much of what I had planned. Instead, shortly after I arrived at Wiko I got a letter informing me of the Emmy Noether grant I had been awarded by the DFG, and I spent a lot of time organizing things for this. On top of this, I had a huge backlog of things that needed to be done from previous projects and I prepared a number of manuscripts. The thing that took the most time was organizing a workshop at Wiko. Ulrike Pannasch had talked me into applying to the Fritz Thyssen Foundation to get some money and invite some sleep and memory researchers. The workshop took place on the last two days of my stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg. During the workshop, we founded the Sleep, Oscillations and Memory Network (SOMNet), which aims to improve the reproducibility of sleep research. I think it is not an overstatement that this network will likely do many times more for my project goals than any individual effort of mine could have accomplished. Time well spent.

Not Getting Things Done

As much as I have benefitted from the things I did get done at Wiko, I must admit that the time spent not getting things done was probably even more important. Interacting with the academics from diverse fields of study as well as the authors and artists was incredibly inspiring for my work as a neuroscientist. I was able to peek outside of my academic bubble into the colourful world of all the other subjects and disciplines. To give just two examples, it was breathtaking to hear from diplomat Heidi Tagliavini how she, the chief negotiator in the Ukraine conflict, experienced one of the most convoluted diplomatic situations in recent European history from the inside. Equally, it was astonishing listening to Jessica Stockholder about her endeavors to probe the borders of the arts. In fact, her work inspired me to think differently about neurons in the brain that detect borders and how they may react to art that does not obey their predictions. Discussing these issues afterwards with biologists, lawyers, theologians and philosophers added a depth that I do not think I have ever experienced before. And yet, one of the most remarkable memories I have is that of a karaoke evening I spent singing songs together with architects, physicists and biologists. Fellows are just people. It was remarkable that within a short time we were all on a first-name basis, even when speaking German with my German colleagues, which is unheard of in German academic institutions. If anything, this is proof of the forward-thinking attitude of all of the scholars at Wiko; I will deeply miss them.

Aftermath

I am writing this during the hottest days of July 2019 after having left the Wissenschaftskolleg about five months ago. Already my time there seems like a distant dream, rather than a part of reality. Could this really have happened? The sheer density and diversity of thinking in an ambience saturated with scholarship is already unbelievable. The venue in the middle of Berlin Grunewald with its lakes and villas feels taken from another time. However, it was the friendliness and inclusiveness of the whole group of Fellows that stands out. I have seldom felt so at home at an institution, even if it was only a home for some time. Wiko can rightly be called the epitome of the ivory tower, but in the best possible way. A Babylon of science, where the Fellows may often not speak the same language, but make every effort to understand each other. It gives a glimpse of what a world

that is filled with only academics might be like. Such a world would be wonderful and quirky, but of course, it would not work. It is the wonderful staff, who make such a thing work at Wiko, who lend us the time, who create this improbable place, who brought us all together and who make us all talk to each other – thank you for this unique experience. And thus, we may only spend what feels like a brief moment and then must go back out to the world – back to the hamster wheel ...



VIOLETT SCHNEE
BEAT FURRER

Beat Furrer wurde 1954 in Schaffhausen geboren und erhielt an der dortigen Musikschule seine erste Ausbildung (Klavier). Nach seiner Übersiedlung nach Wien im Jahr 1975 studierte er an der Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst Dirigieren bei Otmar Suitner sowie Komposition bei Roman Haubenstock Ramati. Im Jahr 1985 gründete er das Klangforum Wien, das er bis 1992 leitete und dem er seitdem als Dirigent verbunden ist. Im Auftrag der Wiener Staatsoper schrieb er seine erste Oper *Die Blinden*, seine zweite Oper *Narcissus* wurde 1994 beim steirischen herbst an der Oper Graz uraufgeführt. 1996 war er Composer in Residence bei den Musikfestwochen Luzern. 2001 wurde das Musiktheater *Begehren* in Graz uraufgeführt, 2003 die Oper *invocation* in Zürich und 2005 das vielfach ausgezeichnete und gespielte Hörtheater *FAMA* in Donaueschingen. Seit Herbst 1991 ist Furrer ordentlicher Professor für Komposition an der Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst in Graz. Ende der 90er hat er gemeinsam mit Ernst Kovacic „impuls“ als internationale Ensemble- und KomponistInnenakademie für zeitgenössische Musik in Graz gegründet. Eine Gastprofessur für Komposition nahm er 2006–2009 an der Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst in Frankfurt wahr. 2004 erhielt er den Musikpreis der Stadt Wien, seit 2005 ist er Mitglied der Akademie der Künste in Berlin. 2006 wurde er für *FAMA* mit dem Goldenen Löwen bei der Biennale Venedig ausgezeichnet. 2010 wurde sein Musiktheater *Wüstenbuch* am Theater Basel uraufgeführt. 2014 wurde er mit dem großen österreichischen Staatspreis ausgezeichnet. Im Jahr 2018 erhielt er den Ernst von Siemens Musikpreis für „ein Leben im Dienste der Musik“ und war Composer in Residence bei den Salzburger Festspielen. Seine Oper *La Bianca Notte* (Die helle Nacht) nach Texten von Dino Campana wurde im Mai 2015 in

Hamburg uraufgeführt. Im Januar 2019 kam es an der Staatsoper Unter den Linden in Berlin zur Uraufführung seiner Oper *Violetter Schnee* mit einem Libretto von Händl Klaus, basierend auf einer Vorlage von Wladimir Sorokin. Beat Furrer hat seit den 1980er Jahren ein breites Repertoire geschaffen, das von Solo und Kammermusik bis zu Werken für Ensemble, Chor, Orchester und Oper reicht. – E-Mail: office@beatfurrer.com.

Rückblickend auf das Wiko-Jahr 2018/19 möchte ich meine Dankbarkeit für den vielfältigen Austausch mit meinen Fellow KollegInnen im Rahmen der Kolloquien und den daraus resultierenden wunderbaren Gesprächen zum Ausdruck bringen – viele dieser Begegnungen werden über das Wiko-Jahr hinaus als Freundschaften erhalten bleiben. Auch wenn ich durch die Premiere von *Violetter Schnee** über einige Zeit absorbiert war, sind doch Ideen und Anregungen zu neuen bzw. zukünftigen Werken weiter wirksam. Mein besonderer Dank gilt den MitarbeiterInnen des Wissenschaftskollegs, insbesondere den MitarbeiterInnen der Bibliothek, die mich in meinen Recherchen für kommende Werke mit großer Geduld unterstützt haben. Zwei der im Wiko Jahr komponierten Arbeiten sind bereits uraufgeführt worden. *Spazio Immergente III* in Hamburg durch das Ensemble Resonanz und *In mia vita da vuopl* durch Marcus Weiss und Rinnat Moriah in Sur En (Schweiz). In einer Welt der zunehmenden Spezialisierung und sozialen Abschottung scheint mir die „altherwürdige“ Einrichtung des Wissenschaftskollegs zukunftsweisend: In den Zwischenräumen der naturwissenschaftlichen und geisteswissenschaftlichen Diskurse, im Dialog mit der zeitgenössischen Kunst, offenbaren sich Möglichkeiten einer multiperspektivischen Sicht auf die in unserer Gesellschaft wirksamen Mechanismen und damit Sprache und Argument gegen die behauptete Alternativlosigkeit politischer Entscheidungen.

* Die erste Seite der Partitur von *Violetter Schnee* ist auf Beat Furrers Detailseite der Webseite des Wissenschaftskollegs verlinkt: www.wiko-berlin.de/fellows/fellowfinder/detail/2018-furrer-beat/



MAJOR TRANSITIONS

AMANDA KYLE GIBSON

Amanda Kyle Gibson is an evolutionary biologist. Her research focuses on the maintenance of genetic variation, rapid adaptation, and the evolutionary ecology of infectious diseases. She studied Biology at Amherst College, then moved to France on a Fulbright Fellowship to continue her research on the evolutionary ecology of fungal parasites at Paris-Sud University. In 2016, she earned her Ph.D. from Indiana University. Her dissertation research addressed a major problem in evolutionary biology, the maintenance of sex, and allowed for months of field research in New Zealand. Amanda then moved to Emory University on a Fellowship in Research and Science Teaching to study rapid adaptation of parasites, train in science pedagogy, and teach at Spelman College. She received the 2017 John Maynard Smith Prize from the European Society of Evolutionary Biology and the 2018 Theodosius Dobzhansky Prize from the Society for the Study of Evolution, both given to recognize an outstanding young evolutionary biologist. She has also received awards for her efforts in education, including the Thomas Henry Huxley Award from the Society for the Study of Evolution. In 2019, Amanda became an Assistant Professor at the University of Virginia. – Address: Department of Biology, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, VA 22904, USA. E-mail: akg5nq@virginia.edu.

My time at the Wissenschaftskolleg fell in the midst of a major transition: I arrived in Berlin a week after finishing my postdoctoral fellowship. Two weeks after departing Wiko, I found myself in yet another new office, as an assistant professor. My four months at Wiko filled the yawning gap between these career stages.

In some ways, this timing was unfortunate. I hold all of you, Fellows, management, and staff alike, responsible for giving me the wrong impression of the daily life of a professor. I thought professorial life, at Wiko and beyond, would be an endless parade of lunchtime cakes, friendly faces, stimulating conversation, dedicated librarians, and fizzy water. I realized my mistake on my very first day as an assistant professor, when I found myself lugging a large computer monitor for what felt like miles from the IT desk to my new office. How far I had fallen. I have come to understand that Wiko's same-day delivery of extra computer monitors to my apartment door was the exception. I have not even been offered a bottle of chilled fizzy water yet.

In more fundamental ways, however, the timing of my Fellowship at Wiko was critical. As the end of my postdoc loomed, anxiety began to cloud my judgment and chase off the simple pleasures of scientific pursuit. Though it's exciting to fledge and open one's own lab, I felt mounting pressure to churn my scholarship into currency – papers in fancy journals, accolades, and grant dollars. What's worse, it seemed that I'd have to do this all on my own.

Wiko put me back on track. The Fellows, in their questions, their colloquia, their curiosity, and their conversation, generously shared with me not what they do, but how they do it. They reminded me that scholarship is a process, not a product. Within our Fellow group, we defined one another by the questions we asked and the approaches we took to tackling them, not by the answers we got.

No event single-handedly inspired this reset, but I can identify a few moments that struck me. Yvonne Owuor, in her colloquium, revealing that central plot lines and characters, on which she'd spent months of research and thought, might be cut from the story as it grew and transformed. I understood from Yvonne's colloquium that she didn't fear these radical shifts, but welcomed them as necessary to the crafting of the story. Continuous questioning from the humanities of the rather weighty words that we evolutionary biologists use casually (e.g. cooperation, altruism). These word choices define the way we think about a problem, in ways that we rarely reflect on. Gordon's obsession with open science and the need for transparency from the earliest stages of a project, because the way we approach a problem defines the answers we get (and the answers we choose to give). Sarah Richardson urging me, during a time of writer's block, to block out the voices attacking my as yet unwritten paper and just write, trusting my own thought process. Heidi Tagliavini struggling with which part of her inspiring story and practice to share, and how best to share it.

Now, post-Wiko, in my new life as an assistant professor, I see that, if I let it, my scholarly life could quickly morph into a quagmire of e-mails, politics, diverse distractions, and dehydration. In the moments when this clamor grows too loud, those four foundational months at Wiko continue to give me the perspective to step away from this checklist of tasks and minor accomplishments. Those months reading and conversing obsessively – on the latitudinal distribution of aphids, scale insect reproduction, nematode host range, dispersal of rust fungi – remind me of the focused daily work I seek and the commitment to taking time, going deep, that I hope to convey to my students.

I am grateful to all the members of the Wiko community for this experience. I would like to specifically recognize a handful of folks who contributed directly to my work: Ulrike Pannasch, who corralled, encouraged, and advocated for the junior Fellows. Anja Brockmann and Team Library, who hunted down and digested obscure agricultural texts that I never would have found. Thomas Lewinsohn, who shared his wealth of natural history knowledge, taught me how to measure host range, and never missed a chance to tell me that I was on to something. Mike Wade, who has, since I was a first-year graduate student, furnished me with a theoretical framework with which to structure my thinking and given me the confidence to push on. I have Thomas Lewinsohn and Mike (as well as a visit from former Fellow Janis Antonovics) to thank for the first publication to come out of my Wiko stay. Gordon Feld, who put me on to open science ideas that changed my approach to an ongoing meta-analysis and motivated me to pre-register my study. Sarah Richardson, who shared my enthusiasm for arcane reproductive terminology, as well as its strange subtext, and who, in her introduction to my colloquium, made my work sound much grander than I could have imagined. And finally, thank you to Debbie Rush Wade for keeping it real, to Siobhan O'Brien, Hassan Salem, and Alex Duff for collaborating with me to bring the intellectual maturity of Wiko down a notch, and to Jered Wendte for adventuring with me.



BERLIN MITTE
CHRISTOPH GRABENWARTER

Christoph Grabenwarter was born in 1966 in Styria/Austria. He studied Law (1984–1988) and International Business Administration (1984–1989) in Vienna. He received doctorate degrees in these disciplines in 1991 and 1994 respectively. After his Habilitation in Vienna, he was Visiting Professor at the University of Linz from 1997 to 1999, Professor of Public Law at the University of Bonn from 1999 to 2002 and at the University of Graz from 2002 to 2008. Since then he has been Professor of Public Law, Commercial Law, and International Law at the Vienna University of Economics and Business. He has been a judge on the Austrian Constitutional Court since June 2005, where he took the position of Vice-President in February 2018 and of interim acting President in June 2019. Since 2006, he has been a member of the Venice Commission of the Council of Europe. His main fields of interest are European constitutional law, human rights, law and religion, and constitutional justice. His project at the Wissenschaftskolleg asks how European integration and constitutional courts can contribute to preserving democracy and the rule of law, and in particular the independence of justice. – Address: Wirtschaftsuniversität Wien, Institut für Europarecht und Internationales Recht, Welthandelsplatz 1/D3, 1020 Wien, Österreich. E-mail: christoph.grabenwarter@wu.ac.at.

Berlin gehört zu den wenigen Städten der Welt, in denen das Zentrum mit „Mitte“ bezeichnet wird. Zehn Monate am Wissenschaftskolleg laden zur Reflexion über Mitten ein – in Berlin, am Wissenschaftskolleg und im Leben eines Fellows.

„Mitte“ und die Mitte

Berlin hat nicht ein Zentrum, sondern mehrere Zentren. Eines davon ist „Mitte“, wobei man sich als Neuankömmling nach kurzer Zeit daran gewöhnt, dass „Mitte“ eine selbständige Ortsbezeichnung ohne Erfordernis eines (bestimmten oder unbestimmten) Artikels ist. Man ist in „Mitte“, man fährt nach „Mitte“.

Es gibt in Berlin aber neben „Mitte“ auch noch *die* Mitte. Sie zu finden, ist eine individuelle Sache jedes Einzelnen und führt in einer Großstadt naturgemäß zu unterschiedlichen Ergebnissen. Für die Fellows am Wiko ist die Mitte Berlins in der Wallotstraße gelegen. Einige hundert Meter sind es in die eine Richtung bis zu den ersten Einkaufstraßen entlang des Kurfürstendamms, ungefähr ebenso weit ist es zum Grunewaldsee, wo man nicht nur unter Hunden, sondern auch so richtig in der Natur ist.

Mitten im Wiko

Am Wiko gibt es ebenfalls (mindestens) eine Mitte. In einem ersten Zugriff ist die Mitte unbestritten die altherwürdige Villa am Halensee. In Zeiten intensiver Schreibtischarbeit verlagert sich die Mitte temporär in die Weiße Villa, wo man nicht nur von stets freundlichen Mitarbeitenden der Bibliothek, sondern auch von prompt gelieferten Büchern begrüßt wird. In den dortigen Arbeitsräumen finden auch Fellows, die in der Villa Walther wohnen, ihre Mitte. Unvergessen bleibt die Gastfreundschaft der amerikanischen Fellows an einem Novemberabend im Dachgeschoss ebendieser Weißen Villa, ebenso wie die Abfolge von Filmvorführungen und Feiern in der Villa Jaffé.

Will man im Hauptgebäude in der Wallotstraße eine Mitte ausmachen, so gibt es verschiedene Zugänge. Der Kolloquienraum kann den Anspruch erheben, das Zentrum der geistigen Auseinandersetzung zu sein. Das Erlebnis der Intensität des Austausches übertrifft die Schilderungen, die man aus früheren Jahren erhalten hat. Die Fellows erleben den Raum als geschützt und offen zugleich. Geschützt, weil sich das Gespräch in einer gewissen wissenschaftlichen Intimität entfalten kann. Offen, weil es für die Diskursteilnehmer keine Tabus gibt, die großen Fenster lassen die Offenheit spüren. Meist in Hochstimmung, jedenfalls aber inspiriert geht man dienstags zu Mittag die Treppen zum Restaurant hinunter.

Vom Restaurant kann man nicht behaupten, dass es der eleganteste und stimmungsvollste Speiseraum auf Erden wäre. Aber auch dieser Raum hat eine Mitte, es sind die

Blumen, die einem entgegenstrahlen, wenn man den Raum betritt – je nach Jahreszeit Weihnachtssterne, Zyklopen oder Tulpen, um nur einige Beispiele zu nennen. Und wenn wir den Raum gefüllt haben, werden die Gespräche sowie Speis und Trank die Mitte. Übrigens: um vom Schreibtisch möglichst schnell zu den Futtertrögen zu gelangen, könnte man einen unterirdischen Gang wählen, kaum jemand nutzt ihn – ob es wohl an den Blumen und dem Lächeln und den freundlichen Worten am Empfang liegt?

Mitten in der Kunst

Mit Musik, Literatur und bildender Kunst wurden wir im Wiko und in der Stadt in reichem Maße beschenkt. Das Problem war nicht das Angebot, sondern die begrenzte Zeit. Lesungen von György Dragomán und Yvonne Owuor führten uns in andere Stadtteile, Beat Furrers Opernuraufführung in der Staatsoper Unter den Linden nach Mitte, zeitlich genau in der Mitte des Fellowjahres. Auch am Wiko selbst durften wir Musik von Beat Furrer (und von Clara Schumann) hören, die Werke von Jessica Stockholder und Patrick Chamberlain bestaunen.

Unmittiges

Und doch war nicht alles schön in diesem Jahr. Einige Fellows haben ihre Heimat in unruhigen Zeiten verlassen oder überhaupt hinter sich lassen müssen, das Spektrum reicht von Regierungskrisen über gravierende politische Umwälzungen bis hin zum (Bürger-)Krieg. Ersteres hat auch mein Land erreicht. Zur Zeit meiner Ankunft am Wiko hatte Österreich den Vorsitz im Rat der Europäischen Union inne und die primäre Frage war noch, wie wir es mit den Regierungen in Mittel- und Osteuropa halten, die europäische Werte nicht respektieren. Während zum Ende des Fellow-Jahres in Berlin und in Karlsruhe der 70. Geburtstag des Grundgesetzes gefeiert wurde, zerbrach in Wien eine Regierung als Folge der Veröffentlichung unfassbarer Äußerungen über Pressefreiheit, Parteienfinanzierung und den Umgang mit dem politischen Gegner. Die bald 100-jährige österreichische Verfassung musste sich bewähren – und tat es auch, wenn auch mit beruflichen Auswirkungen für den Autor dieser Zeilen, die den Abschied vom Wiko etwas weniger geruhsam machten.

Verfassung der Mitte

Der örtliche Abstand und der durch den Rahmen des Wiko vermittelte Schutz ermöglichten es dennoch, die Mitte in der Arbeit zu finden und beizubehalten. Die Freiräume für ausgiebiges Lesen waren geschaffen; was in den letzten zehn Monaten nicht gelesen werden konnte, wanderte auf einen USB-Stick. Manuskripte für Vorträge am Wiko und anderswo in Deutschland waren Ausgangspunkte für die Arbeit am größeren Thema der rechtsstaatlichen Demokratie, die in Teilen Europas zunehmend angefochten, ja offen in Frage gestellt wird. Es ist die Arbeit an den Rahmenbedingungen eines Verfassungssystems, in dem der Ausgleich zwischen politischen Gegnern rechtlich eingehegt wird, mit dem Ziel und Anspruch, eine „Verfassung der Mitte“ zu sein, so der Titel einer jüngeren Monografie des früheren Fellows Andreas Voßkuhle, der im Januar kam, um mit Verfassungsrichtern, Europarechtlern und Staatsrechtslehrern über den Rechtsstaat zu diskutieren.

Aus unterschiedlichen Zugängen beschäftigte ich mich in den letzten Monaten mit den Voraussetzungen rechtsstaatlicher Demokratie, in rechtlicher Hinsicht, aber auch im Zusammenwirken der Organe in der Praxis. Ausgehend von den Rechtsstaatskrisen in einigen Ländern Europas wird der Blick auf die Sicherungen des Rechtsstaats und der Demokratie gerichtet. Das Erfordernis einer gereiften Rechts- und Verfassungskultur, die Bereitschaft zur loyalen Zusammenarbeit zwischen Staatsorganen, die Fähigkeit zum Kompromiss, aber auch der Erhalt starker Institutionen, insbesondere auch einer vitalen Justiz und Verfassungsgerichtsbarkeit sind Funktionsbedingungen jenseits des rechtlichen Rahmens, die in meiner Arbeit als wichtige Faktoren für die Wahrung der rechtsstaatlichen Demokratie herausgearbeitet werden.

Neben Zeit und Ruhe für das Vorantreiben meines Manuskripts bot das Wiko den Rahmen für einen ertragreichen Workshop und für zwei Vorträge sowie für zahlreiche Diskussionen. Es eröffnete die Möglichkeit zur Mitwirkung an anderen Projekten und Diskussionen in Berlin, natürlich auch in Mitte. Stets inspirierend waren die Gespräche mit den Fachkollegen Stanisław Biernat, Dieter Grimm und Christoph Möllers, aber auch mit allen anderen Fellows, mögen sie einem fachlich ferner oder näher stehen. Es waren die vielen überraschenden Querverbindungen zwischen den Disziplinen, die zu neuen Perspektiven und nicht selten zu neuen Ideen für die eigene Arbeit führten.

Mitten im Leben

Zehn Monate, die viel zu schnell vergangen sind, liegen hinter uns. Sie haben mir Zeit und örtliche Abgeschiedenheit geschenkt, verbunden mit gegenseitiger Inspiration durch die Gemeinschaft bei Tisch und im sonstigen Wochenablauf, ständige und nicht ständige Fellows und nicht zuletzt auch durch die übrigen Mitarbeitenden des Wiko. Vor allem aber: In der fein austarierten Balance aus Nähe und Distanz des geschützten Wissenschaftsbiotops sind einige neue Freundschaften entstanden, die auch nach Ende dieses Jahres fortwähren werden.

Gefühlt war es eine *mid-career*-Auszeit, auch wenn die Mitte bereits überschritten ist. Sie wird lange nachwirken. Auch so gesehen: Berlin Mitte.



SMALL VICTORIES IN BERLIN ASHLEIGH S. GRIFFIN

Ashleigh S. Griffin is Professor of Evolutionary Biology at the University of Oxford, based in the Department of Zoology and New College. She was educated at the University of Edinburgh and remained there as a Royal Society research fellow until 2009. Her research is motivated by curiosity about social behaviour – why do independent individuals evolve to become cooperative and dependent on one another? For the last 20 years, she has used across-species comparisons of cooperative breeding birds and experimental evolutionary studies of bacteria to answer this question. She used her three-month stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg to develop a new line of research – understanding the evolution of complex multicellular life using the planarian flatworm. – Address: Department of Zoology, University of Oxford, Mansfield Road, Oxford, OX1 3SZ, United Kingdom. E-mail: ashleigh.griffin@zoo.ox.ac.uk.

“I feel like we just won Berlin,” Johnny stopped as we walked through the car park of a DIY superstore. And I knew exactly what he meant: three weeks earlier I walked through this car park as a Berlin-Reject. Now we had just emerged (victorious) after a Sunday spent in the darkness of a former power conversion station for the DDR rail system, currently known as Berghain. I wanted to write about this for you because Barbara told me that I may have been the first Wiko Fellow to make it in there. I’m sure that’s not true – maybe you wanted to keep your weekend activities quiet over lunch on Monday. But I felt like there had to be something in the Wiko yearbook to encourage more of you to adventure East beyond the opera house and jazz cafes of Charlottenburg.

It really is hard to get in. There have been not one but two feature-length documentaries about how hard it is to get in.* Reflecting this, the queue is silent, self-conscious and vulnerable: full-grown adults offering themselves up in turn to be judged. Many of them are dressed only in little leather harnesses. Many have spent their savings to fly there from all over the world. The whole scene is absurd. But look at the Google reviews: 3.9 stars from 2407 reviews. That's 1500 5-star reviews from people who got in (Hades: "This is a great nightclub, you must go in, there will be many bold ideas in that space.") and 1000 1-star reviews from people who didn't make it (Celia: "No reason for not being allowed in. We looked too 'nice'. Rudely pointed to walk to exit."). It has to be worth a try. The first time went like this:

Bouncer: Why do you want to go in there?

Me: For the music.

Bouncer: Music is everywhere. [Rudely pointed to walk to exit.]

So, Johnny and I cheated. I discovered that a friend of mine went to school with Erik who works the coat-check. He could put us on the list. And it turned out that Berghain and the hedonistic spirit of Berlin that it keeps alight on a patch of waste ground in Friedrichshain, nestled between tower blocks and DIY superstores, was a prize worth winning. There are many bold ideas in that space. And it's not really about the music.

I don't know if you've ever shared complete darkness with 1000 people doing whatever they like. We were overwhelmed, clinging to one another and out of our depth. We tripped over two men having sex on the floor within 10 metres of the entrance. "Let's find the loo." A tattooed "gnome" in his 50s, wearing a pair of skin-tight leather hot pants, stopped me from going into the cubicle he had just vacated – "stop, let me find you a nicer one". Sometimes you find old-fashioned gallantry in unexpected places. The labyrinth of the former power conversion station eventually led us to dancers packed into a small square of Sunday morning sunshine, "furnished" with concrete blocks and pillars of mysterious function from the past. We took our first proper look at our fellow citizens of this strange world. And this is what we saw: bodies of all shapes and sizes stuffed into fetish gear, some owning it, some not, sitting around in small groups drinking bottles of Rhabarberschorle. In contrast to the super-clubs of London, filled with tourists, gangs of

* *Berlin Bouncer* (2019, dir. David Dietl); *Beauty and Decay* (2019, dir. Annekatrin Henel).

Italian teenagers standing filming with their phones on the dance floor, most people were locals, regulars. One creature had the Berghain re-entry stamp tattooed onto her arm: DON'T FORGET TO GO HOME. A stand-out exception to the general grungey dress-code – a dapper gentleman in his 70s trotting along to the music on the top of a pillar, immaculate in his cream double-breasted suit with cravat and two-toned leather shoes – “Ah, there’s ‘Techno Grandad’.” said Johnny, “He’s here every week.” A young man in transition, triumphantly baring his newly developing breasts, 7 feet tall in 4-inch platforms, tottering round with a friend, arm-in-arm like a sweet old couple.

We loved it. For the next seven hours we alternated: losing ourselves completely on the dance floor to beautiful techno inside, and chatting to the locals in the sunshine outside. We managed to relax and go with it. The seemingly arbitrary and draconian door policy starts to make sense. This whole place is only possible because of the man standing at the door. He is filtering out the people who want in for the wrong reasons, who don’t know why they want to go inside, who think Berghain is just about the music. And he protects the community inside of people who truly need this space to be themselves.

It’s hard to imagine that this place could exist anywhere but Berlin. And it is for the people of Berlin. And the entrance is guarded to protect them. Johnny was right – we won Berlin.

This adventure was set against the backdrop of three months spent working at a computer in the leafy suburb of Grunewald, among oligarchs’ mansions and Middle Eastern embassies. “In the middle of nowhere” if it weren’t for the M19 and the “why-can’t-everywhere-be-like-this?” – Berlin city transport system. Instead, I learned to be grateful for the journey home, anti-clockwise on the Ringbahn, plugged into my earphones: the smell of the trees and the quiet of Grunewald at night. Back to the woods. The first day after arriving, we were hiding behind a tree from a wild boar that we had inadvertently startled with its piglets. The bloody thing wouldn’t stop following us. Stuart picked up a big stick to defend us, caveman instincts kicking in – “What *is* this place?” Life in the city surrounded by foxes, owls, nightingales, and one night – a pine marten bounded along Erdener Straße. A seldom-seen, magical creature from my childhood in the Highlands of Scotland, there in the city street.

Arriving at the Wissenschaftskolleg in April is like arriving at someone’s house, ready-to-party too late, when everyone is having a heart-to-heart in the corner or fetching their coats to go home. Most of what was going to happen had happened. An underlying anxiety was creeping in about time running out, problems and commitments piled up at

home. It might have been difficult to join the fray except that I was lucky enough to be part of a group who found the energy in the middle of saying goodbye to welcome a newcomer. On my first night, I was disco dancing after dinner and invited to a karaoke party. I am literally, clinically shy. It's hard to be a shy person at Wiko – sitting next to cliques of new people every day at lunch. A daily trial for someone like me. But I met nothing but kindness and was distracted by so many fascinating discussions; I would walk back to Villa Walther with my heart lightened by my small victory of shyness-overcome.

Many aspects of my three months at Wiko were challenging. I was pathetically love sick for my family, more than I could ever have imagined. My children all grown up, I had thought it was time to do my own thing again. But it turns out that I need them around to “do my own thing”. I was happy to have the chance to pursue a new project in different surroundings, supported by Koos, Dave, Joan, Nancy, Howard and Joan from my working group and the incredible team of biologists at Wiko: Mike, Judy, Tim, Victor and Jason. I didn't make the most of sharing time with you, but I have still taken away so much to think about. Thank you, Koos, for the opportunity you gave me by your invitation. And I have to give special mention to Joan, my heroine, who, over the three months in Berlin, became my friend. I loved our walks and our conversations about life, language, music, nature, family, education, dogs ... and even some science. Your encouragement and wisdom have fortified me for challenges ahead.

All the small victories I managed in my three months at Wiko were possible only thanks to the staff. Professional at all times, but the special quality I think, which is more unusual, is the thoughtfulness with which the Wissenschaftskolleg takes care of its visitors. Thank you.



ZEHN MONATE IN BERLIN
AMR HAMZAWY

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Im Jahr 1993 kam ich als Doktorand der Politikwissenschaft zum ersten Mal nach Berlin. Zehn Jahre später verließ ich die schöne deutsche Hauptstadt als promovierter Politikwissenschaftler und Nachwuchs-Hochschullehrer für Politik des Nahen Ostens, um nach Kairo zurückzukehren. Zwischen 2003 und 2015 forschte ich zu Fragen der Demokratisierung in Ägypten und begann, mich mittels Presse- und Medienbeiträgen an öffentlichen politischen Debatten im arabischen Raum zu beteiligen. Als 2011 der demokratische Aufbruch in Ägypten zu einer gesellschaftlichen und politischen Öffnung führte, entschloss ich mich, mich politisch zu engagieren. Meine Rolle in der Politik, die mich ins Parlament und in den Nationalen Rat für Menschenrechte führte, war jedoch kurzlebig. 2013 endete sie abrupt, als das demokratische Experiment in Ägypten gescheitert war. In der Hoffnung auf eine erneute politische Wende hielt ich an meiner Professur an der

Universität Kairo fest und harnte noch zwei weitere Jahre in meinem Heimatland aus. Jedoch wurden meine Lehre sowie meine Presse- und Medienbeiträge von der neuen autoritären Herrschaft als unwillkommenes Überbleibsel aus den Jahren des demokratischen Experiments betrachtet. Mit der willkürlichen Beendigung meiner Lehraufgaben an der Universität Kairo und der Verbannung meiner Beiträge aus den öffentlichen Debatten wurden meine Freiräume als Hochschullehrer und Intellektueller stark beschnitten. Im Juli 2015 verließ ich Ägypten und fand an der Universität Stanford im kalifornischen Exil ein neues akademisches Zuhause.

Die Einladung des Wissenschaftskollegs, als Fellow des akademischen Jahres 2018/19 zehn Monate in Berlin zu verbringen, nahm ich mit Begeisterung an. Meine Söhne leben seit 2008 in der deutschen Hauptstadt und es war immer mein Wunsch, einige Zeit bei ihnen in ihrer Wahlheimat zu verbringen und gleichzeitig in die Stadt meiner prägenden Promotionsjahre zurückzukehren. Die Bedingungen der Fellowship schienen höchst attraktiv zu sein: die Freiheit, ohne Lehrverpflichtungen zu forschen und in eine Art vorübergehender Lebensgemeinschaft mit hervorragenden Wissenschaftlern, Forschern und Intellektuellen eingebunden zu sein.

Ich bin der Einladung des Wissenschaftskollegs gefolgt und kann nun mit großer Freude vermelden, dass meine anfängliche Begeisterung mehr als berechtigt war.

Häufig pendelte ich zwischen dem ruhigen Stadtviertel Grunewald, wo das Wissenschaftskolleg liegt, und anderen Bezirken Berlins hin und her. Das Kulturangebot Berlins ist beeindruckend und einer Weltmetropole würdig. Daneben profitierte ich als ein im Ausland lebender Wissenschaftler von einer Nebensächlichkeit, die sich für mich als sehr wertvoll herausstellte: dem Eintauchen in ein arabisches Kulturzentrum im Exil. An arabischsprachigen Lesungen und Podiumsdiskussionen teilzunehmen, mit Schriftstellern aus allen Gebieten des Nahen Ostens zu debattieren sowie mit arabischen Studierenden an Berliner Hochschulen über gesellschaftliche Realitäten „daheim“ zu plaudern – all das belebte nach Jahren des Fernseins wieder mein Engagement für zeitgenössische Denkströmungen der arabischen Welt.

Das Experiment, mit einer interdisziplinären Gruppe von Wissenschaftlern, Forschern und Intellektuellen für zehn Monate am selben Ort zu leben und zu arbeiten, führte zu einer großen Neugierde aufeinander und einem regen Austausch. Meine Kolleginnen und Kollegen setzten sich mit meinem Forschungsvorhaben („Zur Genese des Neoautoritarismus in der ägyptischen Politik“) auseinander und ermöglichten mir gleichzeitig, von ihrem Fachwissen und ihrer Kreativität zu profitieren. Auch waren sie

großzügig genug, meine Fragen zu ihren Projekten und Schriften zu beantworten. Zum Gelingen meines Aufenthalts trugen nicht zuletzt auch die hervorragenden Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter des Wissenschaftskollegs bei. Ihnen sowie meinen Co-Fellows im akademischen Jahr 2018/2019 gilt meine tief empfundene Dankbarkeit für eine wunderbare Zeit in Berlin.

Mein am Wissenschaftskolleg fertiggestelltes Buch über die Genese des Neoautoritarismus im heutigen Ägypten erschien auf Arabisch im September 2019 in Beirut. Eine englische Fassung des Buches erscheint 2020.

Dankeschön Wiko!



PLANET FORSCHUNG
SILJA HÄUSERMANN

Silja Häusermann ist Professorin für Politikwissenschaft an der Universität Zürich. Sie hat an den Universitäten Genf, Lausanne, Zürich und Harvard studiert. Nach der Promotion war sie Max Weber Postdoctoral Fellow am Europäischen Hochschulinstitut in Florenz sowie Juniorprofessorin für Politikwissenschaft an der Universität Konstanz, bevor sie 2012 die Professur an der Universität Zürich antrat. Ihre Forschungsinteressen liegen im Bereich der Vergleichenden Politischen Ökonomie, der Sozialstaats-, Arbeitsmarkt- und Ungleichheitsforschung sowie der Parteienforschung. Sie ist die Autorin von *The Politics of Welfare State Reform in Continental Europe: Modernization in Hard Times* (Cambridge University Press, 2010) sowie Mitautorin von *The Age of Dualization. The Changing Face of Inequality in Deindustrializing: Societies* (Oxford University Press, 2012) und *The Politics of Advanced Capitalism* (Cambridge University Press, 2015). Ihre Forschung wurde u. a. publiziert in *Comparative Political Studies*, *British Journal of Political Science*, *European Journal of Political Research*, *Journal of Politics* und *Socio-Economic Review*. – Adresse: Institut für Politikwissenschaft, Universität Zürich, Affolternstrasse 56, 8050 Zürich. E-Mail: silja.haeusermann@ipz.uzh.ch.

Eines meiner Vorhaben für das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg war es, zumindest ab und zu Journal zu schreiben, um, wenn schon nicht entspannt, dann doch reflektiert (tätig) zu sein. Beim Wiederlesen dieser Journaleinträge bin ich über die Notizen zu einem Gespräch mit meiner achtjährigen Tochter gestolpert, in dem sie mir sagte, ich würde nun mal auf zwei Planeten leben, dem Planeten Erde und dem Planeten Forschung. Und während ich mir der Ambivalenz dieser Worte aus dem Mund meiner Tochter durchaus

bewusst bin, muss ich doch zugeben, dass ich mit einer tiefen Sehnsucht nach dem Planeten Forschung nach Berlin gekommen war. Ich hatte es seit Jahren nicht mehr geschafft, diesen Planeten am Stück für mehr als einige Stunden oder wenige zusammenhängende Tage zu besuchen.

Letztlich bin ich dort glücklich angekommen. In den letzten fünf Monaten meines Aufenthaltes am Wissenschaftskolleg fühlte ich mich wie eine Doktorandin: neugierig, kreativ, relativ frei von Verantwortung, produktiv und in einem guten Sinn allein. Aber ich brauchte die vollen zehn Monate, denn der Wechsel vom akademischen Hamsterrad in die lustvolle Kreativität ist nicht einfach. Die Journaleinträge erlauben es mir, die Zeit am Wiko in grob drei Phasen zu teilen: im ersten Monat war ich vom abfallenden Druck überfordert und etwas gelähmt, und wurde von einer leichten Panik erfasst angesichts der fehlenden Struktur und Kontrolle eines eng getakteten Alltags. Ich tat das vielleicht Falsche aber Naheliegende – flüchtete mich in das Vertraute, indem ich laufende, hängige, aufgestaute Publikationsprojekte abzuarbeiten begann. Diese zweite Phase war hoch produktiv, wenn auch wenig kreativ. Nach intensiven Revisionen konnte die Publikation verschiedener Projekte in trockene Tücher gebracht werden: ein Symposium zu Arbeitsmarktsunsicherheit in *Political Science Research and Methods*, ein Artikel zu Zielkonflikten in Sozialstaatsreformen in *Comparative Political Studies*, ein projektbasiertes Buch zu Protestmobilisierung in Europa im Kontext der Eurokrise bei Cambridge University Press sowie, als Ko-Herausgeberin, ein zweibändiges Buchprojekt zur Politik sozialer Investitionen in verschiedenen Weltregionen, für welches nun eine Woche vor Abreise aus Berlin die ersehnte positive Antwort von Oxford University Press eintraf. Keines dieser Projekte beinhaltete eigentlich neue Ideen, aber keines davon hätte ich so zügig vom Schreibtisch geschafft zu Hause. Auch ein Rückschlag war dabei: Mit großem Enthusiasmus entwickelte ich im Herbst mit Kollegen und Kolleginnen der Universität Zürich einen Forschungsantrag zur Rolle sozialer Identitäten im Wahlverhalten, für dessen Finanzierung wir im März leider abschlägigen Bescheid erhalten haben und daher einen Plan B zur Durchführung einer vor allem finanziell verschlankten Version entwerfen mussten.

Noch nicht output-orientiert war in dieser Zeit hingegen das Projekt, mit welchem ich eigentlich ans Wissenschaftskolleg gekommen war. Im Rahmen eines fünfjährigen ERC-Grants der Europäischen Kommission untersuche ich mit meinem Team, welche relative Wichtigkeit Wähler und Wählerinnen und Parteien verschiedenen Feldern der Sozialpolitik (Altersrenten, Arbeitslosigkeit, Vereinbarkeit, Bildung, Integration) beimessen und

inwiefern diese Priorisierung parteipolitische Konfliktstrukturen in Westeuropa verändert und prägt. Im November konnte ich einen Workshop zur Rolle der Sozialdemokratie am Wiko veranstalten, der dem Projekt wichtige theoretische Impulse gab. Darüber hinaus jedoch stand das Projekt – dessen zweites Projektjahr ich am Wiko verbrachte – im Herbst 2018 ganz im Zeichen von Messung und Datenerhebung. Im Team zwischen Zürich und Berlin entwickelten wir verschiedene experimentelle und beobachtungs-basierte Messinstrumente für Prioritäten und konnten schließlich mittels einer Bevölkerungsbefragung Daten zu den (sozial-)politischen Einstellungen von über 12.000 Personen aus acht europäischen Ländern erheben.

Ende Januar trafen die bereinigten Daten der Bevölkerungsbefragung ein, es lichtete sich der Dschungel auf meinem Schreibtisch und in meinem Kopf, und die dritte und beste Phase der Schaffenszeit in Berlin begann. Dabei waren zwei Aspekte so produktiv wie ungewöhnlich für mich: Einerseits konnte ich dank der geschenkten Forschungszeit die empirischen Analysen nicht nur leiten, sondern gänzlich selber durchführen, von der Recodierung der Variablen über die Analysen zur Interpretation – ein Prozess, der mich wirklich glücklich machte. Andererseits entwickelte ich die zentralen Befunde dieser Analysen, für mich ungewohnt, im Gleichschritt mit einer Reihe von Vorträgen. An der UdK Berlin sprach ich zu einem breiteren Publikum als üblich über die demokratischen Herausforderungen, die mit der sich wandelnden Parteienlandschaft einhergehen, am Wissenschaftszentrum Berlin zu den spezifischen Herausforderungen in der Sozialpolitik, in meinem Dienstagskolloquium zu den parteipolitischen Konfliktstrukturen und an der Universität Wien stärker zu methodischen Aspekten. Die Abfolge dieser Vorträge erlaubte es, zentrale Aussagen und Befunde kontinuierlich herauszuarbeiten und zu schärfen. Bis Juni entstanden so in diesem Projekt eine ganze Reihe von Arbeitspapieren zur Bedeutung von sozialstaatlichen Prioritäten für Klassenkonflikte, parteipolitischen Wettbewerb, Wohlfahrtschauvinismus, sowie für Messinstrumente in der Umfrageforschung. Die Projektseite www.welfarepriorities.eu informiert fortlaufend über Befunde und Stand des Projektes.

Die intensive Beschäftigung mit Prioritäten hinterließ weit über das Projekt hinaus ihre Spuren. Entgegen meinem Vorhaben schrieb ich nicht zwei Drittel eines Buchmanuskriptes zur Sozialdemokratie – und das nicht nur aus fehlender Kapazität, sondern vor allem auch deshalb, weil meine empirischen Analysen, neue Forschungsergebnisse zum Thema sowie die eigentlichen politischen Entwicklungen (im Kontext der Europawahl 2019 lösten die Grünen die Sozialdemokraten in Deutschland als stärkste Kraft im

linken Lager ab) neue Impulse lieferten, welche mich Input vor Output priorisieren ließen. Und während ich zur Sozialdemokratie weniger produzierte als geplant, setzte ich auf der anderen Seite neue Prioritäten: Trotz der abgelehnten Finanzierung des Projektes zu sozialen Identitäten und Wahlverhalten fühlte ich mich immer stärker überzeugt von der Wichtigkeit und Notwendigkeit dieses Forschungsvorhabens und entwickelte mit meinen Mitstreitenden ein Arbeitspapier und ein alternatives empirisches Design dafür.

Vor allem aber brachte das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg die Einsicht, wie wichtig es für eine erfüllte und erfüllende akademische Tätigkeit ist, nicht direkt zielführende Aktivitäten zu priorisieren. Die Dienstagskolloquien haben dazu beigetragen. Einige davon – etwa zu Theorieentwicklung oder Methodenkomplementarität – waren direkt relevant für die Reflexion meines Feldes. Andere eröffneten mir neues Wissen und neue Welten und schafften damit eine gesunde Distanz zum eigenen Forschungsgebiet. Wieder andere erlaubten es, akademische Praktiken und Rituale zu reflektieren, sowohl funktionale wie dysfunktionale. Alle haben dazu beigetragen, bewusstere Entscheidungen zu ermöglichen, wie ich meine Arbeit in den kommenden Jahren tun will.

Ebenfalls nicht direkt akademisch zielführend war es, dass ich in diesem Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg sehr viel stärker im Alltag meiner Kinder präsent sein konnte. Das war wohl mit das größte Geschenk dieses Jahres und trägt selbstredend zur besseren Priorisierung meiner Zeit – auch über dieses Jahr hinaus – bei. Ich las auch wieder viel mehr ... Zeitungen über den Politikteil hinaus, Aufsätze, Literatur. Insbesondere entdeckte ich meine Liebe zu den Texten von Anna Seghers neu, deren Forderung nach Entschiedenheit und Haltung. Und nicht zu vergessen der wundervoll bereichernde Austausch mit den Fellows, sei es in Diskussionen im Zeitungsraum oder im Restaurant, an den unvergesslichen Donnerstagssessen, während derer die Kinder liebevoll betreut in der Weißen Villa spielten, oder auch in den fröhlichen Tanz- und Karaokeparties ...

Erst im Laufe meines Fellowjahres habe ich wirklich begriffen, welches unbezahlbare und mehrdimensionale Geschenk ein Fellowship am Wiko ist. Dafür bin ich der um- und weitsichtigen Leitung des Wiko sowie allen herzlichen, effizienten und stets zuvorkommenden Mitarbeitern und Mitarbeiterinnen des Wiko zutiefst dankbar.



IMMERSIVE EXPERIENCES,
DEEP THINKING, AND NAKED TRUTHS
PETER KELLER

Peter Keller holds degrees in Music and Psychology from the University of New South Wales in Australia. He is currently Professor of Cognitive Science, Director of Research, and leader of the “Music Cognition and Action” research program in the MARCS Institute for Brain, Behaviour and Development at Western Sydney University. Previously, he held positions at Haskins Laboratories (USA) and the Max Planck Institute for Human Cognitive and Brain Sciences (Germany). Past academic honours include an Australian Research Council Future Fellowship, a Leverhulme Trust Visiting Professorship at Durham University, and a Visiting Professorship at the Central European University in Budapest. Peter has served as Editor of *Empirical Musicology Review* and is currently an Associate Editor at *Royal Society Open Science*, *Psychological Research*, and *Music Perception*. His research examines the behavioural and brain bases of human interaction in musical contexts. – Address: The MARCS Institute for Brain, Behaviour and Development, Western Sydney University, Locked Bag 1797, NSW 2751 Penrith, Australia. E-mail: p.keller@westernsydney.edu.au.

I arrived in Berlin on a EURIAS Fellowship with the mission to write a book about the psychology and neuroscience of music. After a blissfully busy ten months, I left with a new view of the world. Music remains at the centre of that world, but it is now closely connected to ideas from other disciplines including evolutionary biology, archaeology, history, and sociology. The Berliner Freikörperkultur School of Philosophy also made its mark. The generous fellowship and idyllic conditions at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin allowed me to make solid progress on my project. Nevertheless, new discoveries that

seemed impossible to avoid under those favourable circumstances mean that work on the book manuscript is ongoing.

A large number of invaluable experiences come to mind when I reflect on my Fellowship time. In an attempt to provide a reasonably comprehensive but succinct report, I have selected a handful of highlights.

Intellectual flights of fancy can be ineffective or even risky if they are not firmly tethered to practical realities. The streamlined infrastructure and professional staff of the Wissenschaftskolleg provided such grounding. I am particularly grateful for assistance in arranging interviews with eminent musicians, including members of the resident ensemble Quatuor Diotima, as well as local musicians from chamber ensembles and the Berlin Philharmonic.

A staple of life at the Wissenschaftskolleg is the program of regular colloquia, communal meals, and special events. In addition to their primary purpose, each occasion afforded the opportunity for chance encounters that could lead to unforeseen vistas. From discussions with evolutionary biologists, I learnt that the origins of social behaviour – a key consideration in understanding why musical capacities evolved – occurred further back in time and in much simpler organisms than is typically assumed. Sociologists helped me to realize that psychological processes that operate at the level of an individual or small group are sometimes best understood by considering them at much larger scales, supporting the idea of music as a microcosm of human interaction. From the archaeologists, I learnt about the windfalls but also potential limits in what ancient objects can reveal about prehistoric events and patterns of musical behaviour (we may never know whether holes in a 60,000-year-old bone fragment were produced by a skilful flute maker or a hungry carnivore). From the historians, I learnt that even when the investigative trail suggests that everything is somehow fantastically connected (a case being the emergence of mathematical theories of musical tuning and cosmology throughout ancient Eurasia), linkages based on reliable records are paramount when forging a coherent and valid story.

Among the many invaluable services provided at the Wissenschaftskolleg, assistance with fact-finding about obscure occurrences can be taken as an illustrative case. On one occasion, for example, the library staff came to the rescue when a question arose as to whether it was George Frideric Handel's coat button or a musical score that stopped a sword that could have killed him during a duel fought outside the Hamburg opera in 1704. This turned out to be a tricky issue to resolve, as the event was apparently not newsworthy at a time when scuffles amongst budding glitterati were common (it turns out that J. S. Bach fought a duel with a bassoonist a year after Handel's fracas). The thought

that institute colloquia, had they occurred a few centuries ago, might have concluded with bouts of fencing, fisticuffs, or pistol duelling is a bizarre one to entertain.

An exciting initiative at the Wissenschaftskolleg (speaking of scuffles) was a forum designed to facilitate dialogue about the relationship between research in the humanities and in the natural sciences. As a psychologist with a musicology background currently working in the field of neuroscience, it was comforting to realize that any inner struggles I may experience are not mine alone!

Being based in Berlin made it impossible to avoid interactions with world-leading researchers from prestigious institutions, which happened to be within effortless reach of Grunewald. For me, this proximity enabled frequent contact with researchers in the Transcultural Musicology Department and the Systematic Musicology Department at Humboldt University, as well as visits to the Max Planck Institute for Human Development and the German Archaeological Institute, to discuss potential avenues for collaboration. In addition to these Berlin-based benefits, I was also privileged to attend the EURIAS annual meeting at the Aarhus Institute of Advanced Studies in Denmark. Meeting with EURIAS Fellows from across the program revealed unanticipated areas of common interest that promise fruitful future collaborations.

Back in Berlin, one cherished experience that I would almost certainly not otherwise have had was the chance to visit the Barenboim-Said Akademie for a reason other than attending a concert in the splendid Pierre Boulez Saal. This opportunity arose when I was invited to lecture in the musicology course for students training to be orchestral musicians. The mission of the Akademie – to train ensemble musicians not only to be exemplary artists but also to be thinkers who can use music to contribute to the future of civil societies – resonates strongly with the thesis motivating my project, and it was inspiring to meet key people at the Akademie.

One of the less conventional parts of my project deals with the use of music in the context of detention and torture. This line of inquiry led to an investigation of musical practices in prisoner-of-war camps. Amongst countless tales of misery, the composition and premiere of Olivier Messiaen's *Quartet for the End of Time* at the Stammlager VIII A camp during the Second World War stands out as a miraculous musical achievement. Understanding the circumstances surrounding this event and its psychological effect on all involved is a major undertaking. To take steps in this direction, I was fortunate to visit the former camp site near Görlitz with Frank Seibel, President of Meetingpoint Music Messiaen e.V., as my guide.

In what turned out to be an antidote to the gravity of the topic of prison music, my project also ventured into questions concerning the use of music in romance. In addition to analysing playlists on Spotify (the online music streaming platform) that people have curated for personal use in their lovemaking, I had the opportunity to follow up a research study in which we found subtle changes in the voices of boys from the St. Thomas Choir of Leipzig when girls were in the audience. The EURIAS research allowance enabled me to run a large-scale listening study over the Internet to test people's perceptual sensitivity to these vocal changes.

Alongside intellectual pursuits, life at the Wissenschaftskolleg had health benefits. If one ever tired of long walks in picturesque settings, then Berlin's lakes provided places to ponder while taking exercise. The nearby Halensee is a convenient location where natural wonders are on display right in the heart of Berlin. On sunny days in the spring and summer months, the lakeside is home to a convivial colony of nudists. Most can be found in varying states of repose on the redolent grass, while others frolic in the shallows or roam freely, either individually or in small clusters. I was honoured, as a speedo-clad sojourning Australian, to be allowed to make use of their unofficial beach as an entry point to complete my afternoon laps. I have fond memories of Helga and Klaus, leathery doyens of the Berliner Freikörperkultur School of Philosophy, routinely offering their friendly words of wisdom.

The foregoing serves as a testimonial to the remarkable intellectual, cultural and personal experiences that I enjoyed during my EURIAS fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg. On one level, the fellowship provided an opportunity to focus inwards and work on my project with a degree of breadth with depth that would not have been otherwise possible. At another level, however, an outward focus was encouraged by the presence of brilliant yet congenial Fellows and the enriched environment of vigorous intellectual stimulation. This balance was to some extent epitomized in the Berliner Abend, a meeting of former and current Fellows where the atmosphere can be described as a blend of academic rigor and glamour. I was fortunate to have the opportunity to present on the topic of "making music together" at one of several roundtable discussions at this event. Afterwards, once everyone had spilled out from the intimate setting of each of the roundtable rooms, the institute was transformed into a sea of enlivened minds that created a buzz of excitement befitting the Vienna New Year's Concert. For me, this parallel brings home the message that shared intellectual and musical experiences, both salient features of life at the Wissenschaftskolleg, can have equivalent effects on how we interact and collaborate with our fellows in everyday society.



NOTIZEN BEIM ZUSAMMENPACKEN
EINER BIBLIOTHEK
KARIN KUKKONEN

Karin Kukkonen, geboren 1980 in Bretten, ist seit 2017 Professorin für Literaturwissenschaft an der Universität Oslo. Promotion (2010) im co-tuelle Verfahren an den Universitäten Tampere und Mainz in den Fächern Medienkultur und Anglistik. Nach Fellowships an den Universitäten Oxford und Turku begann sie ihre Arbeit an der Universität Oslo. Forschungsschwerpunkte: Kognitive Literaturwissenschaft; Lesepraktiken und Literatur; Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts in Großbritannien, Frankreich und Deutschland; Geschichte des Romans zwischen Antike und Moderne; Neoklassische Regelpoetik; Comics und Graphic Novels. Aktuelle Buchpublikationen: *A Prehistory of Cognitive Poetics: Neoclassicism and the Novel* (OUP, 2017); *4E Cognition and Eighteenth-Century Fiction: How the Novel Found Its Feet* (OUP, 2019); *Probability Designs: Literature and Predictive Processing* (OUP, 2020). – Adresse: ILOS – Department of Literature, European Languages and Area Studies, Universität Oslo, PO Box 1003 Blindern, 0315 Oslo, Norwegen. E-Mail: k.b.kukkonen@ilos.uio.no.

Alberto Manguel nimmt in *Packing My Library* elegisch Abschied von seiner Privatbibliothek mit mehreren tausend Bänden. Ganz so viele Bücher habe ich auf den Regalen meines Büros in der Villa Walther nicht angesammelt im Laufe meines Jahres am Wissenschaftskolleg. Allerdings gilt es doch eine beträchtliche Anzahl in Kisten zu packen oder in die Bibliothek zu retournieren, und dabei stellt sich ein Echo von Manguels Bewusstsein ein, dass hier etwas unwiederbringlich zu Ende geht. Alte Gedanken wurden zur Ruhe gebettet und neue Entdeckungen gemacht, die man nun an den heimischen Schreibtisch verschickt. Dabei entwickelte sich weniger ein enggeführtes Projekt als ein Portfolio an Ideen, das in der Tat eher mit den vielen Büchern in einer Bibliothek verglichen werden kann.

Zola, *Le roman expérimental*. Mein Projekt war es zu untersuchen, inwiefern man literarische Prozesse als Experimente verstehen kann. Zola war hier der Leitstern mit seinem literarischen Programm für den Roman, das sich an Claude Bernards Lehrbuch zur Medizin orientiert. Wie Bernard definiert auch Zola die experimentelle Anordnung als „provozierte Beobachtung“, und wie seine Notizbücher belegen, ist Zola ein genauer Verzeichner seiner Beobachtungen. Zolas Modell funktioniert natürlich am besten für seine eigenen Romane. Und um weiterreichende Aussagen zum Schreib- und Schaffensprozess und seinen experimentellen Dimensionen zu treffen, das wurde mir schnell klar, musste man sich weiter mit Fragen der Kreativität auseinandersetzen. Im Laufe dieses Jahres las ich also zur Kreativität aus Sicht der Psychologie und Kognitionswissenschaften, aus Sicht der Literaturgeschichte und aus Sicht der Soziologie.

Diderot, *Le neveu de Rameau*. Die interessantesten Einsichten zur Frage von Experiment und Kreativität fanden sich allerdings in dem, was Autoren erzählen, sei es fingiert wie Diderots Zwiegespräch mit dem stümperhaften Neffen des französischen Barockkomponisten Rameau, oder sei es echt wie die vielen Zeitungsinterviews mit Zola selbst. Gespräche mit den Autoren am Wiko, György Dragomán und Yvonne Owuor, sowie ein Austausch mit Gisèle Sapiro zum Interview als wissenschaftlicher Methode, haben mich dabei weiter auf Diderots Spuren wandeln lassen.

Gildon, *The Post-Boy Robb'd of his Mail*. Die Frage dazu, wie Autoren nicht nur kreativ sind, sondern auch überhaupt erst ihre Stoffe finden, stellte sich, als ich gemeinsam mit Juliane Vogel unser Abendkolloquium zum Thema „Findekünste“ entwarf. Das Finden und das Erfinden, so stellten wir fest, liegen dabei äußerst nahe beieinander. Gelegentlich fällt der Stoff vom Regal der Bibliothek oder er wird am Wegesrande aufgegriffen. Wenn der Zufall nicht hold ist, dann kann es auch schon geschehen, dass mit einem Postkutschenüberfall nachgeholfen wird, wie zum Beispiel in Charles Gildons Text. Erstaunliche Zufälle treten ein, und noch erstaunlichere Erklärungsnarrative werden um das Finden des literarischen Textes gesponnen von der frühen Neuzeit bis weit ins 19. Jahrhundert. Die Findekunst der antiken Rhetorik wird dabei zu einem kreativen Prinzip, das mir einen völlig neuen Blick auf die Poetik und Geschichte von Kreativität eröffnet hat.

Hilary Mantel, *The Assassination of Margaret Thatcher*; Kirsten Roupenian, *Cat Person*; Tatyana Tolstaya, *See the Other Side*. Dank der Workshop-Finanzierung des Wissenschaftskollegs konnte ich auch tatsächlich selbst ein Experiment durchführen. Dabei ging es darum, mit neuen Mitteln eine interdisziplinäre Konversation zwischen Psychologie, Philosophie und Literaturwissenschaft herzustellen. Vertreter dieser Disziplinen lasen die Kurzgeschichten

von Mantel, Roupenian und Tolstaya und besprachen sie dann beim Workshop aus der Sicht ihrer eigenen Forschungsarbeit und ihrer eigenen Methoden. Dabei ergab sich ein Austausch, in dem der literarische Text als gemeinsamer Bezugspunkt immer gewahrt blieb und in dem fachspezifische Beobachtungen plötzlich vergleichbar wurden, weil sie sich aus der gleichen Textbasis entsponnen haben. „Psychology, Philosophy and Literary Studies Read Together“ brachte die unterschiedlichen Disziplinen auf Augenhöhe ins Gespräch und kann daher durchaus als gelungenes Experiment verstanden werden, das man gerne replizieren würde.

Dostojewskij, *Schuld und Sühne* (Ausgabe „Einfache Texte“). Das Projekt, das ich dieses Jahr vielleicht am stringentesten verfolgt habe, war, Russisch gut genug zu lernen, um die russische Literatur im Original zu lesen. Immerhin musste ich in diesem Jahr mir keine Deutschkenntnisse aneignen, auch wenn mir das großzügig vom Wissenschaftskolleg angeboten wurde. Also Russisch. Mithilfe meiner geduligen Lehrerin am Russischen Haus kam ich immerhin soweit, dass ich Dostojewskij's *Schuld und Sühne* über die letzten vier Monate gelesen habe, allerdings in einer stark vereinfachten und verkürzten Ausgabe, die vermutlich bei russischen Schulkindern Schulterzucken hervorrufen würde. Ich packe also auch noch eine neu erworbene Vollausgabe des Textes, die sicher zu Dostojewski'schen Folgen von Hybris und Selbstzweifel beitragen wird.

Cassirer, *Symbolische Formen*. Obschon Cassirer mit berückender Klarheit schreibt, braucht es mehrere Leseperspektiven und mehrere Lesedurchgänge, um die Vielschichtigkeit seines Hauptwerkes, seiner multiplen Gelehrsamkeit zu greifen. Unsere Lesegruppe bewegte sich mit Cassirer durch die Gebiete der Sprachwissenschaft, Mythen-theorie und Philosophien des Wissens, durch die Welt der Gedanken und Erfahrungen und die der Formen, die Gedanken und Erfahrungen in unterschiedlichen Kulturtechniken annehmen. In diesem Tango führte uns gelegentlich Cassirer selbst, gelegentlich gaben unsere literatur-, kunst- und geschichtswissenschaftlichen Fragestellungen die Schrittfolge vor. Neue Denkbewegungen und Argumentationsfiguren für unsere eine Forschung entwickelten sich daraus, und die *Symbolischen Formen* sind so gepackt, dass sie gleich wieder gefunden werden können.

Nun sind alle Bücher wieder in der Bibliothek oder auf dem Weg nach Oslo. Es bleibt mir, mich bei allen zu bedanken, die in diesem Jahr mit mir gelesen und gegen mich argumentiert haben, sowie beim Wissenschaftskolleg, das den perfekten Rahmen dafür bot. Wenn meine Bücher nach dem Auspacken dann ihren Platz auf den Regalen in meinem Osloer Büro gefunden haben, werden dabei Gespräche, die durch sie entstanden sind, auf die eine oder andere Weise weitergehen.



EXPLORING SCIENCE COMMUNICATION
IN DIGITAL ENVIRONMENTS
ASHELEY R. LANDRUM

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Between submitting my application for the College for Life Sciences Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg and the start of my Fellowship, I shifted my project focus to examine science communication in digital environments, specifically YouTube. This shift was due in part to the success of my side project regarding the Flat Earth movement. My Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg gave me the time to really delve into this new research area. In addition to submitting two papers for publication on the propagation of Flat Earth views on YouTube, my Fellowship at the Wiko facilitated many advantageous and noteworthy activities.

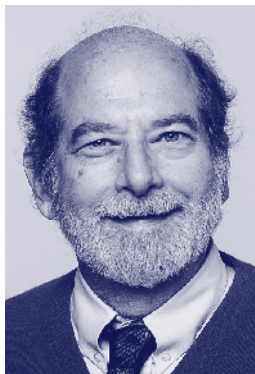
First, I was an invited participant in a two-day workshop focused on defining successful online behavior. The workshop was held in Berlin and was co-sponsored by the

Humboldt University Berlin, the Einstein Center Digital Future, and the University of Münster. The workshop was attended by distinguished experts at the intersection of science education and psychology, such as Rainer Bromme, Clark Chinn, and Deanna Kuhn, just to name a few. Had I not been in Berlin, I would have been unable to attend! From this workshop, we as a group aim to publish an essay on dealing with so-called “fake news”, apply for funding with the Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft (DFG) as a scientific network, and submit a symposium to the Public Communication of Science and Technology 2020 conference.

Second, I organized a small workshop at the Wissenschaftskolleg about communicating science on YouTube. This workshop was well attended by the social scientists and biologists at the Wiko. For this workshop, I invited Joachim Allgaier, who is an expert on health and science content on YouTube. Joachim discussed the history of science content on YouTube and described the current health and science content available on YouTube. In contrast, I discussed how people’s worldviews, values, and knowledge lead to the differential interpretation of information on YouTube. Importantly, prior to the workshop, I sat down with Joachim Allgaier and discussed my ideas for my future work in this area. He provided helpful feedback on a survey I designed to examine how people in the United States use YouTube.

Third, I was interviewed by the BBC. My research on the propagation of Flat Earth videos on YouTube was of great interest to the BBC, and because I was closer than normal (Texas is much farther away from London than is Berlin!), I was able to sit down for a taped interview. Two versions of this coverage are available, a radio report that appeared on the BBC Trending Podcast (“Is YouTube to blame for the rise of flat Earth?”) and a video interview (“Flat Earth: How did YouTube help spread a conspiracy theory?”). These interviews, in combination with coverage in the Guardian, led to my being contacted for an interview on CNN.

As an early-career scholar with a new faculty position, I was unable to stay at the Wiko for longer than three months. Although I still had some amazing opportunities during this time, there are so many more opportunities available to Wiko Fellows in which I would have liked to take part. Being back in Lubbock, Texas, I miss the lush grounds outside of the Villa Walther, watching the swans and coots swim on the water, and drinking Fritz-Kola. I miss the weekly colloquia and the spirited discussions that followed, even when the room grew almost intolerably warm. Most of all, I really miss the amazing meals provided by Dunia and her team. I hope that I will be considered for a full fellowship in the future.



THE ECOLOGY OF A WIKO COMMUNITY
THOMAS M. LEWINSOHN

Thomas M. Lewinsohn, born in Niterói, Brazil, graduated in Biology in Rio de Janeiro and obtained his Ph.D. from the University of Campinas (Unicamp), where he is Professor of Ecology, having chaired its Graduate Program in Ecology and directed the interdisciplinary Center for Environmental Research. His research includes field studies on plant-herbivore interactions and theoretical work on the spatial and functional structure of biodiversity. He has published 90 scientific papers, five books and 15 book chapters. He has been a fellow or visiting scientist at the Imperial College (England), the National Center for Ecological Analysis and Synthesis (USA), the Rockefeller Center at Bellagio (Italy) and a visiting professor at the University of Cordoba (Argentina) and at the Technical University of Munich, which honoured him as distinguished foreign collaborator in 2016. Having participated in the 1994 UN Global Biodiversity Assessment he coordinated the first Brazilian Survey of Knowledge on Biodiversity and was a consultant for the Ministry of the Environment, the European Science Foundation and the World Bank Global Environmental Facility. As first President of the Brazilian Association of Ecology (2007–2013), he established its journal *Perspectives in Ecology and Conservation* and is actively engaged in environmental policy issues. – Address: Instituto de Biologia, Unicamp, Campinas, SP 13083-862, Brazil. E-mail: thomasl@unicamp.br.

Whenever I present my research to a varied audience, I begin by explaining that it concerns communities of biological species. In social sciences and humanities, community ecology commonly refers to human societies, which are beyond my own sphere of investigation.

I opened my Colloquium at the Wissenschaftskolleg with this clarification, as usual, and then proceeded into my project and the questions with which it was concerned.

In retrospect, however, the conceptual exploration of biological community ecology I proposed to develop became intermingled with the experience of the Wiko community – itself a very special assemblage of Fellows, partners, directors, staff, visitors and more. This community, with its variegated tapestry of interactions, has an ecology of its own, as wonderful and challenging as those I have been trying to explore over several decades. In this short account, I want to impart something of my attempt to understand ecological communities as an investigating observer, but also of the experience as a participating subject in the Wiko community.¹

Making Sense of Community Ecology

In my proposal, I set out to review the conceptual development of Community Ecology in the last half-century, as well as its current status, given the rearrangement of subdivisions of ecology and neighbouring fields, as well as increasing external demands for their application. This was submitted as a solo endeavour, although I contemplated potential collaborations.

I seized the opportunity to present this project early on in the internal colloquium. The challenge of expounding a fairly specialized subject to an audience of diverse backgrounds was pleasurable but demanding – in order to engage the Fellows' interest and curiosity, I had to reappraise the tenets and first principles of my proposal. I presented other versions at intervals at invited talks at the Institute of Entomology in České Budějovice (Czech Republic), Imperial College at Silwood Park (England), the Freie Universität in Berlin and the German Centre for Integrative Biodiversity Research (iDiv) in Leipzig. During successive revisions for these talks, it became clear that I had to disengage from the mental organization formed over several decades of teaching community ecology to undergraduate and graduate students, in parallel to the field and theoretical work that my research group carried out in the same period. My personal history of these ideas was not the best guide to tackling them systematically.

¹ With a few exceptions, I chose not to cite names because I would have to acknowledge most members of the Wiko community: Fellows, partners, staff, direction, visitors.

From the beginning, I had envisaged two work phases, and these now became uncoupled. The first part was designed as a historical appraisal of distinct research programs that coexisted, more or less autonomously, in community ecology up to the end of the 20th century. Feedback and conversations following on seminars encouraged me to expand this to a book-length treatment, instead of the two papers that I had in mind. Flattering and tempting as this is, I will let this decision mature while giving precedence to the other part of my work at Wiko.

The second focus is more complex. It entails an overview of contemporary ecology in order to assess the current standing of community ecology, which has been undergoing striking changes in recent years. These changes combine technical breakthroughs with a different theoretical and statistical culture and are driven by demands to increase community ecology's applicability to the conservation, management and use of ecological systems. The best option to tackle these issues was to recruit a group of collaborators, which was accomplished in a workshop at Wiko midway through the residence period.² I was fortunate in bringing together a select set of participants including two Co-Fellows (only a few of whom would designate themselves "community ecologists"), who contributed to enriching the approaches and viewpoints on our central themes.

The main outcome of our workshop was a shift in focus and strategy. Instead of the more abstract conceptual review that I had in mind, we moved towards mapping out recent lines of work, with the intent to highlight currently underexplored cross-links that could lead to significant advances in our understanding of the organization and dynamics of communities. This is in the process of being written up as a multi-authored paper that, in turn, will be followed by further explorations of specific issues.

My Wiko residence allowed a prolonged reconsideration of work in which I have been engaged for a long time, but always wedged in between other pressing tasks and engagements. This leisurely and deeper reassessment of choices and ways of pursuing them will serve me for years to come and is one of the most valuable legacies of the residence.

² I thank the EURIAS network for the funds that, supplemented by resources and especially by organizational support from the Wiko, made this meeting possible. I have never before hosted a meeting with such outstanding support; this allowed me to concentrate exclusively on the work itself.

Emergent Properties

The Wiko community comprises everybody who lives and works in it: Fellows, partners, directors, Permanent Fellows, and the entire staff, which is committed to make the Fellows' residence pleasant and fruitful beyond measure. The degree of staff involvement and interest in our activities is hard to convey, and its importance cannot be overstated.

The cycle of Fellows' colloquia are our sole formal commitment within Wiko. Each of these 40-plus presentations, plus their intense discussion, was a feast of ideas that could often take over the entire week to follow up and rethink. I filled an entire notebook in the colloquia and other presentations; it has been ages since I took so many notes. As I look them over, the wide range of themes, content and presentation styles is again apparent. No matter how diverse, presentations coincided in their depth and uncompromising honesty, giving priceless insights into the inner workings of remarkable artistic and scientific endeavours.

To my mind, however, the centre of the Wiko experience is the interactions that develop over the long term. Nurtured (and well nourished) during the daily joint meals, threads of conversation ranged from hilarious trivia to substantial discussions. I would like to stress that, in the close to 200 meals that we shared, there were no noticeable persistent clusters of people. Apart from pre-organized tables, Fellows, partners, visitors and staff seemed to recombine freely on every occasion – an impression shared by other Fellows. This may be a distinguishing feature of our year's class.

Several informal discussion threads developed into unexpected exchanges and collaborations that, within ecological theory, could qualify as *emergent properties*: outcomes of interactions that are unpredictable on the basis of the individual properties or behaviour of the interactors. For instance, the "Sci-Hum Forum" was created to offer a space for debating contrasts and convergences between sciences and humanities, a recurring motif that was sensitively picked up and fostered by the Wiko direction. Within this forum, I had the opportunity to cooperate with Karin Kukkonen on an open discussion of Narratives in Evolutionary Biology and in Literary Studies. This was a high point among the activities in which I had the privilege of participating, and I would very much enjoy developing it further.

I also received both stimulating and sobering advice from several Co-Fellows, peers in their fields, on additional interests, especially on the visual representation of theoretical concepts in ecology and on biological theories of recent human history.

Disembarking from the Wiko Cruise

In the final weeks in June, the short walk from the Wiko to Villa Walther took a strange turn; unreality seemed to be overtaking the real ending, a sense heightened by the intense summer light and heat blasting into Berlin. Even for a Brazilian, 38 degrees in the shade is hot. However: as I write, after a few weeks and from ten thousand kilometres away, paradoxically the Wiko recollection remains very vivid and acute and I revisit it several times a day.

Nothing before came even close to this year's experience, and nothing is likely to in the future. I suppose many of us would gladly have carried on for another month, or at least to a full year's completion. Then again, maybe not; realizing that the Wiko term has an unalterable finishing point is part of its enchantment, as an extended cruise with illustrious company under the most pleasant circumstances comes to a foreseeable end.

The rich fare of creative, artistic and scientific ideas that was on continuous offer proved irresistible. This is an obvious reason for applying for a Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin in the first place; still, there is a tension between focusing on one's own project and the urge to make the most of the ongoing experiences that we are invited to partake of within the Wiko community.

Free Intellectual Pursuit as Political Resistance

Can I somehow describe my personal legacy from this extended Fellowship?

Several of the Fellows in this year's class live in countries where intellectuals are now aggressively discredited in official discourse, facts are summarily dismissed and coherence or cogency are irrelevant. In stark contrast, the Wiko residence offered unsurpassable conditions and stimulus for free creative and intellectual exploration. That is: the unapologetic and unconstrained exploration of ideas for their own worth, or for their sheer pleasure.

The full import of this experience became evident as soon as we returned home. In the Brazil of 2019, every unconstrained cultural or intellectual pursuit is truly an act of political resistance. I have yet to find out whether, on returning to my country under conditions that have seriously deteriorated in these ten months, the Wiko experience will enhance resilience or only heighten awareness of our vulnerability. These feelings are tempered by recalled conversations with Co-Fellows whose countries are in far worse condition and who attended Wiko as expatriates (yes, I remember that even this label was debated).

The disruptive polarisation that is fast expanding in so many countries kept me constantly aware that I was in Berlin, which a century ago was incubating a similar threat. The Berlin Wiko is no ivory tower, and I cannot disentangle the pursuit of intellectual excellence from the urgency of engaging more effectively in the defence of civil freedoms, especially of the unrestricted exercise of critical thought. This feeling was best expressed in György Dragomán's deeply moving text that he read at our farewell party.

The best of the legacy from this Fellowship is the admiration and affection for Fellows, partners and Wiko members. I formed more friendships in these ten months than in as many years within my university. Why is that? On the Wiko side, this is no accident: Fellows are brought together in ways that instigate friendship. Within academic institutions, most contacts beyond departmental boundaries are too fleeting or task-centered to support more durable contact and, unless faculty clubs or nearby bars are part of regular academic life, there are few alternative opportunities to form such bonds. A pity: infusing some of the Wiko spirit would help universities to live up to their name.



SOCIAL INTERACTIONS AMONG
EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGISTS AND THE
EVOLUTION OF SOCIAL INTERACTIONS
TIMOTHY A. LINKSVAYER

Timothy A. Linksvayer is an evolutionary biologist who studies the genetic and behavioral underpinnings of insect societies in order to understand how these systems function and evolve. He received his B.A. in Biology at Carleton College in 1998 and his Ph.D. in Evolution, Ecology, and Behavior at Indiana University with Michael Wade in 2005. He was a US National Science Foundation Biological Informatics Postdoctoral Fellow at Arizona State University with Robert Page and an EU Marie Curie Postdoctoral Fellow at the Centre for Social Evolution, University of Copenhagen, with Jacobus J. Boomsma. He joined the Department of Biology, University of Pennsylvania in 2011 and is currently an Associate Professor. – Address: Department of Biology, University of Pennsylvania, 433 South University Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104, USA.

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Having previously spent some time at the Wissenschaftskolleg as a short-term Fellow in 2010 while I was a Marie Curie postdoctoral fellow at the University of Copenhagen, I already had some idea of what to expect. I had also been fortunate to attend a couple of small workshops at the Wissenschaftskolleg organized by previous Fellows over the last several years.

Thus, I was absolutely thrilled when Mike Wade contacted me to see if I might be interested in applying to be part of a working group focused on “Syngonomics: Evolution – from Conflict to Cooperation to Mutualism” that he was organizing at the Wiko for 2018/2019. I completed my Ph.D. in Mike’s lab in 2005, so we knew each other well and worked together very well. However, we had only collaborated on a few small projects since my Ph.D., mainly because assistant professors are often discouraged from collaborating

with their previous mentors. I was also thrilled to learn that the other two members of the working group would be Jason Wolf and Judie Bronstein. I greatly admired Jason's work and had previously missed an opportunity to work with him. I had not previously met Judie, but had heard great things and also really liked her work. Overall, I was extremely excited, imagining that our working group would be something of a dream team, each of us bringing complementary expertise to make progress on a range of topics.

All of my expectations and more were met by the wonderful working group. We met regularly each week (including over marvelous meals cooked by members of the working group) and made progress on an array of projects. We spent much of our time developing a population genetic model that aims to elucidate the major factors affecting the co-evolutionary dynamics of interacting species. We also started and made progress on several additional manuscripts, including one discussing the importance of context dependence for the evolutionary ecology of mutualisms. Thus, this Wiko working group has catalyzed what is sure to be a very fruitful and long-term set of collaborations.

In addition to collaboration in the working group, I also finished and published one paper about re-thinking approaches to elucidating the evolution of sociality, considered a major evolutionary transition. This paper in particular considers how several widespread misconceptions of evolution have long affected and continue to affect research on this topic. I also nearly completed several other manuscripts, including a second manuscript more broadly considering prospects for using comparative genomics to elucidate major phenotypic innovations, in particular in light of misconceptions of evolution. Finally, while in Europe, I took the opportunity to visit several colleagues and collaborators in Switzerland, Germany, and Austria.

Beyond the focused working group and my own personal projects at the Wiko, I was also very excited from the start that there happened to be another working group focused on "The Major Evolutionary Transitions in Organismality" with leading evolutionary biologists who were also very closely aligned with my own specific research interests. In fact, Koos Boomsma, who organized the second working group, was the group leader at the University of Copenhagen during my second postdoc. This working group included Joan Strassmann, Dave Queller, Nancy Moran, Ashleigh Griffin, and Howard Ochman, most of whom I had met previously and was eager to get to know better. In addition to this amazing lineup of evolutionary biology Fellows in the two working groups, there also happened to be a number of other biologists with interests complementary to my own, including Thomas Bosch, Simon Elsässer, Thomas Lewinsohn, Arunas Radzvilavicius,

Hassan Salem, Victor Sojo, and Kirsten Traynor – and amazingly there were several others who unfortunately had left by the time I arrived on December 31st. While I did not (yet) start any formal collaborations with these researchers (sadly, the six months I was at the Wiko flew by even faster than usual!), I really loved the opportunity to chat about science (and everything else) over seminars, the wonderful Wiko meals, and other social events. I certainly hope to collaborate with some of these people in the future, and I look forward to seeing everyone at scientific meetings and beyond.

All of these comments also of course apply much more broadly to all of the Fellows, since the greatest strength of the Wiko is not just bringing together academics with overlapping and complementary interests to spark new and exciting collaborations, but also bringing together and encouraging interchange between researchers from seemingly widely disparate fields with diverse backgrounds and experiences. As a result, even though my stay at Wiko was certainly dominated by intense social interactions within my focused working group, as well as equally insightful social interactions with members of the other closely aligned working group and other scientists, I was also strongly affected – albeit somewhat more subtly – by attending the regular Wiko functions, in particular the weekly seminars and regular meals and social interactions. I suspect that I'll need another year or so to more fully digest the impact that all of these varied interactions and my overall time at Wiko have had on me.

I have already been strongly recommending many colleagues to apply to the Wiko as regular Fellows or short-term Fellows in the College for Life Sciences. My only further comment to them is to encourage them to spend as much time as possible: I could only spend six months, but I would have loved to spend more time at the Wiko (interestingly, I notice that I made a similar comment in my previous final report from my short stay in 2010!). Finally, I would like to thank all of the staff and Fellows for making the experience so wonderful!



FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ANDREAS MAERCKER

Andreas Maercker, Ph.D., M.D., completed his medical and psychological education in Halle an der Saale and Berlin, East Germany. He received his M.D. at Humboldt University and his Ph.D. at the Free University Berlin and at the Max Planck Institute for Human Development in Berlin. After academic positions in Dresden and Trier, in 2005 he was appointed Full Professor of Psychopathology and Clinical Intervention at the University of Zurich. He is co-director of the Department's outpatient clinic services. Andreas Maercker is or has been principal and co-investigator in numerous national and international studies in traumatic stress research (e.g. on former political prisoners from East Germany, former Swiss child contract laborers), clinical geropsychology, and cultural clinical psychology. From 2011 to 2018, he chaired a work group at the WHO for revising the International Classification of Diseases in the area of trauma- and stress-related disorders. At the German Association of Psychology, since 2017, he chairs the Historical Commission on Instrumentalizing Psychology in the Former German Democratic Republic. – Address: Psychologisches Institut, Universität Zürich, Binzmühlestrasse 14, Box 17, 8050 Zürich, Schweiz. E-mail: maercker@psychologie.uzh.ch.

I would like to present my report under a series of headings whose selection and order are somewhat arbitrary. Some have to do with my professional point of view, others do not. For me the very special thing about such a year at the Wissenschaftskolleg cannot be adequately captured in a coherent narrative – hence these fragmentary thoughts.

Interaction

This year there were 40 Fellows and a substantial number of partners – plus some adorable children. Wiko's staff was competent, charming; you wanted to chat with them all day long instead of working. We Fellows were supposed to interact with each other. In addition to the weekly colloquium, it was mainly the meals that made you mix and talk. But frankly speaking, my interaction with the other Fellows did not actually issue in the creation of anything substantial for my own field. Our methods and areas of interest were too divergent. This was even the case among us three psychologists: the music psychophysiological Peter Keller, the sleep researcher and statistical methodologist Gordon Feld, and me – our “mother discipline” psychology is simply too vast in scope. My work received certain impulses from the neighboring Center for Transregional Studies, where Stéphanie Benzaquen was writing about the spirits and demons that still haunt the Cambodian survivors of the Khmer Rouge massacres. Of course, the many human interactions with my Co-Fellows were wonderful. I believe we were a good outfit, dealing with each other in a benevolent and supportive way. And we also had those periodic dance evenings.

Work

As planned, during my year at Wiko I studied the “cultural scripts” of the aftermath of psychological trauma, meaning the variety of representations employed by the psyche in reacting to extreme threats of catastrophic magnitude. The very professional cooperation I enjoyed with colleagues from different regions of the world, along with the recent European refugee crisis, succeeded in sharpening my awareness that in the West the usual definition of the typical effects of trauma represents only a small section of the many “trauma scripts”. At the same time, I wanted to examine any possible background dimensions that might be informing such scripts. The great intellectual freedom that one has at the Wissenschaftskolleg enabled me to work not only in a quantitative-empirical fashion, as is the prevailing mode in my disciplines, but also on the theoretical and qualitative-interpretive levels.

The result was a loose series of papers, all written with members of my Zurich working group or other co-authors. Together with my guest of two weeks, the Russian psychologist Yulia Chentsova-Dutton (Georgetown University, Washington, DC), I wrote a conceptual paper on the cultural scripts that result from trauma. Another team effort was on the topic of “fatalism”, covering six countries and three continents and how fatalism is

related to the self-awareness that accompanies trauma (fatalism generally leads to ignorance about the consequences of trauma). A theoretical paper with Christian Lönnecker took up a concept from religious studies, namely numinosity, which has greater psychological connotations that might be summarized as what is both puzzling and beyond our ken. Many traumatized individuals, especially children, remain in this numinous stage of self-perception for quite a long while. At the same time, my Zurich working group led me to work on a study of trauma metaphors in four regions of the world, which in turn led to the concept of “historical trauma”. This phrase appeared again and again in the many discourses of this ethnographic study, particularly in the case of those who have severely suffered as a result, which prompted me to conjoin it with my clinical knowledge. However, this project to write on “Clinically Relevant Historical Trauma” is not yet complete – we will see how long it will take to conclude, after having made so much progress during a year of focused work at Wiko.

What I found memorable were the many appreciative words that Fellows had for my topic after I lectured on it at the Tuesday Colloquium. This sort of response can help sustain one during the long solitary periods when you are composing your texts.

Family

Wiko does a wonderful job of integrating your partner and family into the institute. This is noticeable even before you arrive in September – the information packets are full of options concerning children – and life at Wiko is also very pleasant for partners. This was the view of my own partner Franz Diegelmann, who works in Zurich, but still spent over half his time in Berlin in the course of my Wiko year. One was also able to observe a certain symbiotic relationship between those individuals comprising a couple, in that their intellectual or artistic creativity was strengthened.

I was very fortunate during my Wiko year to be able to spend much time with my adult son, who lives in Berlin. When will there be such an opportunity again? He also took part in Wiko events, such as the evening lectures.

Humor

All these heavyweight topics and discourses of my Co-Fellows – and then of course the serious follow-up in conversation at our five shared meals per week! So, the escape into

humor was a necessary safety valve. At least that's how I felt. The whole spectrum of sarcasm, irony, and puns was employed, and there was much laughter – in fact I often thought to myself: “*Selten so gelacht*” (*rarely* laughed so much).

What's interesting is that not everyone wanted or was able to participate in these humorous interactions, whereas the more competitive among us saw these as occasions to test their wit against that of their counterparts. Then a short period of exhaustion would usually set in and a new serious argument would serve as “displacement activity”.

One's Own Life in Review

I often spoke to Co-Fellows about my own past life and perhaps overwhelmed them; after all, I'm something of an expert, life review being one of my clinical-psychological interests in recent years. And Berlin has evoked this interest time and again. I was a university student in East Berlin when the Wall still existed. Like many East Germans, I was confronted from afar with the realities in West Berlin and West Germany, so I had to find my niche in an informal intellectual network of people and cultural institutions as opposed to the “official” ones.

At the age of 21, my first domicile as a university student was the *Sprachenkonvikt*. This was the Protestant student accommodation and one of the few academic relics from pre-socialist days. In the first weeks there, by chance I met a Fellow from the Wissenschaftskolleg's inaugural year: Ivan Illich, the medical critic and philosopher, who loudly complained about the obligatory lunch, which he would skip whenever he could. Through him, I met Wolfgang Harich, the dissident GDR philosopher who had been a political prisoner for eight years; during my time at Wiko, I wrote an article about it for the *Zeitschrift für Ideengeschichte*.

My past life in Berlin had many ups and downs, like the birth of my son, but then my detention in Berlin-Hohenschönhausen as a prisoner of the Stasi (since I wanted to leave the country and go West). The latter is now a museum, about twelve miles as the crow flies from Wiko. It's good to see that Wiko is now intensely committed to scholars who are persecuted by their authoritarian or dictatorial regimes.

Aging

During my time at Wiko, I accrued certain aches and pains that developed into illness on occasion, and I also suffered a number of small accidents. All of this was new for me. Was it because I was in my 60th year or because after these many years I no longer enjoyed the

comfort zone of my home university? Some things were quite curious: the first dog bite in my life – something you usually experience as a youngster – and the loosening of a dental crown after twenty years of perfect functioning.

I am still asking myself why I was suddenly revisited by lower back pain, namely sciatica, after an absence of 30 years. The last time was also in Berlin, after my time spent in that East German prison. But the pain was probably less reminiscence-induced than it was owing to those hours of ergonomically adverse work at my desk where there were far fewer interruptions than when working with my research team at my home university.

I mentioned the dancing at Wiko. We had a number of very enjoyable practice sessions. As long as you can still strut your stuff while completely forgetting yourself (and your advanced age!) then there is still hope.

Arts

No report on the Wiko year can fail to include those arts that lend spice to our lives. We had four professionals from the worlds of literature, the visual arts, and music. And they let you gaze over their shoulder, figuratively speaking, as they pursued their creations. In addition, there was *Hausmusik* of a very exceptional kind. Where else can you sit in a villa situated among idyllic green surroundings and listen to world-class performances?

Jessica Stockholder had an exhibition at the Centraal-Museum Utrecht (which I was able to visit by virtue of a conference trip to Rotterdam) and an open-air installation at the “Graben” in Vienna, which was unparalleled in both its chromatic and conceptual virtuosity.

Then there were the opera visits in this city with three opera houses. Sometimes you went alone and happened to meet other Fellows or you arranged to meet them; and the same thing occurred at those many museums that make Berlin a touristic cynosure. Among all this artistic inspiration, two of my Co-Fellows were even moved to consider whether they weren’t better advised to abandon their current professions and devote themselves to the arts.



JUST IN TIME, BUT NOT LONG ENOUGH NANCY A. MORAN

Since 2013, Nancy Moran has been a faculty member at the University of Texas at Austin, where she is the Warren J. and Viola Mae Raymer Chaired Professor in Biology. She was previously a Professor at Yale University and, before that, at the University of Arizona. Although she lived outside of Texas most of her life, she grew up there and received her undergraduate degree at UT-Austin. She did her doctoral work at the University of Michigan, advised by William D. Hamilton and Richard Alexander, pioneers in the study of social behavior and evolution. Since 2004, she has been a Member of the US National Academy of Sciences and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and has received numerous awards, including the Kimura Award for lifetime contribution from the Society for Molecular Biology and Evolution and the International Prize for Biology from the Japan Society for the Promotion of Science. Moran studies the evolution of symbioses, using genomics-based approaches, and of insect systems, including aphids and honeybees. She has documented the deep evolutionary roots of symbiotic associations and their ubiquity among insects, and she developed some of the central experimental models for mutualistic symbiosis. One of her proudest contributions are the graduate students and postdoctoral fellows she has mentored. Altogether, about 35 former members of her research group now have their own laboratories where they teach and pursue research on insects, symbioses, and evolution. – Address: Department of Integrative Biology, University of Texas at Austin, Austin, TX 78712, USA. E-mail: nancy.moran@austin.utexas.edu.

Our taxi arrived just in time – for champagne and Thursday dinner. So, I had an immediate crash course in the cast of characters and the culture that was already in place at Wiko by the

start of April. I was a short-term Fellow, in residence for only two months near the end of the year. As a late arrival, and as someone who is not especially good at quickly learning names and faces, I had to make a serious effort. The immediate warm welcome helped, as did the ease with which we settled into a beautiful living and working space. We were immediately comfortable, thanks to the generosity of the Wiko staff and the Fellows and partners.

I had worried about leaving my lab and the graduate students and postdoctoral researchers and shirking the myriad bothersome duties that are part of being an empirical laboratory scientist: funding, hiring, accounts, safety regulations, equipment maintenance, grading, mentoring, scheduling rooms for meetings, letters of recommendation. How could all of this be managed without me?

Within hours of arriving, these anxieties flew out the window. Beautiful spring flowers were emerging, birds singing, and at Wiko, starting at that first dinner, the range of ideas and conversations was rerouting my thoughts and easing my mind. There was nothing to worry about.

In fact, the lack of lab life turned out to be liberating. Nicely set up with a large computer monitor and a view of the lake from my apartment office, I found time to think about which research projects truly are worthwhile and to read widely as I explored some new possibilities. My proposed project, on genome evolution in bacterial symbionts, needed no lab, as public data are abundant. The main need is for uninterrupted time in a calm place, preferably with a nice view: all of which Wiko afforded.

Over millions of years, genomes gain and lose genes and shape themselves in ways reflecting their history and their associations with other genomes. Whenever I have the time to delve into these kinds of data on my own, I am again in awe of the vastness of time and evolutionary history that is represented by strings of As, Ts, Gs, and Cs. Past associations with vanished symbionts and past acquisitions of new functional capabilities leave traces in genomes that are clearcut if one has the focus and time to take a look. And I did have that at Wiko; I only wish I could have prolonged my time there.

In my short time at Wiko, I didn't bring a project from start to finish, but I did manage to make some progress on a project on genome evolution in endosymbiotic bacteria and to get a new outlook on the main questions. This was of course facilitated by the array of casual conversations and directed discussions and by presentations by Fellows and guests. I took great pleasure in working alone all morning, knowing that I had several undisturbed hours and then could walk through a beautiful setting to a lovely lunch with stimulating and diverse conversations.

Of course, I wasn't totally freed from the minutia of the lab. But, fortunately, the combination of the shift in time zone and the typical daily schedules of graduate students meant that I only started receiving lab-related e-mails late in the day, starting around 15:00–16:00. So, the quiet of the mornings lingered past lunchtime.

We managed to see quite a lot of Berlin, and I gave talks at the Free University and also at Marburg. The problems and evils of humanity are impossible to ignore in Berlin and at Wiko. This made the kindness and the scholarship and the art all the more valued. At least there are some good things and good people, who care about what matters.

How time flies. My stay was way too short. But even in two months, a lot can happen. The swan couple hatched seven young on Hubertussee, and they grew and expanded their daily movements, with excursions to Koenigssee, passing through the canal just outside my office window. By the day we left, only two remained. (And even those perished, according to later Wiko e-mail reports). The magnolia in the Villa Walther courtyard reached its fullest white bloom just after we arrived and had dropped all flowers and shifted to leafy green by departure time. And during this time, I germinated quite a few new ideas and launched some efforts to pursue them.

Meanwhile, back in my Texas lab, the young scientists had pulled themselves up by their bootstraps. They organized, scheduling peer-mentored lab meetings, devising a new format for the journal club, and initiating an informal trouble-shooting forum. Very nice! It seems that they don't need me so much, at least not so constantly, after all.





A BREATH OF FRESH AIR SIOBHÁN E. O'BRIEN

I was born and raised in Donaghmede, a suburb of North Dublin, Ireland. After six wonderful years at Holy Faith Clontarf (and thanks to a very inspirational science teacher), I decided to pursue a degree in Natural Sciences from Trinity College Dublin. In my final year, I fell in love with zoology and, without much thought, moved to Cornwall in the south-west tip of England to undertake a M.Sc. in Evolutionary and Behavioural Ecology followed by a Ph.D. in Evolutionary Biology at the University of Exeter. I carried out postdoctoral fellowships at the University of York and ETH Zurich before moving to Berlin in September 2018 for four wonderful months in Grunewald. In January 2019, I began a tenure-track position at the University of Liverpool. – Address: Institute of Integrative Biology, The Liverpool University, Biosciences Building, Crown Street, L69 7ZB Liverpool, Ireland. E-mail: Siobhan.O-Brien@liverpool.ac.uk.

Wiko has a way of climbing into your soul and dusting off those neglected parts of your personality you sacrificed for your career. I arrived in Berlin armed with a list of papers to be written, data to be analysed, grants to be submitted – and by the time I departed (having completed very little of what I had actually intended to do), I had grown into a fully-fledged dance party DJ, mediocre German speaker and aficionado of Bear-Pit Karaoke*.

* Since 2009, Joe Hatchiban (from Dublin) has been travelling around with his battery-powered speakers, entertaining crowds at Mauerpark. If you are looking for a feel-good afternoon with lots of entertainment by local crazies, this is for you. Every Sunday (except in winter) at 3 pm.

At first, the calm at Wiko is almost unsettling, totally at odds with the chaotic adrenaline leftover from my frantic final few months finishing my position in Zurich. Wiko will sit back for the first few weeks and smile while you fight against the calm that you are not accustomed to. After this, the focus of conversations turns from ERC grants and rejected papers to more Wiko-flavoured topics. In the office, I regained the ability to do “deep” work, completely focused on writing and research for the pure joy of it. It was almost self-indulgent – in a hugely positive sense. I realised that in the midst of lab work, getting the next job and buckets of admin, this was a skill I had completely lost. The lack of distractions at Wiko is real, made possible by a truly incredible team who went above and beyond to make everything run so smoothly.

My goal during my brief four months at Wiko was to take the time to develop a fundamental grounding in community ecology and apply this to the study of microorganisms. For me, communities of microbes are no different from groups of animals in the Serengeti, with the added complexity (read: excitement) of evolutionary changes taking place almost at the same time as ecological changes. I wanted to use this approach to better understand communities of microorganisms living in our gut or in the cystic fibrosis lung, for example. Tim Barraclough is a real leader in this field, and Wiko gave me the opportunity to invite him over to chat with us about how he brings this community ecology perspective to microbial communities.

This was pure self-indulgent learning at its finest. Yes, I would ultimately use these ideas to form a grant application or student project, but there was no deadline, no limits to how deep I could go and no competition from other things on my to-do list. I was also intrigued by how many scientists at Wiko approached quite similar questions from very different perspectives, often dictated by what school of thought they’d had training in. As a zoologist, I approach microbiological questions very differently to a medic might, for example. I wondered whether, as scientists, we make full use of these different perspectives, or are we naturally inclined to assemble into groups of like-minded thinkers?

This period of deep thinking at Wiko allowed me to develop a strong sense of where I was going scientifically. The gift of time permitted me to dive into what I truly loved, (eventually) without those constant feelings of guilt that come with choosing one task over another. Preparing for my colloquium was a hugely rewarding and engaging task – as scientists we rarely have the opportunity to present our ideas in depth to an audience composed of non-scientists alongside some majorly big cheeses. The question of “what excites you” and “why do you do what you do” takes centre stage – but at Wiko there is

no judgement for how fundable or feasible it is. It's a pure unadulterated scientific love-in!

It didn't take long before my neighbours in Grunewald became family. The surnames on what initially felt like the world's most intimidating mailboxes now evoked feelings of happiness, friendship and fun times. Of course, they are all fantastically bright and famed. One particular interaction during my first dinner was with the unforgettable David Armitage, who coined the phrase "Atlantic archipelago" in lieu of the British Isles, which needless to say is quite a popular phrase in Ireland. I was always keen to hear more of Peter Keller's stories about finding (or avoiding?) the perfect BPM for a spotify playlist, which came in handy for Wiko's infamous dance parties. I savoured every ounce of advice given to me by the plethora of senior scientists casually over breakfast, or more commonly, over that post-dinner whiskey. Outside Wiko, Mandy and Hassan always kept my appreciation of the youth culture up to date, with trips to Harry Potter exhibitions, questionably themed bars and kebab tours of Berlin. Winterfeld market on Saturday morning was always a delight, bumping into many Wiko neighbours and secretly judging anyone who didn't rate the tiramisu (ahem Jason!).

Wiko taught me some important life lessons. Get a good desk lamp. Always have dessert. Don't be afraid to do some self-indulgent learning. Push the boundaries. Look outward. And, of course, the Debbie Wade Macchiato special will keep you going for the rest of the day.



OUT OF PRINT HOWARD OCHMAN

Howard Ochman is currently a Professor in the Department of Integrative Biology at the University of Texas at Austin. Originally trained as a population geneticist, technical advances in molecular biology prompted his switch to studying the organization and evolution of bacterial genomes; and for the past three decades, he has been investigating molecular evolution and the diversity of interactions among microbes. After a post-doctoral stint in the Department of Biochemistry at UC Berkeley, he worked as a research scientist on the Human Genome Project and, in 1987, moved to Washington University to study the evolution of bacterial pathogenesis. Before joining the faculty at UT Austin, he held faculty appointments at the University of Rochester (1991–1998), the University of Arizona (1998–2010), and Yale University (2010–2013). – Address: Department of Integrative Biology, College of Natural Sciences, The University of Texas at Austin, 2415 Speedway, Austin, TX 78712, USA. E-mail: howard.ochman@austin.utexas.edu.

Eventually, everyone visiting my Wissenschaftskolleg office would comment on the out-sized stacks of reprints and my outdated habit of marshalling paper copies when electronic versions were readily available. I devoted a good portion of my first days at Wiko tracking down titles and amassing this literature, followed by a first-pass reading to identify knowledge gaps and any missed or parallel resources, leading to subsequent cycles that would hopefully capture the complete literature of the topic.

The chronicle of my ventures to procure and print these articles could be the subject of another essay altogether; but, in due course, I welcomed the illogics of long-distance access to the libraries at my home institution in the States, and, after *many* trials, pinpointed

the printer proximate to my office (... and if anyone is still wondering why an article on bacterial evolution materialized on the institutional letterhead they just loaded, wonder no more).

The routine of reading, annotating, and accumulating these papers resulted in more than enough material to fill the coming months, and the piles grew until even those concerning subjects of peripheral interest had become rather daunting. But there was an unconsidered downside to such workdays: what would I read for distraction, for those passing bouts in the mornings and evenings? I had polished off my small stash of imported novels during the transatlantic flight and those first few odd-houred nights after our arrival and was left with the denizens of our apartment: an outdated *Time* magazine and a nearly complete set of Wiko annual yearbooks. I half-heartedly scrolled some online and e-book sources, but I am a hard-copy person, prone to dog-earing the pages of paperbacks.

With habits so hard to break, I fished for suggestions for English-language booksellers and heard endorsements of St. George's and The Book Nook (two votes each) and, with less enthusiasm, Shakespeare's (which I favored, slightly if only to compare with its cramped, grubby counterparts in Paris and Berkeley). However, each of the recommended shops seemed to involve a crosstown journey, and expeditions on the still-cryptic transit system required planning and would need to wait.

My situation improved, substantially and unpredictably, while satisfying some more proximate needs. During that first trip to the Grunewald Rewe – and its adjacent *Getränkemarkt* – I discovered BücherboXX. They say that salvation can come in a cup or a well, but mine took the form of a blue-capped phonebooth, whose quirky holdings became a source of continual fascination. The relic payphone and coinbox had been removed, and, instead, the kiosk was stocked with hundreds of books and no apparent system of classification, save the one shelf devoted to Gleis 17. From that day on, every trip to the market, or return on the S7, included a skim of its ever-changing inventory: one time, there'd be a row of hardbacks with identical jackets, and on another occasion, a stack of outdated travel guides on the floor.

Only about 2% of the BücherboXX contents were in English, which made it easy to spot something suitable but difficult to be picky about what I would read. And as an added benefit, the conversion of familiar titles between languages served as a rudimentary German lesson (although I am fairly certain that a *Nachtigall* is not in the same avian Family as a Mockingbird and that being *stört*-ed is highly preferable to being killed.). There was a copy of *Jurassic Park* that defied my (and apparently everyone else's) interest for the entire

duration of my visit, but other than that, I pretty much took my chances on anything else. The books tended toward some predictable topics – a novel about an American living in Berlin; wartime thrillers set in Germany – and I suspect that many the shiny bestsellers were impulse-purchased in airports. Once there was a novel so strange and arcane that I could not imagine how it ended up in Germany, let alone this BücherboXX.

All told, I read six of the 20 or so novels that I retrieved by this means, but only one was a keeper: How had I ever missed Jerome Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat?*; and I am forever grateful to whomever decided it was time to discard this "masterpiece" and bequeath it to the collection. In my final week at Wiko, the last final visit yielded nothing worth reading. I filled any available shelf space with books that I had brought, bought, or brokered during my stay. Those remaining went in a pile of the floor, and I laid a classic on top in hopes that the next victim of the BücherboXX might stop to wonder about their donor.



END OF THE AFFAIR
(FRAGMENTS FROM A SEASON)
YVONNE ADHIAMBO OWUOR

Yvonne Adhiambo Owuor is an author and world pilgrim (some family members prefer the word “vagabond”) from Nairobi, Kenya, a city with which she has a troubling relationship. The muses seduced her on her way to gainful corporate employment circa 2003, when they gave her a prize for a story she wrote. She believed their vague promises of easy and unceasing story flow. That is how she ended up toiling pitifully at the furnace of the imagination, daily lighting incense and offering burnt sacrifices to secure from them a mere word. She has a few essays, short stories and speeches circumnavigating the globe. Two and a half of her novels have been published: *Weight of Whispers* (2003) *Dust* (2014) and *The Dragonfly Sea* (2019). She is creating another with the working title “The Long Decay”. Her parents sold their bodies and souls to secure a very, very good education for her and her siblings. For this she is eternally grateful. Her parents had hoped she would be the owner of a Fortune 500 company by now, having paid Fortune 500 rates to raise her. – Address: Yvonne Owuor, Box 52224, 00200 Nairobi, Kenia.

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First Bookend

The intent: to seriously, determinedly, unequivocally write and complete a 100,000-word manuscript for a new novel with the working title “The Long Decay”. And wondering, vaguely, who the other souls who will be on board the ship will be. And if the food will be good. And what the Berlin winter – given a bad rap – will offer to a person who is, to all extents and purposes, a Tropicana.

What happened?

Since you ask.

Crime scene: The Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. The entire Wallotstraße.

Primary Criminals: The cohort of 2018–19.

Instigators: Look up the Wiko site. Study the faces of Wiko Staff. All of them.

Crime: Tumbling into one other's hearts.

Accessory to the crime: Berlin.

Accomplice: Grunewald and Bus M19.

Victim: All pre-arrival intentions, presumptions, assumptions, resolutions and their dead-lines.

What happened?

Among other things – there is a German word for this – *Gemütlichkeit*. (There is no English equivalent to it that does not seep into the maudlin – anyway – look it up.)

Consequences: Varied. Career changes. Project changes. Human changes. Story changes. Loyalty to place of birth changes. And when the dawn comes in the place to which a person returns after the season in Berlin, a temptation to sing the blues in a long, nostalgic lament, like a heartsick wolf moaning at the once-in-a-lifetime blue moon.

Also, dreams. Sometimes, the soul, released by sleep, traverses worlds to return to the crime scene to look for the red fox that sometimes traverses the Grunewald lakes. Sometimes the soul enters the buildings to knock at doors that it had known; it imagines that the familiar voices that still resonate within it will sound again.

How do you know you have been changed?

Just. Go. Home.

Then.

Look back.

Visions of a time.

Longing. And then, soon after, surprise that there was such a place, that there was such a time, that there were such a people in Grunewald, Berlin. That it happened. That you were there. That indeed, it was a nine-month session. That there were such souls, such minds, such lifes that crossed with your own, that you dared to call so many “friend”.

Part One (sort of).

As noted earlier, I walked in with a carefully planned scheduled, an outline of absolute ideas, a road map. I knew with the certainty of self-experiencing that by March 22, 2019 I would have a full new manuscript to send to my agent. That was two nights before I took the plane from a chilly Nairobi to land in a city I was not entirely aware of. Intended German lessons necessitated an earlier arrival. The idea, of course, was to acquire enough so that the world in which I would frolic for a bit would not be so obscure to me. One should have expected that the language that delivered the Brothers Grimm and the worlds they revealed would deliver a plot twist.

But first, about the Brothers Grimm:

On the very first day of my arrival, I locked myself out of the room (to the newbies: the doors know when you have left the key in the room. They watch you. They monitor the whereabouts of the key. Once they are certain you do not have them, they summon a sneaking wind to shut them inside and you outside). So I had locked myself out of the room and then, out of the house. Barefoot, in the summeriest of shorts and a tank top. I clung to the walls heading towards the main house at Wallotstraße 19. Peering through windows. But fortunately, a most distinguished looking personage stepped out of the main door. In mild shame, I said, “I have locked myself out of house and room; could you help me?” His name: Professor Dieter Grimm. Soon after, after he so very kindly gazed very gently amused, he secured the contact of the most patient human being in Berlin, the other Mr. Grimm. I know. I know. But this was merely a precursor to assorted strangenesses that today, make me start with surprise, make me still ask, what illicit vegetable was I smoking?

German Lessons.

What was intended as a dip in the shallows has turned out to be an immersion into deeper waters. For a person for whom the mystery of maths failed to reveal its secrets, to derive pleasure in this language because it “feels like an equation, a pleasure puzzle” (yes, me. I actually said that. I am still reeling) was the oddest sensation. It still is.

But there it is.

Ich lerne jetzt Deutsch.

Für mich. Für die Bücher, die ich gerne lese.

Was ist mit der Sprache? I did not expect to acquire yet another unexpected relationship. I did not expect to realise here that language is alchemy. That you do not walk into a language and expect to remain the same. To announce with the fire in your heart: I will return to enter the bones of this tongue in order to feel it properly on my skin. *Ich lerne das für mich selbst (und zwar für Berlin).*

Still,

What the season of imagining in Berlin brought.

Life in unexpected ways.

Passion.

For a city.

(This is a cautionary tale.)

I thought by now the fever for the ghosts of Berlin would have subsided, imagined that the phantoms of the city of my love-hate, Nairobi, would have devoured these, too, and restored me to her wicked bosom. But no, at least not yet. (Beware, new occupant of the Grunewald secret place, beware of Berlin. She is sly in her seduction. Pretends to be non-descript and benign. Aloof even. But she has a plan. She seeps into bones, the marrow, the blood. And one day, to your surprise, your head will swivel 360 degrees like the possessed in *Rosemary's Baby* in order to cuss out (politely) three English persons on a plane to the United States who have presumed to *criticise* Berlin and *denigrate* (yes, it is awful, but still ...) Tegel.

And you will drip sarcasm. They will stare at you at first in bemusement, then confusion, then pure fear. And you hear your voice using words like “charming, compact, intimate, accessible, unpretentious, distinct in the world” about Tegel, Berlin. And you are convinced that you are right. (It could be the water.) Now, listen, that is one of the symptoms of a city that has burrowed itself into your soul so that it gives itself permission to take over aspects of your dreams. It does not care about your creed or race or your politics. (You have not been warned.)

What else ...

[The sense of the loss of the community of souls encountered and delighted in during the stint at Wiko is still far too raw (in the time of the writing of this report). It is not possible

to write about them, include them here without feeling the tearing of portions of the heart. Suffice it to say, nothing of the experience would have made any sense, would have meant anything without those who gathered, who appeared, who conversed and debated and discussed and imagined, and listened with such openness, such tenderness, such kindness and launched adventures from the Autumn farewell to migrating cranes, or past midnight dips into cold lakes after squeezing through a fence. Concerts in the park, and the once-a-month Thursday dance party. Berlin would not have swooped upon and gathered this person to her seductive shadows if it had not been for these, the fellow experiencers. (Oh yes, there were also some rigorous and vigorous intellectual pursuits happening. Seriously. Honest. Sometimes.)

The book-in-progress (The Long Decay): a status update

It acquired its spirit and soul in Berlin. It found the characters and voices it needed from among the Fellows. Naturally, all similarities to persons living or dead will be denied when it comes out. Only half of it got done. But in the process, another book that had been stuck in the imaginative ethers came tumbling forth, aided and abetted by the formidable, the daring, the extraordinary sniper team of The Librarians. [Small anecdote here; in the orientation session, they said “Challenge us. We relish a challenge. Dare us.” I was confident. I was bold. I was certain. My trump card was an Africa-connected challenge. I knew they would flounder. I suspected that they would raise a white flag. It was with glee that I made the request that had stumped other venerable institutions and libraries: *Any references and materials connecting ancient Zar rituals and practice to Eastern African coffee culture, including samples of rites.*

It took the library team just three days to fill my inbox with the results. It was I who took myself to the Library to kowtow in respect and offer my white flag. To the new arrivals; I envy you your experience with this team. The magical sense of wish-receive, wish-receive. (Do let me know in confidence if you find evidence that they are not escaped genies. I have my suspicions.) Well the book, *The Coffee Mistress*, erupted to compete with *The Long Decay* for imagination space. As a consequence, I had the delightful, unexpected and guilty (infidelity to the other muse) experience of finally beginning it. It seemed to feed off the shadows of Berlin in order to acquire the voice it had sought but not found in seven years.

Berlin

(or what I really want to talk about to you).

Confession:

I return often to this city in my sleep. I traverse its streets again as I snore in my Nairobi bed. When I am not walking, I am aboard the M19. Sometimes it becomes the S7. I step off the bus to stoop over the city's Stumbling Stones, reading names I remember seeing. I sit next to its icons, eavesdropping on old memories, mine now included. I sit on its benches. I watch the faces of its souls in the autumn light. I know some of its contradictions, its paradoxes, its venality, its beauty, its ceaseless self-reckoning. I am still confused by its persistent beckon. This city that is not my own. And yet I long often for the stories that I tell only when I am close to her. They have faded from me. I cannot hear their voice where I am.

Wiko, all its people (I am being careful about not singling out anyone, calling each by longed for name); the 2018–19 Fellows, Grunewald (its foxes and boars and squirrels – oh my!), the City. The Germanies elsewhere ...

Gratitude.

What a season.

What a gift.

I have not said goodbye.

That is not possible.

That is impossible.

Bookend.

An outcome (after nine months that feel that they were one long day broken into morning, noon, night, midnight and dawn).

A cliché.

Looking out the window at the Nairobi August rain, its chill.

Sighing (as a bad actress in a melodrama might).

For a memory, a time and a street called Kurfürstendamm. For the shape of Thursday evenings. There is a German word for what is happening (there is always a German word for what you are feeling): *Sehnsucht*. (Learn it, dear newcomer. You will most probably need to settle into it.)



ANIMATION IN MEDIEVAL ART BISSERA V. PENTCHEVA

Bissera V. Pentcheva is a Full Professor of Art History at Stanford University. She has published three books with Pennsylvania State University Press – *Icons and Power: The Mother of God in Byzantium* (2006, recipient of the Nicholas Brown Prize of the Medieval Academy of America, 2010), *The Sensual Icon: Space, Ritual, and the Senses in Byzantium* (2010), and *Hagia Sophia: Sound, Space, and Spirit in Byzantium* (2017, recipient of the 2018 American Academy of Religion prize in historical studies) – and has edited the volume *Aural Architecture* (2017). Her recent work has switched to an exploration of Western medieval art and its interaction with the Byzantine and Islamic traditions. Her methodology is informed by phenomenology, placing attention on the changing appearance of objects and architectural spaces and thus engaging with the intangible and elusive – the *Stimmung* or atmosphere/mood – surrounding the art. This recognition of the temporal aspect of the liveliness of the medieval image and architectural space has led Pentcheva to turn to film and produce documentary films. She has also integrated digital technology, more precisely auralizations that imprint the acoustic signature of a targeted space, on the recorded and live sound of medieval chant. – Address: Department of Art and Art History, Stanford University, McMurtry Art Building, 355 Roth Way, Stanford, CA 94305, USA. E-mail: bissera@stanford.edu.

Berlin is not a medieval city, so I could not breathe the inspiration of the pre-modern here. But it is a city so full of another and more recent history: WWII and the Cold War. Everywhere I turned, I had to confront these signs of death and human suffering. I would never forget biking down Heerstraße under the steel-gray skies and recognizing how this

avenue is made for tanks and how along one side of the street there was the endless cemetery Friedhof Heerstraße, so enormous that it felt like an eternity embracing the dead. I was already working on a topic on the resurrected bodies of the saints, and somehow Berlin with its scars of death and violence felt like the appropriate place to conduct this research.

Western medieval art is a new field for me. At Wiko I was able to read comprehensively and establish a strong foundation for this new work. I developed two research topics, a) the golden retable at Stavelot and monastic reform in the twelfth century and b) Conques and its golden statues in interaction with the liturgy, music, and vernacular poetry. In addition, I completed another chapter for this same project, which will appear as an article in the peer-reviewed journal *Speculum*. During my stay at Wiko, I continued my work on filming and editing three short documentaries that illustrate the temporal aspect of medieval art and will accompany the book. I shared this work-in-progress with my Co-Fellows and the staff at Wiko in June and truly enjoyed their insightful feedback.

The stay at Wiko also allowed me to finish an edited volume *Voice, Imagination and Architecture in Medieval Art*, for which I wrote the introduction and two chapters on both the music and the acoustics of Hagia Sophia. The book includes nine essays by leading scholars in the field.

Berlin was my hub from which I could hop on a plane and engage directly with the monuments and the specialists studying them. Thus, a workshop on Sacred Sound at the Universität Tübingen gave me a chance to discuss ideas I was developing in my research about the architectural layout of chant as recorded in the inscription of liturgical images. A symposium in Paris on medieval modern allowed me to develop further how medieval art with its concepts of embodiment, seriality, and temporality resonates with current art practices, such as installation and systems art. It was a pleasure to discover and engage deeper with the publications of Alexander Nagel, who was a Fellow at Wiko when he wrote his *Medieval Modern* book. A workshop on sacred space – a major topic in my research – at the Bibliotheca Hertziana in Rome offered a stimulating forum to exchange ideas and receive feedback.

With time, I recognized that the artistic and cultural life of Berlin was a steady source of inspiration: the strong opera and classical music scene; the provocative and powerful theater, especially the shows at the Schaubühne; and the exhibitions at the Gemäldegalerie, Kunstgewerbemuseum, Museumsinsel, and Hamburger Bahnhof. I see in the same light the future exhibitions that will be organized and put on display at the Humboldt Forum. It was a pleasure and inspiration to participate in the seminar organized by

Wiko and Humboldt University about the Humboldt Forum. The inspiration I received while at Wiko in Berlin will continue to sustain my work for the years to come. Thank you for the stimulating environment.



A HEMIGLOT YEAR
DAVID C. QUELLER

David C. Queller is Spencer T. Olin Professor of Biology at Washington University in St. Louis. He has a B.A. in History and Philosophy of Science from the University of Illinois and a Ph.D. in Biology from the University of Michigan. His dissertation applied sexual selection theory and kin selection theory to plants. After a postdoc at the University of Sussex, he spent many years on the faculty at Rice University, later moving to Washington University. Queller works primarily on social evolution. He does theoretical work centered on kin selection and, with his wife and collaborator Joan Strassmann, empirical work on social insects and social amoebas. Research highlights here include showing the ubiquity of relatedness in social insects, its importance in both cooperation and conflict, and the evolution of cheating in social amoebas and how it is limited. Current interests include an amoeba-bacteria farming symbiosis, the units of selection, and the evolution of organismality. Queller is a Fellow of the Animal Behavior Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the American Academy of Arts and Science and has held a Guggenheim Fellowship. – Address: Department of Biology, Washington University in St. Louis, CB 1137, One Brookings Drive, St. Louis, MO 63130-4899, USA. E-mail: queller@wustl.edu.

It was a great year to be an evolutionary biologist at the Wissenschaftskolleg. We knew we would have a great working group on major transitions in evolution, with Koos Boomsma, Joan Strassmann, and me as long-termers, joined part-time by Ashleigh Griffin, Nancy Moran, and Howard Ochman. But we did not know that there would be another great working group looking at related questions: Mike Wade, Tim Linksvayer,

Jason Wolf, and Judie Bronstein. And we didn't know that the College for Life Sciences Fellows would also include young biologists interested in social evolution. I benefited hugely from seeing and talking to these people on a daily basis.

That said, my actual work was in some ways more solitary than usual. This was time away from (some of) the intensely social project of running a lab full of graduate students and postdocs, time to work ideas out in my own head. I'll come back to this later, because it is a bit technical, and first share some thoughts on my other major project here – trying to learn some German.

Native English speakers have a huge advantage in today's world. But they also have the disadvantage of not being incentivized to ever learn another language well. For various reasons, including that Joan speaks all of these, I have picked up some Italian, French, Spanish, and a bit of German. But I'm not a polyglot, more like a poly-hemiglot. I never become really fluent. With the possible exception of Italian, Joan speaks all of these languages better than I do. One of my goals was to continue to be able to understand Joan in all of her languages, as her German was bound to improve. She seems to vacuum up languages whole, whereas I ineffectually try to sweep them into little logical piles.

I did have a starting point. 45 years ago, I had one year of college German when I thought I might study history of science. With essentially no practice since then, it had mostly evaporated, but I hoped that some of it might recondense into something useful.

In November, eight months before we would set out to Berlin, I began listening repeatedly to the audiobook *Learn in Your Car German* to get some basic grammar, vocabulary, and expressions. I did not generally listen in my car, but I did adopt the principle of killing two birds with one stone, listening while doing something else that I needed to do anyway. I listened while walking to work, while doing the dishes, and even while running. I knew that I would not absorb everything while I was running myself into exhaustion, but I hoped that the stress might engender some sort of PTSD-like flashbacks to the German. I'm not sure that worked, but I must have learned more German by listening while running than I would have learned by running without listening. Maybe I killed one and a half birds with one stone.

Joan and I could not arrive for the beginning of the Wiko intensive German class, but joined it halfway through. Faced with a largely incomprehensible placement test, I joined some apparently lucky guesswork with some intricate quasi-logical processes of elimination to apparently get enough answers right to land me in the B2 class. As neither of those talents applies much to actual language skill, I found myself desperately dog-paddling in

an ocean of German, sucking in gasps of air in between huge gulps of head-spinning grammatical constructions, unfathomable idioms, and sesquipedalian vocabulary. Or maybe my guessing on the placement test wasn't really that good and they just placed me in B2 to keep me with Joan, so I would have a linguistic babysitter readily at hand. Anyway, it worked out OK. Joan did actually serve as a bridge, because I can understand what she says in any of her languages and eventually some of the rest of it began to make sense. But I would remain the slow student in the class, something I don't have much experience with, except for schoolboy violin lessons.

I have mixed feelings about German. I can't say I'm a big fan of German cases and genders. But I love the vocabulary. Here are some of my favorites. *Überkomplex* describes some of the evolutionary biology I'm trying to untangle. *Doch* is so useful at resolving answers that would be ambiguous in English; *Verschlimmbesserung* is the word Edmund Burke needed but did not have. *Muckefuck* is just funny.

None of this should be taken as advice to future Fellows on how to learn German. I am simply documenting my own follies. I have succeeded in adding German to my hemiglot list. Professionally, the time would have been better spent learning a computer language, but that can't be done while running or while watching *Krimis*. And I am certain that my year will be much more memorable for having struggled with German.

I wish I were fluent but I do find there are advantages to being a hemiglot. You escape the rutted trails of your own language and, since you don't yet recognize most of them in the new language, you ramble more freely across a novel landscape. Everything seems fresh; even clichés can seem bright and clever. All Germans I meet seem smart and interesting because they can communicate so much better than I can. And every advertising sign, instead of registering as a capitalist assault on my senses, becomes a little puzzle to be decoded.

My hemiglot experience at Wiko had other levels. At Wiko we all shared at least one language – English. And yet, even within English, we were speaking different disciplinary languages. The words were almost always familiar, but not necessarily their field-specific definitions and nuances. For me, listening to the Wiko colloquia was a weekly exercise in imperfect translation and suspect understanding. But, once you get past the idea that our languages are all the same, you gain some of the advantages of hemiglottism. You try to get out of your own ruts and see the landscape anew. That is the whole point of throwing together scholars from such different disciplines. You cannot necessarily predict when this will work and when it won't. I was not particularly looking

forward to a colloquium on Catholic theology. But in Günther Wassilowsky's reading of grace in the Catholic tradition I found much to think about for my own interest in biological altruism.

My professional project at Wiko involved mathematical modeling of the causes of social evolution. It pursues an approach that I have used occasionally over the years using the Price equation, which is a great way of breaking evolutionary change down into components. A main goal was to try to formalize the gene's-eye view of evolution, a perspective most often associated with Richard Dawkins, which views genetic replicators as the foundational actors in evolution. This perspective is widely used by biologists, but has also generated a lot of criticism. One of the chief criticisms is that it is just genetic "book-keeping"; the differential reproduction of genes records the result of evolution, but doesn't say anything about the causes. So, my approach was to frame the gene's-eye view in terms of causal methods like Sewall Wright's venerable path analysis and more modern methods, like Judea Pearl's.

At this point, I am quite happy with the outcome. By coincidence, I was facing a manuscript deadline that exactly matched the departure date from Wiko. After squeezing in a couple of nice late-coming results, the manuscript was ready to go only a few days overdue (and, as I expected, well ahead of some of the other manuscripts for the same volume). In this manuscript, I ask first what other genes need to be included to understand the evolution of a focal gene of interest. The answer turns out to be quite simple: genes that are correlated with the focal gene and genes that interact synergistically with it. Pleasingly, the same simple equations apply for all kinds of genes, including those occurring in other individuals or even other species. I then show how these results relate to Fisher's average effect and his fundamental theorem of natural selection, showing that serious causal thinking about the gene's-eye view actually goes back to at least 1930. I hope and think the paper will clarify some of the foundational issues about how natural selection works.

That is my main output so far, apart from a couple of side-project papers I wrote during the year and of course some continuing output from the lab at home. But my ten months of thinking at Wiko has also set up what I think will result in three or four other related theoretical papers. One will be about the evolution of fitness: what causes can be expected to lead to adaptation and which are essentially externalities that change fitness in haphazard ways. Another may be about causal issues in the Price equation itself. It is usually described as dividing evolution into two parts, one due to selection and one to

transmission. But in fact, that division hides an interaction term and I suspect that breaking out that interaction term may help resolve some thorny issues. Another paper will be on what biologists call frequency-dependent selection, which is an extremely common and important form of selection that has never been properly treated in a causal framework. I think I can show that there are important common features in all forms of frequency-dependent selection.

Each of these projects is still a work in progress. Each is, in fact, still in the stage where I am a hemiglot, where I only half understand how I am going to express what I think needs to be said. That is where we all are when we are trying to push the boundaries of current understanding. I hope to attain fluency in these small areas (much more likely than with German!), but the hemiglot stage of struggling with the half-understood is where a lot of the fun is.



DISTRACTIONS

ARUNAS L. RADZVILAVICIUS

Arunas L. Radzvilavicius is a postdoctoral research fellow at the University of Pennsylvania and a visiting researcher at Arizona State University. He earned his first degree in Theoretical Physics and a Ph.D. in Evolutionary Biology from University College London. Arunas is interested in evolutionary theory of conflict and cooperation across biological and social systems. In the past, he has worked on theoretical aspects of cooperation in major evolutionary events like the origins of complex cells and multicellularity, as well as the theoretical aspects of the evolution of mating types, sex, and sexes. He is now investigating altruism, social norms, and moral emotions in human societies from the game-theoretical perspective, where through his theoretical and experimental work he hopes to bridge the gap between the mathematical models of cooperation and the field of moral psychology. – Address: Department of Psychology, Arizona State University, 950 S. McAllister Ave, Tempe, AZ 85287-1104, USA. E-mail: arunas@sas.upenn.edu.

The Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin – I had been told – was a mecca for evolutionary biologists. In fact, some of the greatest evolutionary theorists, whose work still dominates the reference lists of my academic publications, were once Fellows at the Institute. Some still occasionally show up at dinner parties, workshops, and Wiko lunches.

The plan was to spend my six fellowship months working on the theory of conflict and cooperation in major evolutionary transitions and to explain why complex life is organized the way it is. The idea is that complexity in the biological world has evolved in seemingly discrete leaps, when individuals that had long enjoyed their lives as independent entities decided to form collectives that themselves evolved to become new types of

individuals. By choosing to do so, they decided to abandon some of their independence, to become a part of a larger collective that itself was now responsible for the future evolutionary trajectories of the former individuals.

A single-celled amoeba is an individual, for instance. A multicellular jellyfish is also an individual, but the single cells that it is made of are not. Single-celled bacteria are individuals too, but is a multicellular bacterial biofilm an individual? Honeybees are individuals, but is the honeybee colony an individual?

The tricky part, I thought, was explaining how selection on that higher level of organization evolves through evolutionary process on the lower level, where even independent individuals are involved in complex webs of social interactions, all of which have to be taken into account when constructing a theory of major transitions. I was looking for conditions that would make individuals want to abandon their own evolutionary individuality, and my feeling was that it all had to do with the strength of the interactions affecting their social fitness.

Physicists say that different theories describe the world on many different scales, depending on what goals the modeller has in mind. None of the theories is correct, some are just more useful than others. If the theory is constructed to explain the behavior of single cells within an animal body, for instance, single cells once again become evolutionary individuals, but the modeller then has to find a clever way to keep track of the multitudes of social interactions within the multicellular organism and between the cells. In other cases, it is more useful to construct a theory of the whole – ignoring the lives of individual cells and interactions between them – because working in the micro-space of cells and their interactions would be uninformative. So do individuals really lose their independence in evolutionary transitions, or do they just find ways to make better use of their social environments?

Drawing inspiration from fellow evolutionary biologists, I wanted to extend the concept to human societies and social norms. Biological hierarchies were definitely intriguing, but I was finding human behavior far more amusing. How great would it be if I could find a universal law governing behavior in human societies, building upon the universal principles of evolutionary biology?

I am still not convinced that evolutionary biologists think about human societies the same way I do, but to me the similarities were too great to be ignored. Just as, through an evolutionary process, cells abandoned some of their individuality to become part of an integrated multicellular collective, individuals in human societies choose to abandon some

of their individuality and independence to become governed by social norms, moral codes, and external institutions. I was set to explain, in my six-month Fellowship in Berlin, how these entities on a higher level of social organization emerge in the process of cultural evolution from the bottom up, that is, from personal normative views or independent moral beliefs, and how they end up governing individual behavior.

But the Kolleg, it turns out, is a place full of irresistible distractions. If you are not careful, the distractions will completely shatter all your hopes of being productive.

Wiko breakfast conversations are distracting. Fellows smarter than me chose to ignore common breakfasts, and I now realize that there was a very good reason for that. The croissants are just okay, the eggs are hit or miss, but the conversations are almost always too good to leave early. There is an added benefit of seeing the same Fellows every morning, so that, effectively, the same conversation could last for months.

The sociology section of the Wiko library is a horrible distraction too. I now blame Richard for sending me endless reading lists and for evidently using me as a test subject for his theories of sociological theorizing. This forced me to conclude that biology is sort of boring; sociology is boring too, of course, but it is also so messy and full of bizarre theories and puzzles that it is somehow simultaneously incredibly interesting. I still don't know anything about how human societies work, but I believe I know where to look for interesting questions to guide my future work. Sociologists, economists, psychologists, and evolutionary theorists think about the same processes in slightly different ways. Sociology, I think, could probably use some more rigorous evolutionary models. Likewise, biologists would be less boring if they thought about human sociality in the same way they think about sociality of cells, amoeboids, and insects.

Thursday colloquia, the lunch discussions that end up following you all the way into your office, informal gatherings, and the amazing Berlin food scene do not help with productivity, either. In a typical day at the Kolleg, the mind ends up exploring so many different avenues that going back to producing the same old familiar research becomes almost pointless. "It is a phase, it will end in a couple of months," they say, but it really doesn't, and some pleasant distractions only grow stronger over time.

And yet, because of being constantly distracted from my initial plans, I ended up knowing much better where I stand, where my research stands, and where I want it to go in the future. To me, "Gaining time to think" at Wiko's College for Life Sciences initially meant continual thinking about my own research agenda. Instead, I ended up exploring

an overwhelming number of completely unrelated research agendas. Together they provided much-needed context for my original plans and for their future growth. I ended up carving out a proper niche within which I am now establishing a productive and novel research program.

The Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin is a place full of irresistible distractions. If you are not careful, the distractions will shatter all your hopes of being productive, and if you are completely careless, they might end up transforming you. I recommend being completely careless.



FIVE STONES
SARAH S. RICHARDSON

Sarah Richardson, Professor of the History of Science and of Studies of Women, Gender, and Sexuality at Harvard University, is a historian and philosopher of science who studies the sciences of sex, gender, sexuality, and reproduction. Richardson is the author of *Sex Itself: The Search for Male and Female in the Human Genome* (2013). She is currently completing a book on the history of theories of maternal-fetal effects in heredity. She has published two edited volumes, *Revisiting Race in a Genomic Age* (2008) and *Postgenomics: Perspectives on Biology After the Genome* (2015), articles in *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society*, *Studies in History and Philosophy of Science*, *BioSocieties*, *The Hastings Report*, and *Biology and Philosophy*, and commentaries in *Nature*, *PNAS*, and the *Journal of Neuroscience*. Her work has also appeared in popular forums such as *Slate*, *CNN.com*, and *The Boston Globe*. Richardson directs the Harvard GenderSci Lab, a collaborative, interdisciplinary research lab dedicated to generating feminist concepts, methods, and theories for biomedical research on sex and gender. – Address: Department of the History of Science, Committee on Degrees in Studies of Women, Gender, and Sexuality, Harvard University, 1 Oxford St., Science Center 371, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: srichard@fas.harvard.edu.

I went to the Wissenschaftskolleg with four goals: to learn German, to finish a book in progress, to dive deeply into my next book project, and to advance my visioning for a new collaborative space that I am calling the GenderSci Lab. Instead, the year became a reflective exercise in how to find spaces for deep creative work despite my many new constraints, obligations, and passions as a parent of young children.

My year at the Wiko was a difficult one, defined by my experience of trying to combine life at Wiko and life raising babies. Some time after accepting Wiko's Fellowship, I learned that I was expecting a second baby. With Wiko's encouragement, I set myself on course to come anyway, and I arrived in late August with a three-month-old infant and a two-year-old toddler.

I am grateful to Wiko staff, particularly Andrea Bergmann and Nina Kitsos, and to my cohort of Fellows for their support and kindness as I surfed the divided attention, exhaustion, and challenges of being an intellectual by day and an up-to-my-elbows parent at all other times. I lived between Villa Walther and the Wiko, rarely leaving the Grunewald, with only a glimpse of Berlin after dark on a handful of carefully orchestrated occasions involving teams of babysitters. I did what I needed to do to get through each day, even if it meant napping in my office, or accepting that breastfeeding and colloquium-attending could not go together on a particular Tuesday. Each day was utterly exhausting and it required discipline to get any work done, despite the idyllic surroundings and quiet, spacious office provided by Wiko. With the demands of child-rearing, accompanied by enormous challenges setting up comprehensive childcare, I felt that I missed out on much of what Wiko has to offer. I quite often felt isolated, as if I were watching Wiko's activities through a slat in the blinds. However, in an intergenerational group such as ours, I benefitted from the understanding and advice of those who had been through it all before. I even came to feel a little pride at somehow making it all happen.

For my son Martin, Berlin will forever be a part of his life story and his education. He emerged with a perfect German accent and many fond memories, which we are nourishing now with weekend German school. In the end, Acadia was blessed with a bevy of babysitters – German and Brazilian – who absolutely fell in love with my daughter and with whom we built lasting bonds. We and they took her on regular perambulations of the Grunewald. Her first words: duck! swan! lecker! obrigada! Over the course of the year, both children grew like weeds and were curious, strong, and resilient in the face of our move to Germany and return home. It was an awe-inspiring thing to watch.

I did not learn German. That was the first to go. I did not finish the book in progress. Instead, I slowed way down and took time working through the most complex parts of that project on the science of maternal effects. The opportunity to slow down in this way allowed me to significantly deepen my understanding of recent developments in the field, and in this I benefitted enormously from many conversations with Mike Wade, who also generously read each of my book chapters, as well as conversations with many other Fellows.

I used my Tuesday colloquium and the incredible opportunity to present to our large cohort of biologists the most ambitious and difficult ideas at the center of my new project on sex contextualism. This vastly advanced my thinking and launched what I think will be an important paper. It also began a collaboration with Simon Elsässer, whose research on sex effects in stem cells sparks some wonderful possibilities for elaborating the stakes of the view that I call “sex contextualism”.

Throughout it all, I kept up one routine: a weekly conference call with my lab group back home, who faithfully assembled each Friday in my Harvard office to Skype with me as we continued our work. Over the course of the year, we practiced together a lively interdisciplinary and socially engaged approach to the sciences of sex and gender. As a group, we built and envisioned a dynamic collaborative training space and research engine for driving new thinking in this area. We read and wrote together, built a website and a blog, placed several pieces of writing both popular and academic, and overall, significantly advanced the reality of the lab. The ability to virtually continue this community was an anchor in the midst of so much personal change and geographic dislocation. The lab is now launched. Ideas are zinging, and the lab is every bit the joyful, energizing, and empowering space I hoped it would be. I expect that this project will be a major part of my intellectual life in the coming years.

Accompanying me to Berlin, and overlaying all of this, was a numb tension about the question of my proper orientation to my own family’s history in Berlin. My grandmother, Barbara Rodbell, was born in Berlin in 1925. She left at the age of eight when her father lost the ability to practice law due to anti-Semitic laws. Ultimately, her entire immediate family perished at Auschwitz. Now the only trace of her extensive Berlin family is an untended plot at the Jewish cemetery in Weißensee. The only survivor, my grandmother obtained false papers and went underground in Amsterdam at age 16. She eventually emigrated to the United States. When I told her I intended to go to Berlin, she was delighted, and she asked for two things. First, she wanted “the stones” placed in front of her childhood house. Second, she wanted me to find the bird figurines in the Tiergarten that she remembered playing on as a child.

I never definitively identified the bird sculptures, but the stones that she was speaking of are Stolpersteine, the vision of artist Gunter Demnig. The stones memorialize victims of National Socialism at the site of their last voluntary residence. Some adorn the Wiko’s Grunewald villas. With the help of Daniel Schönpflug and Kirsten Graupner, and the companionship of Joan Strassmann, Thomas Lewinsohn, and Gisèle Sapiro, we delved into

my family history and made connections with the Stolpersteine project. Five stones will be placed in front of Genthiner Straße 5a in the coming year. I intend to return to Berlin for the ceremony. I am ever grateful for this support.

At the same time, I learned grave things in the process of this family research that I still struggle to process. The footprint of my family in Berlin and the scale of loss within my direct family lineage are far beyond what I had previously understood. Shortly before I departed, I learned that the two already existing Stolpersteine at Genthiner Straße 5a had been vandalized. It is being investigated as a hate crime. The opportunity exists to restore my German citizenship, and I completed the application while at Wiko, but I have not yet filed to the application. I have some more thinking to do. Berlin, you and I are not finished.

It is said that to be happy, one must be able to love and to work. Wiko gave me the space to rebuild my ability to do both. Coming home has brought an enormous rush of energy as I reenter my regular activities with a clarity about how I will combine my work with my investments in my children, the conditions ideal for my best, deepest, most creative labor, and the broad future I see for building conversations and collaborations with colleagues across so many fields and around the world.



A SYMBIOTIC YEAR HASSAN SALEM

Hassan is an incoming Max Planck Research Group Leader at the Institute for Developmental Biology in Tübingen. He studied Biology at Earlham College before joining the Max Planck Institute for Chemical Ecology for his Ph.D. In 2016, Hassan joined Emory University as an Alexander von Humboldt Postdoctoral Fellow to study the role endosymbionts play in the nutritional ecology of leaf beetles. At the conclusion of his College for Life Sciences Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg, he was awarded a Smithsonian Biodiversity Genomics Fellowship to fund his stay in Ted Schultz's laboratory at the National Museum of Natural History in Washington, D.C. He has an inordinate fondness for asking why mutualisms evolve and how. Having researched animal-microbe symbioses across multiple biological scales, Hassan's interests span the genetic underpinnings to the ecological consequences of cooperation between species. His findings are published in *Proceedings of the Royal Society* and *Cell*. In launching his laboratory, he aims to characterize the currencies defining folivore-microbe symbioses and describe the developmental profiles contributing to their persistence. – Address: Department of Biology, Emory University, 1510 Clifton Road, Atlanta, GA 30320, USA.

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Almost a year has gone by since I wandered up to Wallotstraße 19, bags in tow, jetlagged and very disoriented by how green this enclave in Berlin appeared. For years I had heard, of course, about the Wissenschaftskolleg from colleagues and mentors who have spent months, weeks, or merely hours in Grunewald and about the synergy this place afforded for them to think, read, and write. I immediately searched for this energy as I took my

first steps up the *Hauptgebäude* frantically looking for Vera Pfeffer, too keen to initiate my Fellowship within the storied walls of the Wissenschaftskolleg. I imagined my time in Berlin sequestered away in the Weiße Villa delving into the journals and books that always seemed relegated to a folder in my head titled “Later”. I started my Fellowship eager to explore questions and hypotheses that I never seemed to have the time or space to develop, only to be surprised by the outsized role this community of Fellows and Wiko staff members ended up playing in my growth and seasoning as an academic, collaborator, and friend. I developed my hypotheses, worked on my theory, and streamlined my methods. But this was not because of the time I cordoned off for myself; instead, rather explicitly, it was through the generosity others displayed with theirs.

Advanced Beginners

A few weeks leading up to the official start of the academic year, I joined an aliquot of incoming Fellows in Villa Jaffé in an attempt to improve my German through the intensive language program. Sitting across the table from Başak Tuğ and David Armitage in a course generously dubbed “Advanced beginners”, we spent hours each day struggling to paint the most basic portrait of our lives before Wiko. Under the guidance of our course instructor, Nadja Fügert, we restricted our use of English to jumpstart our German. Seared into my memory are the confused looks and laughs I extracted from my classmates as I uttered nonsensical sequences like *Ich bin Entomologe, aber ich liebe auch Kartoffeln*. But in all honesty, those are some of the truest statements I could make! Shielded from the pretense afforded by communicating in a native tongue, we bonded over our (my) fruitless efforts to properly deploy *die*, *der*, and *das*. The language course, while instrumental for our new life in Germany, served as the perfect metaphor for the start of our year in Berlin. We were all in this together ... as advanced beginners.

The Kolleg

I arrived at Wiko three years removed from a doctoral degree. I had some idea of the logical next step at the conclusion of my nomadic postdoctoral years, but a hazier view of the exact questions that would inspire and guide the start of my laboratory at the Max Planck Institute Tübingen. A motivating factor behind my application to join the ranks of Wiko was a desire to crystallize a number of core questions that would usher in a new

phase in my development as a principle investigator and to develop a range of multidisciplinary tools to answer them. As I settled for the first Kolleg lunch alongside fellow biologists, a theoretician, and a psychologist, I wondered how Ulrike Pannasch would manage to integrate us all into a cohesive academic unit and the types of discussions we would all share during our months together. But she did manage. Exceptionally so. Outside of our daily independent schedules to “Gain Time to Think”, we were engaged through leadership courses and development workshops to grapple with the common challenges facing junior researchers across disciplines and fields. From insights into the current funding landscape to navigating the hiring process, we were afforded an opportunity to grow as early-career scientists and shift from learning on the fly to concentrated learning. This program allowed me to reframe my research and the questions behind it for a broader audience, all while ensuring that a platform still exists to engage specialists in my field through invitations to campuses. In hosting Toby Kiers of the Vrije Universiteit Amsterdam in Berlin, we established a collaboration and articulated the framework of a grant proposal that is currently developing.

Symbioses

Symbiosis is what I study. In its broadest terms, it is the long-term living together of unlike beings. This, in my view, aptly captured the nested ecosystem that became of Wiko during the 2018/2019 academic year: novelists breaking bread with biologists, while historians share afternoon tea with sociologists. All wondering what we ever did to deserve Dunia Najjar’s feasts.

The vibrancy of this community was inspiring for a junior member to witness and a reminder of why former Fellows insist in unison to “go if you can”. Nothing comes close to the energy surrounding a Tuesday morning in the Colloquia Room or the wonder of watching time fly during dinner on Thursday because of the charming company and the chance to reflect on the week that was.

Back in 2017, I proposed to work on a project aimed at understanding why beetles engage in such a diverse range of symbioses with microbes and plants. I arrived at Wiko with the aim of developing the theoretical and empirical framework to test why certain lineages are more predisposed for a symbiotic lifestyle than others. One of the early findings from this analysis is that dietary specialization, more than any other factor, renders the insect more prone to housing a beneficial microbe. From discussions with Judith

Bronstein, Amanda Gibson, Siobhan O'Brien, Michael Wade, and Thomas Lewinsohn on the theory behind the origin and evolution of mutualisms, to discussions with Nancy Moran and Thomas Bosch about the mechanistic basis of how these interactions are maintained, my time in Berlin felt richer and more transformative than I ever expected from a research stay anywhere. In reflecting on my time at Wiko and its community, I am grateful for having lived with so many extraordinary, unlike beings. All of whom will forever be part of my symbiotic year in Berlin.



UNE EXPÉRIENCE EXTRA-ORDINAIRE GISÈLE SAPIRO

Formée en littérature comparée et en philosophie à l'Université de Tel-Aviv, je suis devenue sociologue en faisant une thèse sur le champ littéraire français sous l'Occupation allemande sous la direction de Pierre Bourdieu à l'Ecole des hautes études en science sociales. Chercheure au CNRS depuis 1995, promue directrice de recherche en 2005, j'ai été élue directrice d'études à l'EHESS en 2011. Après la parution de mon premier livre (*La Guerre des écrivains*, 1999 ; trad. anglaise *French Writer's War*, 2014), mes recherches se sont organisées autour de cinq thèmes principaux : *La Sociologie de la littérature* (2014) ; droit et littérature (*La Responsabilité de l'écrivain*, 2011) ; sociologie de la traduction (*Translatio*, 2008 ; *Les Contradictions de la globalisation éditoriale*, 2009 ; *Traduire la littérature et les sciences humaines* 2012, etc.) ; sociologie des intellectuels (*Les Écrivains et la politique en France*, 2018) ; épistémologie et histoire sociale des sciences sociales (*Pierre Bourdieu, sociologue* ; *Pour une histoire des sciences sociales* ; projet européen Interco-SSH). – Adresse: École des hautes études en sciences sociales (EHESS), 54, Bd Raspail, 75006 Paris, France. E-mail : sapiro@ehess.fr.

J'ai découvert le Wissenschaftskolleg il y a une vingtaine d'années, quand ma collègue et amie Ingrid Holtey m'y a emmenée et m'a dit : il faut que tu viennes ici ! Il m'a fallu vingt ans pour comprendre pourquoi. Désormais, c'est moi qui incite les collègues à faire cette expérience extraordinaire. Extra-ordinaire car tout d'abord les chercheur-e-s sont extraits de leur ordinaire, où le travail de réflexion est constamment interrompu par des préoccupations d'ordre pédagogique et administratif, pour se consacrer à la recherche. Ils sont accueillis dans des conditions elles-mêmes extra-ordinaires, où tout est fait pour les y aider,

des conseils que prodiguent généreusement les *permanent fellows* aux recherches poussées qu'effectuent les bibliothécaires sur demande, sans oublier le soutien constant d'un personnel affable pour faciliter l'installation et la vie quotidienne, et surtout les repas équilibrés et souvent raffinés servis avec le sourire, dans une ambiance chaleureuse et un cadre élégant qui reste lumineux même les jours de grisaille, avec à l'horizon le lac de Halensee, visible de la terrasse les beaux jours. Le club, les salles de réunions, les salles de classes, tout est disposé de manière à créer un cadre propice à la fois à la concentration et à la discussion. On peut choisir de se consacrer à son projet et de ne participer qu'épisodiquement à la vie collective, on peut aussi choisir de s'y investir et de profiter de l'occasion extraordinaire offerte de rencontrer des personnalités extraordinaires, et de découvrir leurs travaux non moins extraordinaires. Ceci peut sembler ironique mais il n'en est rien. Cette expérience fut pour moi véritablement extraordinaire, c'est pourquoi je tiens à partager ce sentiment.

Le Wiko m'a permis tout d'abord d'avancer sur un projet qui était demeuré trop longtemps en suspens, et pour la réalisation duquel cette année à Berlin semblait l'occasion rêvée : une sociologie historique du désintéressement, à la fois l'histoire du concept (*Begriffsgeschichte*), de ses usages et de sa circulation entre la France, l'Angleterre et l'Allemagne aux 18^e et 19^e siècles, et l'étude de ses diverses incarnations dans les pratiques des professions intellectuelles et artistiques jusqu'à nos jours. Jamais je n'avais pensé que je réapprendrais l'allemand avant de recevoir la lettre du Wissenschaftskolleg me proposant des cours intensifs l'été et un cours hebdomadaire durant l'année. Dès le second cours, le professeur, Reinhard von Bernus, apporta « Was ist Aufklärung ? » de Kant et nous en lûmes un paragraphe par jour pendant les trois semaines du programme. L'expérience de cette lecture – véritable *Erfahrung* – me décida de tenter de lire en allemand des textes pour mon projet, notamment la *Troisième Critique*, ce que jamais je n'avais envisagé auparavant, et que j'ai fait au long de l'année armée de la traduction française et de la patience de ma professeure Eva von Kügelgen. A quoi s'ajouta à partir de janvier la lecture, avec David Armitage, de *Politik als Beruf* de Max Weber, sous le contrôle bienveillant d'Eva. J'ai également eu la chance de pouvoir lire certains des textes que mes collègues germanophones présentèrent en allemand lors du *Abendkolloquium* ou du *Kolloquium* de mardi. Quand bien même je ne suis pas arrivée à un niveau satisfaisant, faute de temps, cette formation aura réactivé la mémoire endormie de la langue que j'avais apprise en deuxième langue étrangère en 5^e et 4^e au lycée Carnot, puis à l'Université de Tel-Aviv, et m'aura réouvert la possibilité d'avoir une appréhension directe, même si limitée, de ces textes.

Au-delà de la langue et de l'aide précieuse de Kirsten Graupner, la bibliothécaire, mon projet a largement bénéficié des échanges avec mes collègues, en particulier David Armitage, Karin Kukkonen et Juliane Vogel, avec lesquels les discussions furent intenses autour de nos projets et de nos écrits passés ou en cours. Nous avons formé plus largement un groupe de lecture sur les arts et la littérature, et nous déjeunerions ensemble après les interventions de chacun des membres du groupe au *Kolloquium* pour approfondir certains points. L'intervenant-e invitait aussi les membres du groupe à une soirée où l'on discutait de textes en rapport avec son projet. Parallèlement, s'est mis en place un groupe de lecture de *La Philosophie des formes symboliques* de Cassirer, auquel j'ai aussi eu le bonheur de participer. La présence des collègues allemand-e-s permettait de préciser le sens de certaines formulations et de comparer les traductions, tandis que la diversité des disciplines et des cultures (inter)nationales apportait des perspectives enrichissantes pour chacun. Au cours de l'année, j'ai pu lire et bénéficier de commentaires de lectures d'autres *fellows*, en particulier Elizabeth Bruch, Lorraine Daston, Amr Hamzawy, Kasereka Kavwahirehi, Christoph Möllers, Franco Moretti et Richard Swedberg (seul *fellow* que je connaissais en personne avant cette année), pour des articles déjà publiés (notamment un article en allemand sur le champ littéraire et le champ juridique paru dans *Das Rechtsdenken Pierre Bourdieus*) ou que j'ai terminés au Wiko (en particulier un article sur le concept d'autonomie paru depuis dans la revue *Biens symboliques*).

La réflexion continue sur mon projet m'a aussi permis d'y intégrer des recherches que je menais dans d'autres cadres et que j'ai achevées au Wiko, notamment sur l'engagement du philosophe Georges Canguilhem dans la Résistance sous l'Occupation allemande en France, et sur la trajectoire et l'œuvre de l'écrivain Pierre Guyotat, que par une heureuse coïncidence j'ai revu à Berlin en novembre à l'occasion d'une exposition de ses dessins chez son éditeur allemand Diaphanes. Le paradigme du désintéressement conférait à ces deux types d'engagement, par l'action pour le premier, par l'œuvre pour le second, une cohérence reliant dispositions éthiques et intellectuelles.

Outre ce projet, le séjour à Berlin et les contacts noués grâce à Franco Moretti et Daniel Schönplüg m'ont offert l'opportunité de réaliser des entretiens avec des écrivain-e-s, des agents littéraires et avec le directeur du festival international de littérature de Berlin pour deux autres recherches que je mène en parallèle, sur la fabrique transnationale de l'auteur-e et sur les agents littéraires. Ulrich Schreiber m'a accueillie dans les bureaux du festival et m'a généreusement donné une pile de catalogues et de livres produits par le festival qui vont aussi alimenter cette recherche (et ont déjà nourri un article écrit au Wiko sur les

festivals internationaux de littérature pour le *Oxford Handbook on World Authorship*, sous presse, et un autre article pour le quotidien en ligne *AOC media*, paru le 18.9.19). L'agente Petra Eggers rencontrée lors de la réception annuelle du Wiko m'a fait inviter au Jerusalem International Book Forum pour donner une conférence sur les agents littéraires et participer à une table ronde avec des éditeurs et agents sur la traduction, intervention qui m'a valu de faire un entretien pour *Die Zeit* sur les échanges inégaux entre les langues (paru le 26.8.19).

Enfin, ma recherche sur la réception internationale de l'œuvre de Pierre Bourdieu a également bénéficié de ce séjour, notamment grâce à un entretien avec Wolf Lepenies et aussi à l'aide précieuse de Kirsten Graupner qui a fait une recherche bibliographique de travaux en allemand consacrés au sociologue. Le Wiko a en outre financé la traduction en anglais d'un article sur ce sujet qui paraîtra dans un volume que j'ai codirigé, *Ideas on the move* (chez Palgrave). Cette recherche participe des travaux que je mène de longue date sur les conditions sociales de la circulation des textes de littérature et de sciences sociales en traduction et sur l'inégalité des échanges interculturels. Nous avons organisé au Wiko un atelier sur les problèmes que pose la traduction en sciences humaines et sociales, où j'ai abordé la question du décentrement épistémologique.

Par-delà l'apport direct de ce séjour à mes recherches en cours, la participation au *Kolloquium* et au séminaire Sciences-Humanités, centré sur le thème de l'évolution, ont été une expérience intellectuelle intense et extrêmement stimulante. Je suis reconnaissante à notre Rektorin Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger et à Daniel Schönpflug de la confiance qu'ils m'ont accordée en me confiant l'animation d'une séance de ce séminaire Sciences-Humanités, où j'ai demandé à des collègues de diverses disciplines de présenter en quelques minutes l'usage qu'ils faisaient du concept d'évolution ou les raisons du non-usage.

Au cours de cette année, si j'ai participé à des colloques et workshops dans d'autres pays (Canada, Russie, Etats-Unis, Finlande et France), je suis surtout intervenue en Allemagne : au Centre Marc Bloch en particulier, où j'ai donné la conférence inaugurale de l'année (co-organisée avec le Wiko) sur le thème « Métamorphoses de la figure de l'intellectuel » ainsi qu'un séminaire sur la traduction ; j'y ai aussi organisé avec Markus Messling une demi-journée d'hommage à la regrettée Pascale Casanova et pris part à un workshop franco-allemand de doctorants sur « Que peut le récit » ; à la Freie Universität, où je suis intervenue dans un colloque sur droit et littérature et dans une école d'été sur littérature et politique ; à Heidelberg, où j'ai donné deux conférences à l'invitation du cluster d'excellence « Asia and Europe in a global context » ; à Essen, où j'ai pris part à un workshop

d'historiens sur le concept d'intérêt au 18^e siècle ; et au Wiko, où je suis intervenue dans un workshop croisant approches cognitives et littéraires, organisé par Karin Kukkonen. J'ai achevé au Wiko le texte d'une communication sur les intellectuels de droite dans la France contemporaine, présentée en juillet 2018 à Munich lors d'un colloque sur les intellectuels, et traduite en allemand avec l'aide du Wiko en vue de la publication des actes.

Je ne puis terminer cette évocation sans mentionner le bonheur de lecture des superbes œuvres littéraires des deux écrivains en résidence, Yvonne Adhiambo Owuor (*Dust*, lu dans la traduction française, et *The Dragonfly Sea*, roman paru en mars, que nous avons commenté lors d'une lecture-débat au Wiko en mai et que j'ai recensé pour *En attendant Nadeau*) et György Dragomán (*Le Roi blanc* et *Le Bûcher*, ainsi que la première nouvelle du recueil *Löwenchor*, paru en allemand au printemps). Et la découverte de la fabuleuse œuvre musicale de Beat Furrer, notamment l'opéra « Violetter Schnee » créé au Staatsoper (dont j'ai pu assister aux répétitions, à la première et à la dernière performance dirigée par le compositeur en personne), le quatuor à corde n°3 interprété par Diotima (dont j'ai aussi suivi une répétition), « A sei voci » interprété lors du *Gesprächskonzert* par des chanteuses de l'ensemble Cantando Admont dirigé par Cordula Bürgi, le « Lied » interprété par ma cousine la violoniste Nurit Stark et son mari le pianiste Cédric Pescia, qui a aussi joué « Voicelessness » lors du concert qu'ils ont offert au Wiko à mon invitation. La musique enveloppait notre quotidien, nous allions souvent à l'opéra ou à la Philharmonie, faisions parfois de la musique ensemble, et terminions les soirées en écoutant Schubert.

La situation de nos collègues exilés ou en danger dans leur pays a obscurci l'atmosphère joyeuse du séjour. Başak Tuğ a dû se rendre à son procès en Turquie pour avoir signé la pétition revendiquant la liberté académique. En tant que représentante des *fellows*, j'ai fait traduire et circuler sa défense, remarquable réaffirmation des principes fondamentaux de cette liberté. Avec elle, Amr Hamzawy et Yassin Al-Haj Saleh, ainsi que d'autres *fellows*, et le soutien bienveillant de la direction du Wiko, nous envisageons de constituer un réseau de solidarité avec les fellows déplacés ou en danger, et d'organiser des rencontres au Wiko pour réfléchir à leur condition. Ceci rejoint, pour moi, un autre projet de recherche collectif sur les intellectuels en danger, en lien avec le programme Pause du Collège de France et celui de l'EHESS pour les étudiants exilés, auxquels je participe.

Extra-ordinaire, cette année le fut donc en tous les sens, et elle laissera une empreinte profonde dans mes travaux comme dans ma vie professionnelle et aussi personnelle grâce aux amitiés nouées. Et une infinie nostalgie ...



MEIN AUFENTHALT AM WIKO IRENE SCHNEIDER

Irene Schneider ist seit 2003 Professorin am Seminar für Arabistik/Islamwissenschaft der Georg-August-Universität Göttingen. 1989 wurde sie an der Universität Tübingen mit einer Arbeit zum „Bild des Richters in der adab al-qadi-Literatur“ promoviert. 1996 habilitierte sie sich an der Universität Köln mit einer Untersuchung zur frühen Phase des islamischen Rechts mit dem Titel „Kinderverkauf und Schuldknechtschaft“. Seither hat sie sich in Forschung und Lehre der Moderne zugewandt und arbeitet zum islamischen Recht sowie zu Staat, Gesellschaft und Zivilgesellschaft in zeitgenössischen muslimischen Staaten (Marokko, Ägypten, Palästina, Iran, Afghanistan). Weitere Schwerpunkte ihrer Arbeit sind Geschlechterstellung im Islam und Islam in Deutschland. Seit 2015 ist sie erste Vorsitzende der Gesellschaft für Arabisches und Islamisches Recht. Sie ist Autorin u. a. von *The Petitioning System in Iran: State, Society and Power Relations in the Late 19th Century* (2006) und *Women in the Islamic World: From Earliest Times to the Arab Spring* (2014). – Adresse: Seminar für Arabistik/Islamwissenschaft, Universität Göttingen, Heinrich-Düker-Weg 14, 37073 Göttingen. E-Mail: ischnei@uni-goettingen.de.

Was für ein wundervoller Ort: Auch wenn dieser Satz 1001 Mal gesagt wurde, kann man ihn doch nicht ungesagt lassen! Eine Oase in einer immer hektischeren Welt der Wissenschaft, die trotz aller Versprechungen der Entschleunigung in den Universitäten immer mehr Druck auf uns Wissenschaftler_innen ausübt, „exzellent“ zu sein und Geld einzuwerben. Ein Ort der Interdisziplinarität, der die Gemeinsamkeiten (und natürlich auch Unterschiedlichkeiten) der Fächer und Fächerkulturen durch lange Gespräche, durch das Zuhören bei den Kolloquien zu Tage fördert und Anknüpfungspunkte für intensive

Gespräche mit den Mit-Fellows liefert. Ein Ort, der die Chance bietet, *bottom-up* gemeinsame Interessen auszuloten und eine wirkliche Vernetzung, ein wirkliches gemeinsames Arbeiten an einem Thema entstehen zu lassen. Im Wiko muss man sich nicht beweisen, sondern kann ohne jeden Druck – außer dem, den man sich selbst macht – seiner Forschung nachgehen, Anregungen aufnehmen und vielleicht auch einige Anregungen weitergeben.

Das ist natürlich nur möglich, und auch das möchte ich sagen, selbst wenn es schon oft gesagt wurde, weil all die helfenden Geister wirken und ein schlichtweg wunderbares Umfeld schaffen: eine fantastische Bibliothek, die sich aus den Bibliotheken ganz Berlins speist und in Lichtgeschwindigkeit arbeitet (zehn Minuten vor acht gesehen, dass ich einen Artikel, den ich für einen Workshop um zwei Uhr brauche, doch nicht im Netz finde – zehn Minuten nach acht hatte ich ihn in meinem elektronischen Ordner!); ein ungemein kompetentes und professionelles und dabei stets freundlich-geduldiges Agieren der IT-Abteilung („Vielleicht fahren wir ihn einfach herunter und schauen?“); und eine wunderbare Küche. Die Donnerstagabende waren immer ein Höhepunkt im Wochenkalender: Köstlich Nahöstliches wurde kombiniert mit Feinem aus der einheimischen Küche. Man hatte mir eine sehr schöne Wohnung zur Verfügung gestellt, und mein Mann konnte nach Herzenslust nach Berlin kommen und ebenfalls die Wiko-Vorteile genießen. Diese Wunderwelt muss ich/müssen wir nun also nach einem Jahr verlassen, um in den rauen Alltag einer deutschen Universität zurückzukehren. Ein großes Dankeschön geht an alle, die hier tätig waren. Ein besonderer Dank gilt der Rektorin, Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger. Sie übernahm ihren Posten mit unserer Kohorte. Mit Offenheit und Freundlichkeit, Spaß an der Sache, mit Geschick und viel Fingerspitzengefühl hat sie uns Fellows begleitet und stand für Gespräche immer zur Verfügung. Ihre gehaltvollen, immer mit einer Prise Humor gewürzten Vorträge habe ich sehr genossen. Gut, dass nun erstmals eine Frau an der Spitze des Wiko steht!

Ich habe viel gelernt und erfahren, wissenschaftlich durch den Austausch mit den vielen anderen Disziplinen, musisch durch den Kontakt mit den Schriftstellern, Malern und dem Komponisten in unserem Jahrgang, und persönlich durch eine durchweg offene, freundliche, niemals kompetitive, immer aber interessierte Atmosphäre.

Für mein Wiko-Jahr waren für mich drei Dinge bedeutsam:

Ich konnte mein Buch *Debating Law – Creating Gender* fertigstellen, das „law in context“, genauer gesagt jurisgenerative Iterationen in Palästina (West Bank und Gaza) von 2012 bis 2018, zum Thema hat. In diesem Buch beschäftige ich mich mit

Diskussionsprozessen um rechtliche Themen und die damit einhergehende Produktion von Geschlechterrollen. Die Reform der khul'-Scheidung in Palästina, die 2012 durch das Dekret des obersten Shariarichters in Ramallah in Kraft trat, beherrschte die Diskussion 2012 bis 2014. Interessant ist die Begriffsgeschichte der klassisch islamrechtlichen „khul'-Scheidung“ bzw. besonders deren (Re-)Definition. Ab 2014 änderte sich das Thema und die Debatten drehten sich nun um den Einfluss des internationalen Rechts und um die Frage, wie internationales Recht in nationales Recht „übersetzt“ wird. 2014 hatte Palästina mehrere internationale Konventionen, darunter auch die Frauenrechtskonvention, ohne Vorbehalte – eine Ausnahme unter den muslimisch geprägten Staaten – unterschrieben. Anhand beider Debatten diskutiere ich die Fragen: Wie werden die Rechte von Männern und Frauen im vom islamischen Recht beeinflussten Familienrecht konstruiert? Wie weit bewegt man sich vom klassischen und auch in Deutschland lange (bis 1977!) vorherrschenden Modell der Ehe mit dem Mann als Oberhaupt weg? Und, da die Debatte islamrechtlich geframt ist, welche Möglichkeiten werden in der palästinensischen Gesellschaft gesehen, um eine Gleichstellung der Geschlechter zu erreichen? Wer vertritt welche Positionen und mit welchen Argumenten? Die Diskussionen mit den Kolleg_innen haben mir hierzu zahlreiche Denkanstöße gegeben und ich danke vor allem denjenigen, die Teile meines Buches gelesen und mit mir diskutiert haben. Es gelang mir auch, sozusagen in letzter Minute, einen entscheidenden Aspekt hinzuzufügen. Bei meiner Reise nach Palästina im April 2019 konnte ich erstmals nach langer Zeit nach Gaza einreisen und mit den dortigen Akteuren Interviews führen. Dieser wenn auch kurze Aufenthalt hat mich dazu geführt, bestimmte Ergebnisse zu überdenken und neu zu formulieren.

Der zweite für mich prägende Aspekt des Wiko-Jahres war die „Translation“, ein zentrales Thema meines Buches im Sinne von Kosellecks Begriffsgeschichte (die klassisch islam-rechtliche khul'-Scheidung in neuem Gewand), aber auch im Sinne der „Übersetzung“ internationalen Rechts in nationales, palästinensisches Recht. Es stellte sich heraus, dass die Frage der „Übersetzung“ immer wieder auftauchte und uns auf verschiedenen Ebenen und in vielen Kontexten beschäftigte. Wie übersetze ich (konkret auf der sprachlichen Ebene)? Hier erinnere ich mich gern an viele vergnügte Gespräche mit unseren englischen und amerikanischen Kolleg_innen am „Deutsch-Tisch“ beim Mittagessen. Wie kann ich Begriffe und Konzepte nicht nur sprachlich, sondern kulturadäquat verstehen? Ein Beispiel ist die Definition der khul'-Scheidung. Sie ist keine Scheidung im Sinne des BGB, sondern eine auf den Koran und ein Prophetendictum

zurückgeführte Erlaubnis für die Frau, sich, meist mit dem Brautgeld, loszukaufen. Seit 2012 ermöglicht sie in Palästina Frauen die gerichtliche Trennung der Ehe auch gegen den Willen des Mannes – aber eben nur vor dem Vollzug der Ehe. In Ägypten gibt es diese Scheidungsart schon seit dem Jahr 2000, und sie steht Frauen vor und nach dem Vollzug der Ehe offen. Die zeilenlange Definition zeigt, worum es geht: verständlich zu machen, was in diesem Kontext „Scheidung“ bedeutet. Es war für mich eine sehr eindrückliche Erfahrung zu sehen, dass nicht nur ich als arabisch sprechende Vertreterin des Fachs „Arabistik/Islamwissenschaft“ solche „Übersetzungsprobleme“ hatte – sondern dass dieselben Fragen und Diskussionen eben auch zwischen den europäischen Sprachen auftraten. Das englische „treaty“ ist im Deutschen „Vertrag“ und „Abkommen“. „Interessenlosigkeit“ kannte ich mit Deutsch als Muttersprache nicht. Wie können medizinische Diagnosen und Therapien im Bereich der Psychiatrie den jeweiligen kulturellen Kontexten angepasst, wie kann Gewaltopfern global geholfen werden, indem kulturadäquate Lösungen für ihre Traumatisierungen gefunden werden?

Zu diesem Themenkreis gab es mehrere inspirierende Vorträge und Workshops, die mich persönlich sehr stimuliert haben. Es kam und kommt aber für alle Disziplinen noch ein dritter Aspekt der „Übersetzung“ hinzu: die Frage, die für alle Geschichts- Kultur- und Sozialwissenschaften mit globalem Bezug von großer Bedeutung ist: Wie gehe ich mit im europäischen Kontext geprägten, an der deutschen bzw. europäisch-amerikanischen Geschichte entwickelten Begriffen und Konzepten um, wenn ich auf den ersten Blick ähnliche Phänomene in einer anderen Kultur erklären möchte, die sich dann aber im Detail als doch ganz anders herausstellen? Müssen wir nicht, mit Chakrabarty, die europäischen Wissenschaften „provinzialisieren“? Wie aber kann man das tun? An dieser Stelle möchte ich meinen Mit-Fellows und Kolleg_innen von außerhalb dafür danken, dass sie meine Idee eines kleinen und aus meiner Sicht sehr feinen Workshops zum Thema aufgegriffen haben, in dem wir uns intensiv mit dieser und ähnlichen Fragen auseinandergesetzt haben. Ich danke dem Wiko, dass ich diesen Workshop veranstalten konnte.

Ein drittes Thema war trauriger und bedrückender: Eine Gruppe unter unseren Fellows war direkt oder indirekt von den sich ändernden politischen Verhältnissen in ihren Heimatstaaten betroffen und bedroht. In Syrien, Ägypten und der Türkei werden die Rechte von Menschen nicht geachtet und Wissenschaftler_innen in ihrer Arbeit behindert und bedroht, verurteilt bzw. können nicht mehr einreisen. Alle Fälle zeigen, dass die wissenschaftliche Gemeinschaft zusammenstehen und ihre Werte der freien

Meinungsäußerung und der Freiheit der Wissenschaft verteidigen muss. Diese Werte sind aber beileibe nicht nur in arabischen oder muslimischen Ländern bedroht. Ein eindrücklicher Workshop zu der Erodierung des Verfassungsrechts in Polen und Ungarn und viele Gespräche mit den Fellows aus diesen Ländern bzw. mit intensiven politischen Kontakten in diese Länder zeigten, dass sich auch in „unserem Haus Europa“ besorgniserregende Entwicklungen abspielen. Es ist bezeichnend für die Wiko-Gemeinschaft, dass daraus die Idee entstand, die „scholars at risk“ zu unterstützen und ihnen ihre wissenschaftliche und künstlerische Arbeit außerhalb ihrer Länder zu ermöglichen. Ich hoffe, dass es in Zukunft möglich sein wird, mehr Kolleg_innen aus diesen Ländern zu helfen – auch wenn dies nur immer ein Tropfen auf den heißen Stein sein kann.



OURS ARE WATER BODIES, TOO BHRIGUPATI SINGH

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For reasons hard to recount, 2018–19 turned out to be among the most difficult years of my life. Fortunately, I was at the Wissenschaftskolleg. What kind of fortune was this, if I am not just to call it a luxury? As yet, with only a few days of distance post-departure, as

I readjust to the harsher light of the world outside, I can try to gather some of the more specific reasons for my gratitude and what the milieu of Wiko meant for me.

In my colloquium, I compared Wiko to a sanatorium, for recovery; a sanctuary, a space where thought might grow wilder; and a sanctum, with the rare possibility of intellectual communion. But these descriptions are still in the realm of abstraction. Let me focus instead on specific instances and imprints that will stay with me. The balcony of my apartment, at the edge of the Grunewald forest, overlooked a lake, my Walden for the year that expressed the seasons and offered a form of constancy, companionship, and a way of thinking about Wiko and ourselves within it, as a network of interconnected water bodies in this forest that exchanged some currents. As humans, we are differently mortal than lakes and were bound to our dispersal and return to our respective habitats, although thankfully there are still memories and currents and future exchanges to hold on to.

When I first arrived at Wiko, I was coming to the end of a three-year cycle of ethnographic fieldwork, which involved following patients, healers, and caregivers across three sites for the treatment of mental illness in India: the psychiatry ward of a leading hospital in Delhi, the All India Institute for Medical Sciences (AIIMS); a community psychiatry and Opioid Substitution Therapy (OST) clinic run by AIIMS in Trilokpuri, an urban poor “resettlement colony” in Delhi; and a leading north Indian Sufi Muslim shrine, five hours from Delhi, renowned for the treatment of mental illness. As I argue in the book, this movement across ontologies and spaces, across hospital, home, and shrine, constitutes the circuit of mental health care in India, for good and for ill, since some argue that this dispersed and uncertain ecology of care remains more beneficial for patients than what is often available in advanced industrial contexts, while others argue just the opposite, as is often the case in genuine empirical puzzles.

At the beginning of the year, there were two quite different books that I could potentially have begun. The first one, much safer, which I will still hopefully write in years to come, is a monograph focused on forms of psychic distress and wellbeing, set in the low-income urban neighborhood of Trilokpuri in Delhi. This would have been a logical continuation of my first book, which sought to understand modes of aspiration and ideas of the quality of life among a community of indentured laborers, set in a particular district of contemporary rural central India.

Quite different from the prospective book on urban poverty and mental health, there was another, much wilder book that I also wanted to write, one that responds to issues in

anthropology, psychiatry, philosophy, and literary theory in relation to questions of mental health and illness and concepts of psychic life. My Socratic interlocutors at Wiko, Daniel Schönplugg, Lorraine Daston, and others among my cohort, encouraged me to leap toward that second, wilder book, which I have tentatively titled *Waxing and Waning Life: Investigations at the Threshold of Mental Illness and Health*. This book is structured around three concepts – vitalism, skepticism, and an ecology of mind, but more on that in a moment, since this note is not so much about that book as it is an acknowledgement of what this year at Wiko meant to me, in terms of intellectual life and selfhood in relation to the kinds of proximate others I met.

The first weeks passed in getting used to the sanctum's rites of initiation and in understanding the specific efficacy of each ritual, such as the vibrant Tuesday Colloquium, the bacchanalian Thursday dinners, the weekday lunches that provided a space of continuing conversations, and the other little channels that slowly joined our respective and collective eddies and flows.

In what ways and forms do our flows intersect? In university settings, invocations of interdisciplinarity are usually between relatively known neighbors with whom we have a shared vocabulary. My first unexpected traversal or leap, specific to the intellectual ethos of Wiko, was when a senior biologist in my cohort, Michael Wade, asked me to introduce him for his Tuesday colloquium, early on in the year, in October. Rituals can be performed with more or less sincerity. We wanted to do our best, although at the time we weren't quite sure why. Given the disciplinary distance, introducing Michael involved taking a crash course in the history of evolutionary theory, understanding a basic two-pronged bifurcation within this history, learning as much as I could about Michael's specific contributions within this genealogy of thought, and absorbing some of the key concepts and questions within Michael's corpus, for instance epistasis, kin selection, the ways variation arises from seemingly similar starting points and the consequences this has for our understanding of species, the threshold at which newness can be said to have emerged, and the point at which differences may be said to be differences of kind rather than of degree.

Rather than reiterating the commonplace dismissals with which the sciences and humanistic social sciences/social theory often accost each other ("reductionist!" "anecdotal evidence!"), we found that this initial channel of communication opened up a year of continuing conversation, which will now take a textual form in a short essay that Michael and I hope to co-author on how "context" is demarcated and stabilized in the life sciences and the social sciences and the ways contingency and internal variation are suppressed in

particular forms of demarcating context within our respective disciplinary histories. I take this to be one of the gifts of Wiko, namely, to rediscover forms of cohabitation and concern with more distant branches of inquiry, at a time when the branches have hardened enough that the possibility of unexpected entwinements and cross-fertilization feels much more difficult than it might have, say, a century ago.

Equally crucially, a very different sort of gift was to inhabit the different kinds of encouragements specific to one's own project. I watched my book slowly emerge from non-existence, in the form of talks and chapter excerpts and conversations with Co-Fellows and co-habitants at Wiko, who participated as midwives and shared in the pleasures and anxieties of intellectual labor, as it moves from speculation to actualization.

In November, I had to present the first extended portion of the book in progress, on skepticism (in the sense of the term associated with Stanley Cavell and Cavell's reading of Wittgenstein) as a concept for mental health and illness, to a Wittgenstein seminar in Paris-Sorbonne with an audience that included those perhaps best-versed with Cavell's work at present in Europe, one of whom, my primary host, had even translated Cavell's *The Claim of Reason* into French. Many among my cohort shared in my (hopefully healthy) anxiety as I prepared this paper, one or two of my Co-Fellows read a draft of the talk, and others shared in my excitement after I returned from Paris with what felt like a satisfactory presentation and at least a basic sense that the conceptual leap between anthropology, philosophy, and psychiatry that I was trying to make was not entirely misplaced.

In the winter, starting roughly in mid-November, a crisis broke out and I tried to take refuge against uncertainties by writing what turned out to be the longest and most unmarketable of book proposals, summarizing what this book would entail, overall and chapter-wise, ending at about five times the length of what this genre usually ought to be. Rather than censure this fruitless labor, I received, thankfully from within Wiko, almost immediate support for a book workshop in February that our academic coordinator, Daniel Schönplüg, helped me to put together, where I had the good fortune of having a historian/philosopher of science (Lorraine Daston), a historian (Daniel himself), a cultural psychologist (Andreas Maercker), and a literary theorist (Karin Kukkonen) read and closely comment on this anxiously lengthy book proposal.

In March and May, in talks and conferences, within and around Berlin, I tried to solidify the second of the two major concepts of the book, vitalism. Geographically, the proximity of Berlin to other intellectual communities in Paris and Rome (in particular the

Forms of Life group involving Sandra Laugier, Estelle Ferrarese, and Piergiorgio Donatelli) allowed me to present significant portions of the book in sustained interactions with them over the year, such that by the end of the year, the book felt much closer to reality than when I had first arrived (and as with mental illness, so in thought: for reality to remain believable, it often needs to be confirmed by determinate, proximate others).

In slowly bringing this book manuscript to birth, a key aspect of the good fortune of Wiko was having a set of interlocutors among the library staff, in particular Stefan Gellner and Anja Brockmann, who were rigorous, indulgent, and immediate in their help. In what did feel like somewhat of a luxury, they never refused or shortchanged a bibliographic request, however obscure or intimidating or specific or global it might be. For instance, over the course of the year, Stefan created an astonishing range of chapter-wise resources for me and, more than that, arrangements of texts that responded to specific puzzles. Seemingly within the week, he would have produced a rigorous reading list, no matter how strange or varied the question or theme, ranging from the concept of the hero to geographical variations in the consumption of heroin in different parts of the world, arguments on the proximity and distance between Wittgenstein and the phenomenological tradition of psychiatry associated with Jaspers and Husserl, and, further, seemingly disconnected rabbit holes that this book dives into, in inhabiting the “wonderland” of the psyche, in ways distinct from the dominant traditions of psychoanalysis, psychiatry, and the anthropological or cultural critique of psychiatry.

My own Colloquium in April, which had initially felt daunting, felt almost festive after the initial anxieties, with an affectionate and rigorous introduction by my Co-Fellow Andreas Maercker, who prepared for the event Wiko-style by interviewing me, reading my earlier book and articles, and returning to regions of my past and literary and (thankfully non-Oedipal) mythological habitations, as one ought to, in considerations of psychic life. I was presenting a book chapter that had felt almost complete, and to my own surprise (inasmuch as it always remains a surprise to receive genuinely constructive suggestions), I received comments that helped rework key portions of it, particularly in the course of a ritual that a subsection of our cohort had initiated, an optional follow-up Monday lunch, a few days after the Tuesday Colloquium, in which the afterthoughts one received would often be at least as interesting as the first thoughts and questions that had emerged during the colloquium.

An account of this year would be incomplete without the sense of excitement that Berlin provided us at this historical moment, when the lack of corporate hubs (which still

allows regions of the city to subsist with relatively low rents), a few supportive civic cultural institutions, and something unnamable about the spirit of the city create conditions of hospitality for artists, cultural workers, and intellectuals from across the world to imagine a home here and to inhabit a relatively non-competitive but still stimulating environment. I remain deeply grateful for the ways the Wiko leadership and my cohort of Fellows enthusiastically shared in my forays into Berlin. Early on in the year, at my request, a small group from Wiko, including our Rector, accompanied me to the Gropius Bau, where a friend and interlocutor had recently taken up the Directorship, to imagine what kinds of conversations and collaborations might take place between these two institutions, given the variety and depth of scholars, artists, and musicians who annually populate Wiko. Similarly, my Co-Fellows were joyful companions and co-travelers to other Berlin adventures that were the result of older and newer friendships, a friend who has opened an independent bookstore called Hopscotch in a less upscale part of the city, and other events I did at Görlitzer Park on drug addiction with a group of artists from Kreuzberg, and a May Day rally, which turned into a kind of political “party” (in the festive sense of the term) in Grunewald, where our little group from Wiko was able to inhabit both sides, if we may even call them sides, and to understand how much and how little is at stake in the differences today, in the forms of life that once upon a time would have found themselves on different sides of the divide called capitalism and communism.

Staying specifically with Wiko, the hospitality I felt traverses the realm of the personal, but exceeds that, extending very much into what we might call the professional, the rigors of science or art, so to speak, and the conditions under which this can be sustained and grown. Wiko also helped me host a number of guests, including graduate students of mine and a psychiatrist interlocutor from India, Mamta Sood, who heads the Severe Mental Illness Clinic at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences in Delhi. My Co-Fellow Andreas Maercker and Daniel Schönpflug helped arrange a meeting with a leading Berlin psychiatrist, Meryam Schouler-Ocak, who most closely matches Mamta Sood’s profile in terms of research interests in social psychiatry. In what was hopefully the beginning of a longer conversation, Meryam Schouler-Ocak met us for what was meant to be an hour-long meeting but trailed into an hour more, which ended with the suggestion that perhaps she would bring her team from Berlin Charité to interact with students and psychiatry faculty at AIIMS Delhi.

The hospitality I speak of, as I experienced it, was expressed in various ways, ranging from help with scholarly labors such as book manuscripts, to the exploration of institutional

links, and further, to more ephemeral moments of speculative connection, exceeding the realm of official necessity, as with the initially daunting but once known then gently patrician former Rector Luca Giuliani's request to me to introduce him to the work of the philosopher Stanley Cavell, whom I had cited at different points in the year. I spent a few days thinking about how to put such an introduction down in writing, and Luca Giuliani's delighted response made the labors feel more than worthwhile. I mention this because, for me, more than any professionally citable achievements, such interactions perhaps best characterize an ethos of continuing education.

As we circle closer to home within Wiko, from the main building and the Weiße Villa to the Villa Walther, among the richest memories of this year will be the kinds of learning that this year at Wiko made available for my daughter, Uma Jaan, who turned five just before we came to Berlin and will turn six soon after our departure. I will remember Koenigsallee as the street on which I first managed to teach her how to ride a bicycle. In times to come, I and hopefully she will remember the friends she made in the *Johannisches Sozialwerk Kindergarten* just behind Wiko, and the affectionate tears that the teachers shed, as did her classmates on our last day in school, where we hope to return to visit once in a while. I will also remember the first few months, when she didn't yet speak German, and the kinds of integration exercises that the schoolteachers and Wiko helped with, including finding us a German tutor, Sabrina, who would come home on a weekly basis, and various other kinds of encouragement that my Co-Fellows offered.

At our end-of-the-year party, where we put together a children's song and dance, as I thanked Wiko for their child-friendly policies (quite unlike other institutions, which has been a source of protest, for instance in several artistic residencies), multiple Fellows tried (and thankfully managed) to photograph my daughter's expression during my speech, in which I described how, when we first arrived, my daughter spoke not a word of German and how much better she now spoke than her father. Visiting friends would remark how enjoyable it was to see the children of Villa Walther playing together in the evenings and to witness the ways the kids, too, were part of the Wiko community. A few nights before we left, minutes before she slept, my daughter longingly asked, "Can't we become Permanent Fellows here?"

As crucially, care is enabled by a combination of policies and by a community willing to carry those words into deeds. In this regard, my memories of Wiko are also indelibly marked by the "prepare your stay" team, Andrea Bergmann, Vera Pfeffer, and Nina Kitsos, each of whom helped, but help is a somewhat inadequate term, since it does not

express the spirit and the hue of affection with which their efforts were colored, the small gestures of kindness, and the immediacy of help at hand.

As I have tried to indicate, these hues and currents extend from the personal to the intellectual, into the very question of what kind of a vocation or labor ties together the idea of Wissenschaft. What joins us? I arrived at one possible answer in one of the concluding evenings, in the course of a conversation with one of my Co-Fellows, the composer Beat Furrer, whom I found inspiring initially, for reasons I couldn't quite name. Thankfully, the inspiration grew as I got to know his work better. That said, even after knowing his work, that initial mysterious inspiration still remained. And then one day I caught it. Or at least I could name it. He exuded a feeling of depth, which came not from posture or pretension or fame, but from years of what a particular body, our water bodies, do, in this vocation, namely, hours of stillness, immersive absorption that may or may not occasion acts of creation, however modest these may be. In the time I was at Wiko, it was and I hope it will remain an ecology in which such bodies can be nourished, sustained, and connected anew.



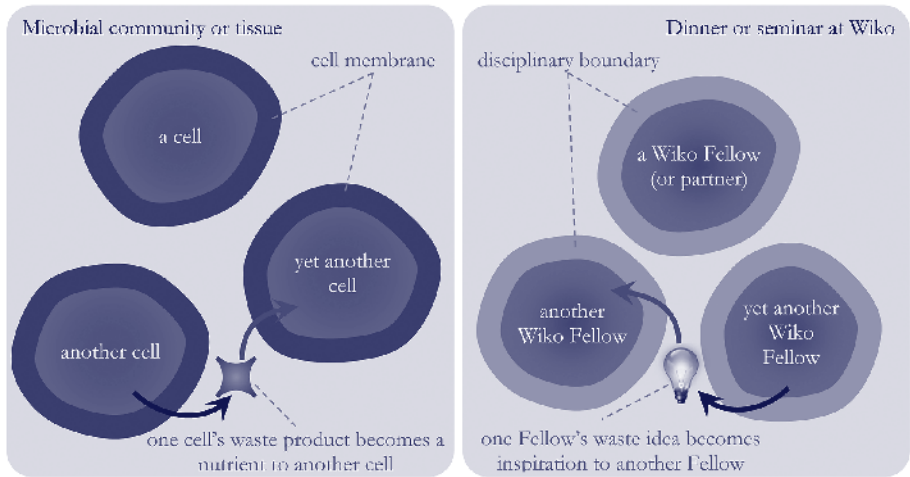
MEMBRANES:
UNITY THROUGH SEPARATION
VICTOR SOJO

Victor studied first chemistry and then computer science at the Central University of Venezuela in Caracas, followed by biological modelling and finally a Ph.D. in evolutionary biology at the University of London's University College (UCL). Victor's main research interests are the major events in the evolution of life on Earth (and potentially elsewhere), including the emergence of life, and the origin of complex cells and organisms (i.e., eukaryotes). His main focus is on cell membranes and how they have changed throughout evolutionary history as the branches of the tree of life split and later re-merged into their current intertwined shape. Besides his interests in evolutionary biology, Victor is passionate about education. He has volunteered to develop educational programs in India and the Philippines, and he used a portion of his Wiko Fellowship to continue his contributions to education. – Address: Richard Gilder Graduate School, American Museum of Natural History, 79th St. at Central Park West, New York, NY 10024-5192, USA. E-mail: vsojo@amnh.org.

I have chosen a deliberately Orwellian title, or maybe just an oxymoronic one. Either way, I will try to explain what I mean by it.

My work at Wiko has been about membranes – those boundaries that define a living cell, separating its innards from the environment. But if that were all that membranes do, life would not happen. At the boundary between a cell and another, new life arises through cell division and gamete fusion, goods are traded, data conveyed, nutrients acquired, waste excreted. Life is thus not a *thing* or a *state*, but a *process*. It exists in this flux of material, energy and information that takes place across membranes, and so membranes are not mere separators – they are *mediators*.

In its own way, that has been the Wissenschaftskolleg to me: not islands of isolated individuals with their own thoughts within their own disciplines. Instead, it is the union of interacting “cells” that, while independent, join together to build a higher-level body, not entirely unlike how complex consortia of multiple microorganisms build a working community (see figure).



As Wiko Fellows interact, what may have started as a minor comment from one Fellow often ends up sparking deep rethinkings and even novel lines of research in another Fellow. And I can say this with full conviction because it happened to me multiple times, and that experience by itself was enough to justify my tenure here.

My far-fetched membrane analogy also reminds me of how independent neurons in the human head build a thinking brain. In one neuron, neurotransmitters are released and, upon reaching the next neuron, they elicit a response that in turn induces the receiving neuron to become an emitter itself. Similarly, Wiko Fellows – and partners (see below) – release ideas into the lunch tables. These ideas reach the membranes of the other Fellows’ disciplinary boundaries. There, they often find a neuroreceptor, i.e. a membrane protein or avid curiosity that eagerly accepts them. In other cases, the idea had no predestined neuroreceptor, it was not something the receiving neuron was ready for. Thus the foreign idea may initially bounce off the disciplinary membrane boundary. But slowly, this unfamiliar idea furtively permeates the membrane of the adjacent Fellow’s

disciplinary boundary. And once inside, it elicits a response, changes the state of the unexpected neuron-Fellow, and makes it become an emitter of new ideas itself, inspiring it to inspire, stimulating it to stimulate. Over time, Fellows evolve; they become better adapted to receiving and responding to unfamiliar ideas, more likely to emit them.

Ein Kolleg der Wissenschaftler

The very name of this place was the beginning of my learning here. I like to define myself as a “scientist”. Yet, in the German language, the word “Wissenschaftler” applies not only to my fellow biologists and chemists, but also to sociologists and historians. But why stop there: diplomats, visual artists, architects, musicians, politicians ... all here are *Wissenschaftler*. Indeed, I find it a fascinating fact that the word’s etymology can suggest something along the lines of “pursuer of knowledge”. And knowledge I have found – in the day-to-day conversations with luminaries of my own field whose literature I was familiar with since my undergraduate days and in the gentle challenges posed by being exposed to so many views and fields, from people so able to present their ideas with coherence, kindness, generosity, and the occasional healthy dose of mischief.

Beyond the clichés of the different ways natural scientists and humanists see the world, I found a plethora of opportunities to be challenged and to challenge, to question my preconceptions in my own field and its repercussions and parallels to the fields of others. I got to think deeply about entire topics that I had never even heard about, I got to take perspectives that I don’t think I would have spontaneously taken had I not come, and I got to ask and be asked questions that I was sure I had the answers to, only to find that I don’t, questions that in some cases nobody can answer.

This seems a good opportunity to also acknowledge the contributions of the Fellows’ partners to the rich experience of a Wiko Fellowship. Unsurprisingly, Wiko partners are themselves as generous and fascinating thinkers as the Wiko Fellows themselves. I therefore felt that I got to enjoy a 2-for-1 deal whenever I had the chance to interact with a partner, which for future cohorts I should add was never enough.

Wiko has been all I had come to expect of it, and more. The variety of topics in discussion at dining tables, the high level of both critical insight and outright expertise in all sorts of subjects, and the stimulating conversations with researchers and pioneers from such a variety of fields are gifts that I gladly take with me. I will deeply miss the conversations, the camaraderie, the inspiration.

Output

Other than all the wisdom that I gladly received, and perhaps in spite of the endlessly interesting conversations over lunch, I have somehow managed to produce some measurable outcome, too. I produced novel bioinformatics data that I have now turned into a first draft manuscript for eventual publication, I made progress on an educational website that will hopefully one day help teach and learn anything anywhere, I wrote and published a paper that had been waiting to be written for a while, and I became inspired to come up with an entirely new hypothesis that was also published during my time at Wiko (along with a journal cover and video abstract that I also produced here).

Output

Sojo, V., A. Ohno, S. E. McGlynn, Y. M. A. Yamada, and R. Nakamura (2019). Microfluidic reactors for carbon fixation under ambient-pressure alkaline-hydrothermal-vent conditions. *Life* 9, 16.

Sojo, V. (2019). "Why the lipid divide? Membrane proteins as drivers of the split between the lipids of the three domains of life." *BioEssays* 41, 5: 1800251. Video abstract at: [youtube./TdKjxoDATsg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TdKjxoDATsg).



NOTES ON EVOLVING @ WIKO
PLUS METAPHOR
JESSICA STOCKHOLDER

Jessica Stockholder, born in 1959 in Seattle, Washington, raised in Vancouver, British Columbia, received her B.F.A. from the University of Victoria in Canada in 1982, her M.F.A. from Yale University in 1985, an honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degree from the Emily Carr University of Art + Design in 2010, and an honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degree from Columbia College Chicago in 2013. She has exhibited widely in North America and Europe. In 2018, Stockholder was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. She is a professor at the University of Chicago. – Address: Department of Visual Arts, University of Chicago, 915 East 60th Street, Suite 236, Chicago, IL 60637, USA. E-mail: jstockholder@uchicago.edu.

Two visual artists at the Wissenschaftskolleg, we arrived on a sunny, hot day in August, having just crossed the Atlantic Ocean by plane. A taxi whisked us, bleary in mid-morning, in a flash from Tegel airport to Villa Walther. And there we were in the apartment that would serve as our abode for the coming eleven months. Blinking in the sun streaming through the windows, we attended to the new skin the walls provided our bodies and to how our organic skins were accommodating to the unfamiliar air.

A few days later, on a Monday morning, we went to our first German class. We were both beginners, and our shared adventure into the language was full of fireworks. We sat at tables in Villa Jaffé with a few other souls, suddenly naked in the face of our incapacity. Our German teacher began speaking to us slowly in German – no English. I was reacquainted with my younger self, accepting of my ignorance, my ears wide open, straining to interpret the sounds floating around me. My brain gathering visual facial cues, arm

waving, and the myriad sound patterns that occasionally resonated with English and the little French I know. Time flowed differently for three weeks; all of us learning German together, gathered from many places. I'm remembering France, Hungary, Kenya, Turkey, and the US. Sociologists, novelists, evolutionary biologists, a historian, and we two artists came together as we imbibed a little bit of Germany. In the wake of those three intense weeks, I continued to study German right till the end. Busy with so many endeavors, I wasn't a particularly good student; nevertheless, engaging the German language was a highlight of the residency. The slow and steady linear accretion of my linguistic capacity was grounding as it accompanied the cacophonous intersection of dialogues generated by the varied contours of the myriad disciplines represented by the Wiko Fellows.

I found it useful listening to how the large array of disciplines brought together in our cohort generated conversation outside of their normal bounds, revealing both stark and blurry lines at the junctures of their overlapping.

The work of the evolutionary biologists was particularly engaging. Their attention and questions, like my own, are often focused on how to conceptualize edges and frames. How do we think about the autonomy of organisms, such as ourselves, which encompass many other microorganisms, each with distinct DNA? Which datasets are embraced when considering the social relations between individuals? These kinds of questions parallel my own interest in exploring the relationship of art objects to context, in relation to their physicality, and in relation to meaning.

During my year in residence, I was invited to write a catalogue essay for the painter Bernard Frize's exhibition at the Pompidou Center in Paris. It gave me great pleasure to be able to reference the work of one of my Co-Fellows:

On October 9, 2018, evolutionary biologist Michael J. Wade gave a lecture at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin titled "Nature, Nurture, and the Nurturers: The Evolutionary Genetics of Interaction". His talk was underlined with this thought: "Everything we know is in relation to covariance." Covariance is a measure of how changes in one variable are associated with changes in a second variable. It measures the degree to which two variables are linearly associated. The principle asserts that all of our knowledge is gathered in relationship to association between things, events, or substances. This measure of how knowledge is gained resonates with Frize's paintings as meaning shakes out between various pairs in tension with one another: color / no color, simple / complex, orchestrated / randomness, flatness / illusion, beauty / irrelevance, feeling / detachment, workmanlike / zen.

As a visual artist at Wiko I sometimes felt like a fish out of water. Though, given the complexity of intersection between disciplines embraced in this community, I imagine many others may have been given to similar feelings.

One evening, walking from my studio in Villa Jaffé to the main Wiko building for a Thursday night dinner, I gave myself a talking to. “That chip on your shoulder,” I said, “perhaps it’s time for it to go! You are as much a part of this diverse collection of practitioners as anyone else. You are just one of many, not odd, not different, not unique. You have much to contribute and gain from mingling with this friendly group of bright and bubbly thinkers.” Joining the revelers in the clubroom, prosecco in hand, I engaged a guest, a former Wiko Fellow, there for the evening; perhaps he was a biologist, and he repeated what by now had become a familiar piece of small talk: “Oh, there aren’t often artists here! That is so unusual ...,” he said. My heart fell a little. It seemed that it wasn’t all my imagination; the chip wasn’t only on my shoulder.

That said, though I endured a repetition of that particular conversation with many Fellows, over time the novelty of my particular discipline fell mostly to the background, and on many occasions, I enjoyed substantive encounters that served to illuminate the contours of my thinking.

I was productive, working towards an exhibition at the Centraal Museum in Utrecht and the installation of a temporary public work in the Graben in Vienna, titled respectively: *Stuff Matters* and *Slip Slidin’ Away*. A small group of Wiko staff, Fellows, and partners traveled to my opening in Utrecht just before Easter. It was particularly moving and lovely to share my work with these travelers. In the wake of the opening one afternoon back in Berlin, where I shared images and thoughts about the exhibition, I was also touched by the size of the group and the enthusiasm that they brought to bear.

Over the winter, a pair of swans living on the lake outside of Villa Walter carried with them the promise of baby swans come spring. Walking along the lake I watched them begin to build a nest. One day in early spring evidence of a dead swan was reported seen outside the main Wiko building. Sadness. And then I observed more than one new swan visitor to the lake. A week or so later, a pair of swans building a new nest a short distance from the first. Low and behold, cygnets hatched – I heard of seven – six I saw – then five – and at the time of this writing, two ... The perils of being alive played starkly outside my window. Swans are so picture-perfect to look at. The contrast between the romance of my gaze and the reality of the swans’ being seems analogous to the coexistence of the disembodied intellectual life mingled with the intense physicality of the transplanted and temporary nature of our lives at Wiko.

The size of the community is unique; not small and not overwhelmingly large; it enables a group of acquainted interlocutors to form an unusually intimate audience for the colloquium presentations throughout the year. It is wonderful that Wiko embraces partners, who often contribute unexpected richness and expand the community as their contributions to the developing dialogue are welcomed.

This community of staff and Fellows brought great generosity to bear as we all together fostered the institution of the Wissenschaftskolleg. It was a unique experience, one that I feel privileged to have been treated to.



UNLEASHING:
A WIKO FELLOWSHIP YEAR
JOAN E. STRASSMANN

Joan Strassmann is interested in social behavior, in how genes behind social interactions evolve, in conflict and its mediation, and in what defines an organism. Since 1987, this research has been conducted in partnership with David Queller. Together they have teased out many of the intricacies of how conflict is controlled in largely cooperative systems. She is also interested in making science accessible. She was born in Washington, D.C. in 1953. Since 2011, she has been Charles Rebstock Professor of Biology at Washington University in St. Louis. From 1980 to 2011, she was at Rice University in Houston, Texas, ultimately becoming Department Head and Harry C. and Olga K. Wiess Professor. She has done sabbaticals at Copenhagen University (2010) and Oxford University (2016). She received her B.S. at the University of Michigan in 1974 and her Ph.D. at the University of Texas at Austin in 1979. She has been recognized with more than 35 years of continuous US National Science Foundation funding, a John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship, election as a fellow of the Animal Behavior Society and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, all in 2004. She was elected a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 2008, served as President of the Animal Behavior Society in 2009, and was elected to the US National Academy of Sciences in 2013. – Address: Department of Biology, Washington University in St. Louis, CB 1137, One Brookings Drive, St. Louis MO, 63130-4899, USA. E-mail: strassmann@wustl.edu.

Zeus ran at top speed, arching his back and stretching his back legs to sail over the three steps down to the Villa Walther *Hof*. Still running, he turned sharply right and down the

steps, then past the old basketball hoop and up the steps toward Delbrückstraße, barking at a cooing wood pigeon.

I walked more slowly down the steps and out on the terrace above Herthasee, seeing Coots, hearing Robins, Blackbirds, and Great Tits, but looking without success for the Mute Swans. Zeus came when I called him, and so I gave him a morsel of freeze-dried lamb lung. At the gate to Delbrückstraße, I leashed him as we walked past the neighbors where his beloved black bolonka lives, past the *Seniorenheim*, past the massive sphinx, and down the path to Herthasee. Only after we were under the graffitied bridge and through the gates to the path along the south side of Hubertussee did the leash come off again. This would be a walk I repeated nearly daily during my Wiko year.

When we first arrived, I worried that our pup would spend a year on the leash, staying safe in the big city. I mourned his woodland freedom at Tyson near our St. Louis home. But in this as in so many things about Wiko and Berlin, I was wrong.

I had long dreamed of finding a way to spend a year at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, ever since Kevin Foster left our research group to join Francis Ratnieks' and Tom Wenseleers' Focus Group at the Wissenschaftskolleg, where they wrote a number of influential reviews. I also dreamed of spending a year in Berlin, the city my father had fled 82 years before with his mother and sisters to join his father in Rochester, Minnesota. Because his father was born to parents who had converted from Judaism before his birth, he was Jewish enough to be forbidden to practice medicine in 1936 and so left Berlin to become a fellow at the Mayo Clinic. Chuck Mayo saved my grandfather's life and in all probability the lives of his children.

I had been to Berlin before, but what would an entire year in such a place feel like? What would it do to me? My husband worried more about what I would do to it, would I burden Germans, not born at the time I knew so vividly, for something they could not help? Would 1930s Berlin be an albatross for me and me an albatross for him?

Instead it turned out that this history was not a leash I needed to unhook. I followed the history of my family in particular, finding the cemeteries with Strassmann or Lewy graves, identifying the tree before my great-great-grandfather's house on Fischerinsel, staring at the bullet holes in the *Frauenklinik* my great-grandfather built, where my grandfather once worked. I went to the theater just down the street from that clinic, the Deutsches Theater, where my great-aunt Antonie Strassmann once performed. Every new German word I learned connected me to that past, as I thought of my grandmother, *Omi*, voicing the words, or laughing at me that they seemed so novel. I also formed bonds

with others from our group with Jewish backgrounds, close or far, whose families also suffered in that not so long ago time. Instead of a sense of unease, I felt a sense of being at home, at home in the only place on the earth I could say my family lived for generations. For me, Berlin became magic.

My connections to Berlin deepened as I succeeded in doing something I viewed as reclaiming my German citizenship, a process I had started years before without success. Shortly after arriving, I got an e-mail saying that in fact because my father left as a minor and became an American as a minor, I could get my citizenship automatically for a fee of 25 Euros. I paid.

But what role did Wiko play in my accepting the new bond of German citizenship and Berlin as a home city? A big one. Early on, Daniel Schönpflug gathered those of us seeking our German-Jewish roots together for lunch. How could Wiko and particularly the library services help? It opened the door for us to scholarship on this personal topic.

It was special in other ways that Wiko is in Berlin, for we had so much history, culture, cuisine, and entertainment to explore. But no one should think that this got in the way of our main work. I suppose one does not get invited to Wiko unless one has a passion for one's work, a passion so strong that one might say it is not our work, but the thing we most love to do.

I came to Wiko as part of a Focus Group organized by Koos Boomsma on the major transitions in evolution. These transitions are the steps that build life into ever more complex units, from single cells to multicellular organisms or from organisms into societies, for example. I am particularly interested in the biological and philosophical question of what it means to be an organism, something that seems so simple, but is not. But this is not the place for technical details. Suffice it to say I hoped to write a book on the topic of organismality. I also hoped to progress on another book on our main research organism, the social amoeba *Dictyostelium discoideum*. And I even had a third book project, me who has never written a book, and so was very optimistic. This last book is different. Called something like *Slow Birding*, I hoped for it to be an antidote to what I call motor birding, the practice of running all over the globe looking for a new bird here and there and adding it to an ever lengthening life list.

I imagined that *Slow Birding* would be easy to write and began with some stories of birds. I learned that the bird folks capitalize the common names of birds. I wrote about Blue Jays. I wrote about American Robins, Northern Mockingbirds, Northern Cardinals, and Great-tailed Grackles. I searched for my voice in these pieces by dropping one bird and

beginning another. With this process I started to identify the elements each piece needed, a bit about the behavior, something unusual, something related to conservation, something about seeing this bird on my walks, something on the scientists who made the discoveries.

But this process was not getting me any closer to a compelling book. Could I even write this book? I wondered and turned to our wonderful librarians for examples of successful books, books on birds, on natural history, on biology in general. I read John McPhee, Craig Childs, Terry Tempest Williams, Bernd Heinrich, and more. I read fiction, our own Yvonne Adhiambo Owuor, György Dragomán. I read poetry, again with the help of the librarians. I could do this! But how?

I read textbooks on ornithology. I read about bird after bird. I spent weeks making an outline I was happy with. It had five sections with three points under each section and three birds under each point for 45 birds tied by themes. Under *Where are the birds*, I had *Most abundant birds*, *Displaced birds*, and *Migration*. Under each topic I chose birds I knew that also had significant research on them. For example, under *Migration* I had Purple Martins, Indigo Buntings, and Yellow Warblers. I imagined writing about the Yellow Warbler that I freed from a screened room in Belize as it migrated north. I imagined writing about the first Indigo Bunting I saw as a child in Michigan, marveling at its black wings against its brilliant blue body. Surely this would be both a good book and one that would be easy to write. So I sent the outline to two mentors who are both friends and eminent bird researchers. (I do not do research on birds.) I was on my way to making my Wiko year productive and novel.

But I got a shock. One of my readers pointed out that my outline was great as vignettes on the behavioral ecology of birds, but was not slow birding. I had somehow forgotten to include my main point, the point I was most passionate about, the point that I hoped would transform how people watch birds. How could this have happened?

I did not stew about the problem once I got over the horror of having gone astray, for I immediately saw the wisdom in what my critical reader said. How could I easily fix it? Could I even write a book after all? Everyone around me at Wiko was writing books without angst. Could I only write articles? I realized this is a book I have to write. It may be hard, but I need to do it. For myself. So I looked back at earlier outlines. There was one that included 14 walks and their birds from places I had lived. I wrote a bit using that outline but had the experience that everything I wrote bored me. I know writers should be their own strongest critics and so I should go easy on myself, but this really was boring writing. What was wrong?

I turned back to reading. I talked to Yvonne who asked me who the protagonist was. She shared a detailed questionnaire about the characters every novelist should be able to answer. I was not writing a novel, but it was useful. So was her passion for writing, her understanding of the process and what separated writing from editing. Just get it down, she encouraged.

I talked to György Dragomán at many lunches. He could write anything. He could write anywhere. It was a discipline. He had been a food critic, chosen more for his ability to write than for his expertise on food. He also wrote a short story a week for a long time. But he also understood when something wasn't right and could finally fix it, in one case as the plane circled a city where he had a manuscript deadline. I could learn from his shy confidence.

I left Wiko in April with a small group to see Jessica Stockholder's art installation in Utrecht. Her creativity astounded me with its novel use of space, its vividness, and its humor. And on the train ride home I had the privilege of hours with Daniel Schönflug, who cares so much for all of us. We talked about many things, but particularly of my book struggles. He told me about his books and particularly the latest one and the process he used. He listened to my travails. He gave me his book. He encouraged me to keep struggling. I read the book carefully and learned.

It was April, then May, and now it is June, our final Wiko month. But now I am happy. I don't even remember how it happened, but I think I came up with an outline that will enable me to fulfill my goals of writing both about the birds and about what it means to be a slow birder. It will have a strong sense of place and the history of the places. It feels right. Daniel thought it could work. Now it only remains to write it. It will have shadows of my earlier piece in Washington University's Common Reader (<https://commonreader.wustl.edu/c/flight-feathers-freedom/>).

Did it really take me the entire year of working at Wiko to get an idea for a book outline that might work? Did others write entire books while I walked the dog, birded slowly around Hubertussee or Grunewaldsee, and kept up with my regular tasks?

Ah, those regular tasks. We did keep up with our lab group, Debbie, Justine, Laura, Katie, Tyler, Trey, James, Shreenidhi, and Israt with nearly weekly Tuesday Skype calls. We saw our students progress through the year and helped them with the many tasks of data interpretation and writing, things that can be done at a distance. Justine got a faculty position. Katie successfully defended her Ph.D. We wrote and rewrote several papers, so our Google Scholar pages for 2018–2019 are not blank. I wrote in its entirety a paper on

creativity in science for a festschrift. I read the weekly 300 words of undergraduates Kobi, Rory, Rintsen, Cara, and Anthony. I read Rory's thesis, nominated him for the Harrison D. Stalker Award of Washington University in St. Louis for best biology undergraduate thesis by someone also active in another area – arts, policy, and the like. And he got it! Sorry I wasn't there to present it to him.

The other regular tasks I did not shirk were editing for a society journal, *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, and all those letters of recommendation I get asked to write, for tenure, for undergraduates, for jobs, oh so many. Could I have let these tasks go? I don't think so very easily, for I am part of the fabric of my discipline and others depend on me to support their efforts in these ways. I would not feel good about it. It is a leash I accept.

This so far has been so much about me, but I need to say more about Wiko. It is not a silent monastery. It is not a cabin in the woods at a writer's workshop. It is not a sabbatical at someone else's home university. In some ways, the summer camp for adults analogy holds, if only in the way that we are all thrown in together in a new place. We all have to share the challenges of being newcomers, of figuring out where to get our hair cut, where to eat out, which museum or concert to go to. Those of us not originating in Europe also need to figure out banking, residency, and health insurance. These challenges of daily life brought us together. And really they were not bad challenges with all the marvelous help of the regular Wiko staff.

Time might be the one gift we most thought we would get from Wiko. Or at least I did. But time was elusive. There were meals, including lunches right in the middle of the day. There were Tuesday and often Thursday seminars, Wednesday focus group meetings, and German class. Easily this was ten hours a week, more if you lingered at meals the way I did. Studying German added another five hours a week at least. Not so many hours perhaps but then there was the intellectual overstimulation of meeting so many Fellows and partners, first learning to recognize them and getting to know their names, then figuring out who they were, which ones we would get to know well, which were more distant. Then there was the staff numbering 50 or more, it seemed, and also interesting and important to get to know. Pilates with the incomparable Rebecca Rainy relieved some of the confusion, but my brain needed to process all these people before it felt ready to do anything else. It was an exciting time at first, and now a pleasant time as I know everyone. I like everyone, but have become closer to some.

Maybe only toward the end as I felt settled could I dig in and make creative progress on my work, but I don't think so. I think the emotional and intellectual confusion of the

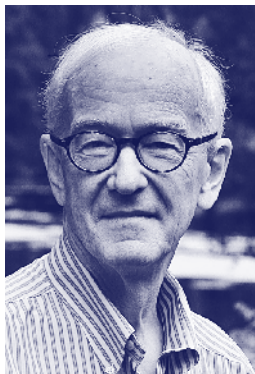
early days was ideal for shaking up ideas, changing processes, and helping me decide what is really important.

I did not want to leave Berlin having spent all my time only improving my German, though doing so was very important to me. From our German classes, I know Eva von Kügelgen perhaps better than any other staff member. Her openness and gentle way of teaching a hard topic in an unthreatening way was wonderful. But no, my German only reached a passable level and that was my choice. I let go of the leash on German, though I expect to keep reading and slowly get better.

Another leash I was happy to drop was invitations to give talks. I kept track and turned down eleven such invitations that would have meant returning to the US. It felt odd at first because there is a kind of competition among academics to have tons of invitations. Also, they are both fun and educational. One always gets to meet with eager grad students. But it takes time and fuel and will not get my book written. Perhaps I have gained the self-confidence to turn down more. I just turned down Stanford for a time I will be back in the US. Tempting, but travel won't get my book written. Maybe in two years I can go and visit Bissera and Olivia and Amr. I'm dropping the leash of seminar trips, at least mostly.

In some ways, for me Wiko has been leaping into the spin cycle, seeing that what is important to me and my discipline is very different from what is important to other disciplines. It has shaken me up and challenged my views. I have met people whose very lives are challenged by repressive regimes. I have met judges, lawyers, and negotiators who are actively making the world a better place. I have met people who have paid dearly for standing up for others. I see my life of security, my research in a privileged setting. Yet even there I can do things that matter if I keep my eyes open.

Emerging from the Wiko whirlpool, I can only hope that I keep the breadth and clarity of vision that a perspective across disciplines in my father's hometown has given me. I have picked up the leash of Berlin and German citizenship. I have kept the leashes of responsibility to my group and my colleagues, time-consuming though these are. I have kept a hold of Zeus' leash on the streets of Berlin, but have dropped it in the Grunewald forests. I have dropped the leash to excessive travel to give talks. And I know that someday this book will be finished and I have Wiko and all it means to thank for this.



HASENSPRUNG
RICHARD SWEDBERG

Richard Swedberg is a sociologist specialized in social theory and economic sociology. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, he first studied Law at the University of Stockholm and then Sociology at Boston College in Boston, Massachusetts, where he received his Ph.D. in 1978. Afterward he returned to Stockholm and worked in the Department of Sociology of Stockholm University, where he became a professor with Economic Sociology as his specialty. During these years, he wrote, among other things, about the economic sociology of Joseph Schumpeter and Max Weber. In 2002, he moved to the United States to work at the Department of Sociology at Cornell University, where he continued his work in Economic Sociology. Here he has written on the role of hope in the economy, the economic ideas of Alexis de Tocqueville, and other sociological issues. New research interests have made him focus on new topics, in particular on the role of theorizing in sociology. He has worked mainly on theorizing during his fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg. During 2019/2020, he will be Visiting Professor at the research center SCORE at Stockholm University. – Address: Stockholm Centre for Organizational Research, Stockholm University, 106 91 Stockholm, Sweden. E-mail: richard.swedberg@score.su.se / rs328@cornell.edu.



Hasensprungbrücke at the Diana lake in Grunewald

There are several Grunewalds, and the one I feel closest to is the little stretch of a road that connects Koenigsallee and Winklerstraße, not far from Villa Walther. Its name is Hasensprung, and the contrast to Villa Walther, where many of us Fellows live, could not be greater. The latter is a huge and awkward building, a mixture of several architectural styles and infused with a distinct hubris of the original owner.

Hasensprung is very different. It was created during the same time period in Imperial Germany, but it is small and insignificant. It is just a road of two or three hundred meters that should perhaps not even be called a road. If there was not a sign on Koenigsallee that told you that you had now come to “Hasensprung”, you might not even have noticed it.

In any case, as you leave Koenigsallee and walk down the Hasensprung, you will soon come to its centerpiece, which consists of a tiny bridge that spans a narrow channel between two of Grunewald’s artificial lakes, Dianasee and Koenigssee. As if to illustrate its small scale and human dimensions, the bridge is decorated with two identical sculptures of a rabbit made of a limestone called coquina. The sculptures are about a meter long and half a meter high, and their color is light gray. One of the rabbits is leaping in the direction of Koenigsallee and the other in the direction of Winklerstraße. Each has been caught by the sculptor in a leap in the air, with none of its feet touching the ground, as if to illustrate that all it takes to cross the little stream is to stop, gather your strength – and take a Hasensprung!

Each of the two small sculptures stands on top of a meter-high wall that runs along the two sides of the bridge, at its exact middle. This strategic place of the two rabbits places them at the very center of Hasensprung, spatially as well as metaphorically. According to local history, there were plenty of rabbits in the area around the time when Bismarck decided to create a wealthy villa town called Grunewald; and this may also have been what inspired the sculptor of the rabbits, Eberhard Encke. Both of the sculptures have the date “1924” cut into their base, which means that they were created four years after the construction of the concrete bridge on which they stand.

But the Hasensprung has not always looked the way that it does today. When the bridge was originally constructed as part of the founding of the *Villenkolonie* in the late 1800s, it was made out of wood. It had a rustic-looking appearance and an odd little roof in the middle. The entrance to the bridge was guarded by two fierce-looking lions in natural size. As can be seen from the postcard, both are lying down, staring stonily away from the road, perhaps to make sure that no enemies are approaching or so they won't be tempted to attack one of the local inhabitants as these approach the bridge.



Hasensprung, historical postcard

The choice of lions as a motive for sculptures was very popular in Grunewald at the time, where figures of lions, sphinxes, and dragons can still be seen on some of its wealthy estates. Lions, as we know, are aristocratic animals, violent predators of the first rank. They also have never been seen anywhere in Germany, except for in the zoo. Rabbits, in contrast, have happily hopped around in Germany, at least since 1502 when Albrecht Dürer produced his famous drawing of a rabbit, “Feldhase”. Also, German children prefer *Hasen* to lions (especially when they are made of chocolate).

No, no one ever saw a lion leap over the little channel that connects Dianasee and Koenigssee, where our little bridge is situated. And there was never any place called

Löwensprung in Grunewald, so Eberhard Encke did the right thing when he replaced the lions with a figure that went along with the name of the road and with an animal that actually lived in the area.



A Grunewald Hase

Eberhard Encke (1881–1936), the sculptor of the two *Hasen*, is unknown in today's Germany, but was a popular and appreciated artist in his day. Modern art historians have decided that it is the avant-garde artists who should be remembered and not people like Encke. In any case, after WWI the atelier of Eberhard Encke was broken into and looted, so we know very little about the history of his sweet rabbit sculptures. In fact, there does not even exist a full-length article about the sculptor himself.



Dürer's Feldhase (1502)

It can be added that not only Grunewald, but also intellectuals have their Lions and Rabbits, with the former doing what they can to frighten the little rabbits and show that they are the kings of the jungle. I have always considered this to be a pity and my heart is definitely with the *Hasen*. But it also occurs to me that the difference between the two is perhaps not so large any longer. The days of the old, academic lions are gone. According to the Wikipedia, a rabbit can jump four and a half meters, which is pretty impressive, even if a lion can jump about twice that length, in a good *Löwensprung*. On the other hand, rabbits have nearly 360 degrees of panoramic vision and can move their ears around as they want, to better locate a sound – two clever things that lions cannot do. And finally, to clinch the argument about the superiority of the *Hasen* from our modern perspective: they are confirmed vegetarians, which is something we want also animals to be these days.

My own work at Wiko consists, I would say, of four *Hasensprünge*. The topic of the first was the work of a sociologist whose writings I very much admire, Robert K. Merton. The main material I used for this article came from the archives of Columbia University and consisted of Merton's lecture notes from his class in theorizing (1942–1954). Merton, as I could document, was the first social scientist to single out the topic of theorizing as an important and special subject in its own right and to teach a course in it. I greatly enjoyed writing this essay. What made the writing extra enjoyable was that I did my work mostly sitting on the back of one of my favorite Academic *Hasen*, enjoying his vigorous leaps!

If my own first leap was long and well executed, thanks to Merton, the second can be described as a short little one. It did not end with a painful belly flop, but not with an elegant landing, either. The topic was the role of definitions in sociology: what constitutes a definition, how definitions should be used when you theorize, and the like. I dutifully presented all of the relevant arguments and added some small thoughts of my own. The only one of these that has stayed with me is the following. If you do not take the time to spell out what you mean by a word or a term, it is likely to be misinterpreted. This insight also has an interesting corollary, namely that most conversations would soon come to an end if people did not constantly misunderstand one another.

Leap number three is about the use of abstractions in sociology. What is an abstraction; how should abstractions be used; and how can you become better at using abstractions in sociology – these are three questions I try to address in this article.

My fourth and last leap is not finished yet – it still hangs in the air, so to speak, a bit like our two *Hasen*. It is an essay about an aphorism that I like very much: *How do I know what I think till I see what I say?* The general idea is that when you open your mouth to say

something, you do not know exactly what it is that you will end up saying. For this, you have to wait and see till you have spoken.

The interesting thing about this phenomenon – and this is what has made the aphorism popular with a number of writers and artists – is that the process it describes can also be read as a rough guide for how to be creative. Also in this case, you have to start without knowing what the result will be. To be more precise, you have to begin by going into yourself, stay there, and see if you can do something interesting. To do something interesting means that your thoughts need to take off on their own and do things that you could not have predicted, a bit like the way the figures of a good literary author take on a life of their own.

The key to creativity, from this perspective, is to learn to go into yourself, stay there, and see what happens when you start to explore things. What you need to do, in brief, is to take a leap and stay suspended for a while in the air, before you land. A bit like the *Hasen* of Eberhard Encke, frozen as they are in beautiful limestone and creativity. This is the main significance, as I see it, of his two sculptures: the two sweet rabbits that are waiting for you when you start walking down the little road in Grunewald called Hasensprung.



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WAS BLEIBT? HEIDI TAGLIAVINI

Über 30 Jahre war die Schweizer Diplomatin Heidi Tagliavini vorwiegend in der früheren Sowjetunion (Russland, Georgien, Ukraine, Armenien) und im Balkan tätig. Unter den zwanzig bilateralen und multilateralen Einsätzen seien vor allem die rund 20 Jahre Friedensmissionen im Auftrag verschiedener internationaler Organisationen (UNO, OSZE und EU) in den Konflikten im Nord- und Südkaukasus und der Ukraine erwähnt. Nach dem Augustkrieg von 2008 in Georgien verfasste sie im Auftrag des EU-Minister Rates einen Untersuchungsbericht über die Ursachen und den wahren Sachverhalt dieses Konfliktes. Außerdem leitete sie seit 2009 für das Büro für Demokratische Institutionen und Menschenrechte (ODIHR) der OSZE in der Ukraine, in der Russischen Föderation und in Armenien verschiedene Wahlbeobachtungsmissionen für Parlaments- und Präsidentschaftswahlen. In ihrem letzten Einsatz leitete sie von 2014 bis 2015 im Auftrag der OSZE die Friedensgespräche zum Konflikt in der Ostukraine, die zu den Minsker Vereinbarungen führten. 2010 erhielt sie den Ehrendoktor der Universität Basel, der Universität Bern und 2015 der Franklin University of Switzerland. 2013 wurde ihr das Große Goldene Ehrenzeichen der Republik Österreich und 2015 das Große Deutsche Verdienstkreuz mit Stern der Bundesrepublik Deutschland, die OSZE-Medaille für besondere Dienste und weitere Ehrungen verliehen. Heidi Tagliavini spricht acht Sprachen und ist Mitglied des Internationalen Komitees des Roten Kreuzes. – Adresse: EDA-Kurierdienst, zHv. Frau Botschafterin Heidi Tagliavini, Freiburgstrasse 130, 3003 Bern, Schweiz.

Wie bin ich bloß zu diesem Geschenk gekommen? Ein ganzes Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin! Ein Ausnahmezustand im besten Sinn dieses Wortes, nicht so, wie ich es

sonst von Einsätzen bei Konflikten und in Kriegen gewohnt war. Aber war das akademische Umfeld auch das Richtige für so jemanden aus der diplomatischen Welt, bereits im Ruhestand? Passte ich hierher? Jetzt, nach zehn Monaten auf dieser Insel im Grunewald kann ich das nur bejahen – was für ein Privileg!

Die Fülle der Eindrücke ist übergroß, dieses Jahr auf wenigen Seiten zu komprimieren, wird der Sache kaum gerecht, drei Dinge aber ragen heraus: das *Wissenschaftskolleg* als Institution und die Menschen, die es leiten, lenken und einen reibungslosen Betrieb sicherstellen, *mein Projekt* und das *Erlebnis Berlin*. Es war ein Jahr wie ein überreich gedeckter Tisch: Man weiß, dass man sich frei bedienen kann, ist sich aber auch bewusst, dass man sich vernünftigerweise beschränken muss, um nicht völlig übersättigt im Strudel der Ereignisse unterzugehen. Die Qual der Wahl, man bedauert fast täglich, dass man auf so viel verzichten muss.

Das Umfeld, der perfekt funktionierende Wiko-Betrieb in diesen stattlichen Villen im unvergleichlichen Grunewald, in dem alle Mitarbeiter und Mitarbeiterinnen einfach für uns und unsere 1000 Wünsche da sind, ist beeindruckend. Der herausragenden Leitung gebührt mein großer Dank, allen voran der Rektorin Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger und ihrem Team, Thorsten Wilhelmy, Daniel Schönflug und Katharina Biegger. Aber auch allen anderen, die uns immer und überall Hilfe und Betreuung zukommen ließen, gilt mein Dank, von der rein organisatorischen, logistischen und technischen Unterstützung über die konkrete wissenschaftliche Beratung, von den unfehlbaren Bibliotheksdiensten mit Anja Brockmann und Stefan Gellner, von der Hilfe bei Interviews durch Katharina Wiedemann und vor den Kolloquien durch Sophia Pick und Frank Johannsen – immer war auf alle Verlass. Dass das alles viel Arbeit bedeutet, können wir nur ahnen. Dem IT-Team und speziell Gesine Rodewald gelang es sogar, mir die Schwellenangst für die Probleme mit der Elektronik zu nehmen. Und ohne Vera Pfeffer und Maike Schaper wären wir wohl alle ein wenig verloren gewesen. Und dann Ellen Lehmann, die Perle der Villa Jaffé, die zuverlässig und immer fröhlich hinter uns aufräumte, auch sie einfach unersetzbar. Täglich kamen wir zudem in den Genuss einer vorzüglichen Küche, die es an Einfallsreichtum und Vielfalt nicht fehlen ließ, mit der uns Dunia Najjar und ihr ganzes Team so zuvorkommend verwöhnten und das bereitwillig auf all unsere Spezialwünsche einging – und es gab deren viele. Alle Namen hier einzeln aufzuführen, dazu fehlt der Platz, aber den vielen Heinzelmännchen, die im Vorder- oder im Hintergrund mithalfen, uns dieses Jahr so angenehm und produktiv wie möglich zu gestalten, sei an dieser Stelle ein großes Dankeschön ausgesprochen. Bei so viel Unterstützung konnte es eigentlich nur an uns liegen, wenn es einem nicht gut ging.

Dass dieses Jahr trotz der beispielhaften Umgebung auch eine Herausforderung war, hat wohl eher damit zu tun, dass mein Projekt – die Aufarbeitung der Konflikte im postsowjetischen Raum, in denen ich im Einsatz gewesen war – wohl etwas zu hochgesteckt war. Da hieß es, sich drastisch zu beschränken; ich hatte viel zu viel Material und viel zu wenig Zeit, doch das wurde mir erst nach vier Monaten, gegen Ende des Jahres klar. Die schiere Fülle des Materials war erschlagend – wie hatten wir es damals, als ich in den Konflikten arbeitete, nur fertiggebracht, so viel Material, so viele Aktennotizen, Analysen, Kommentare und Vorträge zu produzieren; wer würde das alles jemals lesen? Es waren zehn Monate des Kampfes mit dem Material, des Ringens um die wichtigsten Aussagen und um die richtige Auswahl: Wie macht man die Komplexität historischer Prozesse zugänglich und verständlich, ohne übermäßig zu vereinfachen, aber auch ohne sich in Details zu verlieren? Es sind die Höhen und Tiefen des Schreibprozesses bis hin zum Schreibstau, doch darunter litten offenbar auch andere Fellows – wie tröstlich. Man konnte nicht anders als an Yvonne Owuors plastischen Vergleich mit dem ersten Entwurf ihres neuen Romans denken: „the vomiting edition“ nannte sie es. Ja, genau so war es.

Unvergesslich die Dienstagskolloquien, wo aus den Tisch- und Gesprächsgenossen plötzlich hochqualifizierte Fachpersonen wurden. Unter den kritischen Augen der Mit-Fellows wurde man hier auf die Probe gestellt – gar manch einer schien vor dem Auftritt mehr Lampenfieber vor den rund vierzig Fellows zu haben als vor jedem anderen Auditorium. Hatte man die Prüfung bestanden? Hatte man es geschafft, den kritischen, hinterfragenden, aber manchmal einfach auch nicht sachkundigen Fellows sein Vorhaben zu erklären? Sie zu überzeugen? Bei dem ganzen Spektrum der hochspezialisierten Fachgebiete reichten meine Kenntnisse bisweilen nicht aus, aber es bleibt die Bewunderung für die Exzellenz der Mit-Fellows, die reiche wissenschaftliche Palette, die uns da geboten wurde, und die Vielfalt der Forschungsgebiete.

Das andere Dilemma: wie sollte die doch beschränkte Zeit am Kolleg aufgeteilt werden zwischen dem eigenen Vorhaben und der Anziehungskraft Berlins? Freunde von fern und nah hatten mir geraten: „Genieße Berlin, so etwas kommt nur einmal!“ Den Spagat zu machen zwischen der selbstgesetzten Pflicht und dem überwältigenden kulturellen Angebot dieser Stadt, war nicht ganz einfach, und es bleibt das Bedauern über das Viele, das man noch hätte tun können, tun wollen, unbedingt hätte tun sollen.

Wie viele Aha-Erlebnisse! Das erste Mal in der Humboldt-Universität, dieser legendären und ehrwürdigen Hochschule und Vorzeigeobjekt in DDR-Zeiten. Erstmals betreten unter der kundigen Führung von Kathrin Biegger über Schleichwege hinter dem

Bahnhof Friedrichstraße, die an das geteilte Berlin denken ließen, über den Hintereingang hinein in das mächtige Gebäude. Erinnerste hier noch etwas an die Zeit vor 1989? Ja, natürlich der übergroße, ganz im sozialistischen Realismus gehaltene Kopf von Karl Marx im Treppenhaus – eine Faust aufs Auge; über diese Vereinnahmung von Humboldt durch die DDR-Ideologie konnte man nur erschauern. Heute wirkt der schwarze Marmorriesen eher wie ein Kuriosum, der Übervater, ein Andenken an eine Verirrung der Geschichte, die man in diesen geschichtsträchtigen, 200 Jahre alten Bau hineingezwängt hatte. Als Kontrastprogramm dazu dann die Freie Universität, Manifest und Widerstand einer geteilten Stadt gegen den ideologischen Zwang, den man der ehrwürdigen Hochschule in Ostberlin auferlegt hatte. Erst hier in Berlin wird einem bewusst, welche Bedeutung in der Bezeichnung „Freie Universität“ steckt.

Aber da waren auch die vielen anderen, ideologisch weniger aufgeladenen Aha-Erlebnisse, das erste Mal im Konzerthaus – mit András Schiff –, das erste Mal in der eigenwilligen Philharmonie – mit Simone Kermes, die Uraufführung in der Staatsoper von „Violetter Schnee“, ein Werk „unseres“ Beat Furrer, auch er in diesem Jahr Fellow am Kolleg. Und der Kontrast zur Staatsoper: die Deutsche Oper, so ganz anders – nüchtern. Die vielen Konzerte im originellen Pierre-Boulez-Saal – ein kleines Schmuckstück. Das so oft erwähnte Brecht-Theater mit dem von Eva von Kügelgen organisierten Besuch des „Kaukasischen Kreidekreis“ am ersten Samstag unseres Aufenthaltes – so vieles ist hier legendär, die Volksbühne! Und auch die nicht minder aufregende Schaubühne am Leh-niner Platz mit ihren oft gewöhnungsbedürftigen Inszenierungen, aber auch all die vielen anderen Bühnen, an denen Abend für Abend Aufführungen stattfinden und die alle immer ausverkauft zu sein scheinen – auch das ein Geschenk.

Wie nicht anders zu erwarten, hinterlässt die Fülle des kulturellen Angebots zwangsläufig so etwas wie ein Gefühl von Frustration. Seit meiner Zeit in Moskau hatte ich keine vergleichbar lebendige Theater- und Konzert- und Kunstszene mehr erlebt. Aber Berlin bietet eben noch viel mehr, die Szene ist hier noch wesentlich vielfältiger, auch weil es in der Kunst hier kaum Tabus zu geben scheint – ein schier unerschöpfliches Angebot – da scheint es wirklich für jeden etwas zu geben. Es sind unzählige parallele Welten, die da nebeneinander existieren, und daran scheint sich niemand zu stören. Wer und was international Rang und Namen hat in Kunst, Musik, Literatur, Wissenschaft und Forschung und jeder, der freie Entfaltung und Gleichgesinnte sucht, kommt nicht um Berlin herum – Berlin verleiht das Qualitätszeichen. In puncto Vielfalt, Aktualität und Intensität ist diese Stadt das europäische New York. Das Leben läuft hier rund um

die Uhr, scheint nie stillzustehen. Und jeder kann sich in diesen verschiedenen Welten treiben lassen oder sich auch einfach seine Insel suchen.

Diese Insel war der Grunewald – eine Oase der Schönheit und Stille. Das Privileg, im wohl schönsten Appartement in der Villa Jaffé wohnen zu dürfen, war ein weiteres Geschenk des Wissenschaftskollegs – mein Traum, in einer Jugendstilvilla mitten im Grünen zu wohnen – hier war er. Ein Büro wie ein Ballsaal, wer hat das schon? Doch all die Monate über habe ich nie vergessen, wer die früheren Bewohner dieser Villa waren: Emmy und Georg Braun. 1940 mussten sie vor den Nazis nach Shanghai fliehen – dem einzigen Ort, wo man ohne Visum noch hinkam –, aber ihr Schicksal war grausam: Georg Braun starb dort 1941 offenbar an Hunger. Emmy Braun kam 1943 im Ghetto ums Leben. Die Stolpersteine vor dem Eingangstor sind ein lebendes Mahnmal. Die Familie Braun hat es in dieser großzügigen Villa Jaffé bestimmt auch einmal gutgehabt; jetzt durfte ich bei Vogelgesang und mit Blick auf riesige Eichen und Linden an meinem Schreibtisch sitzen und eine gute Zeit erleben! Als sie sich auf diesen schweren Weg machten, waren die Brauns ungefähr in meinem Alter – so etwas kann uns also allen passieren –, und sie stehen stellvertretend für so viele andere, im Grunewald und anderswo in Deutschland und in Europa, die Opfer einer unverständlich grausamen Zeit geworden sind!

Berlin und seine widersprüchliche Geschichte. Zufluchtsort für Emigranten aus aller Herren Länder und Ort der Vertreibung für Nichtgenehme. Für Geschichte hatte ich mich erst wirklich zu interessieren begonnen, nachdem ich in den 1970er-Jahren in der tiefsten Breschnew-Stagnation mit einem Stipendium in Moskau ein Jahr Literatur studieren konnte. Damals begriff ich, dass wir in Europa und erst recht wir in der Schweiz auf einer Art wohlbehüteter Insel lebten. Bereits als Diplomatin erlebte ich 20 Jahre später in Moskau den Zusammenbruch des Riesenreiches Sowjetunion – diese dritte große Erschütterung des an Katastrophen so reichen 20. Jahrhunderts. Die allgemeine Euphorie und der Optimismus von damals haben schon längst der Ernüchterung Platz gemacht, und diese wird uns noch lange begleiten. Wieder gibt es eine neue, unsichtbare, aber umso spürbarere Wand zwischen Ost und West.

Die Geschichte war in Berlin mein treuer Begleiter. Bis zu meinem Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg waren meine Kenntnisse der Geschichte Deutschlands und auch Berlins höchst rudimentär – eigentlich unverständlich, wo wir doch mit diesem Land so enge Beziehungen pflegen und zumindest eine Sprache gemeinsam haben. Aber, vor allem kannte ich die Geschichte der Teilung dieses Deutschlands kaum. Meine Fahrt aus

der Schweiz hierher nach Berlin führte mich durch Thüringen und Sachsen, wo die Folgen des 2. Weltkrieges und der Ost-West-Entfremdung auch heute noch spürbar sind. Die Spuren jener fatalen Trennung in Ost- und Westdeutschland nach dem 2. Weltkrieg sind dort, auch 30 Jahre nach dem Mauerfall, für ein geübtes Auge immer noch sichtbar. Die liebliche Landschaft in weiten Teilen der ehemaligen Deutschen Demokratischen Republik, die sanften Hügel, die Täler und grünen Wiesen mit ihren malerischen Bächlein und Weiden, mit intakt scheinenden Dörfern, mit den vielen heruntergekommenen Bauernhäusern lassen einen ahnen, wie es in Deutschland in den 1930er-Jahren wohl ausgesehen haben mag. Heute aber sind sie Zeugen dafür, welches der Preis für diese scheinbare Idylle war. Auch heute noch sind die früheren Schneisen in Wäldern und Tälern unübersehbar – sie sind an den vor nicht allzu langer Zeit gepflanzten, noch jungen Föhren erkenntlich. Doch so langsam wachsen diese sichtbaren Zeichen einer unnatürlichen Grenze zu. Aber diese Todesstreifen, wie sie genannt wurden, lassen einen immer noch erschauern beim Gedanken, dass da vor nicht viel mehr als einer Generation noch eine hochgesicherte Trennungslinie durch das heute vereinte Deutschland lief, an der aus ideologischen Gründen auf Menschen, die aus welchen Gründen auch immer die DDR verlassen wollten, scharf geschossen wurde. Und obwohl in den Städten die Fassaden der Plattenbauten aus der sozialistischen Zeit mittlerweile kosmetisch verschönert worden sind, ahnt man noch immer, welch ideologisches Zwangskorsett den Menschen auferlegt worden war, damit sie nicht in Versuchung geraten sollten, sich in den Westen abzusetzen.

Kurz vor Berlin dann noch ein weiteres Mahnmal einer Vergangenheit, die für eine jüngere Generation kaum noch nachvollziehbar ist: Checkpoint Bravo, einer der Kontrollpunkte des Amerikanischen Sektors im geteilten Berlin, an der Grenze zur DDR, benannt nach dem zweiten Buchstaben (B) des NATO- und ICAO-Alphabets. Aus meiner langjährigen UNO-Militärbeobachtermission in Georgien war mir dieses Alphabet mehr als geläufig – es wies so unmissverständlich auf jenen prekären Ausnahmezustand hin, der nach einem Krieg leicht entstehen kann und der für die Zivilbevölkerung eine „normale“, angstfreie und menschenwürdige Existenz so schwierig macht. Das sollten wir nicht noch einmal erleben müssen.

Doch wie wir unterdessen wissen, können sich die Zeiten ändern; wer hätte noch in den späten 1980er-Jahren gedacht, dass das einst von der sowjetischen Besatzungszone vollständig eingekreiste Berlin, ja, dass ganz Deutschland dereinst wiedervereint sein würde? Wer hätte zu hoffen geglaubt, dass die Trennung Deutschlands überwunden

werden kann? Auch in diesem Sinn war der Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg für mich wertvoll: eine Meisterlektion in Geschichte mit positivem Ausgang – Symbol für die Überwindung von Grenzen und Ausgrenzung und Absage an Einschüchterung, Hass und Unversöhnlichkeit. Das gilt es zu bewahren!

Es bleibt das Bedauern, nicht genügend Zeit für die Kontakte mit den anderen Fellows und all den verschiedenen Mitarbeitern und Mitarbeiterinnen des Wissenschaftskollegs aufgewendet zu haben, dabei waren sie ja die Kostbarkeit dieses Jahrgangs 2018/2019. Verpasste Chancen, die sich wohl kaum nachholen lassen, wie so Vieles im Leben – nicht genutzte Gelegenheiten, den eigenen Horizont zu erweitern und das in einem Rahmen, in dem einem alle wohlgesonnen waren, aber auch die Freude und das Staunen ob so viel Wissen, Können und Offenheit, die uns hier umgaben.



VATERSPRACHE
KIRSTEN S. TRAYNOR

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We slipped our way into the small stone church, swirling in an eddy of locals. The small gothic spire rose high above. The seven of us mixed with nearby residents, all seeking a resting place. We funneled into the array of pews on Christmas Eve. My mother and I channeled into one pew; my father and family friends diverted a few rows back. I settled on the cold wooden bench, its curved lip smoothed by centuries of worshippers. Feet in thin leather boots, a heavy down coat over my dress, I nested into my spot, pulling warmth from the stranger on my other side. It had taken a bit of delicate coaxing to convince my mom to join us. She doesn't like Christianity forced on her when we're in Germany, clinging tightly to the rope of her Jewish faith, a buoy against a flood of whispers.

To the right of the altar, a giant fir filled the church with long sweeping arms, each fitted with flickering beeswax candles. The tree is much more sparsely branched than its American counterpart that twinkles with electric lights. As the chorus voices reverberated off the massive stone walls, I glanced at my mother. The music transfixed her, along with the flickering beauty of the flames, the life breathed into this vaulted stone. She inched forward in her seat, pulled by the performance.

The voices rose around me, my *Vatersprache*, the first language I mastered at age two in Wiesbaden, then lost again. We had returned to the States when I was five. My thick German accent held tight for over a year, haunting me to this day if I think too hard when pronouncing three.

Enveloped in the warmth of this holiday, I ached to live in this country again. I had spent three years here as a toddler and another five as a teenager. That Christmas Eve, when we returned home to our family friend's home outside Berlin, I started my application for a junior fellowship at Wiko. Right before I caught my flight home to Maryland to sign my divorce papers, I pressed the send button.

Six months seems like a long time. We all arrived with ambitious plans. Mine was to craft the foundation for a book and gain time to think, reflect. Instead I rebuilt the footing of who I am. Or at least jerry-rigged it, while I pondered my options. I felt snuffed out by a marriage I let drag on too long and unsure of what I wanted.

Six months isn't a long time. Right when I was finally getting into a productive routine, it was over. But short, intense stints with creatives from a wide range of fields produce ripple effects and a change in perspective. I have a new dual appointment at the Global Biosocial Complexity Initiative of Arizona State University and will be starting the other halftime position this fall at a robotics lab at the Freie Universität Berlin.

I resigned from editing a beekeeping trade magazine when I realized the owners didn't value scientific accuracy. When told to "only edit for grammar unless it was fictional," I stepped down. It was a position I loved, because it melded my scientific training with my creative background in writing and design. Putting together each issue kept me widely engaged with beekeepers. It hurt to leave; I was abandoning readers to whom I have a deep loyalty. After I left, many reached out to let me know they had enjoyed how I transformed and reinvigorated the magazine, which has been published continuously since 1861.

While I often experience bouts of impostor syndrome in science, I knew I was good at editing and finding interesting stories for the bee journal. My stubbornness kicked in. I don't give up when I care deeply. So during that winter at Wiko I laid the groundwork for a new quarterly magazine, which I am launching in January 2020 called *2 Million Blossoms: Protecting Our Pollinators* (www.2millionblossoms.com). Broadening beyond honeybees, I have lined up some phenomenal contributors for the inaugural issue – giants in the bee world: Marla Spivak, Mark Winston, and Dave Goulson. A book recommendation by Fellow Joan Strassmann led me to discover Craig Childs. In the first few pages of

his book *The Secret Knowledge of Water*, he writes about following bees to a hidden water source in the Arizona desert. I tracked him down on Facebook and invited him to submit a longer piece about pinpointing unknown water sources by tracking bees. He agreed.

Craig Child's submission references a scientific paper by Tom Seeley's lab on water foraging in honeybees. Maddie Ostwald is first author, and my colleague Michael Smith, whom I invited to Wiko during my stay, is coauthor. I love such serendipitous connections. I invited them to write a brief infobox about their experiment and why they conducted it to accompany Child's sensuous piece on precious water resources. I've secured funding from generous beekeepers to print the first issue and am planning a Kickstarter campaign to enroll subscribers this fall.

Wiko works in wonderful and unexpected ways. It was Michael Smith who introduced me to the robotics lab where I will be starting this fall. He's using Landgraf's tracking system to study honeybee collective behavior down in Constance. I've coordinated a meeting this fall for our labs (Max Planck Institute of Animal Behavior, Constance, Freie Universität Berlin, and Arizona State University) to meet in Berlin.

This summer I sold my house and bee business, which frees me to take advantage of interesting opportunities like the dual appointment in Arizona and Berlin. The research I conducted on the varroa parasite while in Berlin has resulted in a large international collaboration, and we are finishing up a review paper.

While I didn't get to use my German as frequently as I hoped in international Berlin, I felt as if I rekindled an important friendship with a childhood friend. Living in Germany feels like I've come home. Memories bubble up. Together the city and I embarked on new adventures. We stopped to watch street artists, we strolled along markets, always stopping to purchase olives and cheese. From the double decker bus, I spotted a few honeybee colonies hidden in the city's private gardens.

Six months is much too short a visit. But like a true friend, we might not see each other every day. Regardless of how much time we spend apart, when we reconvene, we'll recommence right where we left off. Berlin knows that I've already penciled some dates into my calendar.

The friendships and connections made while at Wiko endure long beyond the Fellowship. I'm regularly in touch with several Fellows. It's hard to regain footing after a major life event like a divorce. Wiko – embedded in a neighborhood dotted with pollinator meadows, beehives beside the lake, and delightful *Wildbienen* hotels – provided the perfect habitat.



DER HIMMEL ÜBER WIKO OR
WINGS OF REVIVAL
BAŞAK TUĞ

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The Wissenschaftskolleg has been a revival for me. The same Wiko to which I had applied a year ago with totally different plans, yet came with almost no hopes and expectations in the following year. I came here with a tremendous hole opened in my life as a result of an unprecedented huge loss that my small family experienced almost a year before coming to Berlin. I had some anxieties about heavy socialization requirements such

as having lunches together with the other Wiko Fellows four times a week, family dinners every Thursday night, and weekly colloquiums that we had to attend and present. Even though such “academic” socializing was familiar to me from other academic contexts, I was not sure about how I would get through “this time” when nothing seemed familiar after the big catastrophe in my life.

However, to my surprise, my state of exception turned into a state of acceptance in a short period of time. The intensive German courses that we took in August with great teachers and a small group of new Fellows were a good introduction to an excellent Wiko year and great friendships. Our “deep” conversations with David Armitage on history in “false beginner” German turned into a collegial relationship during the year. Hassan Salem and I shared our insights on German culture and first impressions about Wiko both in our German classes and in the kitchen of the Weiße Villa as villa-mates. The “cultural” friendship that I established with Gisèle Sapiro during the cultural events and tours in August has transformed into intellectual solidarity and comradeship during the fellowship year.

In the first official introduction of the new Wiko Fellows, I was struck by what I heard from Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger, the new Rector, and Daniel Schönplüg, the scientific coordinator. They told us that the Wiko might be considered a “heaven”, even if it is granted to us for a short period as happened to Adam and Eve, as well. This was not the interesting part though. All Fellows already knew that ten-months distance from the academic routine of teaching and administrative duties would be more than enough to feel in heaven, especially in such a heaven-like place surrounded by lakes, trees, and birds. Yet, nobody, I assume, was expecting to hear advice to spend our time not necessarily “efficiently”, but in a creative and free manner. At the end of the day, we have all been brainwashed with the efficiency discourse in academia, even though suffering from it. This was the first time I heard such advice, at least from someone not a Slow-Academia advocate, but from the heads of an academically successful, well-established research institution. This introduction granted me great liberation at a point in my life where I was not expecting anything from the Wiko year but “getting and feeling better” in the aftermath of my great loss. This introduction to the Wiko has been an implicit acknowledgement of my grief as well as a catalyzer of a revival; a revival out of the acknowledgement that the tremendous hole in my life might not be filled, but could be integrated into my life, including my academic thinking and production.

The weekly colloquiums also opened new intellectual avenues for me. The talks given by the experts in their fields, ranging from barely familiar disciplines such as biology and ecological sciences to more familiar ones like literature and sociology, have infiltrated my contemplations with new engaging questions and insights. Interestingly enough, the less familiar the discipline was, the more contemplations I had, as I have realized what Barbara's advice on taking the liberty of free thinking meant.

"Then I reflected that all things happen to oneself, and happen precisely, precisely now. Century follows century, yet events occur only in the present; countless men in the air, on the land and sea, yet everything that truly happens, happens to me ..."* While working on the intriguing legal struggles of unknown historical subjects, I have been involved in two important legal cases, one totally personal and one totally political, which brought the past into my "present". Or as Borges has already pointed out, do all things always happen to oneself, precisely now? This "now" that took place at Wiko allowed me to focus on the questions of "honor" and "dignity" in the past and the present. I have benefited a lot from the deep wisdom of scholars coming from different disciplines and life experiences. Thanks to the support of my cohort and the Wiko staff, rebuilding the present and the future and integrating the past into this have been much more exciting and exploratory. I should of course acknowledge the wisdom I got from the clouds and angels that I often encountered in my office at the top of Weiße Villa.

As a result of all these stimulations and excitement, I organized an international working group workshop on Ottoman/Turkish legal history and was involved in the organization of a translation workshop with Irene Schneider, Amr Hamzawy, Gisèle Sapiro, and Bhrigupati Singh. I was also lucky enough to be part of an international workshop on treaties that David Armitage organized. I received invaluable feedback and working motivation from these collaborations and presentations. While enjoying the pleasure of reading the works of previous and current Wiko Fellows thanks to the rich Fellow collection in the library, I had the opportunity to collect the sources for my research by using the excellent Wiko library services and to focus on my project. I also wrote two articles on different subjects from my project, which I would not normally have done if I did not enjoy the liberty to do what I want to do. In short, I remembered what I loved about my work and its connection to life. What would be a more precious present than this for an intellectual?

* Jorge Luis Borges. "The Garden of Forking Paths." In *Collected Fictions*, 120 (London, et al.: Penguin, 1999).

Of course, I did not obtain this motivation only through work. We were indulged with great lunches and dinners prepared by the team under the leadership of Dunia Najjar. Not only the food, but the babysitting service of Wiko provided on Thursday dinners made us – both parents and children – very happy. At the dance parties that we organized monthly after the Thursday dinners, we discovered that the most serious Wiko Fellows could be the best dancers. We enjoyed listening to the musical and literary pieces and seeing the great exhibitions of those “talented” Wiko Fellows, thanks to Wiko’s inclusion of writers, musicians, and visual artists in the fellowship program. We visited exhibitions, watched movies and theater pieces, and enjoyed our drinks in German thanks to the cultural enthusiasm of Eva, our German teacher. And finally, we shared what we know and enjoyed, other than the intellectual activity, at the *Abschiedsfest* that we organized all together: food, songs, dance, poetry, literature, and photographs, without getting overwhelmed by the grief of the “end” but with the appreciation that all ends are new beginnings. Thank you, Wiko, for showing me that endings may bring forth vivid beginnings.



AN TISCHEN
JULIANE VOGEL

Juliane Vogel ist Literaturwissenschaftlerin und seit 2007 Ordentliche Professorin mit dem Schwerpunkt Neuere Deutsche Literatur und Allgemeine Literaturwissenschaften an der Universität Konstanz. Gastprofessuren haben sie an die LMU München, die Princeton University, die University of Chicago und die Johns Hopkins University geführt, Fellowships an das IFK Wien und das Forschernetz Bildevidenz an der FU Berlin. Ihre Forschungsschwerpunkte sind die Grundlagen europäischer Dramaturgie und die Kulturen des Dramas seit der Antike. Ihr jüngstes Buch behandelt die dramatische und theatrale Bedeutung des Auftretens: *Aus dem Grund: Auftrittprotokolle zwischen Racine und Nietzsche* (Paderborn, 2018). Weitere Forschungsfelder sind die österreichische Literatur und experimentelle Schreibweisen der Moderne, denen auch ihr Forschungsprojekt am Wissenschaftskolleg galt. Die Praxis der Collage sollte unter dem Gesichtspunkt des Schneidens untersucht werden. Im Mittelpunkt stand die Rolle der Schere in Literatur und Kunst der Moderne. – Adresse: Fachbereich Literaturwissenschaft, Fach 164, Universität Konstanz, 78457 Konstanz, Deutschland.
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Es war das Mittagessen, das mir, wie den anderen auch, zunächst etwas unheimlich war. Jeden Tag sollte es stattfinden, eine tägliche Übung und ein dreigängiges Protokoll. Ich war mir nicht sicher, ob ich die Ausdauer für einen solchen andauernden Austausch haben würde. Ein bisschen haben wir uns während des ganzen Jahres wie auf einer Kreuzfahrt gefühlt, bis hin zum *Captain's Dinner* am Donnerstagabend: Doch wurden wir sehr schnell zu einer lebendigen Tischgesellschaft. Das erste Mittagessen überzeugte

uns zunächst davon, dass die Küche ausgezeichnet sein würde. Nach der ersten Speiseweche war außerdem klar, dass uns auch der Gesprächsstoff so schnell nicht ausgehen würde. Es gibt berufenere als mich, über Tische zu reden, aber es sind doch immer die Tische und ihre wechselnden Besetzungen, die mir vor Augen stehen, wenn ich an das Wiko denke. Jeden Tag ein neuer *table talk*, große Tische, an die weitere Stühle herangeschoben wurden, und kleine *à deux* Tische mit Kerze, *business tables*, Deutschtische, Französischtische, Gästetische, aber viel mehr noch gemischte Tische, fixe Tische mit immer neuen, wechselnden Trabanten. Wir rotierten und unterhielten uns ein ganzes Studienjahr täglich von eins bis zwei. Prinzipiell finde ich es eine hervorragende Idee, dass sich auch deutsche Wissenschaftler in Konversation üben müssen. Auch sie können die Erfahrung machen, dass im leichten Sprechen interessante Dinge passieren können. Von der Tischforscherin Annegret Pelz habe ich außerdem gelernt, dass Tische Orte der Erfindung sind. Der Soziologe Richard Swedberg hat in seinem Dienstagskolloquium über die Anregungskraft von Tischen gesprochen. Wer etwas Neues denken will, soll sein Material auf einen Tisch legen und diesen wieder und wieder umrunden. Er wird das Problem dann aus unterschiedlichen Perspektiven wahrnehmen, irgendetwas wird hin- und herspringen, aus der Reihe springen, neue Verbindungen werden geschaffen, die durch den Tisch hergestellt werden. Denselben Effekt kann man erreichen, wenn man ein paar Fellows an einen Tisch setzt. Die Wiko-Tische sind nicht nur Esstische, sie sind auch kleine Konstellationen und Spieltische: Einer wirft irgendetwas auf den Tisch, dann ein anderer, etwas überkreuzt sich und am Ende hat man viel zu lange dort gesessen, zu viel Kaffee getrunken und muss, da nun alles anders ist, einen Text oder ein Kapitel noch einmal neu schreiben. Tischgesellschaften sind unberechenbar und interdisziplinäre besonders. Mit den Surrealisten gesprochen, die sich mit Tischen und auf Tischen auskennen: Es geschehen hier unwahrscheinliche Begegnungen zwischen ähnlichen Dingen, die voneinander nichts wussten, aber auch überraschende Dissonanzen und Kollisionen zwischen Dingen, die vordergründig zusammenstimmten. Der Koloss von Rhodos trifft hier auf die solaren Protokolle der Tragödie, die Komikforschung auf die griechische Vasenmalerei, die Rechtsgeschichte auf die Hanswurstiade, die Theorie der künstlerischen *assemblage* auf die Organismusmodelle der Evolutionsbiologie, Musikpsychologen auf Chorsänger mit statistisch auffälligen Mentalitäten, Mikrobeforscher auf Komponisten, Soziologinnen auf Mystiker. Manchmal versteht man etwas, nur weil zwei zusammensitzen und eine Tischgesellschaft bilden. Warum Franco Moretti in seiner Evolutionsgeschichte der *detective story* so intensiv mit dem Begriff des „clue“ arbeitet, was es damit

auf sich hat und warum er für den Reproduktionserfolg der Gattung so entscheidend ist, habe ich erst verstanden, als ich ihn mit Carlo Ginzburg an einem Tisch sitzen sah. Auf einmal trat sein Text „Trees“ in Beziehung zu Ginzburgs Überlegungen zur Spurensicherung, zu Sherlock Holmes und dem, was man seither ganz tischvergessen „Indizienparadigma“ nennt. Sehr schön war es auch, dass Ruth Bielfeldt einen *humanities table* organisierte, an dem die Vorträge aus den Geistes- und Kulturwissenschaften außerhalb des Kolloquiums noch einmal diskutiert und die Befangenheit, die im Kolloquium trotz allem spürbar war, abgelegt werden konnte. Das Wiko kann manchmal auch ein Geisterhaus sein, auch wenn man nicht so genau weiß, was das für Geister sind, deren Gegenwart man spürt und die man am Ende wohl selbst beschworen hat. Jedem sein Gespenst. Aber eben auch dem Wiko.

Ohne Schreibtische würden aber auch diese Tische nicht das sein, was sie sind, der *table talk* nichts ohne die Schreibzeit, auch wenn es nicht einfach und manchmal ganz unmöglich war, die kostbare Zeit gegen die Welt zu verteidigen. Von diesem gut ausgestatteten und gut behüteten Schreibtisch ist man ungern aufgebrochen und immer sehr gern an ihn zurückgekehrt, aber ohne den *table talk* wäre es dort nicht so ruhig gewesen, und ohne die Zufälle des Tischgesprächs hätte das Denken vor dem Schirm weniger Freude gemacht. Es war eine sehr schöne Zeit mit sehr klugen und sehr lebenswürdigen Menschen und mit vielen Freiheiten und Möglichkeiten, von denen man nach so langer Zeit im Universitätsbetrieb gar nichts mehr gewusst hat. Dem Wiko, seinen Mitarbeitern und den Permanent Fellows möchte ich sehr für ihre Gastfreundschaft, ihr Interesse, ihre Sorge und ihre Anregungen danken. Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger, deren Arbeit am Wiko so wunderbar begonnen hat, wünsche ich für die Zukunft alles erdenklich Gute.



NATURE, NURTURE, AND THE NURTURERS

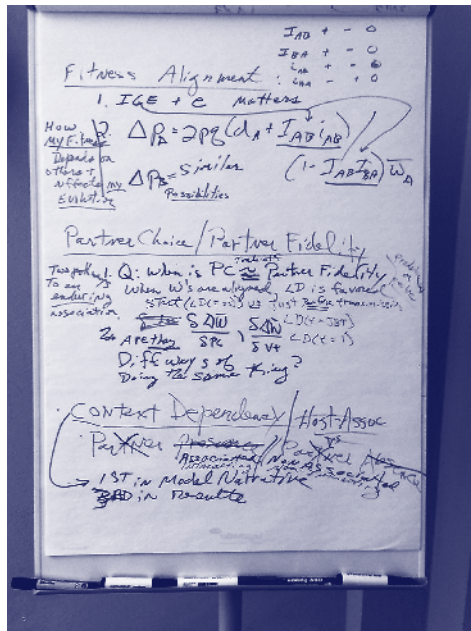
MICHAEL J. WADE

Michael J. Wade is a Distinguished Professor of Biology at Indiana University and an affiliated faculty member of the Center for the Integrative Study of Animal Behavior, the Cognitive Science Program, and the Department of History and Philosophy of Science. He received his Ph.D. in Theoretical Biology from the University of Chicago in 1975, under the joint tutelage of the ecologist, Thomas Park, and the theoretical population geneticist, Montgomery Slatkin. Wade was hired by the University in 1975, tenured in 1981, and later chaired the Chicago's Committee on Evolutionary Biology for two years and the Department of Ecology and Evolution for seven. He joined Indiana University in 1998. He has received several teaching awards, including Chicago's Quantrell Award. In 2009, he received the American Society of Naturalists' 2009 Sewall Wright Award and, in 2008, was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He has served on several editorial boards, including *Evolution* and *The American Naturalist*, and written more than 260 articles. He has authored or edited three books, *Epistasis and the Evolutionary Process* (with J. B. Wolf and E. D. Brodie III, 2000); *Mating Systems and Strategies* (with S. M. Shuster, 2003); and *Adaptation in Metapopulations: How Interaction Changes Evolution* (2016). – Address: Department of Biology, Indiana University, 1001 East 3rd St., Bloomington, IN 47405, USA. E-mail: mjwade@indiana.edu.

For my sabbatical project at the Wissenschaftskolleg, I proposed to write a monograph about the origin and evolution of mutual dependencies between different species and to address some of the open conceptual questions on this topic in a series of shorter papers. The central problem of interest to me is the following. Within any species, each individual

shapes its life from a torrent of information. Some of that life-shaping information comes in the form of genes inherited from the individual's parents, some from its environment, some from its social partners, and some from its microbes. As an individual is developing, it is also shaping others; for it too can be a parent, an environment, a social partner, or a microbe in the life of another. How does this reciprocal interaction between individuals of different species, this evolutionary analog of sociological "double contingency" (Vanderstraeten 2002), result in the biological regularities of mutualistic communities instead of a solipsistic community riddled with conflict and infinite indeterminacy?

Between September 2018 and June 2019, these initial questions were enriched by the knowledge, ideas, and additional questions of three other Wiko Fellows who formed our working group, Judie Bronstein, Jason Wolf, and Tim Linksvayer. And my thinking was profoundly shaped by the torrent of information about art, journalism, history, democracy, the rule of law, civil war, political science, anthropology, sociology, literature, and philosophy streaming from the Tuesday and Thursday Colloquia, as well as the research of and dinner conversations with my fellow Wiko Fellows and their partners.



The photo records the birth of our model of the intersection of the evolutionary genetics of conflict and cooperation in species interactions. There are three manuscripts currently in progress, developing special concepts related to this model in more detail and for more ecologically specialized audiences. In addition, I have compiled an outline of topics and results for the book originally proposed.

We sustained our Working Group productivity with mutual respect for one another's ideas and contributions, despite different research backgrounds. We also shared an inordinate love of cooking, which carried our discussions out of the office and off the Villa Jaffé terrace and into *unsere Wohnungen in der Villa Walther*. We often stopped talking science in favor of dining together (with memorable pear and gooseberry pies by Tim Linksvayer).

A geneticist might say that interaction among disciplines is part of the DNA of Wiko. My first excursion out of the comfort of Science and into the Humanities came in early September, when I asked Bhrigupati Singh if he would be willing to introduce me at my Colloquium. Bhrigu agreed to reach across the conceptual divide, and he (along with thoughtful comments from the artist Patrick Chamberlain) helped me improve my presentation for the broader audience. Our initial meetings focused on the Colloquium led to an ongoing discussion of the meanings of interaction, contingency (including "double contingency"), and context dependence in the Humanities and the Biological Sciences, supplemented by timely and welcomed suggestions for my reading made by Wiko Academic Coordinator, Daniel Schönpflug.

During the fall term, a young, vibrant group of Life Sciences Fellows, including Mandy Gibson, Hassan Salem, Siobhán O'Brien (and partner, Alex Duff), Kirsten Traynor, and Arunas Radzvilavicius formed the core of our "Breakfast at Dunia's" group. We thrived on croissants, conversation, and the gubbins of the daily Wiko "weather report" in the early morning and excursions to visit the wonders of Berlin in the evenings. We discovered that Berlin's cuisine includes *Currywurst*, the occasional startling combination of white wine and *Bratwurst*, and, from the vantage point of the Americas, an appalling scarcity of jalapeño peppers.

In the fall term, I also enjoyed reading *Revisiting Race in a Genomic Age* by Sarah Richardson, as well as in-progress chapters from her forthcoming book, *Maternal Imprint*. The ensuing discussions enriched my understanding of the role of "indirect genetic effects" in evolutionary theory, a topic central to my own book project. Moreover, Sarah's work enlightened me on the continuous rotation and exchange of concepts between science and culture. It is no exaggeration to say that, in some areas of research, the scientific and the social are inseparable. The use of metaphors in evolutionary biology tends to invite

the more egregious distortions of meaning into our research and into the interpretation of experimental studies. More epistemological vigilance would serve evolutionary biologists well, especially in areas concerning sex and gender. Sarah's work at Wiko reveals how the gendered structure of the social enterprise of science affects the objects scientists choose to study. In addition, it affects the evidence they gather, the findings they infer from those studies, the reception of those findings within science and society, and the nuances embedded in the scientific knowledge of our species. It was my genuine pleasure in the winter term to introduce Sarah's Colloquium, entitled *Sex Contextualism*.

I borrowed freely from the Wiko library to read several books by Fellows and former Fellows. These not only prepared me in advance with background for Colloquia, but also provided glimmers of light in the winter nights of Berlin. In addition to the books by Sarah Richardson mentioned above, these included:

The Art of Social Theory, by Richard Swedberg; *Genetics in the Madhouse: The Unknown History of Human Heredity*, by Theodore Porter;
The Impossible Revolution: Making Sense of the Syrian Tragedy, by Yassin al-Haj Saleh;
Peace in Ireland: The War of Ideas, by Richard Bourke;
Poverty and the Quest for Life – Spiritual and Material Striving in Rural India, by Bhri Gupta Singh;
The Dragonfly Sea, by Yvonne A. Owuor;
The Holobiont Imperative: Perspectives from Early Emerging Animals, by David J. Miller and Thomas C. G. Bosch;
Zeichen der Zerstörung, by Heidi Tagliavini;
Civil Wars: A History in Ideas, by David Armitage;
The Politics of Welfare State Reform in Continental Europe: Modernization in Hard Times, by Silja Häusermann;
Mutualism, edited by Judith L. Bronstein;
Stories for Posthuman Readers, by Michela A. Betta.

The Wissenschaftskolleg has afforded me the time to explore a different culture, to think, to reflect about my research and career, to make substantive contact with academics across an exceedingly wide variety of disciplines, to plan for my future life both in the short and in the longer term, and to enjoy a diverse group of people, young and old. Most importantly, I was able to share this time and these activities with my life's partner, Debra Lynn Rush-Wade.



GNADENJAHR GÜNTHER WASSILOWSKY

Günther Wassilowsky, geboren 1968 in Hechingen, ist seit 2016 Professor für Kirchengeschichte an der Goethe-Universität Frankfurt am Main. Studium der Katholischen Theologie, Germanistik und Geschichte an der Albert-Ludwigs-Universität Freiburg und der Pontificia Università Gregoriana in Rom. 2001 Promotion in Freiburg mit der Arbeit *Universales Heilssakrament Kirche: Karl Rahners Beitrag zur Ekklesiologie des II. Vatikanums*. Habilitation 2007 an der Westfälischen Wilhelms-Universität Münster mit dem Buch *Die Konklavereform Gregors XV. (1621/22): Wertekonflikte, symbolische Inszenierung und Verfahrenswandel im posttridentinischen Papsttum*. Professuren an den Universitäten Linz (2008–2014) und Innsbruck (2014–2016). Forschungsschwerpunkte: Geschichte des Katholizismus in Früher Neuzeit und Moderne, Kulturgeschichte des Papsttums und der Stadt Rom, Ereignis- und Rezeptionsgeschichte des Konzils von Trient und des II. Vatikanischen Konzils, kirchliche Personal- und Sachentscheidungen, Methodenfragen einer kulturwissenschaftlich ausgerichteten Kirchengeschichte. Letzte Buchpublikation: *Das Konzil von Trient und die katholische Konfessionskultur (1563–2013)*. Münster, 2016. – Adresse: Goethe-Universität Frankfurt am Main, Fachbereich 07: Katholische Theologie, Professur für Kirchengeschichte, Norbert-Wollheim-Platz 1, 60323 Frankfurt a. M. E-Mail: wassilowsky@em.uni-frankfurt.de.

Mein Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg ist schnell erzählt. Ich kam hierher, um ein Buch über die Kultur der Gnade im barocken Rom zu schreiben. Nichts erhoffte ich mehr, als mein Wiko-Jahr dafür zu nutzen, um diesen Text voranzubringen. Entsprechend war mein Vorsatz, mich voll und ganz darauf zu konzentrieren. Da ich seit einigen Jahren eine

Wohnung in Berlin habe, musste ich keinerlei Zeit aufwenden, um die Stadt kennenzulernen. Nie besuchte ich so wenige Berliner Museen und Opernhäuser wie in den zurückliegenden Monaten. Eisern wehrte ich nahezu alle Anfragen für Vorträge oder Publikationen ab. Dank guter Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter konnte ich die Involvierung in die weiterlaufenden Frankfurter Geschäfte auf ein Minimum reduzieren. Und mit monchischer Askese widerstand ich auch der Versuchung, bei sämtlichen spannenden Workshops und Gesprächsrunden im Kolleg mit dabei zu sein. Damit bin ich vielleicht nicht in jeder Hinsicht ein idealer Wiko-Fellow gewesen – wenn es denn einen solchen geben sollte. Aber dafür habe ich unentwegt geschrieben. Und mir immer wieder Wagenladungen von Literatur besorgen lassen (*Mille grazie* ans fantastische Bibliotheksteam!). Für jedes neue Kapitel habe ich mein Regal immer wieder komplett neu gefüllt. Ich habe mich monatelang einsam durch die rechtstheoretischen Grundlagen und das organisatorische Labyrinth mittelalterlich kurialer Gnadenverwaltung gekämpft. Habe die Diskurse über *gratia* in neuplatonischer Philosophie und Renaissancekunst und deren Austauschprozesse mit den theologischen Gnadenbegriffen rekonstruiert. Habe wie ein Besessener nach Gnadenrepräsentationen im päpstlichen Zeremoniell, den topografischen Neuformatierungen und urbanistischen Großprojekten der barocken Stadt Rom gefahndet. Bin Pilger- und Prozessionswege gedanklich abgegangen und habe mental sämtliche römischen Theaterbühnen des 17. Jahrhunderts betreten. Immer auf der Suche nach den sozialen und religiösen Figuren von Gnade.

Dass ich trotz aller Anstrengung am Ende dieser zehn Monate, wenn ich gleich die Tür meiner Schreibstube in der Villa Jaffé zum letzten Mal hinter mir schließe, nicht ein fertiges Manuskript in Händen halte, hat sicher mehrere Gründe. Zuallererst liegen sie in der Natur des Projektes, dessen interdisziplinäre Anlage immer wieder die neue Einarbeitung in ganz unterschiedliche Felder römischer Gnadenkultur verlangt. Diesen Aufwand habe ich wohl grundständig unterschätzt. Aber: „Ein gutes Buch wird nicht in zehn Monaten geschrieben“, so tröstete mich ein Co-Fellow in indischer Weisheit letzterens bei der *farewell party*. Und dann bin ich trotz all meiner Vorsätze doch zweimal unvorhersehbar vom Schreiben abgehalten worden. Plötzlich widerfuhr mir das Glück, in der Gnadenstadt selbst eine dauerhafte Bleibe suchen und beziehen zu dürfen. Und schließlich gab es eine Berliner Bewerbung, die mich für ein paar Wochen wissenschaftlich von Rom weg in die faszinierende Christentumsgeschichte des frühneuzeitlichen Japan führte. Beide Ablenkungen haben sich – wie es sich jetzt andeutet – gelohnt und eröffnen eine schöne Zukunft auch über das Wiko-Jahr hinaus.

Wer sich mit den soziokulturellen Logiken eines Gnadensystems beschäftigt und dies in einer Institution wie dem Wissenschaftskolleg tut, der wird immer wieder unweigerlich und schmunzelnd auf die Beobachtung struktureller Parallelen stoßen. Natürlich ist das Wiko eine Art Gnadenanstalt mit ähnlichen Mechanismen und Ritualen, wie sie in einer Heilsanstalt wie etwa der römisch-katholischen Kirche oder einem vormodernen Hof anzutreffen sind. Da ist zuerst das Fellowship selbst als die Gnadengabe schlechthin, die die Geberin in völliger Freiheit – für den Empfänger uneinklagbar – Einzelnen zuteilwerden lässt. Natürlich werden grundsätzlich geltende, unwillkürlich-rationale Prinzipien dieser Auswahl kommuniziert. Wie es jedoch zu den konkreten Entscheidungen kommt, muss für Außenstehende stets im Dunkeln bleiben. Wie an der römischen Kurie werden auch die Gnaden des Wiko durch eine hoch ausdifferenzierte, bestens funktionierende Bürokratie verwaltet. Über allem stehend und alle repräsentierend ein strenger Sekretar und eine milde Rektorin. Wie sehr böte sich der Auf- und Abstieg der schönen Treppe im Haupthaus für eine dichte ritualtheoretische Beschreibung an! Und selbstverständlich stiften auch die großzügigen Gnadengaben des Wiko vielfache, diffuse Verpflichtungen bei ihren Empfängern. Ein geradezu liturgisch anmutender Moment der Erbringung von Gegengaben ist allwöchentlich das Dienstagskolloquium, bei dem sich die Begnadeten zumindest im Nachhinein der mitgeteilten Gnade als würdig zu erweisen haben. Gott sei Dank hatte ich in meinem Jahrgang nie das Gefühl, dass unter uns ein Selbstbild vorherrschte, die aus der großen Masse der Verdammten Auserwählten zu sein. Ganz im Gegenteil: Neben der geschenkten Zeit bestand die größte Gnadengabe des Wissenschaftskollegs für mich darin, einigen ganz wunderbaren Wissenschaftlern und Wissenschaftlerinnen und anderen Menschen begegnet zu sein.

Aber Gnadenzeiten dauern eben niemals ewig. Die Pforte schließt sich. Und so werde ich jenseits dieser Grenze weiterschreiben am Gnadenbuch. Es bleibt – wie nach jeder Erfahrung von Gnade – die dankbare Verbundenheit!



A FELLOWSHIP ABOUT INTERACTIONS
SUCCEEDED BECAUSE OF INTERACTIONS
JASON B. WOLF

Jason B. Wolf is Professor of Evolutionary Genetics in the Department of Biology and Biochemistry and The Milner Centre for Evolution at the University of Bath (UK). He received a Ph.D. from the University of Kentucky, after which he was a postdoctoral researcher at Indiana University and a National Science Foundation (USA) Postdoctoral Fellow at Washington University School of Medicine. Prior to moving to Bath, he held positions at the University of Tennessee and the University of Manchester. His research is unified by a focus on understanding how various types of interactions influence the genetic basis of trait variation and, as a result, impact evolutionary processes. He has applied this perspective to understand questions related to genomic imprinting, maternal effects, social competition and cooperation, the correlations between traits, and the impact of gene interactions on trait variation. He won the Dobzhansky Prize from the Society for the Study of Evolution, a Young Investigator's Prize from the American Society of Naturalists, and the Scientific Medal from the Zoological Society of London. – Address: The Milner Centre for Evolution, University of Bath, Claverton Down, Bath, BA2 7AY, United Kingdom. E-mail: j.b.wolf@bath.ac.uk.

My time at the Wissenschaftskolleg was inspiring and motivated me to pursue a number of new directions in my work. This partly reflects interactions with the broad community of Fellows (especially the fantastic collection of people working in similar areas of research), but the most critical contributor to the success of my time at Wiko was being a member of a remarkable working group that include Mike Wade, Tim Linksvayer, and Judie Bronstein. Our collaborative work (which is ambitious, and hence ongoing!)

addresses a variety of important problems, many of which are adjacent to my primary research focus (especially our primary work related to the evolution of species interactions). As a result, this work pushed me to adapt my skills and knowledge from my primary research to develop methods to investigate these new problems. When all members of the group were present in Berlin at the same time, we worked very much as a group, with long brainstorming sessions in which we outlined problems and developed our ideas (see figure 1). The success of this approach comes, at least in part, from the fact that we all have very different areas of knowledge and skills that largely complement one another. It is these collaborative meetings that I will probably miss the most from being at Wiko (at least on the work side of the equation).



Fig. 1. The genesis of ideas. Our ubiquitous whiteboard where facts were consolidated (and history was made?). A) The blank canvas beckoning us for ideas. B) The famous “Linksvayer special”, where abstract ideas are captured in diagrammatic format. C) Evidence of real progress (and documentation of the arrival of spring, where the board can be seen in its warm weather habitat).

We generally formalised our thinking by using mathematical models and graphic representations of processes. Therefore, it makes logical sense to formalise my work at Wiko in such a framework. So, let P be the productivity of our group, F be the level of collective

fun, and C the level of intra-group conflict. We partition the contributions of group members to each of these processes (P , F , and C) to understand the nature of our collaboration. Our individual contributions are denoted J_i for me, W_i for Mike Wade, L_i for Tim Linksvayer, and B_i for Judie Bronstein (where the subscript i denotes the characteristic being analysed; i.e. $i = P, F$, or C). Because components can be influenced by time, we can measure each of these factors on a per unit time scale. The parameter X_i denotes the interaction among group members for process i . Although pairwise interactions between group members can be modelled, their contributions to each of the processes are largely confounded and hence difficult to partition from the higher order interaction terms. Therefore, a single interaction term is included, which captures all lower level interaction effects. Moreover, the use of a single interaction term is particularly important in this context because there were a number of periods when not all group members were present in Berlin, making it difficult to simultaneously evaluate separate terms. An error term is included in each expression that accounts for the lack of fit of the model, which reflects contributions from other Fellows, the Wiko staff, the city of Berlin, and any other factors not captured by the model terms (e.g., table tennis, colloquia, dinners, visits to Christmas Markets, etc.). We can now write expressions out as:

$$P = B_P + J_P + L_P + W_P + X_P + E_P \quad [1a]$$

$$F = B_F + J_F + L_F + W_F + X_F + E_F \quad [1b]$$

$$C = B_C + J_C + L_C + W_C + X_C + E_C \quad [1c]$$

We can start by analysing the productivity (P) expression (1a). With a lack of data, we can evaluate the importance of the terms using the classic mathematical approach known as the “intuition method” (sometimes known as the “gut feeling approach”, especially in physics). Detailed analysis of how model parameters contribute to P indicates that the interaction term (X_P) swamps the individual terms, although on a per unit time basis, B_P is of clear importance (simulation of the system indicates that this may reflect a need to bridle group members who may otherwise have a tendency towards “silliness”; see figure 2). Applying the intuition method to analysis of equation (1b), we can similarly evaluate the leading terms contributing to fun (F). We again find an important role for the interaction term (X_F), but find that the primarily deterministic factor governing collective fun is captured in the W_F term (which will be no surprise to many; see figure 2). Interestingly, we find a very large influence of extrinsic factors captured by E_F , which reflects the

importance of the local context (which logically reflects synergistic effects arising from interactions with other Fellows and with the local environment). Again, applying the intuition method to evaluate equation (1c), we find that all deterministic factors (B_C , J_C , L_C , W_C and X_C) are infinitesimally small and hence the level of conflict can be considered a random effect reflecting only extrinsic factors (but note that even these extrinsic factors are close to zero, meaning that we can set $C = 0$ when evaluating the properties of the system).

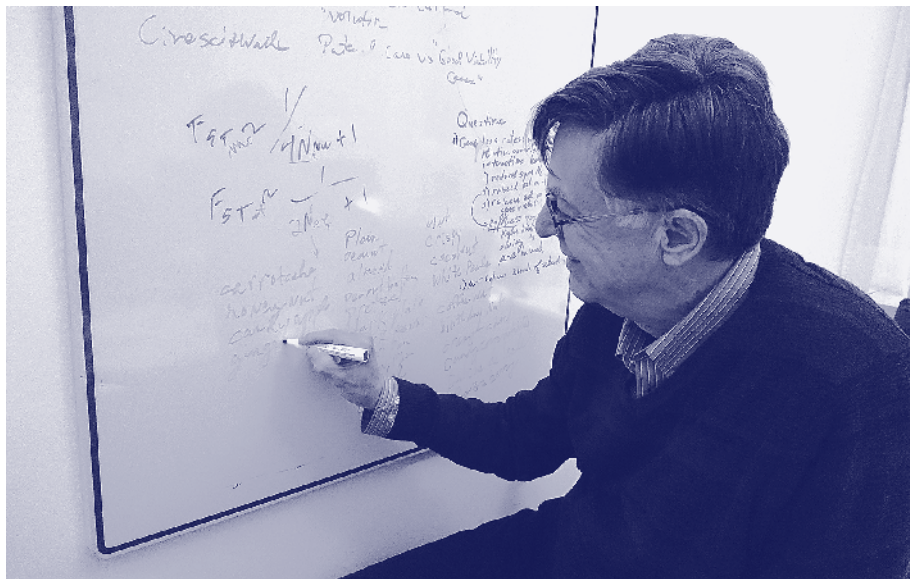


Fig. 2. Our fearless leader (Mike Wade), outlining important ideas to motivate the troops. Note the look of pained concentration on his face as he works out important aspects of our collaborative work.

So, what does this formal framework tell us about my Fellowship at Wiko and, more specifically, the success of collective research endeavours? Obviously, some groups will be more successful than others, and it can be a mystery working out what determines such success. It can be generically said that groups are more than the sum of their parts, but this lack of “additivity” can arise from many different underlying causes. I attribute this greater-than-additivity effect to the remarkable personalities and abilities of the group members, which emphasises the fact that this framework does not capture one key factor,

group composition itself (because it evaluates the success of the group we had, not the success of that specific group in comparison with other possible groups that we could have had). Given the critical importance of group composition, I owe a clear debt of gratitude to Mike Wade (see figure 2), who had the vision to assemble a group that was not only very good scientifically, but was also able to work together with intent and without conflict.

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