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## VORWORT DES HERAUSGEBERS

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Vorwiegend blickte der Jahrgang nach Süden: Es gab eine ungewöhnlich starke Konzentration von Afrika-Forschern. Einen wichtigen Fokus bildete die Gruppe von Anthropologen, die sich mit Dilemmata der medizinischen Berufspraxis in Afrika befasste: ein Problemfeld, dessen Brisanz offenkundig war und das rasch zum übergreifenden Gesprächsthema wurde. Unvorhergesehenerweise verschärft wurde die südliche Blickrichtung dann im Frühling durch die Ereignisse in Tunesien, Ägypten und Libyen; große Gruppen von Fellows fanden sich vor dem Fernseher wieder und blickten gemeinsam auf den Tahrir-Platz. Mindestens ebenso spannend wie die Fernsehreportagen waren davor und danach die Gespräche mit den Fellows aus der Region: dem Libanon, Äthiopien, Iran und Pakistan. Den Schriftsteller Elias Khoury konnte man spätestens jetzt – jenseits bzw. diesseits seiner literarischen Arbeiten – als scharfsichtigen Beobachter einer Bewegung kennen lernen, die ihn wie uns alle überrascht hatte, und die doch gerade in ihm eine ihrer wichtigsten intellektuellen Leitfiguren sah. „Die Diskussionen über die Möglichkeiten, über die Gefahren, über die Zukunft der nahöstlichen Welt füllte viele Stunden“ (Anne van Aaken, 15; vgl. auch 22, 42, 54, 128, 143).

Unübersehbar war die Tendenz, sich voneinander anstecken zu lassen; und das galt nicht nur für das Interesse am arabischen Frühling. „By the end of the year, it felt to me as though nearly every person felt that the intellectual passions of the others enriched her own, his own“, schreibt Steven Feierman (72) und fährt fort: „Most of us allowed ourselves to be bathed in laughter, and laughter dissolved the egos.“ Dieses Lachen, das auch mir als Stimmungsindikator in Erinnerung bleibt, zieht sich wie ein Leitmotiv durch viele der Berichte: „What stands out most in my memory of this year is the unrelenting

hilarity. It was cathartic.“ (Julie Livingston, 158). „Wir lachen viel und es ist Leichtigkeit in der kleinen Selbstironie, mit der man sich unter Erwachsenen über das gleichwohl hohe Maß an Ernst verständigen kann, das all dies hier für uns hat.“ (Petra Gehring, 78). Schließlich kann das Kichern auch zum Gegenstand anthropologischer Selbstreflexion werden: „The giggling played no mean role. Sometimes nervous, sometimes infectious, laughter was one of the repetitions. [...] Since laughter is also a subject in my histories, let me suggest the following: a sense of being at risk of ridicule may linger in a situation where laughter is so intense, fond, and everyday, deployed to include and embrace, while still unsettling and keeping alert.“ (Nancy Rose Hunt, 117; vgl. auch 15, 19, 188). Demnach scheint die kollektive Heiterkeit eher als Anreiz und Kitzel denn als Beruhigungsmittel gewirkt zu haben.

Nun resultiert das Lachen nach Freud bekanntlich daraus, dass das Subjekt sich (immer nur vorübergehend) vom Druck kultureller Anpassungzwänge befreien kann. Aber woher kam in unserem Fall der Druck? Albrecht Koschorke beschreibt ihn sehr präzis als *double bind*: „Gleich in den ersten Tagen werden dem frisch eingetroffenen Fellow zwei entgegengesetzte Impulse gegeben [...]. Der erste, offizielle Auftrag lautet: Schreib dein Buch. Der zweite, etwas informellere Rat heißt: Nutze die Gelegenheit zum Austausch mit Forschern aus aller Welt, lass dich auf neue Ideen bringen [...]. Am besten, du kommst als ein veränderter Geist mit einem gänzlich neuen Projekt aus dem Jahr am Wiko heraus! – In der Kurzfassung heißen die beiden Imperative: Zieh dich zurück, verschließe dich! Und gleichzeitig: Öffne dich!“ (131). Lag hier der Grund für die ansteckende Heiterkeit des ganzen Jahrgangs? Koschorke liefert dazu auch gleich eine kulturtheoretische Leithypothese: Innere Widersprüchlichkeit sei für den Zusammenhalt und die Vitalität eines Systems unerlässlich; an allzu großer Schlüssigkeit und Widerspruchsfreiheit könne es leicht zugrunde gehen; das gelte für menschliche Gesellschaften ebenso wie für Theorien (130f.). Die fellow Fellows hätten diese Diagnose vielleicht, einmal mehr, mit Gelächter quittiert. Uns indessen gibt sie Anlass, optimistisch in die Zukunft zu blicken.

Luca Giuliani

## *Arbeitsberichte*



## EIN JAHR VOLLER PRIVILEGIEN ANNE VAN AAKEN

---

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Von nicht akademischen Freunden oder Bekannten kam oft die Frage, was das Wiko denn sei. Ein Hybrid von Internat und akademischem Zoo, antwortete ich zumeist. Ein Internat, weil wir alle zusammen gewohnt (Villa Walther und Villa Jaffé), zusammen gegessen haben, zusammen ins Konzert oder in die Oper gegangen sind, gemeinsam diskutiert und gelacht haben. Und natürlich, weil ich, aber ich denke wir alle, viel gelernt haben, voneinander und miteinander.

Ein Zoo, weil so viele bunte Lebewesen hier zusammenkommen, die unbekannte, teilweise exotische Dinge erforschen, die unglaublich spannend sind und über die man sonst nicht notwendigerweise nachdenkt. Ein fellow Fellow, dem ich meine Charakterisierung im Oktober 2010 einmal beim Mittagessen mitteilte, schaute mich etwas konsterniert an, war aber beruhigt, als ich ihm sagte, dass vor dem Käfig der Juristen die meisten Besucher gelangweilt vorbeigingen und sich vielmehr für seinen interessierten.

Kann ich von einigen Highlights berichten? Eigentlich nicht, denn alles war Highlight: es war die Kombination von allem, die dieses unglaubliche Jahr am Wiko ausmachte. Angefangen von der Ankunft und dem Erstaunen darüber, dass alle Mitarbeiter unsere Namen kannten und uns eine so herzliche Begrüßung bereiteten. Über die Einführungen zu den Fellowvorträgen, die so persönlich, lehrreich und schön waren, dass Karl Schlögel und Beatrice Gruendlar daraus auf der Abschiedsparty ein neues literarisches Genre konstruierten, den Vorträgen selbst, den Diskussionen danach (die immer so angeregt waren, dass wir Schelte bekamen, bitte pünktlich aufzuhören), was dann die Gespräche zum Mittagstisch verlagerte. Die Abendessen waren oft lang. Im *vino* lag nicht nur *veritas*, sondern auch hier wieder war es fast wie in der Schule, wir konnten wunderbar albern miteinander sein, der Raum war oft voll von Gelächter. Die Konzerte im Wiko, die Abendvorträge und insbesondere auch die Vorträge der Permanent Fellows möchte ich herausheben – sie geben Rahmen und Anregung. Gerade der frühe Vortrag von Lorraine Daston („From Reason to Rationality“) war Anregung für zahlreiche Gespräche und Diskussionen, da er grundlegende Fragen der Wissenschaftsgeschichte und -theorie aufwarf; Fragen, die uns alle beschäftigen. Die Workshops, auch wenn sie fachfremd waren, waren ein wunderbares Angebot, in die fremden Forschungsgebiete hineinzuhorchen. Immer und immer wieder tauchten Gemeinsamkeiten, Parallelen auf: Forschungsmethoden, Grenzen des Wissens, wissenschaftstheoretische Grundlagen und selbst im Detail der Forschung gab es *trouvailles*. Dies sind die wunderbaren Überraschungen, versteckt im interdisziplinären Gespräch.

Für unser Jahr kam im Frühjahr noch der *arab spring* hinzu. Wir haben alle zusammen gefiebert vor dem Fernseher im Haupthaus vor der Rede Hosni Mubaraks, von der wir erwarteten, dass er zurücktreten würde (was er aber erst später tat). Die Diskussionen über die Möglichkeiten, über die Gefahren, über die Zukunft der nahöstlichen Welt füllten viele Stunden. Und es gab auch Gespräche, die einen allgemeineren Hintergrund haben: die gute Ordnung der Gesellschaft, wie sieht sie aus und wie kann sie konstruiert werden in Zeiten der Unsicherheit und des Umbruchs?

Fragen, die viele von uns beschäftigten, behandelten wir in einem privaten „Salon“, zu dem jeder etwas zu essen und zu trinken mitnahm. Grunewald mit seinen ehemals vielen und bedeutenden jüdischen Bewohnern ist als Ort besonders und lässt einen Fragen stellen, die wir nicht aufhören sollten zu versuchen, sie zu beantworten: Wie banal ist das Böse? Wie entsteht es und verbreitet es sich? Wie kann man es verhindern? Wie kann es aufgearbeitet werden? Fragen, die nicht nur hier in Deutschland relevant sind, in der Wallotstraße, an deren Ecke Rathenau erschossen wurde, Walter Benjamin und Samuel Fischer lebten, wo man an jeder Ecke über einen Stolperstein stolpert. Es ist, unter anderem, auch relevant für die indisch-pakistanische Teilung, für die Geschehnisse im ehemaligen Jugoslawien, für Ruanda, für viele afrikanische Staaten. Und immer gab es jemanden, der dazu arbeitete, der die Geschichte kannte, der bei Fragen weiterhelfen konnte. Mir sind in diesem Zusammenhang einige Fragen, die ich schon lange hin und her wälze, beantwortet worden. Wo und wann findet man so etwas nochmals? Ein Jahr am Wiko ist wie ein *studium generale* auf höchstem Niveau; Berge von Büchern, Musik, Filme habe ich bestellt, die ich langsam „abarbeiten“ werde. Die Anregungen und die geweckte Neugierde werden noch lange ihre Wirkung zeigen.

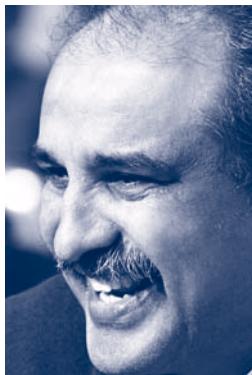
Kamran und ich wurden gewählt, nein, besser „ernannt“ als *Fellow speaker*. Zu Anfang wussten wir nicht, was auf uns zukam, und Luca Giuliani sagte, alle zwei Wochen sollten wir einmal sprechen, ob es Anliegen, Probleme etc. gäbe. Aber wir haben das nie gebraucht – es gab keine Konflikte (ab und zu Konfliktchen), nur Organisation, bei der wir aber immer zahlreiche Hilfe erhielten. Weihnachtsbaum, Plätzchen backen für die Mitarbeiter, kochen für die Mitarbeiter, die Abschiedsparty organisieren. Es war mehr Freude als Arbeit und für Kamran und mich ein geschätzter Vertrauensbeweis.

Die Herzlichkeit, Freundlichkeit, gute Laune der Mitarbeiter strahlen in dem Haus in der Wallotstraße und begleiten die Fellows. Wir waren besonderes privilegiert, da wir noch unter den Augen von Christine von Arnim und Joachim Nettelbeck hier sein durften. Wie oft wurden unsere Wünsche schon erfüllt, bevor wir sie erst ausgesprochen hatten. Und nicht nur, aber am häufigsten im Speiseraum. Es sei wie die Entlassung aus dem Gefängnis, wenn wir nun alle wieder nach Hause zurückkehrten, so ein fellow Fellow: man fände sich gar nicht mehr zurecht in der realen Welt. Er hat recht, es war ein so ungewöhnliches und wunderbares Jahr, dass es nicht einfach wird, in den Universitätsalltag zurückzukehren.

Das Abschiednehmen zog sich über zwei Wochen hin: Neben der Abschiedsparty praktisch jeden Tag, ein Essen, ein Glas Wein, jedenfalls nochmals sehen, nochmals

Themen besprechen, Fragen stellen, die bislang noch nicht besprochen wurden, bevor auch die Letzten abgefahren waren, falls es das Wetter erlaubte, draußen auf der Terrasse der Villa Walther mit dem schönen Blick auf den See. Es war ein wenig das Gefühl der Tristesse, ähnlich wie beim Abitur, wenn man sich von seiner Klasse verabschiedet. Wir werden versuchen, ein kleines „revival“ bei den Alumnitreffen des Fellowclubs in zwei Jahren zu feiern, und freuen uns auf diese Möglichkeit.

Neben dem so erfüllten Leben am Wiko kommt natürlich der eigenen Forschung ein hoher Stellenwert zu. Ich hatte vorher versucht, mir nur Zeit für mein Buch zu nehmen und nichts anderes zu schreiben (was mir auch fast gelang). Vorträge an der Humboldt-Universität wollte ich nicht ablehnen – es war schön, dorthin zurückzukehren, wo ich vor zehn Jahren als wissenschaftliche Mitarbeiterin beschäftigt war. Mein Buch selbst ist nicht so weit gediehen wie ursprünglich geplant, dies hatte in erster Linie persönliche und gesundheitliche Gründe. Aber es hat sehr profitiert von den Diskussionen hier mit den Juristen am Wiko, aber auch mit den Kollegen der Humboldt-Universität und der Freien Universität. Und natürlich von den Gesprächen mit den anderen Fellows und Spouses. Last, but not least von dem vorzüglichen Service der Bibliothek. Mein Buchprojekt „Staatshaftung im Gewährleistungsstaat“ ist an anderem Ort nachzulesen, weshalb ich es hier nicht weiter aufgreifen möchte.



A YEAR SPENT IN “WIKOSTAN”:  
UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES  
KAMRAN ASDAR ALI

---

Kamran Asdar Ali is Associate Professor of Anthropology and Director of the South Asia Institute at the University of Texas, Austin. He is the author of *Planning the Family in Egypt: New Bodies, New Selves* (UT Press, 2002). Along with Martina Rieker, he guest edited *Urban Margins: Envisioning the Contemporary Global South* (Social Text 95) and also co-edited *Gendering Urban Space* (Palgrave 2008) and *Comparing Cities: Middle East and South Asia* (OUP 2009). During his fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg he completed a book-length manuscript on the cultural history of the Pakistani Left tentatively titled “Surkh Salam” (Red Greetings). – Address: Department of Anthropology, The University of Texas at Austin, 3200 One University Station, Austin, TX 78712, USA.

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We as a family arrived in Berlin on August 15, 2011. As we entered the large villa where we would spend the next eleven months of our lives, we came across another family of new arrivals. These were Claire Messud and James Wood and their two lovely kids walking their dogs. None of our bags had made it with us. We were standing on the gravel with little care packages (tiny toothpastes and undersized undergarments that the airline people had handed out to us). James gave us comfort by relating his own story of missing bags with British Airways, the airline we had taken from the US. The children mingled and we all left with the promise to meet again. As we walked away with our strange-looking round keys in hand, I whispered to Syema, my wife, “That was Claire Messud, she is a famous author ...”

Prior to coming to the Wiko I had read and reread the names of the Fellows who would spend the year with me. All seemed, like Claire, so much more accomplished and famous. The idea that one would have to eat meals every day with people of such high intellectual stature made me wonder what these encounters would be like. I wondered, “Will I be condemned to saying something smart every three minutes or otherwise be considered a much lower species on the evolutionary ladder?” The year turned out to be just the opposite. I looked forward to our lunches, not only to discover what was on the menu … sometimes a real surprise … but also for the conversation, the greetings and the laughter, always the laughter. Even if we were sitting at separate tables one would hop over for dessert to another one and join the conversation there and have coffee with yet another set of colleagues. If we became too engrossed in discussing the latest opera performance and its unorthodox interpretation while working through our lamb curry and couscous, we could always move our chair to the other table where Behrooz Ghamari-Tabrizi was telling yet another of his hilarious anecdotes, bringing smiles and laughter from the entire table.

Such small meetings, like the one our family had with Claire and James and the ones shared around lunch and Thursday dinner tables, soon became friendships that I suspect will last all of us a lifetime. For my family and me, it was the best of times (to quote Dickens, but just partly). Wiko was the gracious host that provided us with a comfortable apartment, the boys went to JFK (thanks to Andrea), and I had a spacious office to work on my book. What else could a middle-aged academic want from life?

Berlin itself was a discovery. I had been to Germany before, but had flown in and out of airports on my way to this conference or that. I had not lived in the country and understood the rhythms of its towns or the character of its social life. Wiko made it possible for us to feel at home in Berlin and explore the city and the country. Grunewald itself was a discovery; walking to Kaiser's at the S-Bahn station and then in other parts of the area gave us a sense of its late nineteenth-century grandeur, yet also made us very aware of the horrors of the post-Weimar years. The plaques on the Platform 17 at the S-Bahn in Grunewald brought alive a much more tragic dimension of the city's past, which of course we had admired for its early nineteenth-century architecture in the areas surrounding Unter den Linden in the Mitte district. These layers of history were interwoven in many ways in our day-to-day life, whether in the *Stolpersteine* in front of Villa Jaffé or in the history of the main building itself.

Once on a cold January morning we also took our sons to the main Berlin cemetery in the eastern part of the city, where we and thousands of others honoured Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, the communist leaders who were brutally murdered by the right-wing nationalist Free Corps in January 1919. In contrast to the calm and prosperity of present-day Berlin, the visit brought to life how, between the years 1919–23, there were more than 350 political murders and several popular insurrections in Germany. The murder of the moderate politician and Foreign Minister, Walter Rathenau, in June 1922 was of course one of the most serious of such events.

Remembering the Berlin uprising that led to Luxemburg and Liebknecht's death and revisiting Rathenau's murder (every day we passed the memorial commemorating the exact spot where he was killed) as bookends for the violence that encompassed Germany in the early twentieth century made me also think about Pakistan and my own work on the communist movement there. It reminded me of how contemporary Pakistan (at the risk of historical oversimplification) was somewhat like Weimar Germany, a volatile society in which various social and political forces are vying for power. Pakistan today has an elected government that is engulfed in problems of suicide bombings and remains a “reluctant” participant in the US-led global “war on terror” in the northwest of the country. It is facing high unemployment rates, an acute energy crisis, rampant inflation and a nationalist insurgency in Balochistan. The government, itself tainted by scandals of corruption and inept governance, is, of course, always mindful of an army that continues to wait patiently to see it falter. I am of course not sure whether the analogy holds, but for me to be working on Pakistan while sitting in Berlin made the history of those early Weimar days more palpable. These thoughts remained with me when I started to complete the manuscript for which I was awarded the fellowship.

I remain grateful that the Wissenschaftskolleg provided me with the space and support to finish a draft of a book-length manuscript during the course of my year of residence. My writing revisited Pakistan's founding moment, in which the ideological stress was on Muslim nationalism that would unify the Muslims of South Asia under the symbol of the emergent state. Yet in the text I argue that, from its very inception in 1947, the diversity of people's lives and particularistic cultural experiences remained in perpetual tension with this order. The mistrust shown by the new Pakistani state, wrapped as it was in the ideology of Muslim nationalism, toward the diverse aspirations of its own people led it to impose a meta-narrative of an undivided nation on the populace. A reaction to this political process was the gradual cracking of the ideological edifice of a moral

community. For example, by the mid-1950s regional and nationalistic claims by Pakistan's diverse ethnic groups severely tested the promise of the Muslim nationalism that led to the creation of Pakistan in 1947. Foremost among these was the voice of its Bengali citizens, who as the largest demographic part claimed their economic and linguistic rights from the overtly centralizing state in Karachi, fourteen hundred miles away from Dhaka. Within this context, I argue in the text that such histories are often deleted from nationalist master narratives that induce selective national amnesia because these events fit awkwardly into neatly woven patterns. Hence, in Pakistani historiography, in which the major preoccupation remains the narrative surrounding the creation of Pakistan, many aspects of national life are given scant attention. One major arena of national amnesia that my project addresses is the absence of any serious work on the nascent Communist Party of Pakistan's (CPP) relationship with the populace and the state. In my research I critically engage with the history of Pakistan's early years, paying special attention to the CPP during its brief period of legal existence after Pakistan gained its independence. In pursuing this task the book concentrates on documenting the history of the working class movement while also focusing on cultural processes to offer a perspective beyond the official retelling of Pakistan's history, which periodically omits how the new country struggled to find the ideological and cultural basis for its creation and existence.

The important element here is that by working on the text at Wiko it has become a different piece of writing than what it would have been. The Tuesday seminars (with Hannah Ginsborg's insightful first questions or Thomas Pavel's delightfully humorous yet serious interventions) and their discussions were a major inspiration for new thought and also for critically evaluating my own established ideas about the book and its various dimensions. My colleagues were generous and always forthcoming with ideas and suggestions about my work. Frederick Cooper's early-on reading of a chapter of mine (we were both standing for the M-19 bus at Halensee on a very cold December evening and decided to share our work with each other) was an act of intellectual generosity that I can never forget. Similarly Thomas Pavel and Karl Schlögel gave me important references from the Soviet literary debates of the 1930s and 1940s that I have judiciously incorporated into my chapters, expanding their scope and in the process also changing the thrust of the argument. Julie Livingston not only has become a dear friend (as others have), but also read my chapters in draft form and commented on the book prospectus that I was preparing for the press, for which I remain indebted to her. For my Tuesday presentation, Behrooz introduced me with a sense of comradeship, intellectual commitment and a

sense of humour that is unique to him. I could name all my colleagues who in many ways either influenced my work, made me think in new and innovative ways, opened up my mind to fresh ideas or heard me out when I needed to share something half-baked. I cannot thank each and every one enough.

As I progressed in my writing I also felt confident in starting to contemplate my future research plans. Luca Giuliani, the Rector, kindly allowed me to host the Pakistani architect and urban planner, Arif Hasan, in March 2011. Arif Hasan and I have been discussing the prospects of working together on a cultural history of Karachi, the city where both of us grew up. This follows from my on-going parallel research interest in urban form and social life. What was amazing and important was that Sonja Grund and her colleagues in the library made it possible for me to have access to archival material on the subject that would have otherwise required me to travel in one case to Greece and in another to the United Kingdom.

The library at Wissenschaftskolleg is an amazing space. How things are made available to the Fellows speaks of the dedication, hard work and ingenuity of the staff members. Kirsten Graupner's perseverance in getting me papers from the Greek architect Doxiadis' office library in Athens was something unimaginable. Doxiadis was the planner for the new parts of Karachi during the early 1960s, and his documents are crucial to understanding the development of the city in that period. I could not have had access to them unless Kirsten had arranged for them to be shipped to Berlin. I am sure each and every Fellow who has been to the Institute has her own story regarding the library and the wonders that it can accomplish.

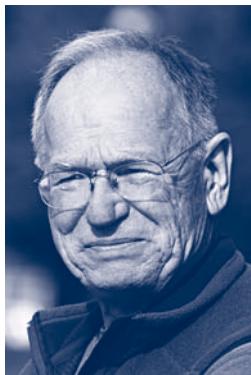
In addition to the normal workings of the Wissenschaftskolleg, its support of the Europe in the Middle East – Middle East in Europe (EUME) program is important to mention. Especially in this year when the “Arab Spring” opened up the possibility of thinking anew the future of the entire Middle East region, having a number of young bright scholars who worked on the region was an important addition to the scholarly discussions during the year. Of course Elias Khoury's presence as a Fellow and the organizing of public forums where he spoke enhanced the level of public debate on the Middle East and the question of Arab-Israeli politics to a level that showed farsightedness and intellectual courage on the part of Wiko's leadership – for which they deserve to be commended.

One can only thank the leadership and staff of the Wissenschaftskolleg for making the year such a special one. Whether the visit arranged by Eva von Kügelgen to the Brecht

Museum, with the unforgettable episode of Elias Khoury's attraction to the writer's chair, or the Rector's organizing of the visit to the Humboldt House, where François Lissarrague shared his immense knowledge to help us understand Greek Antiquity, we were always in the realm of discovery and of acquiring new knowledge.

Finally, the day-to-day life at Wiko had its own predictable rhythms and pleasures. Walking into the building in the morning and saying hello to Vera Schulze-Seeger, who was always smiling and willing to help, going down to the dining hall for that best of all breakfasts or simply a coffee where again one greeted the ever-gracious Katarzyna Speder, sometimes taking a detour and going up the stairs to say hi to friends like Katharina Biegger (who was my first contact to Wiko, and I am still indebted to her for bringing me to Berlin), Francisco Martinez-Casas or Katharina Wiedemann. Whether in the main building, the Fellow Services (with Andrea Bergmann, Corina Pertschi, and Nina Kitsos), or in the IT department (Wiebke Güse, Petra Sonnenberg, Roman Riebow and others) or Dennis Grimm with his mild manners, always willing to help, it was evident that the entire place and its staff were present to assist the Fellows.

As I mentioned above, the friendships that we created will last our lifetime. I write this from Austin and in the past few weeks since we have returned many of us have written and spoken to each other about the loss of the everyday companionship, the community that we had created and how we miss each other. This sense of loss is indeed sad, yet meaningful. The nostalgic aspect aside, it is true that we will never be able to recreate the year that we spent together in Berlin. But the memories do remain. What I recall most are the moments of shared laughter, of happiness. For a year we were happy in Berlin, and the Wissenschaftskolleg made it possible.



## A YEAR LIKE NO OTHER

### JANIS ANTONOVICS

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My stay at Wiko was very wonderful and very successful. I had the time to explore new areas intellectually, finish manuscripts, meet new friends, and establish an academic family. It was quite unlike anything I had known in over forty years in academia; in many ways I felt I had finally arrived at a university where faculty were important and where there were real interactions across disciplines. There was the added bonus of coming to really like and enjoy the variety and vigor of Berlin, both in its people and as a city.

The main tangible professional success, for which I have to thank Wiko, was to have a major grant proposal funded, and this will now support my research for the next five years. My previous attempts on this topic, carried out in the rush of various semesters, had failed. The research will investigate the question of how and under what circumstances parasites and pathogens affect population distributions – if indeed they do. The question

is simple and obvious but, as in most areas of scholarship, it is the simple questions that often still hang in the air, waiting to be plucked (and hopefully answered). Being a blend of ecology and evolutionary biology, it is an issue that has fascinated me intellectually for several years. A bonus is that our study system is in the Italian Alps ... but as I write, I'd much rather be in Berlin. A year ago I would never have imagined that I would come to prefer Berlin to Italy!

Our focus group on “Limits to Disease Control – Failures in Disease” made progress, but less than I had hoped. Two manuscripts stemming from our discussions await editing, further plumping up, and of course the tedious task of doing the references. One manuscript deals with the issue of why most hosts are seemingly resistant to most pathogens. Much of the reason, we concluded, is that the pathogen lifestyle of necessity entails a high degree of specialization, and so evolution on one host “withdraws” the ability to infect other hosts. The resistance of most hosts to these many pathogens appears to be “non-evolved” and incidental. We gathered evidence for this from the literature, outlined how these ideas could be tested, and explored the implications for the study of infectious disease in humans using animal models.

The other manuscript acquired the interim, if somewhat tongue-in-cheek title of “Elephant in the Cupboard”; and it is still somewhat touch and go whether the paper itself will ever “leave the cupboard”. The elephant is evolution. If there were no evolution we would already have controlled most of the world’s main infectious diseases. We have had the drugs and vaccines to eliminate most pathogens (or their vectors), but they have been repeatedly made ineffective by the evolutionary responses of the pathogens. Yet there has not been serious acceptance and investigation of evolutionary processes in the field of biomedical research. The issue is how to achieve a commitment to this issue and to bring evolution out of the cupboard. Our discussions raised both biological and policy issues, and our focus group benefited greatly from the participation of other people at Wiko, especially Andrew Farlow, Britt Koskella, Irufka Okeke, and Ben Sadd. I also got a lot of help in unexpected ways, especially on how to approach a subject that was “too big to handle”. Robert Boyer, an economist, responded to my frustration by suggesting I do something crazy; so I drew cartoons, drawing inspiration from his seminar. Anne van Aaken, a scholar of international law, introduced me to the “Precautionary Principle”, and this stimulated me to indeed wonder if it might not be feasible to apply this principle to the loss of antibiotic usefulness due to the irreversibility of evolution. Most policy and

regulatory activities do not take evolution into consideration, and I ended up thinking that they very much should.

My own, largely unrelated readings on the germ theory in the 19th century also resonated with these issues of evolution; our own wishy-washy statements about “overuse” or “misuse” of antibiotics as the cause of antibiotic resistance had great similarities with Victorian ideas about “bad hygiene” causing disease. In both cases the words that are used create an aura of authority and generality, when what is needed is commitment to a serious research program. Also, having time to reflect on the history of evolutionary biology made me realize that the “fault” for a failure to accept the importance of evolution (if blame could be assigned) also lay with the lack of institutional formalization of evolutionary biology. Our field has no certificate of professional competency, so it is no wonder that at the fringes there is much incompetency, casual speculation, and general helplessness.

My book project made stuttering progress. The title changed regularly (“Darwin, Linnaeus, and the Germ Theory of Disease” or “Smut and the Scientists” or “A Mere Cryptogamic Powder”) and will no doubt continue to do so. But the chapters, scope, and overall messages crystallized into something that I am very happy with and hope will be entertaining, interesting, and coherent for the reader. I gained confidence in how to approach writing through both trial and error, as well as through conversations with my colleagues at Wiko. The phrase “rhetorical strategy” took on new meaning, and I realized there was more to writing than the reasoned, narrow approach of a science paper; and that writing may indeed sometimes turn out better if done in coffee shops and away from the office context.

Inevitably perhaps, I still had to deal with the scientific papers that were in the pipeline. However, because all I wanted to do was “Wiko work”, I found it thoroughly frustrating and distracting. But perhaps I should not complain. I had three manuscripts accepted for publication and submitted two more. In the process of working on one of them, I had enough time to do some programming, beyond just “providing words” for the manuscript, and this stimulated me into new ideas and directions in understanding how the genetics of host-pathogen genetic interactions are molded by evolution and how to attack the subject theoretically. Discussions with others in our focus group and with Laura Rose, a visiting scientist, gave me many new ideas, and I am keen to pursue these new directions over the coming months.

There were other benefits of Wiko. I felt I cemented my interest in the visual arts. Our images group, an informal unplanned gathering, was one of the highlights of my stay

in Wiko. Not only did I make very good friends through this group, but also thoroughly enjoyed co-editing the Photobook at the end of the year with two of them, François Lissarrague and Christiane Kruse. As Christiane pointed out, at least we finished one book this year.

Historians taught me how to cite sources and to feel more relaxed with “ibids”. Bahru Zewde, on discovering that there were still more biologists but fewer historians among next year’s Fellows, was dismayed: “Without us historians you biologists will become insects. You need historians to give you your humanity.” At which point my other Villa Jaffé neighbor Behrooz Ghamari-Tabrizi interceded: “But history proves that we are all still animals.” I thoroughly enjoyed correcting the Arabian poetry for my other neighbor, Beatrice Gruendler, and she reciprocated when I had some German translations. We even translated an older German poem together, but disappointingly it was rejected by the *New Yorker*. But we hope to publish it in a journal with a lower impact factor.

With a visitor, Klaus Reinhardt, I started a project on infectious diseases and their impact on sperm longevity. Klaus also guided me skillfully and patiently through the depressing Berlin Document Center and the university archives in Halle and Heidelberg. These visits helped me cement some aspects of the life of Wilhelm Ludwig, a German evolutionary biologist whose work has been neglected. I found out that my initial publication on him in the early 1990s is the only paper of mine that has never been cited in the scientific literature, which makes me more determined than ever to keep going! I also translated one of Ludwig’s seminal papers and hope that at least this may be cited at some time in the future. We also found Ludwig’s house in Heidelberg, but alas after a lot of searching failed to find his grave in the nearby cemetery!! Next time, maybe.

Emotionally, it was a strange year, quite unlike any of my previous sabbaticals.

Now while still in my “dorm room” (albeit a very luxurious one) in Villa Jaffé, I feel I have just been through my first year at college, am just learning how everything works, and of course looking forward to having a greater chance of losing my virginity now that I am a more confident student. Alas, “next year” in this all too ephemeral college won’t happen (even though perhaps other things aren’t precluded!).

For me there were three very full semesters, separated by the Christmas and Easter “holidays” when I went back to the USA, where I normally live.

The first semester was difficult and complicated. This was largely for personal reasons. I was born in Riga, Latvia, and as a child had been in a refugee camp north of Germany. Eventually we settled in England, but my summers as a teenager were spent in

Austria, where my godmother and her family had ended up after the Second World War. After university, I had turned down a fellowship to study in Germany because I got my first choice for graduate work. So I had always wanted to come back to a German-speaking country. Alas in Berlin, the German past came to life for me more vividly than I had wanted it to, and it was difficult to reconcile my own enthusiasms for being here with some of the realities of the past. For example, Platform 17, which I was shown only a few months after passing it many times at Grunewald, was a shock, made worse by the snow on the platform memorials; one of them documented that 963 Jews were deported to Riga, a day after my birth there. The Stasi museum was modest, but the sheer size of the office complex that had orchestrated the repression was staggering, and seemed to condemn more than just a few individuals. I was very upset by discovering (through readings in our German class) that on reunification of East and West Germany, there was a wholesale take-over of university positions in the East by professors in the West with almost no respect for academic freedom (a process euphemistically labeled the *Abwicklung*). It was a case of McCarthyism mixed not with populism, but with elitism; and it maintained the oppressive and hierarchical academic system of West German universities. Were the people who did this now my colleagues here? To then discover that over 300 hours of language classes, a rigorous test, and at least 8 years of residency were required for German citizenship seemed to confirm the “same-old” attitudes. So it was a complex and somewhat difficult time for me.

My second semester, after Christmas, was less intense emotionally, but wasteful and therefore a bit exhausting. I read a tremendous amount, but did not take enough notes. I chased sources, but took too many false turns. I tried to get objective facts and didn't appreciate enough that at times there was no point. I looked for rational continuity of Chapters, but was palpably failing to entertain the reader. However, it was a joy to get support from my colleagues who emphasized how they too get stuck on writing, how they too have good periods and bleak periods, and that books take years not months. I did eventually make considerable headway on my proposed book, but never got into a good balance and rhythm in terms of reading, note taking, and writing. I still am not sure I am capable.

The opportunity to read widely and to think about many disciplines, from sociology to history to art, was wonderful. For a period of several months, I went through a very strong sense that I wanted to leave the sciences and join the humanities. It seemed that how things were said, how they were culturally presented, and what resonated with poli-

ticians and other power brokers was much more affected by the humanities than the sciences; the humanities were surprisingly useful! Barring advances in medical science and the realization that we may be destroying the planet, science seems to have provided us with little beyond conveniences and gadgets. But over the course of this “winter semester” this feeling was replaced by realism. I just do not have the competency or background scholarship to enter a humanities field productively; seeing the knowledge, commitment, and depth of my colleagues here was really humbling. I also felt there were too many intangible tempting tentacles in which to become entrapped. Eventually, even quite self-consciously, I found myself needing something solid and tangible. For one afternoon a week, I started going over to the Botanical Museum, recording disease on the herbarium specimens there, and though it was a small, even trivial task, it was something very concrete and reassuring.

The third “summer” semester was busy, exciting, and chaotic. I had committed to a number of seminars around Germany, and all my visitors seemed to descend on Berlin as spring and summer approached. But all the residual stuff had been taken care of, and I felt I was finally settling into some form of creative work. I made progress on the group project, new ideas came to the fore, and the summer evenings were surrounded by the lakes, by biking, and by discovering the infinite variations of Berlin lifestyles … and then it was all over.

For a few weeks before the end of the year I felt incredibly frustrated. Obviously, I had come here to try to do too many things, with too optimistic a frame of mind. In all of the projects progress was made, but I ended up very discouraged that I finished very little of what I came here to do. So the last few weeks I was a bit overwhelmed by the sense of incompleteness. I was told this was normal, but this didn’t help much.

But on a rational level, I am anything but discouraged. The optimist in me knows that many of the things I started here will be finished and will continue. I am already looking into options for returning to Berlin … there is a possibility of a flat for next year, and through contacts at the Freie Universität, I have been encouraged to apply for a Humboldt Fellowship. I am also looking forward to continuing many of the rich friendships I formed.

So I hope my “year like no other” will continue, somehow, somewhere.



## EVOLUTION IN THE GRUNEWALD MIKE BOOTS

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Mike Boots has been Professor of Disease Biology in the Department of Animal and Plant Sciences at the University of Sheffield since 2007. Previously he held Readerships at the Universities of Sheffield and Stirling and was a Natural Environmental Advanced Postdoctoral Fellow from 2000 until 2005. Having completed his Ph.D. in 1993 at the University of Liverpool, he held fellowships in Japan, starting with a Royal Society/Japan Society for the Promotion of Science, Postdoctoral Research Fellowship at Kyoto University followed by a European Union Science and Technology Postdoctoral Research Fellowship in the Laboratory of Theoretical Biology, Kyushu University and a Centre of Excellence Postdoctoral Fellowship at the Institute of Tropical Medicine, Nagasaki University. He has broad research interests in the ecology/epidemiology and evolution of infectious disease combining mathematical models with laboratory model insect virus systems to understand general patterns and specific wildlife and disease problems. He is Chair of the NERC responsive mode panel and a member of the REF Biosciences panel and will take up a Professorship in Exeter University this summer. – Address: College of Life and Environmental Sciences, The University of Exeter, Cornwall Campus Penryn, TR10 9EZ, Great Britain. E-mail: m.boots@exeter.ac.uk

My year at the Wissenschaftskolleg has been remarkably productive and liberating.

My intention for my year in Wiko was to write some large grant proposals, to finish many old papers, to learn evolutionary wisdom from Janis, Dieter, Rich and Curt, to develop a general theory of the role of epidemiological feedbacks on the evolution of diversity in hosts and parasites and to read more. I found that I read more, developed a

general theory on the role of epidemiological feedbacks on the evolution of diversity (more of this later), learnt so much from my conversations with Janis, Dieter, Rich, Curt, Ben, Lynda, Mary, Iruka, Paul, Andy and Olivia, finished most of my papers (see the reference list) and am pleased to say I wrote no grants. Once I had realized that it would be sacrilege to write grants at Wiko, I was very productive.

One major part of my activity has been three group projects aimed at big problems. Many of us at the Wiko feel that evolution should play a bigger role in medical practice, as along with explaining well-known evolutionary problems such as drug resistance, evolution has the potential to play an important role in rational treatment design. Led by Janis, in the first few months at the Kolleg we had many stimulating meetings that will lead to an article arguing how and when evolutionary thinking can help in medicine. Coming out of this, we also developed an interest as a group in understanding the evolution of specificity in hosts and parasites. My final group project came about via Internet conference call most weeks, where a group of researchers asked how predictable the virulence of an emerging disease would be (probably not) and when we might be able to predict what will happen to virulence after the emergence (we may have some useful things to say). The Kolleg provided us the time to really think and explore new directions and ideas, and I believe these three papers will make important contributions to the field.

The other major part of my new work was a journey with my collaborators to try to develop a general theory of how ecological feedbacks can generate and maintain diversity in host-parasite interactions. It is very common to find that some parasites infect very well and that some hosts are very resistant. This variation is important because it affects the evolution of virulence and immunity, alters the spread of disease and may have important implications for disease control. However, we don't yet have a good idea of what processes maintain this variation. I've been publishing models of the evolution of host defence for most of my career. In the last year, thanks to Wiko-sponsored visits by my key collaborators, we have brought all of this together and now have a good idea of what processes are likely to lead to diversity: (i) infection within families and (ii) particular combinations of parasite and hosts not infecting one another. The theoretical results have now been written up in two papers. Without my time at the Kolleg this work would have been much more piecemeal and I doubt we would have gained such an integrated overview of the problem. I would like to thank the Rector for funding my main collaborator Andy White's two visits. We are both so very proud of this work. I now feel that I can move on

from this problem that has consumed most of my research career. Time for something new and I thank the Kolleg for that liberation.

During my time in Berlin I gave lectures at five international meetings: the EEID meeting at the University of California Santa Barbara, USA; the NESCent Catalysis Meeting on “Evolution of Infectious Diseases: Integrating Empirical and Modelling Approaches” at Duke; the Fogarty International Center RAPIDD Workshop on Virulence Evolution in Fort Collins; the Instituto Gulbenkian de Ciência Workshop “Resistance and Tolerance to Infection” in Lisbon; and the remarkable Darwin Meets Nobel Symposium “The evolution of infectious agents in relation to sex” in Sweden. All of these meetings were stimulating and I have no doubt that the presentations were improved by their preparation in the Grunewald, but I regretted leaving the Kolleg to present them. That said, I resented much more the time spent away on unavoidable committee meetings in the UK.

Then there were the things that I had not planned: the development of an interest in the role of disease in human history, inspired by Bruce. The development and solidification of my views on the role of the developed world’s scientific approach in health care in the developing world, inspired by Iruka. The relationship between medical intervention and economics, inspired by Andy, and a number of other wonderful distractions in history and philosophy. In the end, the time to think, talk and read in an environment of broadened horizons improved the quality of everything I did this year and will, I have no doubt, have an even bigger impact in the future. It was a year of academia as I imagined academia to be when I started out trying to be an academic.

#### Papers published during the year

- Boots, M. and K. Roberts (2011). “Indirect Maternal Effects in Disease Resistance: Poor Maternal Environment Increases Offspring Resistance to an Insect Virus.” *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* (in revision).
- Boots, M. (2011). “The evolution of host defence is determined by resource dependent costs.” *The American Naturalist* 178, 214–220.
- Long, G. H. and M. Boots (2011). “How Can Immune Attack Shape the Evolution of Parasite Virulence?” *Trends in Parasitology* 27, 300–305.
- Best, A., S. Webb, A. White and M. Boots (2011). “Host Resistance and Co-evolution in Spatially Structured Populations.” *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* 278, 2216–2222.

- Tidbury, H., A. B. Pedersen and M. Boots (2011). "Within and Transgenerational Immune Priming in an Insect to a DNA Virus." *Proceedings of the Royal Society, B* 278, 871–876.
- Jones, E. O., A. White and M. Boots (2011). "The evolution of host protection by vertically transmitted parasites." *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* 278, 863–870.
- Best, A., S. Webb, J. Antonovics and M. Boots (2011). "Local Transmission Processes and Disease Driven Host Extinctions." *Theoretical Ecology* (in press).
- Reynolds, J. H., A. White, J. A. Sherratt and M. Boots (2011). "The population dynamical consequences of density-dependent prophylaxis." *Journal of Theoretical Biology* 288, 1–8.
- Bacelar, F. S., A. White and M. Boots (2011). "Life history and mating systems select for male biased parasitism mediated through natural selection and ecological feedbacks." *Journal of Theoretical Biology* 269, 131–137.
- Saejeng, A., M. T. Siva-Jothy and M. Boots (2011). "Low cost antiviral activity of *Plodia interpunctella* haemolymph in vivo demonstrated by dose dependent infection and haemolymph inoculation." *Journal of Insect Physiology* 57, 246–250.
- Leggett, H. C., E. O. Jones, T. Burke, R. S. Hails, S. M. Sait and M. Boots (2011). "Population genetic structure of the winter moth, *Operophtera brumata*, in the Orkney Isles suggests long distance dispersal." *Ecological Entomology* 36, 318–325.
- Vale, P. F., A. Best, M. Boots and T. J. Little (2011). "Context-dependent parasitism and the tragedy of tolerance." *The American Naturalist* 177, 510–521.
- Antonovics, J., M. Boots, J. Abbate, C. Baker, Q. McFrederick and V. Panjeti (2011). "Biology and evolution of sexual transmission." *Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences*.



## BOTH PEACE AND STIMULATION PIETRO BORTONE

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Pietro Bortone graduated in Classical, Medieval, and Modern Greek from King's College London. He then went to Oxford, where he obtained a Master's degree in Linguistic Theory, a Master's degree in Comparative Philology, and a doctorate in Historical Linguistics. He also studied Scandinavian Studies at University College London. While completing his doctorate, at Oxford, he taught for the Faculty of Classics and for the Sub-Faculty of Byzantine and Modern Greek and worked for the *Oxford English Dictionary*. He won scholarships from the Wingate Foundation and from the Onassis Foundation. He was then awarded a post-doctoral Fellowship in Hellenic Studies at Princeton and a Summer Fellowship in Byzantine Studies at the Dumbarton Oaks Institute of Harvard. He subsequently taught Modern Greek literature, culture, and language at the University of Illinois at Chicago, where he also held a Fellowship at the Institute for the Humanities. He received also a LeMay Research Fellowship at Rhodes University before being elected Fellow of the Wissenschaftskolleg. He has now been elected a Fellow at the Swedish Collegium for Advanced Study at Uppsala. He is the author of various articles in Greek linguistics and of the book *Greek prepositions from antiquity to the present* (Oxford University Press, 2010). – Address: Wolfson College, Oxford OX2 6UD, England.  
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My central aim during my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg was to further my current research project. The project had started a few years ago as a study of an archaic variety of Greek still spoken in a few villages of northeastern Turkey, but the purview of my research later extended far beyond the philological aspects.

Greek has been spoken in northeastern Turkey for well over 2,500 years, evolving into a distinct branch known as Pontic. Pontic is spoken by two separate groups: Christians, who identify themselves as Greek and always had strong cultural ties with Greece, and a much less known minority of Muslims who, having adopted Islam centuries ago, have come to be regarded as Turkish. While the Christians were all exiled from the area in the early 1920s, the Muslims have remained there to this day. Being devout Sunni and not regarding themselves as Greek, until recent years they had no contacts with the people, the culture or the language of Greece proper. Their language has therefore remained far more archaic than Modern Greek, not mutually intelligible with it – and not influenced by it, very much in contrast to the Pontic spoken by the Christian and Greek-identified population that was expelled. From a philological viewpoint, the Muslim variety of Pontic (or “Romayka”, as the speakers call it) is therefore a goldmine for the information it provides about earlier stages of Greek. Romayka contains classical features, may help us to understand medieval texts (perhaps even date them) and casts light on the origins of Modern Greek grammatical forms.

I got interested in Romayka in 2001 – spurred by Peter Mackridge, Professor of Modern Greek at Oxford, a pioneer in the area – and I worked on it intermittently while teaching and completing another, entirely unrelated large project (an analysis of the use of all prepositions in Greek, across the exceptionally long history of the language; my work identified, in the semantic changes that occurred, a systematic logic that partly answers a longstanding question debated in theoretical linguistics, in philosophy and in psychology).

The focus of my work on Romayka, after archival research in Greece and fieldwork in Turkey, broadened to comprise the socio-political and identity issues raised by the very existence of this language and its speakers. Romayka speakers, although retaining their peculiar Greek, have made a fascinating switch from Greek religion, Greek culture and Greek self-identification to their Turkish counterparts – which, in the traditional perceptions, are regarded as the opposite. The story of Muslim Greek-speakers thus brings into relief the historical transformation, the complexities and the contradictions of Modern Greek and Turkish national identities. These are of great interest because some of their features are unique and others highlight with exceptional clarity the unconscious mechanisms and conscious ploys at work also in the construction of the national identities of other countries. It is an area of considerable interdisciplinary relevance – for linguistics, classics, sociology, anthropology, history, cultural studies and more fields besides.

I arrived at the Wissenschaftskolleg having written already more than three hundred pages of the book and carrying two suitcases of additional material: papers, documents, articles, clippings and, above all, masses of notes that I had been making across the last few years. Through the Wiko library I obtained more material on general themes that my work touches upon. During my Fellowship I went through many of the documents I had collected and I endeavoured to weave my thinking into a logically sequenced and accessible narrative – rewording and restructuring what I had already written and adding three hundred more pages. The original plan was for one book made of four chapters, but the manuscript grew in size and in scope to the point that, during my Wiko year, I split it into two.

What is now the first book manuscript, which is practically finished and will be seen by my publisher in the coming weeks, grows out of the first chapter of the single book initially conceived: it concerns various facets of the interrelation between language and ethnic, national and other social categorizations (just as examples: language shifts and their flexible relationship with changes in ethnic/national identification; multilingualism and contested or manifold affirmations or attributions of ethnic/national identity; different roles given to languages in an imperial, national and “globalised” context; multiple and variable criteria used to assign ethnicity; the use of language as a symbol of ethnic membership and ethnic continuity and as the rationale for political claims; metaphors used to describe and to advocate membership in a national/ethnic community; linguistic stereotypes of other nationalities and ethnicities).

The second book manuscript concerns more specifically the changing constructions of Greek and Turkish national and ethnic identities, both inside and outside of Greece and Turkey. It deals with the ways these constructions are reflected in the Greek and Turkish languages and, conversely, the role that languages play in Greek and Turkish identities; and it examines the case of the Romayka speakers, who do not fit with the official discourses of Greek and Turkish identities because they transitioned from one identity to the other but still use their older language (indeed, they use the most archaic form of Greek spoken anywhere, with features not even found in the artificially archaic Greek that in Greece was promoted as evidence of a truer and purer Greek identity).

In my free time I also did smaller things, such as starting on an article I was commissioned on a different topic, peer-reviewing papers and applications, and such like. In part, my routine at the Wiko therefore consisted in a continuous cycle of reading and writing. But working at the Wiko entailed very much more than that: another aspect, very signifi-

cant at all levels (i.e. in chronological extent, intellectual stimulus and sheer enjoyment) was the continual exchanges I had with the people around me. At Wiko I was not just able to find peace and concentration in blissful solitude: I found also, thankfully, the opposite: I was able to have an on-going, thought-provoking, in-depth dialogue with a new set of interlocutors from a variety of fields – and we had very few other commitments, so had time for one another. I approached people, as they approached me, with all sorts of questions and curiosities. I came to think about some issues in my field in novel ways, stimulated by seminars I attended on unrelated subjects and by questions put to me from the viewpoint of a variety of disciplines; the questions did not come only after my own seminar, but also during daily meals, or in e-mails from Fellows who were either wrestling with issues pertinent to my field that had arisen in their own research, or who were just intrigued by my projects or my published work.

At the Wiko, interdisciplinarity was a daily reality and not just a buzzword (the Wiko has been fostering interdisciplinarity since long before it became trendy), and all Fellows agreed that this was having a positive influence on them. We all quickly developed a deep sense of camaraderie and felt free to discuss a vast range of topics. I enjoyed great conversations with a long list of different people; among those I talked to most often or extensively were Hannah Ginsborg, Alexander Verlinsky, Jane Burbank, Ilma Rakusa, Fred Cooper, Sandy Barnes, François Lissarrague, Thomas Pavel, Susan Pinkard, Terry Pinkard, Krzysztof Pomian, Kamran Asdar Ali, Birgit Meyer, Petra Gehring, Karl Schlögel, Bruce Campbell, Tanja Petrović, Daniel Warren, Mary Poss, Curtis Lively, Lynda Delph, Oliver Lepsius, Vikram Sampath, Raghavendra Gadagkar, Paul Schmid-Hempel and Reinhard Strohm. Moreover, the members of the Academic Administration and of the Head Office were also always among us, interested and involved; over lunch or breakfast, I exchanged ideas and views with Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, Joachim Nettelbeck, Eva von Kügelgen, Yehuda Elkana and Luca Giuliani, enjoying their insights and questions.

The Wiko and its Fellows also brought in guests. With some of them, too, I had engaging discussions, for instance with Carlo Ginzburg, Alexander Gavrilov and Diana Mishkova. Some guests put me in touch with other academics outside the Wiko; others invited me to give seminars at their institutions during my time in Berlin. I was thus flown, with the support of the Wiko, to Bulgaria to give a seminar, and to Russia to give two seminars, and I was asked to give more in the near future in other institutes and countries. All the talks I gave so far triggered more interest and dialogue.

Furthermore, the intellectual stimulation and pleasure offered by the Wiko did not come only from personal interactions. The Wiko continually organized seminars and conferences, as well as concerts and performances (both in-house and out), and even language classes. I had had Fellowships at other institutions elsewhere, and I had visited Berlin before – and yet the Wiko surpassed my expectations and my hopes. Welcoming and civilized, organized and professional; the atmosphere was always very friendly and remarkably free of tensions. The Fellows, despite having different training and diverging views (something that the Wiko is not afraid of), were striving towards collective goals and not just pursuing personal lustre. I am therefore thankful to my fellow Fellows and their partners for contributing to creating an environment that was intellectually invigorating and yet free from pretentiousness or rivalries (I know that it could have gone differently – and that this is something that the hosting institution cannot control). And I am grateful to the Wiko for enabling me to have an exciting, productive and hugely enjoyable year. I have nothing but praise for the Staff, from the Fellow Services offices, to the Library, to IT and technical support, to the kitchens. They all always endeavoured to help and accommodate all of us, far beyond the call of duty, demonstrating genuine concern.

And then there was Berlin. Its limitless possibilities – exhibitions, lectures, concerts, films and all manners of festivals, restaurants, markets and shops. I enjoyed the life and convenience of Berlin so much that, on leaving the Wiko at the end of the academic year, I rented a *pied-à-terre* in the centre of the city. I visit often, and many of my Wiko fellow Fellows are already scheduled to come to be my guests. And even the Fellows who live too far to come to see me in Berlin or Oxford still cherish their memory of their Wiko year and keep in touch.



LE WIKO N'EST PAS UNE MACHINE  
CAPABLE D'ARRÊTER LE TEMPS  
ACADEMIQUE ... C'EST UN ÎLOT DANS UN  
OCÉAN D'EXTRÊME SPÉCIALISATION  
DES DISCIPLINES  
ROBERT BOYER

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Né en 1943 à Nice, Robert Boyer a suivi une formation scientifique avant de se diriger en 1967 vers la recherche en économie, dans l'administration publique (Commissariat au Plan, Ministère des Finances) puis, à partir de 1974, dans le cadre du Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique (CNRS). Il a enseigné dans le cadre de l'École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales (EHESS) de 1983 à 2008. Il poursuit depuis ses recherches en économie politique au Centre Pour la Recherche en Économie et ses Applications (CEPREMAP). Il a reçu la Médaille d'argent du CNRS et le titre de Docteur *Honoris causa* des Universités de Buenos Aires et Louvain-La-Neuve et de *Fellow* de la Society for the Advancement of Socioeconomics. Il a contribué à la théorie de la régulation qui vise à analyser les transformations institutionnelles des économies capitalistes par la multiplication des recherches sur les trajectoires nationales à long terme et des comparaisons internationales portant sur la période actuelle. Voir *Contemporary Capitalism: The Embeddedness of Institutions*, avec Rogers Hollingsworth : Cambridge University Press, 1997 ; *Théorie de la régulation. L'état des savoirs*, avec Yves Saillard, Paris, 2002 (anglais : London, 2001). – Adresse : 7bis, boulevard Saint-Germain, 75005 Paris, France.

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### Les ambitions et l'optimisme de l'automne 2010

L'invitation au Wiko avait été précédée par une succession de séjours, respectivement à l'UNAM de Mexico (1 semestre), à la Copenhagen Business School (4 mois) puis à l'Université de Yokohama (2 mois), consacrés à des recherches sur les origines, le déroule-

ment et les conséquences de la crise ouverte par la faillite de Lehman Brothers, le 15 septembre 2008. Il en ressortait que les multiples signes annonciateurs de cette crise avaient été mis à l'écart au nom d'une théorie économique, réputée enfin scientifique, qui assurait que le libre jeu des marchés, y compris financiers, conduisait à des ajustements économiques sans heurt ni crise. Ceci était surprenant au vu du programme de recherches inspiré par la théorie de la régulation, puisque son objet n'est autre que l'analyse de la récurrence de diverses formes de crises, tantôt mineures – de simples récessions – tantôt majeures, comme le furent la Grande Dépression des années 1930 et en un sens celle qui marqua la fin de la forte croissance de l'après Seconde Guerre mondiale.

Une telle persistance dans la négation des crises comme phénomène intrinsèque aux sociétés capitalistes constitue donc pour les chercheurs régulationnistes une source de perplexité et un constant étonnement. Le programme de travail proposé au Wiko portait précisément sur la mise en évidence des facteurs susceptibles d'expliquer ce décalage croissant entre la sophistication des outils de l'économiste et son incapacité à rendre compte de phénomènes majeurs affectant les sociétés contemporaines : la coexistence de l'inflation et du chômage, la rupture de la croissance après 1973, l'essor de nouveaux pays industrialisés et plus récemment, la succession de crises financières d'abord en Amérique Latine, puis en Asie et finalement aux Etats-Unis.

C'était aussi une tentative pour mettre en ordre la masse de cours, articles, livres et recherches consultés et/ou réalisés depuis 1962, date à laquelle est né mon intérêt pour l'économie. Or, dans un contexte académique classique, il n'est pas aisément de procéder à une mise à distance méthodologique et épistémologique d'un itinéraire intellectuel. L'arrivée à Berlin le 1er octobre signifiait donc l'ouverture d'une période, tout à la fois en continuité et rupture, consacrée à la préparation d'un ambitieux ouvrage, provisoirement intitulé « L'économie, une science sociale ». Il s'agissait d'une critique de la culture mono-disciplinaire fort marquée chez les économistes. Le fait que le séjour à Berlin était le plus long qui m'eût été proposé au cours de ma carrière, incitait à l'optimisme : le but serait de repartir du Wiko avec l'essentiel de l'ouvrage projeté.

### La pression du temps propre au champ académique

C'était sans compter avec la continuité d'un engagement dans une série de projets dont certains, entrepris de longue date, devaient être achevés conformément à un calendrier fixé par les comités de rédaction de revues, les éditeurs d'ouvrages collectifs et les maisons

d'édition. Ce fut le cas pour l'ouvrage commencé à l'été 2008 sur la crise financière contemporaine, dont la mise au point finale a accaparé beaucoup plus d'efforts que prévu. De même, il était impossible de ne pas donner la priorité à la coordination d'un ouvrage marquant la collaboration, depuis plus d'une décennie, avec un réseau de chercheurs japonais et asiatiques. Le programme de recherche régulationniste concernant la diversité des capitalismes asiatiques se rappelait à mon attention au détriment de ce projet plus personnel et solitaire. La participation au Comité de Rédaction d'une jeune et fragile revue – la *Revue de la régulation* – apportait également son lot de demandes pressantes en matière d'évaluation des articles et de participation aux choix collectifs en ce qui concerne l'orientation de la revue et la sélection des articles.

Il faut ajouter que, chaque semaine, le courrier électronique transmettait d'alléchantes propositions de participation à des colloques, séminaires, numéros spéciaux de revues et d'ouvrages collectifs sur les deux thèmes centraux de ma recherche. Ainsi, d'une part les rencontres internationales sur la crise économique contemporaine se sont multipliées, d'autre part l'échec intellectuel – mais pas institutionnel – du paradigme en vigueur chez les macro-économistes a ouvert un espace sans précédent aux approches alternatives, trop longtemps marginalisées aux frontières de la profession. Comment décliner les invitations à des conférences où se rencontrent les dits « hérodotes » de toutes générations, venus du monde entier ? Le projet, l'espoir commun, n'est autre que celui de fonder, puis imposer une nouvelle orthodoxie, plus respectueuse de la complexité et de l'incertitude qui régressent les phénomènes économiques insérés dans la densité des relations sociales et politiques.

Le programme de recherche personnel se trouve enrichi par cette confrontation ... et simultanément il en est retardé, tant il est difficile de suivre la floraison de ces nouvelles recherches, d'en méditer et assimiler les apports tout en continuant à creuser le – tout petit – sillon personnel. En effet, l'élaboration d'un programme de recherche, porteur d'un renouvellement de l'économie politique, ne peut être qu'une œuvre collective. Cette tension a été ressentie avec une intensité particulière lors de ce séjour au Wiko. Son relatif isolement géographique par rapport à l'attraction et aux lumières de Berlin laissait à penser que s'était reconstitué, à Grunewald, l'équivalent d'une abbaye ou d'un monastère, exclusivement dédié à la concentration des fellows sur leur projet personnel et à leurs interactions avec la communauté des collègues.

Hélas, les forces propres au champ académique se sont attachées à montrer que cette déconnexion était toute relative. Il faut en outre ajouter qu'il est difficile de rester insen-

sible à l'ensemble des questions théoriques que pose l'histoire allemande vu de Berlin, pour qui a pour projet de comprendre comment changent les institutions du capitalisme sous l'effet des grandes crises, des conflits sociaux et des luttes politiques. Il m'a fallu résister à la tentation d'appliquer quelques-uns des concepts et outils de la théorie de la régulation à la compréhension de l'histoire de la République de Weimar, à la conquête du pouvoir par le nazisme, son « modèle » socio-économique, puis à son effondrement.

Il est donc particulièrement difficile de s'ennuyer au Wiko puisque le fellow est en permanence sollicité et tiraillé entre la passion pour son travail de recherche et/ou d'écriture, les sollicitations des collègues de sa discipline qui le relancent pour d'anciens ou de nouveaux projets, sa curiosité pour les richesses de la ville de Berlin, l'histoire et la société allemande, sans oublier le patient et difficile apprentissage de la langue allemande. D'autant plus que l'année 2010–2011 a été riche en événements défiant l'entendement des chercheurs en sciences sociales. L'irruption des « révolutions arabes » questionne chacune des disciplines en son noyau dur : sont-elles condamnées à ne trouver que de laborieuses rationalisations *a posteriori*, tout comme l'économiste face aux crises économiques ? Ainsi, à peine commencée, l'année paraît s'achever. Ce n'est pas un hasard si, de façon récurrente, les fellows demandent comment prolonger leur invitation ou devenir des permanents de l'institution. La fiction *Wikostan Spring*, présentée lors de la fête de fin d'année, témoigne de ce rêve. N'est-ce pas oublier que de la répétition naît l'ennui et que c'est l'autonomie du Wiko par rapport aux pratiques académiques qui en fait la valeur ?

Mais il existe une autre source de mise à distance du fellow par rapport à son propre projet et qui tient à l'objectif même d'un Centre d'Études Avancées.

### Un dialogue entre disciplines, a priori éloignées, est possible

Après avoir étudié la liste des fellows de l'année 2010–2011, et constaté la diversité de leurs spécialités et pratiques de travail et d'écriture, mon pronostic fut que le symposium du mardi relevait d'une mission impossible et qu'il serait difficile pour tout un chacun de formuler le moindre commentaire ou question tant soit peu pertinent sur l'exposé d'un collègue. Or, le grand étonnement fut qu'au fil des symposiums jamais la liste des intervenants potentiels n'a été épousée avant l'heure fatidique fixée pour le repas.

D'abord chaque fellow, à sa façon, a réussi à faire passer un message clair en direction de non spécialistes, sans pour autant transiger avec les règles de la discipline ou les impératifs de la création artistique : c'est un antidote par rapport à la pratique en vigueur au

sein de chaque champ académique, puisqu'en règle générale, l'exposé s'adresse en fait à un tout petit nombre de collègues, très au fait des derniers développements de la discipline. Donner à voir comment pense un artiste ou un chercheur, à propos d'un travail en cours, c'est traverser le décor et visiter les coulisses.

Ensuite, chacun est contraint de reconnaître l'extrême variété de l'exercice de l'intellect : un juriste emmène l'auditeur au cœur de sa discipline ; le biologiste explicite les relations entre une grande question – quels sont les mécanismes à l'œuvre dans l'évolution – et la construction d'une expérience de terrain ou de laboratoire *ad hoc* ; un écrivain rend sensible le mystérieux processus de la création littéraire ; des anthropologues montrent comment la délimitation précise d'un processus et d'un terrain permet de relativiser les fondements apparemment « rationnels », par exemple, des interventions des organisations internationales dans l'organisation des systèmes de santé. Enfin, en mettant au centre de l'analyse un concept tel que celui d'empire, l'historien renouvelle la compréhension tant d'un passé lointain que du processus d'intégration européenne.

Ça et là peuvent apparaître des convergences insoupçonnées. Par exemple, on est frappé de noter la proximité des questions et des méthodes entre le courant des biologistes évolutionnistes et le programme des économistes néo-schumpétériens : la dynamique d'une population ou d'une économie résulte de l'interaction, au niveau local, d'une multitude d'entités à travers des mécanismes de sélection et d'apprentissage, de compensation et de coopération. La grande différence est cependant que les économistes font rarement des expériences en grandeur réelle. Une convergence rapproche l'anthropologie de la médecine en Afrique et de l'économie institutionnaliste : les décideurs publics, loin de la réalité des pratiques, projettent un modèle de choix rationnels, au mieux, inefficace en médecine, au pire, dangereux car précipitant une crise ouverte, comme ce fut le cas en économie.

Enfin, étant donné le poids croissant des déterminations économiques dans les sociétés contemporaines, on trouve trace de raisonnements et/ou de processus économiques dans la plupart des autres disciplines : le recours à l'économie pour tenter de fonder des normes juridiques, le rôle de la rareté des ressources dans l'organisation de la médecine tant en Afrique qu'en Allemagne, l'impact déterminant du financement dans la recherche en biologie ...

En outre, tout fellow est un acteur économique qui se préoccupe, par exemple, du devenir de son fonds de pension, du risque d'une prochaine crise aux Etats-Unis ou en Europe. Il est aussi un observateur attristé de l'autisme de certains de ses collègues écono-

mistes, alors que l'historien de l'économie peut regretter la rupture du cœur de la discipline économique par rapport aux résultats accumulés concernant les rythmes économiques de longue période. Autant de théories qui furent l'objet de multiples discussions dans un cadre convivial et informel, tout au long de l'année.

Ainsi, une interdisciplinarité, ailleurs assez introuvable, pourrait s'esquisser au sein d'institutions telles que le Wiko. Mais comment faire pour que l'exception devienne une pratique courante ?

### Un îlot, l'archipel des Instituts d'Études Avancées et les continents des disciplines

Ce séjour a donc consolidé le projet d'une économie redevenue science sociale, puisqu'il existe des possibilités d'échanges de problématiques, d'outils et même de certains résultats qui transcendent les champs académiques. Par exemple, biologistes et économistes évolutionnistes confluencent, sous des hypothèses assez générales, que la diversité est favorable à la résilience des systèmes qu'ils soient écologiques, économiques ou financiers.

Pourtant, mes recherches sur les raisons, tant de l'échec que de l'autisme du cœur de la discipline économique montrent combien la structuration des divers champs académiques introduit autant d'obstacles à de telles aventures pluridisciplinaires. C'est tout particulièrement le cas en économie : une pression due au conformisme impliqué par l'organisation des publications et des carrières ; la prépondérance des innovations en matière de techniques au détriment d'une réflexion conceptuelle et critique ; une forte sensibilité aux groupes d'intérêt susceptibles de financer des recherches justifiant la légitimité de leurs revendications ; enfin l'alibi que constitue l'extrême spécialisation en sous-sous ... disciplines pour tenter de justifier l'échec de l'ensemble d'une profession dans sa prétention à la scientificité.

Il est dès lors tentant de proposer comme antidote à cette balkanisation des disciplines, la multiplication des Instituts d'Études Avancées et leur fédération afin de constituer un maillage suffisamment dense pour fournir une alternative à la fermeture de chaque discipline sur elle-même et la fuite dans une spécialisation de plus en plus poussée ... et problématique. Nombre d'obstacles doivent être surmontés pour convertir cette utopie en une force agissante dans la recomposition des champs académiques.

D'abord, pour l'instant, rares sont les problématiques nouvelles qui ont émergé des Institutes for Advanced Studies ou des centres équivalents. On peut citer le Santa Fé Institute et sa percée en matière de dynamiques non linéaires. Ensuite et surtout l'ambition

de constitution de nouveaux paradigmes est une tâche qui dépasse les capacités d'une institution ne recevant des fellows que pour une période très courte. Le précédent des percées en matière de physique ou de mathématique suppose que se constituent des groupes de chercheurs, se rencontrant régulièrement et inscrivant leur effort dans la durée, celui du changement des bases d'une discipline ... ou de la fondation d'une nouvelle. N'est-ce pas le propos de divers projets abrités par le Wiko, dont « Law in Context » ?

Enfin, en période de crise paradigmatico, on observe souvent un durcissement des communautés académiques sur la défense de leur totem, fut-il chancelant. Dans une première phase, les disciplines constituées se défendent avec vigueur et s'attachent à priver de financement les « hétérodoxes » qui sont ainsi entravés et incapables de mettre au point et développer un paradigme, qui serait pourtant prometteur, car proposant une réponse aux nombreuses anomalies qui transpercent « l'orthodoxie ». Ce n'est que dans un second temps, et s'ils ont survécu, que les îlots, porteurs d'une fondation ou d'une refondation, finissent par délimiter un nouveau continent. L'histoire dure longtemps.

#### Publications et travaux réalisés lors du séjour au Wiko

- « La crisis actual a la luz de los grandes autores de la economía política. » *Revista de la UAM Economía Teoría y Práctica* 33 (juillet–décembre 2010) : 9–56.
- « Are there laws of motion of capitalism? » *Socio-Economic Review* 9, 1 (janvier 2011) : 59–81.
- « Succès et résilience de l'industrie allemande. » *Les cahiers du Lasaire « Susciter une nouvelle ambition industrielle pour la France. »* 42 (mars 2011) : 25–52.
- « Civiliser le capitalisme. » Entretien avec Robert Boyer par Naïri Nahapétian. *Alternatives Économiques* 301 (avril 2011).
- « Prospérité, qui la redéfinira ? » (en collaboration avec Isabelle Cassiers et Isabelle Ferreras). In *Redéfinir la prospérité. Jalons pour un débat public*, édité par Isabelle Cassiers et al., 267–277. Luxembourg : Éditions de l'Aube, 2011.
- Finance et globalisation. La crise de l'absolutisme du marché* (en Japonais). Tokyo : Fujiwara Shoten, juin 2011.
- Les financiers détruiront-ils le capitalisme ?* Paris : Economica, 2011.
- Diversity and Transformations of Asian Capitalisms* (avec Hiroyasu Uemura et Akinori Isogai). New York : Routledge, 2011.

- « The renewed international and internal diversity of capitalisms: China. » In *Capitalist Diversity and Diversity within Capitalism*, sous la direction de Christel Lane et Geoffrey T. Wood, 39–69. New York : Routledge, 2011.
- « La discipline économique des années trente à nos jours. D'un espoir prométhéen à une dramatique révision. » *Le Débat* (novembre 2011), mars 2012.
- « The four fallacies of contemporary austerity policies. The lost Keynesian legacy. » *Cambridge Journal of Economics*, special issue. Janvier, 2012.
- « Post-Keynésiens et régulationnistes : Une alternative à la crise de l'économie standard ? *Revue de la Régulation* (avril 2012), 10, décembre 2011.



## BELFAST – BERLIN – BELFAST

### BRUCE M. S. CAMPBELL

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Belfast, where I have lived and worked since 1973, still retains a wall – the ironically named “peace line” – which separates the Protestants of the Shankill Road from the Catholics of the Lower Falls Road. Notwithstanding the “Peace (or, ‘piece by piece’) Process”, it remains a troubled city. Thanks to the Real IRA, the level of security alert in Northern Ireland has been “high” throughout my time at Wiko. Ominously, in April dissident Republicans murdered Catholic police officer Ronan Kerr in Co Tyrone. In July, rioting broke out once again at the Catholic/Protestant interfaces in east and north Belfast. In the ghettos, recession and rising unemployment are playing into the hands of the paramilitaries. It sounds grim and yet, despite it all, the city is a good place to live. What

makes it so is less the spectacular setting and beautiful coast and countryside than the inhabitants' irrepressible and frequently black humour. They shrug off and laugh at what might make others cry.

Nevertheless, after 37 years living and working through bad times and good, it has been great to get away to a city which is putting past divisions behind it. Berlin's past is darker than Belfast's, and reminders of it are omnipresent, but, with the Wall that once divided East from West torn down and old scars fast healing, its present is far brighter. Modern Germany is living proof that time is a great healer. Of course, Berlin is far from beautiful, World War II and the sheer scale of post-war reconstruction made sure of that, but the city is never dull and the eye rarely bored. The ugly invariably provokes a response and beautiful things do exist – Karl Friedrich Schinkel's Elisabeth Church and Dorotheenstädtische Friedhof, his final resting place – even if they take some seeking out. In leafy Grunewald, stark juxtapositions of building styles and periods lend interest to every street. The *Stolpersteine* stop you in your tracks. Wiko's immediate suburban surroundings repay exploration.

Berlin is ten times the size of Belfast and offers more than ten times the cultural opportunities. Consequently, I came to Wiko and Berlin with many aspirations. Culturally, I hoped to hear J. S. Bach and Anton Bruckner performed by experienced German musicians; attend as much opera as possible in a city with three active opera companies, each with a wide repertoire; become better acquainted with the architecture of Schinkel; see something of Berlin's immediate environs; and visit the ancient city of Würzburg on the River Main. Academically, I looked forward to liberation from narrow preoccupations with Research Evaluation Frameworks, performance league tables, research outputs and impacts, and all the tedious and intrusive monitoring which each of these entails plus the opportunity to live and work once again within the kind of inter-disciplinary, multi-cultural and multi-ethnic environment from which I had profited so much as a postgraduate at Darwin College, Cambridge. My Wiko project was to write a book. To it I have devoted the greatest part of my time.

The only tickets hard to obtain in Berlin are those for Sir Simon Rattle conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Fortunately, Eliahu Inbal conducting the Konzerthausorchester in Bruckner's 5th Symphony and Kent Nagano conducting the Deutsches Symphonie Orchester of Berlin in the same composer's 7th and 9th Symphonies at the Berlin Philharmonie demonstrated that there is no shortage of excellent alternatives. The prospect of hearing the Ulster Orchestra perform these works to this standard in Belfast is

remote. Irish performances of Bach's St. Matthew Passion are less rare, but the RIAS Kammerchor's Eastertime performance of this great work, with Lothar Odinius's crystal-clear enunciation of the words of the evangelist, far exceeded in quality what I might hear at home. For those of us fortunate enough to be facing the performers, not a word or note was lost. The Berlin Philharmonie may have great acoustics, but this is scant consolation for that third of the audience seated to the rear of the platform. It is one of the mysteries of Berlin that a concert hall with such an unsatisfactory seating plan should be so above criticism.

Seating arrangements in Berlin's three opera houses are more conventional. All have unrestricted sightlines and excellent acoustics. The Komische Oper occupies by far the loveliest theatre, with the added benefit of seat-level subtitles in the language of your choice, but the Schillertheater provides a stylish alternative home for the Staatsoper and I even became fond of the stark auditorium of the Deutsche Oper. Lucky Berliners to have such a choice of theatres, operas and productions. Opera in Germany, and certainly in Berlin, is affordable and usually excellent value for money, with singing and playing of a consistently high standard. There is nothing remotely snobby about the audiences and anyone and everyone goes. There is also so much opera that singers can gain experience without overtaxing their voices, as they work up from small roles and houses to big. The main hazard is weird productions at variance with the works being performed, of which Berlin appears to have more than its fair share. Never to be forgotten is the chorus of disapproval that rained down on director Graham Vick and designer Paul Brown when they took their curtain call at the Deutsche Oper's premier of a wonderfully sung and played but dismally interpreted *Tristan und Isolde*, hideously set in what appeared to be a cross between a motel and an old people's home. To hear almost the entire audience in full cry, whistling, hooting and booing, was worth every Euro. The same company's productions of *Don Giovanni* (which took liberties with Mozart's score) and *Samson et Dalila* (which took liberties with the opera's libretto and plot) were worse. At the Staatsoper Krzysztof Warlikowski's no-holds-barred staging of Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* was the single most outrageous assault on the senses, but since it basically respected both plot and score he just about got away with it. This proved to be the ultimate Berlin operatic experience.

Starting with Eugene D'Albert's *Tiefland* at the Deutsche Oper, ending with Toshio Hosokawa's *Matsukaze* at the Staatsoper, and taking in *Der Freischütz* at Magdeburg's smart modern theatre, an outstanding (and disconcertingly inexpensive) *Parsifal* at Würzburg (for once staged almost exactly as Wagner intended), and an intelligently directed

and economically staged *Ring* at Weimar (in which Würzburg's Parsifal – Irish tenor Paul Macnamara – turned up to sing Loge), I eventually attended 45 productions of 43 operas. There were many highlights. The harrowing final scene of the Deutsche Oper's powerful staging of Poulenc's *Dialogue of the Carmelites* – a unique work about fear, fear of death, fear of fear, and conquest of fear through faith – was especially memorable. In the same house the entire audience held its breath during Jane Archibald's virtuoso and moving performance of the celebrated mad scene in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. This was the kind of experience of which all opera lovers dream. At the Staatsoper, René Jacobs' powerful but simple realisation of the rare Tommaso Traetta opera, *Antigona*, demonstrated what can be achieved on a modest budget with supreme dramatic intelligence. The same was true of the Komische Oper's imaginatively staged and brilliantly cast *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. It was so joyful I went twice and, for a whole range of reasons, it is the opera above all that I shall probably associate most with my time at Wiko and what that was all about.

It is commonplace in Berlin to update operas to the present, or at least the time of the work's composition, but in the case of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* the Staatsoper opted to recreate Schinkel's 1815 set designs and costumes. Although it was certainly fascinating to see them, they did bring home just how much stage design has moved on since then. Many of Schinkel's interiors share a similarly stagey and skin-deep quality, since they rely upon painted-on rather than three-dimensional decoration and serve as a reminder that his original ambition was to be a painter. The best are exquisite: at Potsdam the Charlottenhof and Roman Baths (a dream of Herculaneum as it may once have been), Schloss Tegel's sculpture gallery, the Belvedere at Schloss Glienicke. Architecturally more ambitious and impressive are his Greek Revival Altes Museum (its colonnade and stairway now compromised by modern glazing), the classical gem that is the Neue Wache, the spectacularly domed St. Nicholai Church at Potsdam, with its vast single central space, alas, following wartime bombing, now shorn of much of its rich interior decoration, and, in Berlin, the perfectly proportioned interior of the Gothic Revival Friedrichswerder Church.

Anyone interested in Schinkel (or the 20 July 1944 attempt to assassinate Hitler) should make a pilgrimage to Neuhausenberge, 30 km east of Berlin, in the valley of the River Oder where each village contains a cemetery of Russian soldiers who fell in the final 1945 advance upon Berlin. Here, in one of his earliest commissions, the young architect reworked an unfinished earlier Baroque house into a Neoclassical *Schloss* of stocky

dignity. He also designed the parish church on the village green just outside the gates. Both have recently been skilfully and sensitively restored. It was at Schloss Neuhausenberg that the plot against Hitler was hatched. Carl-Hans Graf von Hardenberg hosted meetings of the conspirators, and a small exhibition in the house, now restored and operated as a residential conference centre by the German Savings Bank and Giro Association, tells of his involvement and subsequent fate. He was arrested, imprisoned and interrogated, attempted suicide, but, cared for at Sachsenhausen concentration camp by the communist and fellow internee Paul Hofmann, he actually survived the war and eventually died, exiled from his confiscated Neuhausenberg estate, in 1958. Not until 1991, following *Die Wende*, were his remains finally interred in the family burial plot beside Neuhausenberg Church. An earlier request for burial had been declined by the DDR authorities, on the principle that von Hardenberg was an aristocrat and even his bones were unwelcome in the model socialist settlement of Marxwalde which Neuhausenberg had become.

The Neuhausenberg estate also boasts an exceptionally beautiful park, designed in the English style by Peter Joseph Lenné and Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau, the two most celebrated German garden designers of their age. The German talent for gardening was a new discovery for me and one of several striking affinities between the Germans and English, who pride themselves as a nation of gardeners. The great park at Wörlitz, with its superfluities of follies and visitors, is an explicit homage to England and the English-designed landscape, while Schinkel's Schloss Babelsberg at Potsdam takes its inspiration from Windsor Castle and an Anglo-Irish penchant for the neo-Gothic style. The *Schloss* remains shuttered up but its grounds and gardens are now restored and well worth a visit, as are those of his neo-Italianate Schloss Glienicker, just a short walk away. When it comes to garden restoration, the Germans are in a league of their own, as historic garden after garden testifies: at Charlottenburg, Kloster Jerichow with its recreated monastic herb garden, Oranienbaum near Dessau with its Dutch and Chinese gardens, romantically landscaped Pfaueninsel, formal Rheinsberg (where Frederick the Great spent some of the happiest years of his not particularly happy life), Goethe's House with its intimate town garden in Weimar, the showy Residence at Würzburg, and Rococo Veitshöchheim.

North, south, east and west of Berlin there is more to see and explore than can be fitted into a 10-month Wiko fellowship. The twelfth-century brick-built Praemonstratensian monastery at Jerichow was the destination of one particularly rewarding excursion,



Havelberg Cook

together with the *Dom* and town at Havelberg, a few kilometres to the north. The latter's little-known cathedral proved to be an almost perfectly preserved gem. It is charmingly cloistered, modest in size, formidable in the stark militarism of its mighty west-work, and impressive in its setting high above the River Havel (just above its confluence with the Elbe). The original Romanesque church burnt down in 1279 (an architecturally fortunate date) and a High Gothic church was then erected within the skeleton of the earlier Romanesque structure. The result is idiosyncratic and pleasing. Its interior contains a wealth of late medieval, Renaissance and Baroque fittings and furnishings, some exceptionally fine but much restored stained-glass windows, and two remarkable giant stone candelabra carved with brio and finesse around 1300, featuring representations of a chubby little cook with his wooden spoon and his colleague, the assistant cellarer. The *Dom* still preserves its medieval rood, as does the larger and grander *Dom* at Halberstadt, the first German cathedral to be built from start to finish in the Gothic style. It was a source of inspiration for Schinkel and other German Romantic painters and architects, who, rightly, idealised Gothic ecclesiastical architecture.

Wartime bombing sadly flattened Halberstadt and inflicted much structural damage on the cathedral (all now made good). Not far away, Magdeburg also suffered

much devastation, so much so that Vera Schulze-Seeger expressed amazement at my wish to visit. Nevertheless, the city still contains more sites of interest than can be fitted into a single day's visit and the scale and grandeur of its cathedral, one of the greatest in Germany, with its wealth of fine sculpture well repaid the pilgrimage. Surprisingly, given the damage meted out to the rest of the town, the vast *Dom* sustained only minor damage in the blitz. Würzburg was less fortunate. The destruction of this lovely old Franconian city on the night of 16 March 1945 was almost total. Within the space of just 17 minutes, 1,127 tons of incendiary bombs were dropped upon the historic town centre: civilian casualties were heavy and the cathedral, historic churches, Würzburg Residence and Marienberg fortress were all seriously damaged. The bombardment was more concentrated even than the more notorious bombing of Dresden, and post-war Würzburg inherited a similarly daunting task of reconstruction. Miraculously, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo's spectacular ceiling painting depicting the supremacy of Europe over Asia, Africa and the Americas survived intact. The rest of the Residence, along with most of the city's principal cultural monuments, is now restored but the town itself has been more blandly rebuilt in a pared-down post-war style. Nevertheless, as a thriving university city and provincial capital it bustles in a way that better-preserved Weimar, killed with kindness and an excess of cultural reverence, does not.

Würzburg has been badly damaged before. During the Thirty Years War the Swedes attacked and destroyed the Marienberg; and the River Main, astride which Würzburg sits, has periodically flooded with destructive force, most recently in August 2002. The riverbanks are now crowned with sophisticated electronically-controlled flood defences but, were the river to rise as high as it did in the St. Mary Magdalene's flood of July 1342, even these would be ineffective. The torrential rains which drenched central Europe that summer caused the Main to rise higher than ever before or since. As a stone plaque now on display in the Marienberg fortress commemorates: *On the twelfth day before the calendars of August AD 1342, on the Sunday before Jacobi, the river Main rose as high as never before. The water level reached the steps of the cathedral of Würzburg and flowed around the first stone statues. The bridge with the tower, the walls and many stone houses in Würzburg collapsed. In the same year there were similar floods all over Germany and in other regions.*

To view at first hand this tablet and the River Main was my primary reason for visiting Würzburg, for the weather event responsible for this extreme flood occurred at a tipping point in climate systems around the globe. Historical records and evidence derived from ice cores, speleothems, ocean shelf varves and tree rings all point to a major

shift in established climate patterns right across Eurasia from the late 1330s and early 1340s. The devastating epidemic known as the Black Death followed in their train.

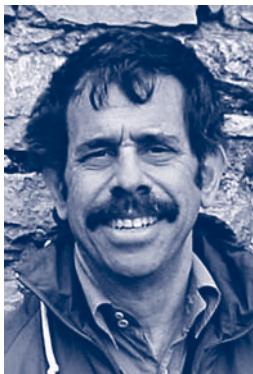
My project at Wiko has been to research and write a book on climate, disease and society in the fourteenth century. I arrived with the data collected and analysed and a clear idea of the form that the book would take. Nevertheless, the space and opportunity to read beyond the literature conventionally relied upon by medieval economic historians, especially the fast-growing scientific literatures on past climates, climate change, climate and disease, and plague (alias *Yersinia pestis*) rapidly transformed both my vision and the dimensions of the project. Preparation for my colloquium presented on 7 December further focused my thoughts and resulted in a complete reformulation of the whole project. Subsequent conversations with Wiko Fellows working on infectious disease have also been of great benefit. Half the book (the most difficult half dealing with climate and disease) is now in first draft; the rest, dealing with society and the interactions between climate, disease and society during the fourteenth century, remains to be written. This is the task that I shall be returning to Belfast to complete, spurred by the invitation received while at Wiko to deliver the 2013 Ellen McArthur Lectures at the University of Cambridge: the book's four themes of climate, disease, society and the interactions between them during the fourteenth century will comprise the subjects of these four lectures. Is there anything more guaranteed to concentrate the mind and lend purpose to a difficult writing task than the prospect of having to speak knowledgeably and interestingly about its subject in public?

I have pondered whether I would have made better progress with my book if Wiko had been a less sociable place, its Colloquia and meals more conveniently scheduled, and Berlin a less fascinating and diverting city. I shall never know the answer. What is beyond doubt, however, is that given all that has happened financially, politically and environmentally in the world during 2010–11, this has been an extraordinarily fascinating year to spend among such an informed, diverse and international group of colleagues. Within and beyond the Eurozone there has been the continuing and seemingly escalating financial, economic and political fallout from the ongoing international credit crisis. There have been the popular Arab risings, successful in Tunisia and Egypt, but so far violently resisted or repressed everywhere else, and leading to NATO's direct military involvement in Libya, with potential outcomes which give cause for grave concern. In February the Guttenberg plagiarism scandal hit the news; on 2 May the Americans finally succeeded in tracking down and “assassinating” Osama Bin Laden; and two weeks later Dominique

Strauss-Kahn was forced to resign as head of the International Monetary Fund following the accusation that he had committed a violent sexual assault. Each in its own way seemed incredible. Meanwhile, in December and January, while Germany and much of northern Europe froze, strong La Niña conditions in the tropical Pacific caused torrential summer rains to fall over north-eastern Australia, precipitating the devastating Queensland floods. 2010–11 will stand out as a year of extreme weather events, with serious drought in Somalia, drought and floods in China, tornadoes and a scorching heat wave in North America, and poor harvests in many of the main grain-producing regions of the world. Whether these developments were chance, random events or are symptomatic of more profound changes in the World's climate is far from clear. And as if this were not enough, Christchurch, New Zealand, was devastated by a serious earthquake on 22 February, northern Japan by a combined mega-earthquake and tsunami on 10–11 March, there were volcanic eruptions in Iceland in May, Chile in June and Eritrea and Indonesia in July, and in May a mutant *E. coli* bacterium resulted in a major public-health scare in Germany. So all in all it has been an extremely eventful year. Interesting as so many of the Colloquia have been, it is the many conversations over lunches and dinners about these fast changing situations which have in many ways proved to be the most illuminating and rewarding aspect of life at Wiko. I shall miss this breadth of experience and knowledge when I return to the more provincial world of Belfast.

While I have been away, the UK's coalition government has introduced a series of austerity measures intended to redress the country's seriously imbalanced finances. These have yet to bite. Government funding of universities, and especially of humanities and social sciences teaching, has been cut and English universities have responded by raising student tuition fees. The situation for Northern Ireland's two universities is worse, since they are funded directly from the Northern Ireland Assembly's block grant: not only is their cut in funding greater, but a cap has been imposed upon students' fees, leaving Queen's University with a multi-million pound shortfall in revenues. The university has responding by placing a freeze on all appointments and inviting staff to apply for voluntary severance or early retirement. Morale among academic staff is understandably very low and pessimism about the future rife. On 15 July my Vice Chancellor wrote: "It is extremely disappointing to report that the most recent attempts by the Minister for Employment and Learning to secure agreement for the future funding of higher education and student support have yet to reach a successful conclusion." Meanwhile, the Universities and Colleges' Union is balloting members on strike action over threats to academic

pensions and is actively opposing government proposals to open universities up to wider competition. Whatever the eventual outcomes and uncertain merits of these government proposals, it is clear that the school and university to which I am returning are already much altered from those I left last September and profoundly different from those I joined in the halcyon days at the start of my career when academics placed teaching and students before research, minority subjects and small departments thrived and were cherished, and the Northern Irish Troubles were at their worst.



BERLIN – DAKAR – PARIS:  
STUDYING FRENCH AFRICA IN BERLIN  
FREDERICK COOPER

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Frederick Cooper is Professor of History at New York University and a specialist in the history of Africa, of colonization and decolonization, and of empires more generally. He previously taught at Harvard University and the University of Michigan and has been a visiting professor at the École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales and École Normale Supérieure. He is the author of a trilogy of books on labor and society in East Africa and more recently of *Decolonization and African Society: The Labor Question in French and British Africa* (1996); *Africa Since 1940: The Past of the Present* (2002); and *Colonialism in Question: Theory, Knowledge, History* (2005). He is also co-author with Thomas Holt and Rebecca Scott of *Beyond Slavery: Explorations of Race, Labor, and Citizenship in Post-Emanicipation Societies* (2000) and with Jane Burbank of *Empires in World History: Power and the Politics of Difference* (2010), and co-editor with Ann Stoler of *Tensions of Empire: Colonial Cultures in a Bourgeois World* (1997) and with Randall Packard of *International Development and the Social Sciences: Essays in the History and Politics of Knowledge* (1997). – Address: Department of History, New York University, 53 Washington Square South, New York, NY 10012-1098, USA. E-mail: fred.cooper@nyu.edu

Between an ideal work environment, the pleasures of Berlin, and the possibilities of endless stimulating conversations with colleagues, Wiko offers a wide range of temptations and no bad choices among them. My fellowship year came at a particularly propitious time. Along with Jane Burbank, I had recently completed a book that was the product of ten years of teaching and reflection and five years of writing, *Empires in World History: Power and the Politics of Difference*, published by Princeton University Press just a few

months before our arrival in Berlin. During the many years while the empire project was in gestation, I had been making repeated forays to archives and libraries in France and Senegal, and so arrived in Berlin with an enormous quantity of historical material on my hard drive and a substantial array of photocopied documents as well. Thanks to the good fortune of a six-month fellowship at Wiko's sister (or should I say daughter?) Nantes Institute for Advanced Study in 2009 (in an interval between final draft and page proofs of the empires book), I had managed to write one chapter on the new project, but it had then sat untouched for a year while I was back to my normal teaching duties. So the fellowship at Wiko gave me the chance to recover from one project and get going on another – all in an environment that was congenial and encouraging.

I will say more shortly about my project and how Wiko contributed to its realization, but first a general comment about the intellectual atmosphere of the past year. For some Fellows, close interchange with a small number of other Fellows with closely overlapping interests – allowing for breakthroughs in individual perspectives and projects – has been the most fruitful aspect of a year in this community. For me, it is more what one might call the pleasures of intellectual life. Being among biologists, philosophers, writers, and jurists has been as interesting to me as being among scholars whose orientation is more like my own. At lunches, dinners, parties, and of course the Tuesday colloquia, discussions have been far-ranging and stimulating. I found this experience very rewarding. The closer one gets to the subject on which I am writing, the more people I already know from whom I get ideas and feedback, but the overall intellectual environment of Wiko is unique. What has been most interesting has been conversations that have taken me further afield, to domains about which I would never dare to write a word but that (at age 63) have contributed to my broader education.

The range of endeavors represented at Wiko is thus a particular attraction. That it is broader than the range represented at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford, where I have also been a Fellow, might at first seem to pose a problem. How can one get into serious conversation about topics about which one has no prior knowledge? The Stanford Center, by focusing on social sciences (with a modest number of outliers) might seem to offer better opportunities for interaction. I found the reverse to be true. Being among a collection of smart people who were able and interested in explaining what they were doing was more conducive to conversation than the supposed commonalities of social science. This situation has something to do with the excessive polarization that has occurred within American social science, between those who wish

they were theoretical physicists and those who think of themselves as cultural interpreters. But the result has been disciplinary and theoretical orthodoxies that produce relatively closed worlds – each of which has enough reinforcement that its premises are unlikely to be shaken. Perhaps the European intellectual world is more open to general intellectual culture (and the Americans here, after all, were chosen by a European institution), but the specificities of institutional culture may be relevant as well, and Wiko's commitment to putting together intellectual diversity remains invaluable.

I did enjoy one side of being on the edge of other people's projects. The cluster of African historians and anthropologists – Steve Feierman, Nancy Hunt, Julie Livingston, David Kyaddondo and Herbert Muyinda – working together on issues of health and medicine in Africa, as well as the two other Africa specialists, Bahru Zewde and Birgit Meyer, kept reminding me of the variety of perspectives one can bring to a single, but complex continent. Berlin offered additional connections, particularly to African historian Andreas Eckert at the Humboldt University and the talented students and colleagues who work with him.

Let me now describe the project on which I spent most of my time this year: "Citizenship between empire and nation: France and French Africa, 1945–1960." In 1946, France renounced the use of forced labor in its colonies, abolished the hated separate judicial system for indigenous subjects, and then eliminated altogether the demeaning distinction between a French citizen and a French subject, a category that had included most Africans. All inhabitants of the colonies acquired the "quality" of the French citizen, and they had a right that citizens of the metropole did not: to have their civil affairs – marriage, inheritance – regulated under Islamic or "customary" law, not the French civil code. Empires have always conjugated inclusion and differentiation; the post-war empire was claiming that its peoples would be different but equal. How deep were these changes within the conceptual field in which French colonial rule operated? How much opportunity did African political actors have to use the new politics of citizenship in their own ways, perhaps unintended by French political leaders?

My book focuses on "imperial citizenship", a form of citizenship not linked to a nation-state. In 1945, political leaders in France and those in French West Africa both claimed that they wanted to end colonialism, but neither thought that the former colonies – renamed overseas territories – would or should become independent nation-states. Political action and conflict over the next 15 years revolved around competing versions of a state – renamed the French Union in 1946, the French Community in 1958 – that would

be either decentralized, federal, or confederal. The government exercised extreme violence to keep such an entity together – witness, for example, Vietnam 1946–54, Madagascar 1947, Algeria 1954–62. But it also sought to make being French meaningful to the “citizens of 1946”, while worrying that European French people would be overwhelmed by their more numerous compatriots overseas, whose degree of “evolution” was frequently questioned and whose dangerousness was often invoked. The government confronted social and political movements in Africa – trade unions, veterans associations, students – that claimed not only political rights and a voice in running their own territories, but also equality of wages, education, and medical services – in short the standard of living enjoyed by the citizens of European France. Empire, citizenship, and the welfare state soon proved a costly combination.

African politicians, meanwhile, were trying to articulate both their claims to equality as citizens and the distinct “personality” of each territory. But where in Africa did the “nation” lie? Some identified with the “petite patrie” – Senegal, Dahomey, Côte d’Ivoire, and other individual territories – and others, like Léopold Senghor, with an “African” nation that could stand alongside a “European” one. This argument remained unresolved as the government of Charles de Gaulle wondered after 1958 whether the French Community included not just a common citizenship, but also a single nationality – the French one – or multiple nationalities.

Both European and African France ended up spawning independent nation-states in 1960, something no major political actor in European France or French West Africa had sought 15 years earlier. Even as the French government decided that turning empire into a federation or confederation of equal citizens was too expensive and too difficult to sustain politically, it decided that it liked the idea of confederation for itself. Sovereign prerogatives would not be shared with the people who had long ago been forcefully incorporated into France, but with other Europeans. By the 1970s, France, with its European partners, was striving to keep out the children of the people it had once tried to keep in.

Coming to Wiko with one chapter drafted, I was able to write drafts of the other four substantive chapters plus the introduction and conclusion. These chapters are based on a large variety of sources and putting it all together takes concentration. Having large blocks of time available was what made it possible to get as much written – several hundred pages – as I did. Blessedly, I had few other writing commitments and although I prepared quite a number of conference papers, I was free to concentrate most of my time and effort on the book manuscript. It will need considerable revision – and most im-

portant: cutting – and hopefully such tasks will be easier to accomplish while teaching than writing original text is.

Being located in Berlin, I was able to meet colleagues, attend conferences, and give lectures without spending a lot of time in airplanes. The cluster of educational institutions in Berlin is of course very impressive, and I took quite full advantage of the opportunity to talk both about Jane and my empires book and my current citizenship project. Berlin conferences included one on law and modernization at Humboldt University, another on human rights at the Zentrum für Zeithistorische Forschung in Potsdam, and one on labor and the life cycle at the Internationales Geisteswissenschaftliches Kolleg (IGK) at Humboldt University. Jane and I talked to this last group about our empires book, and I also gave talks at the Falling Walls Conference, the Frankreich-Zentrum of the Freie Universität, the Max-Planck-Institut für Bildungsforschung, and Sebastian Conrad's History seminar at the FU. Along with other Wiko Africanists, I participated in a discussion of projects that are ongoing at the Zentrum Moderner Orient (ZMO) and another discussion of research projects by advanced students in African history hosted by Wiko. A bit further afield, Jane and I presented our book at the University of Leipzig, and I gave talks at universities in Göttingen and Bremen. And beyond Germany, we gave empires talks in Madrid and Barcelona, and I gave citizenship talks at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule in Zurich (ETH), at the University of Basel, and at Oxford University. I also gave papers at conferences in London, Dublin, and Lisbon. The biggest event, in terms of audience and anxiety level, was presenting the annual Marc Bloch lecture at the École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales in Paris this June. And the most enjoyable was my Wiko presentation on the citizenship project.

Then there is Berlin – opera, symphonic music (there are many fine orchestras around the world, and then there is the Berlin Philharmonic), chamber music, bicycle rides in the Grunewald and along the Spree, Saturday mornings at the Winterfeldtplatz market, the great museums, and the cafes and beer gardens. Most pleasurable was the time spent with other Fellows and staff members at Wiko. Both social interactions and a supportive work environment are the consequences of a staff that, in all the component parts of the institution, is notable not just for its high degree of professionalism, but for warmth and thoughtfulness as well. To the staff at Wiko, I am deeply grateful.



TRANSMISSION  
OF DISEASE AND KNOWLEDGE  
DIETER EBERT

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I grew up along the Saar River in Germany, alongside the activities of a vineyard and winery. I went to high school in nearby Trier, where I received my Abitur from the same school where Karl Marx graduated some 14 decades earlier. For undergraduate study in biology, I went to Munich. In between, I did an exchange year at the University of South Alabama and began to develop an interest in evolutionary biology. My Ph.D. is from the University of Basel in Switzerland. After postdoctoral fellowships in Moscow, Gamboa (Panama), Oxford, and London, I returned to Basel as an Assistant Professor, and spent five years working in the former study of Friedrich Nietzsche. After becoming a Professor in 2001 at Fribourg University (Switzerland), I moved back to Basel in 2004. Today, I do most of my research there in my laboratory at the Zoological Institute, though I also spend about six weeks a year in Finland, doing ecological fieldwork on the Skerry islands of the Baltic Sea. My main research interest lies in the evolution of infectious diseases and the coevolution of hosts and parasites. – Address: Zoologisches Institut, Universität Basel, Vesalgasse 1, 4051 Basel, Switzerland. E-mail: dieter.ebert@unibas.ch

A year at the Wissenschaftskolleg gave me time to reflect on the spaces where I have studied, worked and grown up in new ways, through conversations with scholars who read and teach Marx, Nietzsche and Darwin as sociologists, historians, anthropologists and literary scholars. This occasion to report on my year at the Wiko has me wanting to combine two aspects of my life and work at this unusual institution. These dimensions are conceptually related: both concern transmission of information from one individual to another. But they differ in the “what” that is transmitted. I consider transmission from an

evolutionary angle. As an evolutionary biologist, I have long had a deep interest in understanding the mechanisms, causes and consequences of transmission and the changes in the information or knowledge transmitted. Both happen in and with time, and both have important impacts on the evolution of organisms and on culture. The first kind of transmission is genetic information transfer: in the context of my research, specifically the transmission of small organisms among hosts. I call these organisms symbionts, a collective term for parasites, pathogens and mutualists. Transmission, as conceptualised within a context of cultural evolution, is the transfer of, usually, spoken and written information or knowledge among people.

First, I will consider the flow of information among individuals and groups. Naturally, we are aware of this kind of transmission among humans, but the concept also applies to communication among animals. Humans use language in writing and speech, but similar means of conveying information are known among animals, whether through vibrations, chemical communication or symbols. Flows of non-genetic information among individuals and groups are the basis of cultural evolution. Thus, cultural evolution refers to kinds of traits that develop and persist. Traits may include habits and technological know-how, such as the knowledge used to produce stone tools, compose music or communicate with words and languages, in poetry and song. Traits persist because the information that was necessary for these traits to come about in the first place is transmitted among the members of the population and to succeeding generations. Cultural traits may change over time, as some parts are lost or others are added. Change may result from “faulty transmission” or, alternatively, from innovation. Interestingly, the means by which information is transmitted – mostly words – is itself a product of cultural evolution; this is certainly the case in humans, even if it is not necessarily the case in animals. Our languages are means of transportation for information, for knowledge; and our languages persist (with changes) because of transmission. Mothers usually lead in teaching the next generation to speak their language. A child who grows up without learning a language will be unable to communicate. Cultural evolution critically hinges on transmission. Products of cultural evolution are not in our genes.

Darwinian evolution is characterized by what evolutionary biologists term vertical inheritance. Genes are passed from parents to offspring. In contrast, cultural evolution is based on both vertical (parent to offspring) and horizontal transfer of information. Horizontal transmission is among unrelated persons, and the admission of this kind of non-genetic, non-kin transmission is a radical extension of the Darwinian model of

evolution. Since evolutionary biologists first began considering horizontal transmission, it has opened our research to the possibility that traits may spread much faster than Darwin's followers had previously thought. Not unlike the way a new fashion in clothing or music may spread with lightening speed, horizontal and cultural transmissions are not tied to or limited by the slow temporality of reproductive succession.

Contrary to anecdote and myth, science does not progress because a lone researcher chooses the life of an isolated hermit and then reappears after decades of contemplation with startling solutions to vexing problems. Rather, scientists of all sorts communicate with each other and make use of each other's scientific knowledge. Means of dissemination include books and articles, the Internet and e-mail. Active communication is an essential part of scientific work, but certainly not a signature of modern times. Communication has been driving ideas and accelerating their development since ancient times. We know that Berlin's Alexander von Humboldt wrote more than 13,000 letters in his lifetime to more than 2,700 different persons. Each day, Charles Darwin devoted a time slot for his letter writing, with an estimated production of more than 15,000 in all.

The Wissenschaftskolleg is a communication hotspot. Exchange of information and knowledge is omnipresent, and intellectual debate and learning from others is at the very core of the Wiko mission. Fellows from diverse places in our geographic, cultural and academic worlds meet and exchange ideas, teach each other languages, bring their cultures and ideas to Berlin and take bits of Berlin and Wiko-culture back home with them. What was different from my average academic year as a biologist was that I was in a setting at the Wissenschaftskolleg where I no longer chose the people I communicated with on a regular basis. The cast of characters for our conversations and debates was all set, by others, by the time I arrived in early October 2010. All we had to do was begin our year's big experiment, an experiment in the transmission of knowledge, information and experience. For me it was the first time that, over an extended period of time, I was hearing, listening to and asking questions in fields I had hardly had contact with before. How often in my life would I have a chance to sit for hours at a dinner table with renowned experts in fields like ancient Arabic literature, philosophy, African history, international law, Greek art and French cooking, to name just a few. Most eye-opening for me was realizing what very different concepts we use and apply in our different fields, what dissimilar methods we use to produce knowledge and especially what methods and concepts are (almost) forbidden and why. The prison of my own mind set, of my own intellectual and scientific formation, became more apparent to me than before.

Now I want to turn to another form of transmission, a form I work with every day as a scientist. This other kind is the transmission of symbionts, mostly the transmission of disease agents. The intricacies of their transmission were at the centre of my research at the Wissenschaftskolleg. I was refining concepts for studying the spread of symbionts in host populations, e.g. the spread of infectious disease. In this kind of transmission, an organism – the symbiont – is the entity that moves, that is transmitted. The information – the entirety of its genetic information – is encoded in its genome. Interactions with the infected host, to a large extent, depend on this genetic information. Traditionally, scientists have classified transmission of symbionts as being either vertical or horizontal, that is, from a parent – (usually the mother) – to offspring or passed among unrelated hosts, respectively. What epidemiologists have rarely considered is that symbionts may be transmitted in both ways, both vertically and horizontally, a capacity I call “mixed-mode transmission”. My Wissenschaftskolleg project was to articulate, at a conceptual level, an understanding of the biology, epidemiology and evolution of symbionts that make use of mixed-mode transmission. One of the major points that I worked out is this: contrary to common scientific belief, symbionts using exclusively vertical or exclusively horizontal transmission are, in fact, exceedingly rare. Most symbionts combine horizontal and vertical transmission, which is not unlike people transmitting ideas and culture both to kin and to strangers. Symbionts with mixed-mode transmission comprise a large part of the human, animal and plant microbiota, i.e. the community of microbes that accompany each individual throughout his or her life. Each human being carries about 3,000 species of bacteria at any moment, whether in the gut or on the surface of the skin. Some of them are harmful, others are beneficial to us. These bacteria are transmitted from mother to offspring (thus, vertically), but also they are transmitted when two unrelated people meet, for example, when they shake hands (an example of horizontal transmission). Most bacterial species transmit sometimes in one way, sometimes in the other. Mixed-mode transmission allows much higher rates of spread than either of the single modes would do. Scientific understanding of the causes and consequences of such mixed-mode transmission still lags far behind understanding of those symbionts using either vertical or horizontal transmission exclusively.

Working through the literature on symbiont transmission, I had to read articles from many different fields, parasitology, microbiology, virology, botany and epidemiology among them. The pleasure of learning so much from such diverse fields at times came to a halt, interrupted by my frustration over and need to reconcile the divergent terminology

used in these fields without a common language. Sometimes one term came into use for different things; sometimes the same thing had different names. As I reconciled these differences, I managed to extract a number of new insights and in some cases came to conclusions that run contrary to common convention. I will share just a few of these here. One question I asked was this: does it make a difference if a symbiont is exclusively transmitted in one mode? Or does a little bit of additional transmission by the second mode have strong consequences for the system in question? The answer surprised me: even a small bit of a secondary mode of transmission makes a large difference for the system. For example, a virus that causes disease in lettuce plants will go extinct if a quite small amount of mother-offspring transmission does not accompany its routine horizontal transmission. Such minority modes of transmission may easily escape the attention of observers, leading to wrong conclusions about the epidemiology of a system or disease. Another aspect that also flies in the face of conventional wisdom is the relative rates with which vertical and horizontal transmission occur. Scientists have tended to assume that the more one mode of transmission exists, the less the other is present. They have spoken of this relativity as a “trade-off”. My work shows rather that in most cases, more of one mode goes hand-in-hand with more of the other mode. Thus, symbionts with a high propensity to transmit horizontally are also easily transmitted vertically. Finally, interesting aspects are discovered by examining what happens when a host becomes infected with two or more different strains of a symbiont. Such symbionts sit as if in the same boat and have to make the best out of their situation. The tragedy of the commons arises, i.e. how to share a common good, the host. The symbiont able to monopolize a larger share of host resources will have an advantage over other symbionts without the same capacity. Hosts suffer more from such competition within hosts. As a result, it is in a host's interest to avoid multiple infections, and the easiest way of doing so is by allowing only vertical transmission and from one source, usually the mother. In this way, all symbionts within the offspring will be the same, and no competition will arise. The result may be a peaceful world, but not necessarily the place where innovation will arise. My hope is that these findings, taken together, will prove useful not only in fields like public health, medicine and epidemiology, but also in agriculture, ecology and evolution.

But where are the connections between symbiont transmission and information transmission? The connections become visible if we ask about the driving forces behind progress or change. In the evolutionary biology of parasites and pathogens, it is commonly believed that multiple infections, competition and recombination play key roles in

driving adaptive change. Multiple infections bring in genes from different parasite lines. These lines are tested in direct comparison (or competition), and these lines may also be mixed and recombined, resulting in new gene combinations. Selection can act on the newly created variation, separating offspring with better performance from those not doing so well. Overall, parasites will become more effective. Even so, such improvements may be bad for the host. By contrast, if symbiont transmission only works from mothers to offspring, evolution will proceed slowly and thus be less likely to result in novelty – at least any time soon.

These issues of innovation and speed are also true for advances in ideas. Input from multiple sources will lead to new ideas developing more quickly, to testing some ideas against competing ideas and to recombining parts and building others, producing new ways of thinking in the process. At the Wissenschaftskolleg, the exchange of ideas, concepts, cultural dispositions and personal histories among Fellows produces an unending flow of new combinations, ideas and themes. It seems to me that this is the very nature of the Wissenschaftskolleg and that the institution, wittingly or not, capitalizes on these mixed modes of communication (transmission) and sharing. Fellows with different backgrounds live and talk together. As in biological evolution, some innovations are playful and momentary, while other combinations and mixtures are more significant and enduring. Of course, neither in evolution nor at the Wissenschaftskolleg can the success of such an enterprise be predicted. But on the average, horizontal transfer and the mixing of lines will more often result in innovation and novelty than vertical transmission alone.

During my months at the Wissenschaftskolleg, I often felt like I was becoming multiply infected with ideas stemming from diverse sources, and the infectious process became part of daily life, often mixed with jokes and funny stories. Furthermore, I took more inspiration from reading books outside my conventional field and territory than in the years before. I also came away with ideas for writing books in new ways, one of which I am following up on now in Basel.



*LEBENDIGKEIT – PAST AND PRESENT*  
FRANK FEHRENBACH

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Ich habe in Tübingen und Basel Kunstgeschichte, Philosophie, Mittelalterliche und Neuere Geschichte studiert und wurde 1995 mit einer Dissertation über das Verhältnis zwischen Naturphilosophie und Kunst bei Leonardo da Vinci promoviert (*summa cum laude*; die Arbeit erhielt den Hans-Janssen-Preis für Europäische Kunstgeschichte der Göttinger Akademie der Wissenschaften 1996). Habilitiert habe ich mich im Jahr 2003 an der Universität Basel mit einer Arbeit über barocke Brunnenanlagen in Rom. Weiter ging es mit Gastprofessuren in Berlin (HU 2002/03) und Jena (2003/04) sowie als Stipendiat der Thyssen-Stiftung. 2004 erhielt ich den Preis der Aby-Warburg-Stiftung in Hamburg. Ein Jahr später erfolgte meine Erstberufung als Senior Professor an die Harvard University, wo ich bereits zuvor als Gastprofessor gelehrt hatte. – Adresse: Department of History of Art and Architecture, Harvard University, Sackler Museum, 485 Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: fehrenb@fas.harvard.edu

Wie erwartet bot das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg die Gelegenheit, weitgehend ungestört den windungsreichen Wegen meines Arbeitsvorhabens zu folgen: Lebendigkeit als Topos in der Kunst und Kunsliteratur der italienischen Renaissance. Nicht erwartet hatte ich dabei die unglaubliche Effizienz, den Einsatz und die Generosität des Bibliotheks-Services am Wiko. Gleich am ersten Tag meines Aufenthalts bestellte ich gegen zehn Uhr vierzehn Bücher online; nach dem Mittagessen lagen elf davon in meinem Regal! Der Vorgang grenzt für mich noch immer an ein Wunder. In den kommenden Wochen war die Versuchung übermäßig, den Implikationen meines Themas rhizomatisch zu folgen und in Büchern zu versinken, wobei das Fassungsvermögen meiner Dachkammer in der

Weißen Villa zunehmend an seine Grenzen stieß. Dennoch lassen sich im Rückblick einige Hauptlinien der Recherche erkennen. – Die daraus hervorgegangenen Ergebnisse habe ich während meines Berliner Aufenthalts in einer relativ großen Zahl (16) von öffentlichen Vorträgen zu ganz unterschiedlichen Teilaспектen in Deutschland, Österreich und Italien intensiv diskutieren können.

In den ersten Monaten rekonstruierte ich die Vorgeschichte einer von Giambattista Marino meisterhaft entwickelten Figur, welche die faktische Leblosigkeit des Kunstwerks mit Aspekten der Unbeseeltheit ihres Prototyps begründet: Kein Material kann das Gefühlsmonster Nero angemessener darstellen als der kalte Marmor. Die seelenlose Geliebte, der schlafende Amor finden ihren adäquaten Ausdruck in den bewegungslosen Zügen der Malerei. Die entsprechende Beschreibungsfigur ist für das übergreifende Argument meines geplanten Buchs von Bedeutung, weil sie die Grenzen zwischen Belebt und Unbelebt durchlässig hält und im beseelten Vorbild selbst Elemente des Todes lokalisiert.

Ein zweiter Schwerpunkt meiner Arbeit ergab sich daraus auf geradezu natürliche Weise: die Übergänglichkeit zwischen Unbelebt und Belebt am Beginn des organischen Wachstums und seine Strukturparallelen mit der Emergenz des scheinbaren Lebens im Kunstwerk. Michelangelos unvollendete Skulpturen standen dabei im Zentrum. Die Michelangelo-Literatur kann mittlerweile von niemandem mehr überschaut werden, aber mithilfe der Wiko-Bibliothekarinnen war das eine reizvolle Herausforderung. Ich konzentrierte mich auf Michelangelos Selbstreflexionen in der großen Zahl seiner (selbst häufig fragmentarischen) Gedichte und auf benachbarte Diskussionsfelder, vor allem Embryologie. Michelangelos Zusammenarbeit mit einem der berühmtesten Anatomen seiner Zeit, Realdo Colombo, bot einen guten Ausgangspunkt. Das dominante Motiv der Epigenesis in der Anatomie des 16. Jahrhunderts erlaubt es, Analogien zwischen künstlerischer und organischer Formbildung zu konstruieren, die Michelangelos konkrete Arbeitsweise am Marmorblock verständlicher machen. In beiden Fällen markiert die „lebendige Gestalt“ (*immagine viva*) den Fluchtpunkt des Formprozesses.

Das angesprochene Rhizom griff aber auch in ganz andere Richtungen aus, etwa in die Geschichte der Ökonomie; hier interessierten mich die Analogien zwischen monetärer Animation (Zins und Kapital) und künstlerischer Belebung. Tizians letztes erhaltenes Porträt – der Antiquar und Kunsthändler Jacopo Strada – war mein Paradigma; ihm widmete ich auch meinen Kolloquiumsbeitrag am Wiko. Die enge Nachbarschaft von

Münzen und betasteter Venusstatuette auf Stradas Tisch lenkt das Augenmerk auf die Rolle animierender Mediatoren (die Rhetorik der Belebung), zugleich aber auch auf das innerhalb der Kunstgeschichte noch immer unzureichend berücksichtigte Element des Begehrens als Movens von Interaktionen zwischen Artefakt und Betrachter. Ich hatte das Glück, mit Niklaus Largier, Albrecht Koschorke und Jojada Verrips gleich drei ausgewiesene Experten auf dem ungemein abschüssigen Feld des Pornografiediskurses in der Nähe zu haben. Noch immer fehlt der Kunstgeschichte – im Gegensatz zur Literaturgeschichte – ein kritischer Forschungsansatz, der es erlauben würde, einen der mächtigsten Faktoren der Bildgenerierung überhaupt in den Blick zu nehmen. Eines der letzten forschungsgeschichtlichen Tabus bestätigt so erneut die Macht der Bilder. Meine Frage nach der Lebendigkeit der Bilder in der Renaissance kann Erotik und Pornografie aber nicht ausklammern, weil sie das komplexe Spiel von Präsenz und Entzug, Spontaneität und narrativem Kontext, Macht und Ohnmacht, die damit verbundene Differenzierung der Sinne, aber auch die Rolle der Imagination wie im Brennpunkt versammelt. Zumindest erste Schritte auf diesem schwierigen Terrain konnten im Lauf des vergangenen Jahres erprobt werden. Dabei ging ich vom Thema „Weichheit“ und seinen sinnesästhetischen und naturphilosophischen Konnotationen aus.

Weitere geografische und historische Bereiche der Bildermacht erschlossen sich durch eine von Birgit Meyer und Christiane Kruse organisierten Arbeitsgruppe, die sich regelmäßig am Wiko traf und mir eine Fülle von Anregungen gab – wie auch die Gespräche mit Petra Gehring, die sich dem Leben in philosophischer Perspektive widmete. Die Dienstagskolloquien haben mir gezeigt, dass die Verständigung zwischen Natur-, Gesellschafts- und Geisteswissenschaften keine Utopie zu sein braucht. Wahrscheinlich war im vergangenen Jahr aber auch eine gute Portion Glück im Spiel, denn die Gemeinschaft der Fellows und ihrer Partner und Familien entwickelte sich rasch zu einer vielstimmigen Harmonie, die ich nicht für möglich gehalten hätte. Dem Auswahlkomitee war – gewiss nicht zum ersten Mal – ein ganz erstaunlicher Wurf gelungen. Es war überraschend und bewegend zu sehen, wie eine altersmäßig sehr heterogene Gemeinschaft vielfältig interessierter, neugieriger Individuen, die Abwesenheit von äußerem Druck, eine ausgezeichnete Küche, überhaupt der unvergleichliche *spirit* des Hauses und seine Rituale Prozesse der Verjüngung (im besten Sinne des Wortes) freizusetzen vermochten. Fast alle Fellows erschienen mir am Ende des Jahres jedenfalls deutlich jünger als zu Beginn (auch die jüngsten!). Eine eigentümliche Begleiterscheinung zu meiner vitalitätshistorischen Spurensuche!



## AFRICAN MEDICINE: A HIDDEN SYSTEM

### STEVEN FEIERMAN

Steven Feierman is Professor of History and Sociology of Science and Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania. He studied Social Anthropology at Oxford and African History at Northwestern. His two doctoral theses, on different subjects, were based on a single long period of field research in Tanzania and archival research in Europe and Africa. He has written on oral narratives, on regimes of knowledge, and on the political, social, and environmental history of Africa, in addition to his works on health and medicine. As a researcher and writer, in formal organizational roles, and as a graduate supervisor he helped to introduce the subject of health and medicine to the community of scholars who study Africa. His doctoral students occupy important academic posts across the US and Africa. He has been a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford and at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, as well as at Princeton University's Davis Center. He has held fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Science Foundation, the Social Science Research Council, and the Fulbright program. – Address: Department of History and Sociology of Science, 303 Claudia Cohen Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA 19104, USA E-mail: feierman@sas.upenn.edu

Somehow, at least this year, Wiko found the answer. The problem they solved is this: to do intellectual work on the highest level you must have passion, and you must have a substantial ego. You must say, “The work I am doing is among the most important intellectual tasks before the world at this moment.” And yet, among forty people who are all crazed in exactly this same way, you must form a harmonious community. Somehow, by

the end of the year, it felt to me as though nearly every person felt that the intellectual passions of the others enriched her own, his own. Most of us allowed ourselves to be bathed in laughter, and laughter dissolved the egos. Perhaps it happened because the work of others, presented on Tuesdays, (and the comments) proved to be a feast. Maybe it happened because Berlin is endlessly rich: we could wander out into it and see things that jangled the thinking lobes. Maybe it was the fact that Wiko's staff looked out for each person. Certainly it was Kamran, who tended every ego while maintaining his own intellectual passion.

I have been working at Wiko to complete a book on health and medicine in Africa, with a focus on a large region down the eastern half of the continent, one beset by profound health crises. My goal is to challenge paternalistic assumptions: that the only people who can act effectively are those with mastery of scientific knowledge, working through accountable bureaucratic organizations. My aim is not to challenge science, nor to belittle accountability. I would like, however, to open a debate by focusing on health care as it has actually been practiced on the local level. Over the past century, and even today, most of the region's people have not been provided with adequate (or even minimal) science-based health care, and so they have worked to maintain health institutions of their own. They have provided one another with a variety of health care that is, in significant senses, effective, that challenges assumptions among northerners and educated Africans about the causes and treatment of ill health, and that must be a part of solutions to today's problems. My goal is to make the region's actual health institutions visible and comprehensible on global scales so as to suggest the possibility of a different politics of health, one accountable not only to international authorities, but also to the people whose lives are at stake. I have no illusion that an academic book, even if it is successful, can change the world's organization of health. At the least, however, I must try to make a convincing argument about the coherence and efficacy of the de facto system.

On one level, the local practices in question seem very simple and unproblematic. Public authorities do not provide services, and so the patient's family, friends, and neighbors must help. In a world without ambulances, they provide transportation for treatment, whether by carrying the patient for miles on a litter or accompanying her as passengers on a lorry or bus. In most hospital wards, short as they are on nursing staff, it is the patient's informal escort who cooks for and feeds the patient and changes the bed-clothes. Hospitals often send out the patient's supporters to find pharmaceuticals or

medical supplies. For the most part, this support network provides the money for a patient's treatment, whether at a hospital or dispensary or with a traditional healer.

The system appears to be ad hoc and unplanned. Beneath the seemingly random surface of improvised actions, however, lie strong regularities that shape the larger patterns of medical care. Even though decision-makers act informally, they have great authority. They define which bodily conditions are to be understood as real illnesses and which as trivial. In just the way that nineteenth-century Europeans shaped the gender landscape with their definitions of hysteria, so these local-level African authorities, by labeling illnesses, define crucial elements of personhood. Patients' webs of associates act in informal ways, and yet they decide who shall be given care and who shall go without. As in any system of health insurance, resources must be drawn from many to support the few, and yet the scope of the supportive group and the basis on which claims are supported or rejected are almost never regulated by law, or even by stable and predictable custom.

So, we have informal actions, undertaken on the level of face-to-face relations, which (despite their dispersed and seemingly anarchic character) define a system of medical care across a huge region, occupied by hundreds of millions of people. My work on the book, beginning before Wiko but continuing here, required me to show, first of all, that these informal actions added up to a system. I needed to show how informal behaviors could come to share the same dynamics, in systematic ways, without any decision or organizational effort from above. My explanation is partly historical, showing the circumstances under which these social forms came to exist. I concluded a range of studies: the first is on a substrate of shared ideas, common across the region, on how social relations are effective in the cause and cure of illness; the second accounts for a crisis of medical legitimacy which has left so large a space for informal authority; and the third on the refusal of public authorities (over the past hundred years) to pay social costs, leaving the burden of care almost entirely to the poor themselves, using whatever forms of organization they might create.

All this work had been completed before I arrived at Wiko. Once I arrived, I shifted my attention to the world of international donors today, and especially to the question why they ignore profoundly important issues of measurement, of meaning, and of efficacy. To get a sense of the problems of measurement, I explored how demographers systematically screen out core relationships of identity that extend laterally beyond the household and why these relationships (which shape the decision-making landscape) are not considered in studies of economic choice. On the issue of meaning, I explored how

religious and moral language, as they touch community and family, are woven through the actions of caregivers. When bureaucrats screen out clusters of relationships and the associated expressive practices, they strip care of its meanings and leave it bare, empty of values and empty of meanings, some of which might be as important to the actors as life itself. Finally, there is the question of efficacy. This additional focus of my readings over the year took in epidemiological evidence showing that richly integrated networks of relationship save lives.

So, I have arrived at the end of the year having written still more pieces of the book, but not having pulled the whole thing together. I have postponed the start of my teaching until January in the hope that I can now do this final phase of the work.

While I was working on my own project, the wider focus group discussed dilemmas of medical practice in Africa today. Here, the problem was that many of medicine's evidence-based practices, and the algorithms produced by medical science, are largely irrelevant if the machines, the drugs, the tests, and the technologies are not available. Our collective question was: how do we understand the regularities in practice, when medicine in the region often departs so radically from the medical standards of northern countries, when African physicians would prefer, themselves, to adhere to international standards, when lesser regionally-specific standards have not been set, and when the very act of creating lower-tier standards is ethically problematic.

One of the joys of the year was watching the members of the group, individually, as they answered these questions in their different ways, while each continued work begun earlier. I also learned, as I would not have in a different context, how the thought of each one was grounded in his or her style of both thinking and being a person. I list these, even though they speak for themselves, because so much of the texture of the year emerged from their interactions. Julie Livingston placed an emphasis on creative improvisation as a medical response to an impossible situation, but then showed also how each improvisation and each practitioner's response was saturated with emotion. Nancy Hunt focused on a sub-region defined, for over a century, by violence so extreme that it tests the capacity of language for the person who wishes to describe it. She works creatively on the luxuriant world of representations. David Kyaddondo took the centrality of social networks in medicine as a given and then showed how each new innovation in medical policy or practice creates profound human dilemmas for patients and for practitioners, so that the medical system does not emerge from the policies, but rather from the actual resolutions of all the dilemmas. Herbert Muyinda applied all of these insights in a special way to the social

responses to disability under extreme conditions. Andrew Farlow and Iruka Okeke both struggled in their own ways with the gap between a universalizing discipline (economics in the one case, biology in the other) and realities of practice that were locally or regionally specific, in profoundly important ways. Wolfgang Holzgreve brought us a physician's insights.

The high point of the group's year was our conference in May. A number of African physicians, Wiko's guests for the conference, presented extended case studies (joined also by important former Fellows and other analysts). These were hybrid cases that interwove biomedical and social dilemmas: crises in the hospital when the patient's medical needs were clear but resources not available (a missing drug, an unavailable test, a patient who cannot pay), and crises in families that manage care. This was a conference without borders, because the lines between physicians and social scientists dissolved in the totally absorbing work of teasing apart each case and in working to find the actual medical system behind the seeming disorder.

All the while, this intellectual work, like the whole of the year's work, unfolded as a way of spending time with friends. What could be better?



## BEWEGTES IM BEWEGTEN PETRA GEHRING

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Noch türmen sich entliehene Bücher auf der Tischplatte. Ich zähle sieben Stapel, von welchen derjenige mit den zurückzugebenden Bänden der niedrigste ist. Lesen, Sichten, Erwägungen ordnen, Schreiben – diese Tätigkeiten haben auch auf dem Fußboden kleine Monatsringe geschaffen: Karteikarten, Kopien, Mappen. Mit den Augen glücklicher Ortsbindung betrachtet, formen sie ein zeitloses Gebilde. In der Arbeitsperspektive hingegen handelt es sich um Bewegtes im Bewegten. Ich hatte mir viel vorgenommen und

blicke nun erwartungsgemäß auf noch Unbeendetes. Dennoch ist da einiges, das fertig wurde, und es gibt Überraschendes, das sich besonders eng mit dem Wissenschaftskolleg verknüpft.

Nehmen wir die Berichtspflicht zunächst wörtlich. Zwei Aufsätze – *Natur und Kultur* als Anachronismus seit 1900 sowie die Karriere von *Bioethik in Deutschland* – sowie ein Essay zu Sterbepolitik und der Vortrag für „mein“ Dienstagskolloquium dokumentieren Gerüstarbeiten zur Großbaustelle, einer Diskursgeschichte des Konzeptes „Leben“. Material aus Lektüren, insbesondere zu *Lebenswert* und *Lebendigkeit*, ist frisch eingelagert. Zwei Herausgabeprojekte, eines zu Blumenberg, eines zu Foucaults *parrhesía*-Vorlesungen, sind beendet – mit einem ungewohnt runden Empfinden, denn es gab Ruhe, sich allen Details zu widmen. Und ich zähle drei kleinere Aufsätze, darunter einer zu meinem stillen Zweitprojekt über Metaphern, sieben Rezensionen, einen Zeitschriftenbeitrag, zehn Gutachten, mehrere Fahnenkorrekturen, etliche Vortragsmanuskripte.

Soweit die Zahlen. Nicht tabellierbar ist die gedankliche Atemluft: Gespräche, Eindrücke, Anregungen, Diskussionen in einer Fülle, für die mein aktiver Wortschatz über keine passenden Superlative verfügt. War mir je Textarbeit derart unmittelbar mit einer solchen Vielzahl von Gesichtern verbunden? Der Essay zur Sterbepolitik sowie ein Vortrag *Wozu braucht Public Health Ethik?* („mach etwas Provokierendes ...“) verdankt sich dem Austausch mit Stefan Huster. Obzwar im Vergleich zu atemberaubenden Nachrichten vom arabischen Frühling, zu Fukushima, grünen Wahlen, Energiewende ein Kammerpiel, sorgte der Fall zu Guttenberg für Diskussionen – hier mündeten Entschlusskraft und Temperament von Oliver Lepsius in ein unnachsichtig kluges Buch. Überlegungen zu Krankheit und Tod bei Hegel sowie zur Entstehung der Bioethik sind mit Terry Pinkard verbunden. Lebendigkeit als ästhetisches Konzept mit Disputen *to be continued* mit Frank Fehrenbach.

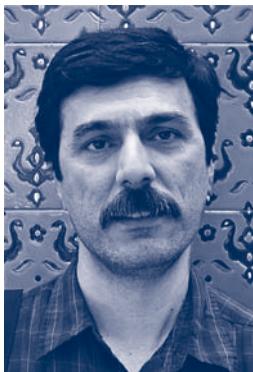
Mit dem Erinnern gleiten Namen und Sachen ineinander, das Berichten verwandelt sich in ein Abschiednehmen und zum Beginn des Erinnerns. Fragen einer Theorie möglicher Erzählmuster für die Wissen(schafts)geschichte – Albrecht. Die Bedeutung der QALYs für die Politik von UN und Weltbank – Steven. Wir alle als wimmelige Fülle von Bakterien (und noch viel mehr) – Dieter. Transplantationsmedizin in den USA und Afrika – Julie. Kann die Labortatsache etwas Religiöses sein? – Birgit. „Möglichkeiten“ mit Niklaus, Heidegger sowie Definitionsversuche für „analytische Philosophie“ – ich danke und vermisste Hannah und Karen. August Weismann mit Curtis, Alter mit Jojada, Ökonomietheorie vor 1900 mit Robert, Politisches mit Kamran, „Leben“ als Ganzheits-

vorstellung mit Thomas (während wir im Treppenhaus im Altbau der Villa Walter im Dunklen stehen, denn der automatische Lichtschalter ging längst aus).

Für das Geflecht der Abendveranstaltungen ließe sich eine anders angelegte Reihe skizzieren. Für mich, in Berlin recht abgekämpft angekommen, waren ganz besonders die Konzerte herrlich. Aber auch die Reihe *Recht im Kontext* erwies sich als gefährlich anregend, mit der Ansteckungswirkung der Themen mag für mich womöglich eine nachhaltige Ablenkung verbunden sein. Ausdrücklich loben möchte ich die Dienstagsvorträge. Nur für den Fall, dass jemand dieses Format für konventionell oder lasch halten sollte: Ich fand es ideal und werde in meinen Notizen dazu gern stöbern. In den Variationen des klassisch akademischen Schemas (Vorstellen, Präsentieren, Diskutieren) waren fast alle Dienstage rundum eindrucksvoll, viele furios.

Ich verlasse das Wissenschaftskolleg mit einem erneuerten Blick nach vorn. Diesbezüglich hatte ich Vorsätze mitgebracht. Ich wollte das geschenkte Jahr – auch – für Entscheidungen nutzen. Konkret hatte ich mir vorgestellt, mich erstmals im Leben auf eine weiter reichende Planung von Arbeiten festzulegen, um dann in den kommenden Jahren nur das Wichtige zu tun. Ich gehöre zu den Leuten, die zu viele Arbeitsgebiete haben. Schon länger hätte es einer „Priorisierung“ bedurft, wie es in der hässlichen Arbeitssprache eines Kontinents heißt, zu dessen Herrschaftsgebiet der Grunewald nicht gehört. Was also wann angehen und schreiben? Der Versuch aufzuräumen hat zwar keine vollständige Abkehr von Themen gebracht, aber doch Überblick. Und sogar eine Zeitschiene. Ein Notizblatt hierzu liegt auf einem der Stapel ganz oben. Die Liste reicht bis 2013, ich sehe sie als Anfang eines neuen Typs von Planung für die kommenden Jahre.

Noch liegen vier Wochen vor uns. Wie sie sich beschleunigen, ist spürbar, auch wenn ich das Gefühl habe, dass nicht allein ich die Uhr zu bannen versuche und den Gedanken ans Abreisen vermeide. Wir lachen viel und es ist Leichtigkeit in der kleinen Selbstironie, mit der man sich unter Erwachsenen über das gleichwohl hohe Maß an Ernst verständigen kann, das all dies hier für uns hat. Es gibt sie, die akademische Ordnungen der Herzen, die kollegiale Seelenwirtschaft, die gemeinsame Bohrinsel der Gedankenwerker, eine Kolonie der inwendigen Eintänzer, der U-Boot-Konstrukteure, der Staunenden, der Reisenden, welche die eigentümliche Universalität der wissenschaftlichen Suchtmittel (Neugierde, Forschung, *theoria*) verbindet. Schreibtischtäter der Welt, tut euch zusammen ... Irgendetwas sehr Romantisches nehme ich nach Darmstadt mit zurück.



## THE WORLD OF POSSIBILITIES BEHROOZ GHAMARI-TABRIZI

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Seldom does one find an extended and uninterrupted time to focus on reading and writing outside his or her teaching and administration responsibilities. Having that opportunity for a full academic year in the midst of one of the most vibrant and sophisticated cities in Europe, in an institution that offers absolutely the greatest accommodation imaginable, in the most collegial, friendly, and caring environment is what defines my experience at Wiko. The only shortcoming of Wissenschaftskolleg is that it offers the fellowship only once.

As teachers, we all know that every cohort comes with its distinct characteristics. It indeed remains a mystery to me why sometimes a class works and some times it doesn't. We were all fortunate that our 2010/11 cohort worked extremely well. Despite my early skepticism about this type of radical interdisciplinarity, having everyone from influential evolutionary biologists to world-renowned composers under one roof, our year at Wiko

proved that there is enough common ground, even in our often obscure disciplinary discourses, to form an intellectual community. I think what makes Wiko work is a careful plan of community building through both simple plans, such as collective lunches, and well-crafted events, such as colloquium talks and cultural gatherings and outings. I have been to a number of residential fellowships; the Wiko experience is unparalleled.

I came to Berlin hoping that I could work on my manuscript on the conception of trauma among the Iranian veterans of the eight-year war between Iran and Iraq, which began in 1980. I became interested in this project after reading a number of war memoirs and movies by internationally recognized Iranian film directors about the lasting political, social, and psychological consequences of the war. What interests me in this project is that while in state politics the war has a remarkable presence, in civil society there is a curious absence of dialogue about it. How the veterans understand their own experiences, how the medical community views trauma outside the contingencies of culture and history, and how veterans situate themselves in their own communities and families are all questions that intrigued me to pursue this project.

While in Iran in 2009, I was able to collect invaluable documents and conduct interviews with the veterans. Unfortunately, I had to leave my primary research material behind because of the post-election upheavals in Iran. So, now I had a full year to devote my entire attention to writing, but I did not have the right material to work with.

I did have a plan “B”. I had written a short piece on Foucault’s controversial essays on the Iranian Revolution of 1978–79. Unlike many others who chastised Foucault for his revolutionary enthusiasm, I had defended his position and tried to make sense of these journalistic writings in a more philosophical context as an example of his anti-teleological view of history and his genealogical historiography.

After September 11, 2001, there was a renewed interest in Foucault’s position on the Iranian revolution. 9/11 generated new political and ideological alliances. Those who raised questions about the universality of Western civilizational claims were lambasted as not being able to appreciate the significance of Western rationality and the pitfalls of abandoning it. That’s how Foucault’s writings on the Iranian revolution became relevant, again.

So, I began to work on a book-length manuscript tentatively called *Foucault, Iran, and the Enlightenment*. I finished two chapters before arrival and poured myself into finishing the book during my stay. I wrote four more chapters, finished the book, sent it out for comments and revised the manuscript all in the period of my stay in Berlin. I am aware

that many aspects of what I have written are going to be controversial. I don't think I could have written this book in the way I wrote it and as fast as I wrote it without the kind of environment that Wiko afforded all of us.

I do not say this to fulfill the niceties that are required in one's appreciation of the fellowship. Rather, this is a genuine statement about the quality of works presented during my year at Wiko and how such exposure encouraged me, and hopefully others, to be both daring and diligent in my writing. To be creative and careful, to be bold and judicious, to take chances and be cautious. Of course I think one should always strive for that. But here at Wiko the context calls for it. I can say that I learned as much from the incredible music of Helmut Lachenmann and Toshio Hosokawa as I learned from the nuanced and counterintuitive presentations of Kamran Ali and Fred Cooper about nationhood and the contingencies of state-building. I think that without any substantive connection they do the same thing, they ask their audience to leave behind their logical and disciplinary commitments and allow themselves to think, see, hear, and write outside the conventions that condition their work. Robert Boyer does the same with his critique of economists' hyper-rationality and their scientific rhetoric of economic forecasts; so does Niklaus Largier with his preoccupation with the question of possibility and how it has been overshadowed by modern rationality and the overwhelming significance it gives to a sense of reality. It was important to me to know that I was writing amid a number of scholars who showed a great degree of recognition, following the Russian semiotician Yuri Lotman, that "non-understanding, incomplete understanding, or misunderstanding are not side-products of the exchange of information but belong to its very essence", as Albrecht Koschorke reiterated in his presentation.

I cannot reflect on my year at Wiko without highlighting the incredible staff who make this experience possible. From the library to the kitchen, from the front office to those who work behind the scenes, every single staff member at Wiko does his or her job with such an exemplary diligence and dedication. They made this year of fellowship the fastest year I have ever spent.



## THE VIEW FROM INSIDE HANNAH GINSBORG

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Hannah Ginsborg is Professor of Philosophy at the University of California, Berkeley, where she has been teaching since 1988. She grew up in Edinburgh, Scotland, and received a B.A. in Philosophy and Modern Languages (French) from Oxford University (1980) and a Ph.D. in Philosophy from Harvard University (1989). Much of her work has been concerned with Kant, in particular Kant's Critique of Judgment, but she has recently been working in a number of areas in contemporary philosophy including philosophy of mind, theory of knowledge, philosophy of language and philosophy of biology. She also has an interest in aesthetics, in particular philosophy of music. – Address: Department of Philosophy, University of California, Berkeley, 314 Moses Hall 2390, Berkeley, CA 94720-2390, USA. E-mail: ginsborg@berkeley.edu

One of the philosophical ideas floating vaguely at the back of my mind when I arrived at Wiko had to do with the contrast between what we might call “inside” and “outside” perspectives on human language. Think of an everyday word like “green” in English. If you are an English-speaker, the sounds made when you say “green” and the marks on paper produced when you write it are not just sounds and marks. From your point of view they have a special character that we usually take for granted but that, in certain frames of mind, can come to seem mysterious, almost magical. They have meaning. If you are an English-speaker and you look at the shapes made on the page by the ink when the word “green” – or any of the words on this page – are printed, you do not see them merely as shapes made by the ink on the paper. Their meaning is obvious to you – it can even seem to jump out at you – just like the actual green colour of a green apple. It takes

considerable imaginative effort to blind yourself to that meaning, to force yourself to see the shapes merely as an arrangement of ink on paper.

How can we describe and understand this special character? This is where the contrast between inside and outside perspectives comes in. From an outside perspective, we can describe the various different circumstances in which the word “green” might or might not be uttered and how it is responded to: we can point out that people are more likely to say “Yes” in response to “Is that green?” if you show them a lime, a lawn or a cucumber than if you show them a strawberry, a buttercup or the Eiffel Tower. Or we can talk about the kind of cognitive processing that is involved in responding to the “Is that green?” question or in producing utterances of “green”. We can investigate the ways in which normal English-speakers’ brains are typically affected when they hear the word, and perhaps compare their use of “green” and the corresponding brain activity with that of people suffering certain kinds of brain lesions interfering with language. There is a tremendous amount of rich and complex detail we can go into about human beings’ productions of, and responses to, utterances of “green” and their behavioural, psychological and neurological causes and effects. But no matter how much detail we go into, something seems to be left out. That is the peculiar quality of meaningfulness that literate English-speakers recognize when they see the word “green”. That quality, it seems, can be recognized and described only from an inside perspective, the perspective that we occupy as people who have mastered the English language in its written form. And we can describe the quality accurately in English only by saying something that appears, at least from an outside perspective, utterly trivial and uninformative, namely, that the word “green” means *green*.

Although it was not an explicit focus of my work, the idea of inside and outside perspectives gradually came to pervade my thinking at Wiko and to expand beyond the sphere of language as such. An early stimulus to this was reading and thinking about Thomas’s work on fictional worlds, which defends what I think of as an inside perspective on literature, and which reminded me that inside perspectives need not be uninformative. An individual sequence of ink marks like the ones you see when you look at the printed word “green” can, in the right context, present a language-user with something over and above those ink marks: the meaning *green*. But, at a higher level, combinations of individual words give her something with a higher order of meaningfulness or significance: characters acting and interacting in a fictional world. Reading Claire’s and Elias’s novels, and thinking about the different possibilities of coherence and degree of

detail revealed by their various imagined worlds, gave the idea of fictional worlds a solid place in my thinking, and reflecting on Ilma's work on memoir suggested new ways in which boundaries between inside and outside might be permeable. I saw counterparts of fictional worlds in the visual arts: in the "imaginary world" of satyrs and centaurs explored by François in his work on vase painting, in the pictorial spaces of 15th-century Italian art that Frank helped me to see on a visit to the Gemäldegalerie, in the visions revealed by the videos from Ghana that Birgit showed us, and in the play of reality and make-believe within the Baroque paintings discussed by Christiane. I also came to recognize the possibility of musical worlds created by ordered sounds. Toshio's music, which he helped me understand "from outside" by explaining some of the scales he used to create his music, constituted a world that could almost immediately be perceived "from inside" as a moving landscape of beautiful shapes in transition, suggestive of flowers opening, wind on water, gathering storms. Helmut's combinations of sounds were far more resistant to an inside view, often stubbornly insisting on being heard as just sounds. But in the end, both from increased familiarity and from my coming to understand how they emerge from a profound and passionate engagement with the tradition of Western classical music, they too yielded to an inside view, revealing worlds of beauty, intense feeling, and unexpected humour and lightness. And another kind of auditory world was revealed by Hanns's readings – poems and melodramas – showing how words that are already meaningful and already constitute a fictional world acquire yet another level of significance through the art of the human voice in speech.

Each of the Tuesday colloquia revealed its own world of inquiry and gave me a hint of how it felt to see that world from the inside. As Beatrice and Karl so nicely pointed out in their "Introduction" to our official end-of-year party, the introductions played a big part in the success of these colloquia, helping the participants, in every case, to think their way into the presenter's point of view. Here again, especially as the year went on, I was struck by the play of inside and outside perspectives in each person's approach to his or her material, and the way both kinds of approaches could be fruitful and revealing. I was often especially drawn to the approaches that took what I thought of as an inside view on topics that are typically treated from the outside – in the case of health care policy, for example, Julie's gripping account of cancer care in Botswana and David's exploration of the emotional significance of revealing, or hiding, one's HIV status. And Olivia's vivid presentation of ideas about movement and self-awareness made me realise that an inside perspective can be a matter of how things feel – really feel, in a bodily, in-one's-bones way –

rather than of how they look or how we think them to be. But it was also interesting to see outside perspectives on topics where inside perspectives are more common – for example, in literary studies, Beatrice’s emphasis on the role of paper, book, and writing in the development of early Islamic culture, and Barbara’s project of mapping the actual places in Europe that are mentioned in European literary texts. The idea of inside and outside perspectives on specifically human behaviour and functioning came up for me also in some of the colloquia dealing with biology and anthropology. Conversations with Paul and other biologists made me appreciate the excitement and sense of promise associated with the thought that such traits as human altruism might be explained in an “outside” way, as an extension of the behaviour of social insects, or even of the cooperation of different cells in a eukaryote, without undermining my conviction of an irreducibly “inside” perspective on human rationality.

But where the contrast between inside and outside perspectives seems most salient to me, as I now write this report more than two months after the end of my Wiko year, is in thinking about my experience at Wiko itself and the project of writing about it. When I first arrived at Wiko, there was nothing but an outside – the analogue of meaningless sounds and marks on paper. There was a collection of Fellows and their partners, all of whom seemed likeable enough, but largely unknown quantities, and sometimes to my embarrassment – I have mild prosopagnosia – hard to tell apart. There was a book of project descriptions that, like the Fellows themselves, seemed reasonably interesting but, for the most part, too remote from my own concerns to engage me seriously. There were of course splendid buildings, tremendously friendly and helpful staff, the most luxurious office I have ever had and delicious meals. But in spite of the warm welcome, the whole situation seemed, at the outset, peculiar, alienating and somewhat guilt-inducing. Here we were, a collection of fortunate academics and writers and composers, being housed and fed, entertained and generally nurtured, at considerable public expense, and with very little in the way of obligations in return. But what was the point of it all? Good times for us, sure, but beyond that, just a lot of talk, a lot of writing in our various offices and probably, in a few years, some books and articles that some people might read but that would mostly serve to take up shelf space in libraries.

But as the Fellows and partners got to know one another and a genuine social and intellectual community began to form, the possibility of another perspective emerged: a view from inside. The projects that had seemed so remote at the outset became vivid and engaging, even if not always convincing, and where they seemed unconvincing it became

stimulating to think about why. The vaguely delineated and somewhat interchangeable Fellows and partners became complex individual human beings with histories, personalities, character traits, distinctive intellectual qualities, stories (and jokes) to tell, ideas and perspectives to share, opinions to defend. Again and again I found in both likely and unlikely conversations – at lunchtimes, after colloquia, at the Xerox machine, in chance encounters on the way back from the supermarket or on the bus, after a lot of good wine on a Thursday evening – ideas that moved my own thinking along because they offered a challenge, or inspiration, or an idea for something new to read, or the suggestion of a different way of conceptualizing a problem, or reassurance that an old way was not as stupid as I had feared. From this perspective I could see what a description from outside was unable to capture, and what I saw allowed me to understand the point – the value, the significance – of an institution like Wiko. The people, the conversations, the varied projects and their interconnections, had become meaningful. I no longer imagined the projected books and articles merely taking up shelf space; instead I could think myself into the worlds of enquiry to which they belonged and anticipate the interest, even eagerness with which they would be read. Some of them I knew I would certainly want to read myself, some of them I was now well on the way to writing myself. The somewhat distant, cynical, reductive attitude I had taken at the outset to the whole Wiko enterprise had given way to a view in which I could see the importance, interest and significance of the intellectual and creative work that we were, individually and collectively, trying to accomplish.

There is plenty to be said from the outside perspective about what had happened and why. We had, as I said above, become a social and intellectual community, and we had done so for reasons of which I can give only a sample: a happy mix of personalities and intellectual interests among the Fellows and their partners, an inspired choice of the year's speakers in the persons of Kamran and Anne, a number of Fellows who unofficially played very important roles in bringing us together (here I have to mention especially Behrooz), a lively social network among the children that helped reinforce connections among the parents as well, and of course the constant and unobtrusive efforts of the Wiko staff to create a framework in which communication could flourish, whether in the Tuesday and Thursday colloquia, the evening concerts and other events, or – perhaps most importantly – the dining room, where we were made to feel so comfortable and welcome that some of us ended up lingering in conversation for hours after the meal was over. But such a description from outside, no matter how detailed, would inevitably leave

something out. What it could never hope to capture, and what I cannot hope to capture in this report, was what the Wiko year was like from the inside: the significance, the meaning of the interactions that membership in this community made possible. Is there something to be said about this from the inside, an analogue to the true but uninformative statement that the word “green” means *green*? Perhaps only this: Thanks to all of you – Fellows, partners, Wiko administration and staff – for a great year.



## INFINITE CONVERSATION, OR HOME ABROAD BEATRICE GRUENDLER

Beatrice Gruendler (D.E.U.G. Strasbourg, 1985; B.A. Tübingen, 1987; M.A. 1989, Ph.D. Harvard, 1995), Professor at Yale University, is active in four areas of research: the development of Arabic script, classical Arabic poetry and its social context, the integration of modern literary theory into the study of Near Eastern literatures, and early Arabic book culture viewed within the history of media. Her publications include *The Development of the Arabic Scripts: From the Nabatean Era to the First Islamic Century* (1993); *Medieval Arabic Praise Poetry: Ibn al-Rūmī and the Patron's Redemption* (2003); and, as contributing editor, *Classical Arabic Humanities in Their Own Terms* (2007). Her current work comprises a study of the communicative choices of literati in the ninth century A.D. and a media history of early Arabic book culture. – Address: Department of Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations, Yale University, P.O. Box 208236, New Haven, CT 06520-8236, USA. E-mail: beatrice.gruendler@yale.edu

One poet, for lack of better resort, invoked the “sacred bond of culture” to throw himself upon the mercy of a patron. He met with success and went home with a bag of silver coins. Another poet, reading a book outside his house, met with the scathing comment of a neighbor, “Of what use is scholarship and culture for one of poor means?” The neighbor was proven wrong: a vizier, listening to the poet’s conversation advised his sons, “Take down his utterances in addition to his poetry and letters.” The poet even talked his way to the caliph: he intercepted the chief judge who had entrée at court and persuaded him that it was the judge’s duty to use his status by introducing the poet, just as it was his

duty to pay the tithe on his material possessions to the poor. The place was Baghdad, the time the early ninth century A.D.

Ten months in Grunewald let me travel to the Iraq of the Abbasid age thirteen centuries ago and delve into these and other snapshots of literary life with an intensity I had not experienced for many years, so much so that I wondered what had kept me from doing so. There simply had not been the time. It also reacquainted me with old penciled notebooks and long dormant electronic files of past readings. The reception of my first survey on “Communicative Choices in Early Islamic Book Culture” by colleagues from history, anthropology, and sociology and the enthusiasm it generated helped confirm that my chosen approach of writing a literary anthropology would work. A particular treat was to be introduced by the novelist Elias Khoury, whose classical Arabic recitations enlivened not only my colloquium but also many subsequent conversations.

We live in a time of changing media in which our research tools alter rapidly, in contrast to the ancient sources we are investigating, and matter and method unfailingly affect each other. This paradox brought home to me how pressing it is to look closely at how people grappled with new formats in earlier periods of incisive change and how those formats gradually impacted the way people spoke, wrote, and thought. Much of this happened in the Near East: the invention of script in Ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, the invention of alphabets on the eastern rim of the Mediterranean, and the first cosmopolitan book culture in Iraqi cities, my own focus. It is essential therefore to integrate the Near East into the “grand narrative” of world media, and my research and writing at the Wissenschaftskolleg should be a beginning.

The “what” was clear but not the “how”. To paint a panorama out of a myriad of puzzle pieces, the fruits of five years of intermittent reading, proved a challenge. How could I compose a mosaic out of the tesserae? Accident and reading held the solution. While I was closing gaps in my survey of the written records of literary life of the ninth century, notably the administrative historiography, bio-bibliographical sources, and vitae of grammarians (the critics of poetry by default before it became a proper discipline), I stumbled upon two key personae around which the facets could be clustered: the smooth scholar-performer al-Asma'ī (d. 828) and the erudite but unsavory book scholar Abū 'Ubayda (d. 825). Their encounter helped contextualize the diverse attitudes toward the emerging manuscript book. Their usage, or non-usage, of this new data carrier in varying situations also served as a mold into which to cast the larger background information. Once the logic of telling was established, further figures would add themselves to continue the

development and its concomitant tensions, such as the grammarian al-Farrā' (d. 822), who outmaneuvered greedy stationers to keep his most popular book affordable, or Abū 'Ubayd (d. 838), who experimented with diverse book types from compilation to composition from scratch and was so successful at catering to different markets that he received a stipend as a book author.

The Abbasid vizier al-Hasan b. Sahl (d. 850), enumerating the canon of nine Greek, Persian, and Arab arts, states, “The one [art] that surpasses them are snippets of speech, nocturnal conversation, and what people in sessions take from each other.” The spoken word, whether a conversation, recitation, or the commented reading in a teaching circle, or *halqa*, formed not only the model for many books, but much prose writes its oral transmission into the text. Written and spoken word cohabit in Arabic culture. But the same could be said about Wallotstraße 19. A particular genre of such “oral literature” was the introduction of colleagues at the colloquia. The presentations grew during the year and some presenters practiced it three or even four times, outdoing themselves at each instance in engaging with the speaker’s oeuvre and playing off it using different styles and media.

The discussions of the narrative group composed of Barbara Piatti, Thomas Pavel, Karl Schlögel, and Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus and the writers Ilma Rakusa and Claire Messud likewise integrated the written and the spoken. Their feedback to my first chapter drove home that how a story is told matters as much as the story itself. This was instrumental in steadyng the narrative path I had taken. More so, they would remain as a readership in my mind that now I always think of while writing. The new approach required a more person-based account, which meant a rereading of the biographical sources on grammarians and their works that formed the core of the first chapter. Though I had brought a substantial library with me, such titles had not been anticipated; but the library team sleuthed out Arabic books from the Staatsbibliothek and across the country at record speed.

Berlin showed itself to be a hub of Arabic studies of all shades and the numerous venues engendered fruitful encounters. One of them was the lecture series, entitled “Zukunftsphilologie,” of the Forum Transregionale Studien, under the aegis of Angelika Neuwirth and Islam Dayeh, which tracks the potential of philology in changing systems of knowledge in regions beyond Europe. This was the most specialized audience to whom I presented my work in process, and these mostly young Berlin colleagues engaged with the material in great detail.

Another event, initiated by Christian Junge and Kirill Dimitriev (FU, with the support of the Junge Akademie and the DAAD), was a workshop on the creation of a new bilingual Master's of Research in collaboration with Egyptian and Moroccan universities. This gave me the opportunity, in a panel of sample seminars, to revisit one of my past course subjects: a literary debate between two tenth-century luminaries, the poet Mutannabī (d. 965) and the poet al-Hātimī (d. 998). This time the presentation was also a dialogue, bilingual in Arabic and German with Naser A. Elmowafi (Faculty of Literature, Cairo University).

Still other things occurred without planning. The Wiko's own EUME program and the FU provided an interminable list of conversation partners whom the peaceful patio of the Wiko encouraged to stay much past the customary lunch hour and to speak about current research. Somehow the genus loci suspended their thoughts about the next committee meeting. This was also true of media historians at large, such as Friedrich Kittler and Wolfgang Ernst, with whom coffee hours extended past midnight, and still all had not been said. Such out-of-the-box re-thinking of the media transformations beyond a particular culture proved vital. Further enriching was a visit, supported by the Wiko, of my colleague James Montgomery (University of Cambridge, UK) to exchange notes on ninth-century book authors.

A pleasant challenge was the return to my mother tongue, which I had hardly used in my profession heretofore, and which provided a register in which to reformulate familiar subjects afresh. It began in Gotha, where I gave a "pre-run" of my colloquium at the Forschungszentrum of the University of Erfurt, and it occurred to me on the train that my carefully worded English talk would have to be delivered in German. It metamorphosed ad hoc into a conversational presentation, which I (and I believe the public) enjoyed more than a straight lecture.

More forewarning was given for a public evening conversation at the Wiko in January, on the topic of "Papyrus – Parchment – Paper: On the changing media of Arabic Book Culture", a trial run of what was to become a popular new format. My conversation partner was Michael Marx from the Corpus Coranicum Project of the Prussian Academy of Science, and our comparison of the textual and oral histories of the Qur'ān vs. Arabic poetry generated a host of perspicacious questions from the audience.

A highlight towards the end of my stay was a workshop at the Max Planck Institute for the History of Science in Berlin, at which Director Jürgen Renn asked me to convene a workshop on Arabic science in collaboration with Isabel Toral-Niehoff, Peter Pökel

(both Arabistik), and Lukas Muehlethaler (Islamwissenschaft; all FU). Though I was familiar with their work, it was still surprising to learn of the wealth of current projects on Qur’ān studies, early Arabic philology and historiography, and post-Avicennian philosophy going on at the same time in the city.

In Arabic Studies, face-to-face encounters are as vital today as those between the individuals we read about up to thirteen centuries ago. They placed particular weight (despite their reliance on books) on person-to-person contact to further knowledge. Nonetheless it was the written form that reverberated across centuries, as the classical Arabic language, or ‘arabiyya, is a code, like Medieval Latin or Modern English, unlimited by the writer’s creed, ethnic belonging, or geographical provenance. The field of Arabic Studies, consisting of a thinly spread international community, itself enjoys an internal durability; not even a few half-a-century-old works still retain value, and one aims to be read for an equally long time, though probably no longer on paper but in some (yet unknown) digital format.

Finally it would be incorrect to ignore the looming figure of Berlin and its performing arts, museums, and architecture, which made up no small part of my deficit in German culture over that last quarter century.

It was by chance that, towards the end of my stay, I had to write on the concept of the home in Arabic literature for a Colloquium at Göttingen’s Lichtenberg-Kolleg (Institute for Advanced Study, a fledgling sister of the Wiko). Revisiting in May the material I had surveyed over the Christmas holiday, I was struck by the degree to which the topic was celebrated by its opposite: the universal home of the traveling poet or scholar, who finds soul mates wherever he goes and scorns the homestayer as a disempowered weakling. The famous Mutanabbī (d. 956) declaimed in a mix of nihilist bravado: “In no need for homes, no return urges me towards a land from which I traveled / The beauty has a moment from me, then there lies between us a desert crossed, but not toward encounter / The dearest place in the worlds is the saddle of a flying [steed], and the best companion in time is a book.” More silent and gentle, a field-working grammarian felt homesick after a long stay in the desert, but upon gathering his first results, eloquent verse from the lips of a Bedouin, he exclaimed, “The sorrow became joy and the stay a pleasure.” Traveling scholars had to pay the price of relinquishing a permanent home, whose stability, however, was not guaranteed, and some scholars felt like strangers in their own homes. Much of this grew out of the great mobility of pilgrims, scholars, traders, entertainers, and soldiers typical of early Islam, the last group at times positively barred by law from returning

home to ensure settlement in the new garrison towns. Some poets, like al-Buhturī, faced the problem squarely and denied the existence of nations altogether: “Do not say ‘communities and groups’, for the earth is of one dust and mankind of one man.” Another traveler rejected any genealogical linkage between land and human beings, “All of land is a man’s land, and no kinship ties a man to a piece of earth.” We may not be as modern as we think we are.

The wonderful atmosphere in Grunewald helped to integrate it all – extensive readings, forays into new methods, a radically different way of writing, and a willing public on whom to test it. This proved difficult to leave behind, and, having packed my library to be shipped back (which I had put off to the last three days) and crossing the Atlantic westward, I could not but agree with the early Islamic poet al-Quṭāmī (d. 720; his *Collected Works*, dated 974 A.D., are the oldest Arabic manuscript of the Staatsbibliothek): “My neighbors traveled within my heart. Indeed my heart is burdened with the neighbors close to whom I live.”



MATERNAL MORTALITY IN ERITREA –  
IMPROVEMENTS IN ASSOCIATION  
WITH THE CENTRALIZATION  
OF OBSTETRIC SERVICES  
WOLFGANG HOLZGREVE

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Wolfgang Holzgreve graduated from the University of California, Berkeley and the University of Münster in 1982–84, and became Associate Professor at the University of Münster. In 1995 he was appointed Chair of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Basel. From there he was recruited back to Germany to become the Chair of the Board of Directors of the University of Freiburg before he started his sabbatical at the Wiko in Berlin, during which time he was elected to the same position as in Freiburg at the University of Bonn. His main research has been in the area of prenatal diagnosis and therapy, with more than 500 papers, 10 books, and Editorial Board memberships with 15 journals. He was editor-in-chief of *Fetal Diagnosis and Therapy* and currently is the Associate Editor of the *International Journal of Gynecology and Obstetrics*. He received the Maternite award, the Liley medal, and five honorary doctoral degrees and was President of the German Societies of Reproductive Medicine, of Perinatal Medicine, and of the Swiss Society of Obstetrics and Gynecology. He is on the Board of EBCOG and FIGO and their representative to the UN and WHO. – Address: Ärztlicher Direktor und Vorstandsvorsitzender, Universitätsklinikum Bonn, Sigmund-Freud-Straße 25, 53127 Bonn. E-mail: wolfgang@holzgreve.net

### Prolog

To spend a whole year as a medical doctor at an Institute for Advanced Study is still a rare event in countries where German is spoken (as opposed e.g. to the USA), but I am now more convinced than ever that I can only recommend it to my best colleagues. I was

personally motivated to hope for it ever since I was at the University of California at Berkeley in 1975, where I experienced a busy head of a large clinic, Professor Charles Epstein MD, who was also President of the American Society of Human Genetics, going to a similar institution at Stanford University for an academic year. He was seen in the Bay Area only occasionally for weekends, otherwise concentrated on his project in Palo Alto, and – yes, this is a prerequisite for leaving a busy clinical service – had a deputy heading his program back home. After his return he was the boss again, but he had been able to work on a project that his busy everyday clinical life would have never allowed him to pursue. I therefore had the same ambition on my “to achieve list” when I became the head of the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department at the University of Basel in 1995, but unfortunately I have to admit that I was not able to pursue it for 15 years as Chair of this very busy place with more than 2,000 deliveries, 3,000 surgeries, and 60,000 outpatient consultations a year. When it was finally possible for me after my time in Freiburg, however, the interdisciplinary contact at the Wiko turned out to be so valuable that I think maybe there should be more encouragement for medical doctors with great clinical responsibilities to consider or be considered for such a sabbatical, and if it can't be a whole year, shorter periods of a few months might be an alternative. The secret of the Wiko was well summarized by Professor Dr. Wolfram Hogrebe from the University of Bonn (*Forschung und Lehre* 8/2005) with the characterization “No duties – only opportunities”, but certainly the project summarized in brief here would not have been possible without Wiko – thank you!

### Synopsis of my Wiko-Project

Within the last 15 years, maternal mortality was reduced significantly in Eritrea. During this time German charity activities were directed successfully towards helping to centralize obstetric services.

### Abstract

To reduce maternal mortality and to move more effectively toward achieving Millennium Development Goal (MDG) 5, it is important to learn from positive national experiences and to try to isolate significant factors of the success. Maternal mortality in Eritrea is still high, but within the time period since the country's independence in 1991, the Eritrean

government has received support from two German nongovernmental organizations – the Hammer Forum and Archemed – to improve maternal health. This support has focused on prenatal care, contraception counseling, post-abortion care, and most notably the centralization of obstetric and neonatal services in the capital, Asmara, and subsequently in the second biggest city, Keren, against the background of 231 health facilities for ca. 5 million inhabitants. It is now possible to tentatively evaluate the effect of this approach. National data show that the maternal mortality ratio has declined from 998 per 100,000 live births in 1995 to 486 in 2010. Although the positive effect of skilled birth attendants in the periphery is well documented, the centralization of obstetric services in Eritrea seemed to be a major factor for the country's considerable progress towards achieving MDG 5.

## 1. Introduction

The maternal mortality ratio (MMR), which is defined as the total number of deaths of women while pregnant or within 42 days of the end of pregnancy per 100,000 live births, is a widely accepted parameter to assess the quality of obstetric services in a country [1], although the measurement is a challenge for countries that have high rates of deliveries that do not take place in hospitals and inaccurate data on causes of maternal deaths. In such cases, sophisticated statistical modeling techniques can be used to estimate MMR [2]. According to the best possible estimates, there were around 350,000 maternal deaths worldwide in 2008 [3, 4], of which most were preventable.

Reaching the targets of Millennium Development Goals (MDG) 4 and 5 (a two-thirds reduction in mortality of children under 5 years and a three-quarters reduction in maternal mortality and universal access to reproductive health, respectively) would equate to saving the lives of 4 million children and about 190,000 women [5]. Of the 4 million newborn deaths and 3.2 million stillbirths each year, most are attributable to the death of the mother, inadequate care in the critical hours and days after birth, and poor maternal health; therefore, prevention of a mother's death is also the most important intervention for the health of a child [6]. There has been overall progress in reducing the mortality rates among children aged under 5 years and maternal deaths; however, the "Countdown to 2015" global movement – which tracks progress in 68 countries where more than 95 % of all maternal and child deaths occur – found that, of these, only 19 countries are on track, while 12 countries (including some currently on track) have seen their progress

slow since 2000 [1]. For MDG 5, globally and in most of the countries included in the Countdown project, the improvements are insufficient – particularly in Sub-Saharan Africa.

One way to make progress in reducing maternal and perinatal mortality is to carefully analyze a country's activities in these areas and to learn from positive examples by identifying in a scientific way the factors that most likely had the highest beneficial impact, thus making possible the potential transfer of these experiences to other countries.

Hence we examine the example of Eritrea, where two German nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) – Archemed and the Hammer Forum – have been active in this country since 1995 when the first children were flown out of the country for surgery in Germany and where later medical activities were supported within the country through the 2003 creation of a neonatology ward next to the obstetric facility in the capital city, Asmara. From 2004 to 2010, the number of deliveries in the country's biggest newly built obstetric service increased from 7,000 to 9,200; and the neonatal ward, which was originally planned for 16 children, now has an average of 40 newborns. We wanted to examine in greater detail the development of maternal mortality in Eritrea within the last 15 years and what the most important factors influencing the observed changes might have been.

## 2. Activities towards centralization of obstetric services and auxiliary activities

During the 15-year time period from 1995 to 2000 looked at here, the Eritrean government initiated the following strategies with support from the Hammer Forum and Archemed:

- More than 100 associate nurses and nurse midwives were trained and deployed.
- The new Orotta Medical School in the capital, Asmara, was established and its first 31 doctors graduated in 2009. Since all the acting senior medical doctors were still trained in Ethiopia, mostly in Addis Abeba before Eritrea's independence in 1991, a new curriculum was developed in cooperation between the local senior doctors and our NGO, especially after some US medical doctors (from George Washington University and Physicians for Peace) had to discontinue their service over the last two years because of some previous tension between the two governments.
- Because there were only 15 fully trained obstetricians/gynecologists in the country (6 in Asmara), a postgraduate training program was developed. The duration of the curriculum is currently three years; the first exams are scheduled for 02/2012.

- Because of the high total fertility rate of 4.84 (by comparison, Germany has 1.4) and a birth rate of 33.6 per 1,000 (9.62), planned parenthood activities were another emphasis, with the aim to improve contraceptive knowledge and the spacing of pregnancies and to reduce unsafe abortions.
- The Eritrean government introduced and universally applied a community female genital cutting elimination project (“Vision Eritrea”), especially in the subzones of the Northern Red Sea Zone, from January 2008 to June 2010 with a coordinated campaign, peer groups, and the local authorities, especially schoolteachers with whom major successful information and attitude-forming events were conducted [7].
- Ultrasound evaluations during pregnancy were introduced and staff teaching was intensified.
- The German charity activities helped to train medical teams for high-risk obstetrics as well as neonatology by coordinating at least two team assignments per year from Germany, with highly qualified neonatal nurses, 4 neonatologists, 2 pediatricians, and 3 obstetricians from university and other major departments. Furthermore, the German charity organizations also organized regularly transports of medical equipment and medicine from Germany.

This experience in Asmara also led to the current project to build up a similar facility in Keren, planned for about 2,000–3,000 deliveries. About two million people live in the northern region around Keren. The central government fully supports this new building designed by architects from Berlin. In this second biggest hospital of the country, the maternity facility is currently not only far away from the surgical facility where caesarean sections can be performed; there is also only one fully trained obstetrician and one neonatologist, respectively, so that the regular help from the German colleagues is highly appreciated. The hospital is a major driver for fertility control, offering contraceptive counseling, and also a major contributor to the fight against female genital mutilation. The new building project of a perinatal center is also intended to give a positive signal for the other provincial cities outside the capital, Asmara.

### 3. Results of activities

A household study to assess the maternal mortality ratio was conducted [6] on a normally representative sample of population including a total of 42 communities (7 randomly selected from each of 6 zones). After appropriate training, members of these communities

visited a total of 46,684 households in a house-to-house survey identifying a total of 248 deaths of women in the reproductive age group (15–49 years), of which 41 most likely were maternal deaths.

There was an overall decline in MMR in Eritrea from 998 per 100,000 live births in 1995 to 486 per 100,000 in 2010. The household survey of the nationally representative sample revealed a maternal mortality ratio of 752 for the period 2002–2003 with a lifetime risk for maternal mortality of 1 in 28 for the whole country. There was, however, wide zonal variation in MMR, e.g. from 46 per 100,000 in the zone Zoba Maakel to 1,261 in Zoba Southern Red Sea. 16 % percent of all maternal deaths occurred during childbirth, while 36 % occurred within two months after termination of pregnancy, about half (48 %) around childbirth itself. The increase in the percentage of institutional deliveries occurred only significantly after the opening of the new obstetric facility in Asmara in 2005 [6].

In parallel to these developments in centralizing obstetric services in order to achieve a decline in MMR, auxiliary activities took place and other major changes in prenatal care have been seen between 1995 and 2010, e.g.

- whereas in 1991 only 19 % of pregnant women received at least one prenatal care visit during their pregnancy, this figure increased to 89 % in 2010. Access to comprehensive emergency obstetric care increased from 43 % in 2006 to 84 % in 2010, probably because of the obvious increasing popularity of coming for deliveries to the central facilities.
- The immunization rate increased from under 40 % of children immunized against measles or three doses of DPT to more than 95 % in 2010, and the prevention of mother-to-child transmission of HIV increased from 4 % in 2004 to 29 % in 2006. The under-5 mortality rate decreased from 150 per 1,000 live births in 1990 to 58 in 2010, similar to the decline we had observed in Ethiopia [8].
- Counseling about contraception and safe post-abortion care was intensified during this time period, and the “Reproductive Health Plus Project” [7] was implemented with its main emphasis on stopping the traditional practices of FGM through awareness campaigns by teachers, students and peer groups using videos and the training of reproductive health promoters, traditional birth attendants, community working groups, and educators. Comparative knowledge, attitude, and practice surveys conducted at the beginning and at the end of the project clearly indicated a significant change in the practice of FGM, which decreased among five- to ten-year-old girls from 73 % in 2007 to 35 % in 2010 [7].

Because of this list of auxiliary activities, the efforts to centralize obstetric services improvement of MMR, it is scientifically impossible to dissect exactly which part of the observed success is due to exactly which activity, but we propose that some considerations are possible for hypothesis generation.

## Discussion

Academic medicine in the past has probably not participated enough in the tedious work of analyzing in a scientific way national performance data in areas like perinatal medicine, because the primarily hypothesis-driven literature has only lately increased its recognition of this as an important area of research and medicine [9, 10]. It has even been speculated that maternal health and reproductive rights in general could have been low on the agenda in the past because they were conceived as “female” and therefore “secondary” issues in some regions of the world. Recently, however, it is more and more recognized that a “... substantial increase in education, especially of women, and the reversal of the gender gap ...” can be a major factor in the social and economic progress of countries [11]. Many factors influence the MMR development in a country; e.g. Galadanski et al. [12] reported in their study of obstetric quality assurance in Nigeria that there was a close correlation between the MMR and the equipment status and hygiene conditions of the hospitals, so there is never a monocausal relationship between any intervention and overall outcomes; nevertheless we think that some conclusions can be drawn from the developments in Eritrea, especially regarding centralization of obstetric and neonatal services.

Eritrea is a suitable country to study hypotheses such as the one that centralization of obstetric services improves MMR in low-income countries, because it is small with only 5,291,370 inhabitants (census 2008), of whom 80 % live in rural areas. After the 30 years of armed struggle with Ethiopia there are only 110–125 physicians for the total of 5.3 million people in the country or three medical doctors per 100,000 population (compare with 293 per 100,000 in the USA). There are 12 nurses per 100,000 population (937 in Germany) and three midwives per 100,000 [10]. The life expectancy in Eritrea is 59.9 years (79.1 years in Germany) and the average age of the population is 18.1 years (43.4). More than 50 % of the medical doctors are guest physicians from Cuba, China, or India. The staffing shortage, which is intimately linked to training and postgraduate education, has to be given high priority because severe understaffing, just like lack of equipment, makes severe dilemma situations for the health care workers unavoidable. Julie Livingston and

Steven Feierman, together with participants at a workshop at the Institute for Advanced Study in Berlin in May 2011, addressed the obstacles to the improvement of health systems and possible interventions in Africa by saying [13]: “Consider a hospital with no oxygen, patients lying two in a bed, a nurse to patient ratio of 30 to 1, a half-stocked pharmacy, and a lab lacking reagents. How does one doctor in such a setting?” (See also the conference report of Steven Feierman and Julie Livingston, p. S. 308).

One of the main activities of the government in Eritrea was to centralize obstetric services, because our hypothesis was that skilled birth attendants in the periphery are important, but most useful in centralized services, because here they can provide maximal safety with the lowest cost for emergency equipment per user and bring the individual health care provider more often out of those dilemma situations described above. In Eritrea there are currently 231 health facilities, 160 health stations, 48 health centers, 17 hospitals, and 6 maternal and child centers. In 1991, when the country gained independence, there were 16 hospitals, 4 health care centers, and 106 health stations. Primary-level health stations focus on immunizations, antenatal care, epidemic disease control, etc.; secondary-level hospitals on general medicine and obstetric care, minor surgical procedures, dental services, etc.; and a tertiary national referral hospital currently exists only in Asmara.

There are numerous and obvious reasons why centralized perinatal centers have a very important role in improving mother and child health in any country, in particular:

1. Health workers from obstetrics and neonatology can work closely together.
2. Fragile newborns, who are known to react adversely to low temperatures and mechanical irritation, need only short transports when the delivery room is adjacent to the neonatal service as in Asmara and soon in Keren.
3. Expensive and perishable commodities such as blood products and instruments for cesarean section and other surgeries can be better stored.
4. It is easier to staff perinatal centers with specialists, because costs per patient fall.
5. Follow-up care of sick babies and mothers, including nutrition and vaccination programs, becomes easier.
6. Contraception counseling can be offered in a structured way, providing knowledge about its benefits to childbearing women after delivery.

A central perinatal facility, however, cannot just be planned on paper and implemented easily everywhere. Any center has to be accepted and trusted by the public, and we have invested a lot of effort in this acceptance issue successfully in Eritrea as shown by (1) the

increase in deliveries in the hospital of the newly built facility in the capital Asmara from 5,500 to 9,000 over the years and (2) by the dramatic increase, since building the new perinatal center, in the survival of premature and sick newborns in Asmara. The rewarding experience was that “word got around” about the quality of the new perinatal facility and its family-friendly design; acceptance of the new medical center in the population and demand for it grew steadily.

Non-governmental organizations (NGOs) can pursue concepts that may differ in certain aspects from those of more government-dependent organizations such as the UN or WHO, e.g. strengthening the central obstetric facilities, even though an emphasis on the empowerment of the services in the periphery might be politically higher on the agenda. We feel that even skilled birth attendants usually are lost in the field in cases of real obstetric and newborn emergencies, because in many of the typical obstetrical emergency situation, such as PPH or eclampsia, suddenly specialized facilities and skills are necessary to prevent death. It has been shown that there is a correlation between the percentage of births attended by a skilled birth attendant and the number of babies who die in their first month of life [15] and the WHO has incorporated the percentage of births attended by skilled birth attendants into its menu of key indicators [16], but high-resource countries have stronger health systems in general, so that there is not only a greater number of skilled professionals but also better provision of emergency obstetric care in centralized facilities than in the periphery without equipment. Therefore the skilled birth attendants are often not sufficient to prevent maternal death, but they have to be backed up by facilities that e.g. allow for fast cesarean sections or medical and surgical interventions.

In their analysis of studies of routine prenatal care, José Villar and Per Bergsjø [17] have concluded that obstructed labor can be anticipated in multiparas based on obstetric history and that in suspicious situations hospital delivery should be secured. A staged approach for obstructed labor and similarly postpartum hemorrhage in low-resource settings with emergency transport and many other logistical problems, however, might be impractical, so that the ideal situation is that most deliveries should take place in facilities that have the appropriate backup for emergency obstetric interventions in the first place. This is especially relevant for Eritrea, where from 01 to 06/2010 ca. 50 % of the maternal mortality was due to atonia, whereas according to the World Health Report 2005 severe bleeding (hemorrhage) normally accounts for 25 % of the etiologies. On the one hand, misoprostol can be applied even in rural areas by skilled health care workers, and in many randomized studies on oral and sublingual misoprostol for prevention of postpartum

hemorrhage this regimen was associated with significant decreases in the rate of acute postpartum hemorrhage and mean blood loss [18, 19, 20]. The drug's low cost, ease of administration, stability, and positive safety profile make it a good option for resource-poor settings and the WHO has recommended it for that purpose [21], but on the other hand, in cases of severe PPH, other things such as fresh frozen plasma, blood transfusion, and possibilities for surgery have to be available quickly to save lives. In Africa, sick people and pregnant women in labor or with complications are usually transported by donkey, rarely by car, truck, or bus, and only occasionally by an ambulance, and this can be life-threatening in cases of severe preeclampsie/eclampsia, bleeding, or obstructed labor. Therefore deliveries in facilities that have the backup for emergencies provide much greater safety than do efforts at triaging in accordance with risk factors beforehand.

Another important lesson from analyzing more or less successful developments in the perinatal performance of a country is the recognition that it is necessary to rigorously assess what kind of a partner the ruling government is, because these administrators can be either prohibitive or very helpful. In our Eritrea project, the close cooperation between NGOs and the government is meanwhile based on a long tradition of trust and intensive cooperation on all levels, and therefore projects like the intended centralization of obstetric services could be achieved in a combined effort. After the success with centralization in the Asmara and Keren region, the subsequent plan now is to have a network of adequately equipped centers throughout the country, including some selected regional hospitals.

Another example of the Eritrean central government's positive influence on health care development in the country is that in 2003 the Eritrean Ministry of Health organized a broad-based campaign to identify children who had not been immunized against measles and provided boosters for children who had already received at least one dose of the measles vaccine. This campaign for children aged 9 months to 15 years was launched in collaboration with a wide variety of local actors, including local administrators, community and religious leaders, youth and women's associations, and community health workers. A subsequent evaluation confirmed that coverage reached 98.3 % of the targeted group and the result is that measles no longer poses a major threat to children in Eritrea, and no deaths from measles have been reported between 2006 and 2008.

In Eritrea the key strategies used to reduce maternal and perinatal deaths included provision of quality antenatal care and skilled assistance during delivery, postpartum home visits, care of the newborn, expansion and equitable distribution of emergency

obstetric and neonatal services, provision of post-abortion care, strengthening the transport and communication systems, capacity building, and especially centralization of services. The WHO, UNICEF, UNFPA, and the World Bank estimated for Eritrea a 69% reduction in MMR from 1990 to 2008, with an average annual reduction of 6.6%. This makes this small country one of the few countries in Africa that is on track to achieve MDG 5 [22].

A study of the 11 comprehensive emergency obstetric care facilities in Eritrea found that they were all grossly understaffed – a problem also reported from other places in Africa, such as South Africa, where “some district hospitals had not had a visit from an obstetrician or pediatrician in years because of their own work load” [23] – but that the compliance with clinical standards and supplies was optimal in the Eritrean health facilities. As a consequence, the total case fatality rate of 0.65% was low.

The same study revealed that in Eritrea a total 45.6% of obstetric admissions and 19.5% of maternal deaths were attributed to abortion complications [24]. This is even higher than the rate of 13% for maternal deaths due to unsafe abortion found by the WHO worldwide (47,000 cases in 2008). Of the estimated 21.6 million unsafe abortions in 2008, almost all occurred in low-income countries. This is a sensitive point that we often have to address with the government in good faith. The successes obtained in Eritrea in perinatal health through centralization of obstetric services and a complex list of other activities have encouraged the drivers of this progress to carefully monitor this development and to identify areas where further progress toward achieving the MDGs 4 and 5 is possible. Careful analyses of the effects of helping women have healthy, wanted pregnancies [25] have shown social and economic gains far beyond the health sector, including higher educational attainment and labor productivity, as well as greater accumulation of household wealth, which helps to reduce poverty overall.

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The results of this project are also described in the following articles:

“Maternal mortality in Eritrea: Improvements associated with centralization of obstetric services.”

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b Elisabeth-Krankenhaus Essen, Hammer Forum

c Archemed, Ärzte für Kinder in Not, Möhnesee

*International Journal of Gynecology and Obstetrics*, im Druck.

In summary, the improvement of maternal health and the aim to make progress toward MGM5 to improve maternal mortality is not easy in low-resource settings, especially in many parts of Africa, but proper evaluation of successful developments in some countries such as Eritrea suggests that coordinated efforts of governments with NGOs, including a list of pre- and perinatal activities, can result in sustainable achievements, but a key factor seems to be a centralization of obstetric services as achieved in Eritrea.

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## MY THIRD STAY AT WIKO TOSHIO HOSOKAWA

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Toshio Hosokawa was born in Hiroshima, Japan in 1955. After initial studies in Tokyo, he came to Berlin in 1976 to study Composition at the Hochschule der Künste under Isang Yun. From 1983 to 1986, he continued his studies at the Hochschule für Musik in Freiburg under Klaus Huber. He has received numerous awards and prizes, including the Irino Prize for Young Composers (1982), the First Prize in the composition competition for the 100th anniversary of the Berliner Philharmonisches Orchester (1982), the Arion Music Prize (1984), the Composition Prize of the Young Generation in Europe (1985), the Kyoto Music Prize (1988), the Rheingau Music Prize and Duisburger Music Prize (both 1998), and the Roche Commissions Award (2007). In 2001, Hosokawa was elected a Member of the Berlin Academy of the Arts. Since 2004 he has been Permanent Visiting Professor at Tokyo College of Music. His compositions include operas: "Hanjo", "Matsukaze"; oratorios: "Voiceless Voice in Hiroshima", "Sternlose Nacht"; orchestral work: "Circulating Ocean". – Address: 5-18-33, 203 Shimo-shakujii, Nerima-ku, Tokyo, 177-0052, Japan. E-mail: [toshiohosokawa@gmail.com](mailto:toshiohosokawa@gmail.com)

This stay at Wiko was the third one for me. The first one was for one year in 2006/07, the second for six months in 2008/09 and this time for three months. I have been keeping close communication with the Wiko people and their spirit for five years since 2006 and my musical works were created through this communication. I think the three-month stay at Wiko this time was the harvest of my creation for the last five years.

I visited Wiko at the end of January 2011, but I had to fly to New York from Berlin very soon to attend the US premiere of my orchestral work "Woven Dreams". The work

was performed by the Cleveland Orchestra with Franz Welser-Moest, and many of my acquaintances, such as Prof. Dieter Grimm who happened to be staying in New York, the wife of Helmut Lachenmann, Yukiko and her daughter Akiko and some of Wiko's ex-Fellows who lived in New York, came to the concert. "Woven Dreams" was composed on a commission from the Lucerne Festival, and a dream I had during my stay at Wiko inspired me to write the work.

Soon after I came back to Berlin from New York, my new work Horn Concerto "Moment of Blossoming" was performed in its world premiere by the Berliner Philharmoniker. The orchestra had asked me to write the work during my stay at Wiko, and it was first performed by Stefan Dohr, the orchestra's horn player, and Simon Rattle at the Philharmonie on February 10, 2011. Many Wiko colleagues – one of them was Alfred Brendel – came to the rehearsal. This work was performed three times in Berlin and after that it was performed in London and Amsterdam during the Berliner Philharmoniker's European tour. In November 2011, the orchestra will perform the piece in Beijing, Shanghai, Taipei, Seoul and Tokyo, where I live.

In March 2011, rehearsals for the opera "Matsukaze" started at Radialsystem. The opera was supposed to premiere at La Monnaie in Brussels in May. This opera was also commissioned during my stay at Wiko. Sasha Waltz, whom I met there, undertook to direct the opera and she often came to my lecture concerts held at Wiko. Hannah Dübgen, with whom I was acquainted at Wiko through Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, wrote the libretto of the opera.

In March, I went from Wiko to some rehearsals at Radialsystem; the horrible earthquake and tsunami hit northeastern Japan in March 11 and the accident at the nuclear power plant in Fukushima occurred thereafter. "Matsukaze" is an opera about two women living at the seashore who have lost their beloved men. I recorded some actual sounds of the sea in Japan and I composed the opera using the recorded sounds as if those sounds accompanied musical notes. We had just started rehearsal of the opera using the recorded sea sounds when we were terribly shocked that the sounds reminded us of the awful tsunami. The news of the quake frightened the Wiko people too.

At the end of March, my wife Noriko and my friend's daughter Wakana Ono, who is a 17-year-old viola player, came to Berlin. Wakana Ono's father is the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra's Managing Director. I had served as Composer in Residence of the orchestra for many years and it performed the Japanese premiere of Lachenmann's "Das Mädchen mit den Schwefelhölzern" and "Schreiben". The orchestra's concert hall collapsed in the

earthquake, causing the orchestra serious financial problems. When Wakana had a small concert at Wiko, I talked about the crisis in the orchestra and soon after that Wiko's Fellows suggested that they would hold a charity concert to donate to the orchestra. Christine von Arnim planned the concert and it was successfully held with a large audience on April 19, enabling us to send a substantial donation to the orchestra. I'm most grateful to the Fellows and all the people associated with Wiko. The orchestra still has difficulties, but they have resumed wonderful performances.

There is one piece of great news. Her stay at Wiko has been Wakana Ono's first experience of Europe, but she won the first prize at the International Brahms Competition held at Pörtschach, Austria this September. This was her first challenge in international competition and she was also the youngest winner in the competition. She is learning German in Tokyo now to study in Berlin beginning in 2012.

My opera "Matsukaze" premiered in Brussels on May 3, 2011 under the wonderful direction of Sasha Waltz and with the excellent conductor and singers, and the performance was highly acclaimed. After the premiere, the production toured in Luxembourg and Warsaw and finally played at the Staatsoper Berlin in July, a performance attended by many Fellows.

Wiko and I are still deeply linked and I hope that I will continue my creative activities without losing the spirit, intellectual stimulus, imagination and courage that Wiko gave to me.



## NERVOUSNESS IN BERLIN NANCY ROSE HUNT

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Nancy Rose Hunt is an anthropological historian of Africa. She was born in Westfield, Massachusetts to Canadian parents. She received a B.A. in the Humanities from the University of Chicago in 1980 and a Ph.D. in History from the University of Wisconsin-Madison in 1992. Usually her scholarship concerns the history and the present of health, medicine, and reproduction in central Africa, though she has also worked and studied in Ghana and written on such subjects as comics, cultural production, colonial semiotics, laughter, and letter-writing in African history. She has done years of fieldwork in Africa, including in Ghana, Burundi, Democratic Republic of Congo, and Rwanda; and she has taught at the University of Ghana and the University of Kinshasa. Her first book, *A Colonial Lexicon: Of Birth Ritual, Medicalization, and Mobility in the Congo* (Duke, 1999), received the Herskovits Book Prize; and she revised *A Nervous State* for publication while in Berlin. She has also published articles in such journals as *Past & Present*, *Cultural Anthropology*, *History Workshop Journal*, *Journal of African History*, *Signs*, *Africa*, and *Cahiers d'Etudes Africaines*. After five years teaching at the University of Arizona, since 1997 she has been teaching the history and anthropology of Africa, medicine, reproductive health, and mental illness at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. – Address: Department of History, 1029 Tisch Hall, University of Michigan, 435 S. State Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1003, USA. E-mail: nrhunt@umich.edu

The Wissenschaftskolleg and the city of Berlin were fitting locations from which to complete a book on nervousness and colonizing processes. Elias, ever quick, came straight to the point on day two: “We are living in a boarding school.” Julie giggled. So, too, did most

of us gathered for early morning introductory German lessons in the first weeks of October. Giggling and nervousness went together with kindness, wonder, and more meals in those first few weeks and months. All five elements were still present, it seems to me, in deep July.

“Berlin is a skeleton which aches in the cold.” These are some of Christopher Isherwood’s words from 1932 or 1933. His *Goodbye to Berlin* was one of a dozen or so books that formed a small, special library on the high shelf in the kitchen of my apartment in the old part of Villa Walther. I read these books intermittently, passages here, passages there. Over the months, Benjamin’s *Berlin Childhood*, Joseph Roth’s *What I Saw*, Alfred Döblin’s *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, some Brecht, and *A Woman in Berlin* found their way up and back down from that shelf. I would peek in them once again, especially after another trip with a visiting friend to Gleis 17 or a long bike ride or another wander beyond Max Klein’s 1891 sphinx sculptures guarding the Bismarckbrücke and out along the gorgeous wooded paths beside the Herthasee. “Oh, what kind of Jewish life in Berlin was that particular one?” I came to ask myself. (And how can it be, I wonder now, that we did not have a full seminar before those sphinxes wondering about those hybrid icons and their maker, once a humble watchmaker who became a celebrated sculptor of Berlin public art in and outside of the new villa colony, much of it celebrating Bismarck, including the sphinxes on the bridge carrying his name and establishing the villa colony in 1891?)

By June, as the year seemed to slip away too quickly, I went walking and jogging along those same gorgeous paths along the water beyond the sphinxes almost every day. I discovered no place more beautiful in all of Berlin, and it became my favorite – and also closest – place to walk. I would feel like I had entered the nineteenth century as I looked out on the water and the beautiful, natural fencing with gorgeous Grunewald homes across the way, until I would reach the back side of the Jewish school, distinctly indicated with its forbidding security barrier. Isherwood’s haunting words would combine in my mind’s eye with the stark, camp-like feel of that 21st-century metal fence, tightly enclosing around many of Berlin’s Jewish schoolchildren today, setting me to wonder – a time too many, I am afraid – about who had used these dense crannies of woods and foliage to hide or huddle when others were waiting or boarding on Gleis 17.

I did none of the major Holocaust sites during my ten months in Berlin. The Bismarckbrücke and the Jewish school security fence were my chronological bookends. And Gleis 17, the many *Stolpersteine* spotted in Grunewald and Mitte, many a long conversation over Wiko meals, the extraordinary permanent exhibit on art produced in Berlin,

1880–1980, at the Berlinische Galerie, and the irony of Max Stein’s still proudly guarding sphinxes, together produced enough ironic historical reminders to keep me going, exploring less monumental – and I imagine less hackneyed – traces of death, genocide, and camps in this sprawling, mischievous, delightful, and eerie city.

I also did quite a bit of quite serious work during my ten months in Berlin, including a huge amount of new reading and final revisions for *A Nervous State: Violence, Remedies, and Reverie in Colonial Congo*, which Duke will bring out in late 2012 or early 2013. The book marries colonial biopolitics with the securitization of power and health, and it juxtaposes these forms of state power with feisty public healing by African colonial subjects. The Belgian colonial state was born from nervousness; and Congo became a nervous state. The state, its persons, and its technologies had two faces or moods important for this history – one nervous and full of dread, one more humanitarian and moved by pity. Five long moments when state power and vernacular healing came to loggerheads are elaborated; they begin in a time of atrocious violence in the 1900s and close with widespread female sterility in the 1950s. By 1953, the state’s humanitarian “face” was constructing an infertility clinic enclosure in Equateur, located not at all far from a special penal camp built to “concentrate” therapeutic, religious rebels, and founded by the state’s nervous “face” in 1939. There are no heroes or villains in this history. Rather, the event and structure of violence, and its duration and reproduction across generations, through bodies, imaginations, and intellects, is my subject. This historical process entailed forms of somatization across time and generations, mediated through biomedical research and African public healing.

Without the opportunity to discuss this book with my research group and to present some of its main lines and spilling stories before quizzical Wiko colleagues (as well as before Berlin’s “History of Emotions” Max Planck Fellows and colleagues at Leipzig’s African Studies program), I would not have as succinctly clinched some of its main arguments about nervousness, reproductive disruption, and somatization during and following the iconic imperial violence that made King Leopold’s Congo a “heart of darkness”. Moreover, my documentary trails on nervousness in Germany and Europe, and on public healing in Africa, grew much thicker during the year as colleagues fed me new ideas and citations.

Working in a focus group?? Ours was superb for its flexibility, irregularity, and fragilities. We adopted some new people as we went along and shed some others. Mostly, we met when we liked, often for lunch, and especially when a visitor was around, and other-

wise worked much more one-on-one and in pairs or trios, rather than as a whole. I especially learned from Steve's visiting students, from reading Julie's wonderful new book in manuscript, and from the special conference that Julie and Steve organized with all of us and some of Africa's clinicians. I shall forever be grateful for being able to invite Patricia Hayes for a two-week residency in our midst, and for being so warmly encouraged and graciously assisted to organize an African history workshop for doctoral students with Humboldt's Andreas Eckert, with all of Wiko's distinguished Africa Fellows involved as discussants.

A year at the Wissenschaftskolleg was also grand for how often and how deeply it allowed me to escape from the "Africa box". Conversations with Karl Schlögel, Albrecht Koschorke, Kamran Ali, Petra Gehring, Thomas Pavel, Tanja Petrović, and Yojada Verrips spilled into many others over meals and in seminars, and all had me thinking about narrative, history, and writing in new kinds of ways. I came to realize more clearly than ever before how I clutch fascinating, awkward, or unseemly bits and then seek to *suture* them in somewhere, and not at all seamlessly so. It was during my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg that I came to realize how strongly surgical (and film) metaphors for suturing may be productive for me, and my *Nervous State* book in particular. After all, a surgeon's seam-like joints and stitches tackle wounds and enable scars. And my history of Congo's Equateur must grapple, more than most African histories and colonial medical histories, with injuries and disfigurement.

*A Nervous State* is about war, violence, and suffering, states of exception and bare life, and humanitarianism and its medical technologies and effects. While in Berlin, I also launched new research on PTSD (Posttraumatic Stress Disorder) expertise and therapeutic technologies in post-genocide Rwanda and the bordering provinces of Congo, a region enmeshed in violence, war, and war-related rape since 1996. This new project will begin by collecting life and work histories with mental health care specialists, from experts in Geneva, Germany, and North America who began developing new low-cost trauma therapies for war and rape victims during the war in Bosnia; to those who have researched the efficacy of such therapies in Congo and other locations; to the Swahili-speaking counselors who do the frontline work with patients in Congo's rape hospitals, surely modifying and tailoring as they go. During preliminary field research in this transnational region in September 2010, just before I arrived in Berlin, I began to document how a post-1994 "trauma sector" coincides with a new "heritage sector" in this transnational region. The two sectors encompass genocide memorial sites in Rwanda, two rape hospitals in the

Kivus, and other projects in witnessing, memorialization, and mental health care, including trauma care methods and tangibles emerging from them (such as autobiographical testimonial books produced by therapists using “Narrative Exposure Therapy”, developed in Constance, Germany). I spent my first six weeks at the Wissenschaftskolleg producing a background paper on this new research for Richard Rottenburg and Vinh-Kim Nguyen’s Dahlem Conference on experimentality in Africa in March. I also thought these same themes through Europe and Berlin, and through my small library of books gathered on that same high kitchen shelf. *A Woman in Berlin* kept tugging at me, and I have not set it down for good yet.

My year *in Berlin* was about history, the contemporary, the arts, and the material traces of violence in the past. Its biggest experiment was to get me back on a bicycle as a way to take in a place and study, but mostly enjoy, its many worlds. My year *at the Wissenschaftskolleg* was about friendships developing among about 150 persons between four buildings in a tiny corner of Grunewald. This part of my year felt like a human experiment of an unusual order from day one. Clearly the staff had seen similar experiments played out many times before, and enjoyed watching and steering our particular brew of chemistry and idiosyncrasies.

By the time some serious snow had arrived, most of us had relaxed into the basic ground rules of this posh residential institute for adult scholars, novelists, memoirists, and contemporary composers. Somewhere along the way, we had tacitly declared and accepted our own guidelines for managing this unusual assemblage of alternative kinships, embracing all kinds of families, couples, children, and needs, and always five meals and one seminar a week. Never written down or explicitly declared, these rules were about kindness, generosity, gratitude, and humor. They were about honoring the staff and each other, and making our lives and moments in common as stimulating – and fun – as possible, while making plenty of room for strangeness, eccentricity, and awkwardness, with affection and teasing.

Never have I had an experience that combined such a deepening intellectual intensity with human affection embracing so many individuals, families, and their material and psychic stuff. From children to cooks, with philosophers and biologists, nightmares and phobia, dogs and bicycles, Christmas cookies and a wry gift of an Oriental carpet, with Vikram chanting, Toshio inviting, Julie and Behrooz tittering, Elias scoffing, the German girls adoring, and Vera watching and listening, it was a complex medley of ages, personalities, and simple pleasures found in and through repetition. Monday lunch, Tuesday

seminar, Wednesday salad, Thursday dinner, Friday lunch, another weekend, while the seasons carried us along. The Fellows and staff grew more relaxed, the giggling never stopped, and at least some children had grown by leaps and bounds. As far as I know, we had not a single nervous breakdown. But even if we did, it is no matter. Our year worked so well because, when all was said done, by the end of the year as we said thank you and goodbye to each other, there was not only a raucous dance party with unexpected bodies on the floor. There was much tender love in the room and out in the garden beyond.

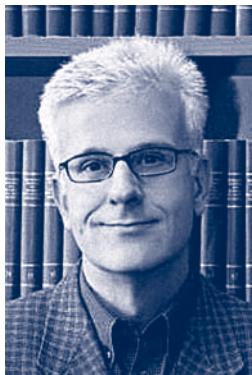
What enabled this human experiment? Why did we not falter? The exceptional graciousness of a few surely set the tone and made a strong mark. We know their names, just as we know who cooked the saffron rice that had Herr Nettelbeck going back for seconds during our fellows-cook-for-the-staff luncheon. But the giggling played no mean role. Sometimes nervous, sometimes infectious, laughter was one of the repetitions. Whether at mealtime or seminar time, during outings, receptions, or impromptu encounters on the M19, the laughter kept us gentle – and gently nervous – in ways salutary for all. Since laughter is also a subject in my histories, let me suggest the following: a sense of being at risk of ridicule may linger in a situation where laughter is so intense, fond, and everyday, deployed to include and embrace, while still unsettling and keeping alert. At least, I never stopped being a shade nervous, even after I had mastered all the names, seminar question styles, table manners quite particular to Wiko seating configurations and the day of the week, and the observational and interrogative modalities of the staff. The unexpected was always about to happen, and it did.

My favorite evening during my year in Berlin was a cold, wintry night at the Sophiensäle, where Dieter and I had arrived to discover that there were no more tickets to be had for one of the last events in their contemporary dance festival. And then as we wondered what to do next, we turned around and *whom* did we spot? Also disappointed, the ever elegant Ilma was standing there, just steps away from her home. Undeterred by the snow falling outside, she said: “Come Nancy, come Dieter, why don’t you let me show you some of *my* Mitte?” And for the next hour and a bit, she took us in hand and gave us an intimate tour of her haunts and Mitte’s historical haunts in her little neighborhood. From favorite courtyards to the synagogue, from public art works to searing memory pieces speaking to history, she shared with us, so it seemed, little bits of her Berlin diary project, forming paragraphs around her, with these concrete destinations, and through her – our – long, special year in Berlin.

When August approached, after packing my little kitchen bookshelf of Berlin memoirs into cardboard crates, I asked Ilma for one more go with her around her Mitte. I had had her nocturnal winter tour. Before we parted, I wanted her spring daytime tour. So the afternoon before we went to Wolfgang's party for live piano music, Ilma took me to her favorite galleries and shops, back to her favorite courtyards and the most searing work of public memory art. We ate cake and shared stories of lives long lost and others still in the making, before joining all the others for a beautiful party. There is so much to hold dear from these memories about friendship and learning and sharing in a magical city with a history as dark as they come.

May the dear Wissenschaftskolleg and its marvelously perceptive rectors, administrators, intermediaries, staff members, Fellows, and emeriti of all sorts keep all of their traditions of fellowship, care, and reflexive scrutiny going for centuries to come. I thank you, one and all.

*P.S. for those who come after us, here is Nancy's unsolicited list of pointers:* Be sure to do the full Grunewald villa walking tour early: it is fascinating; and then slowly across the months, bike all the streets, near and farther afield from the Wiko. Forget about a renting a heavy bicycle from the big tourist shop. My only regret is that I did not buy my very own earlier. Head over to Peaks, the small bike shop very close to the M19 stop on Westfälische and buy yourself a light, fast Stephens bicycle (it is all they sell), and it will come equipped with everything you need and more. And, then use the beautiful Paulsborner Straße to get out of the Grunewald and over to Westfälische, Olivaer Platz, and beyond. You will easily sell your Stephens at a flea market at the year's end (if you do not ship it home), and it will enable fast, light cruising everywhere, including deep within the gorgeous Grunewald, including right along the lake, where you can swim or stop for a meal in the charming, old, two-story boat on the shore. Search for events by location as much as anything else, and do not miss taking in something at Radialsystem, the Konzerthaus, and Sophiensäle. Finally, go to the amazing Modulor store at Moritzplatz when your kids need art supplies or because you need some spiffy new office stuff with which to think and write, and consider purchasing one of the gigantic, wall-size, aerial photographic maps of Berlin.



## SOZIALE GESUNDHEITSGERECHTIGKEIT STEFAN HUSTER

Stefan Huster, geboren 1964, hat Philosophie und Rechtswissenschaft in Bielefeld und Frankfurt/Main studiert. Nach Promotion und Habilitation an der Juristischen Fakultät der Universität Heidelberg übernahm er 2002 einen Lehrstuhl an der FernUniversität in Hagen. Seit 2004 lehrt er Öffentliches Recht und Sozialrecht an der Ruhr-Universität Bochum. – Adresse: Lehrstuhl für Öffentliches Recht II, Ruhr-Universität Bochum, Juristische Fakultät, Universitätsstraße 150, 44780 Bochum.

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Schon in den ersten Gesprächen unter den neuen Fellows des Wissenschaftskollegs wurde über die besten Fitness-Studios und die schönsten Joggingstrecken und Schwimmäder gefachssimpelt; auch ein Pilates-Kurs war alsbald organisiert. Man merkte sofort, dass man sich unter gut informierten und erfolgreichen Menschen bewegt, die ihr Leben im Griff haben und sich um ihre Gesundheit kümmern. Seit langem wissen wir, dass das gesundheitsbezogene Verhalten äußerst schichtenspezifisch ausgeprägt ist: Wer wenig verdient, einen anspruchslosen Beruf hat und schlecht (aus)gebildet ist, lebt in aller Regel ungesünder. Wohlhabende, gebildete Menschen mit einem guten Job geben dagegen auf sich acht. Wer hat auch schon, wie sie etwa, das Privileg, im Wissenschaftskolleg zehn Monate zu verleben, die weithin frei von äußeren Zwängen und Pflichten sind? Da sollte es nicht allzu schwierig sein, sich auch ein wenig um die Gesundheit zu kümmern. Gleichzeitig ist das Wissenschaftskolleg eine äußerst liberale Einrichtung. Selbstverständlich wird niemand gezwungen oder auch nur genötigt, gesund zu leben – es wird ihm nur leicht gemacht, von der Selbständigkeit der Tätigkeit über die freie Zeiteinteilung bis hin zu einer gesunden Ernährung.

lung bis zur ausgewogenen Ernährung (nur die Desserts der vorzüglichen Küche kommen einer Körperverletzung gefährlich nahe). Der Wein beim wöchentlichen gemeinsamen Abendessen ist noch keinem Gesundheitsterror zum Opfer gefallen, und selbst Aschenbecher finden sich hier und dort. Damit hat das Wissenschaftskolleg – unter gewiss sehr günstigen Bedingungen – eine Balance geschafft, die die Gesellschaft noch sucht: Wie können wir unsere Gesundheit fördern und erhalten, ohne in einem paternalistischen und freudlosen „healthism“ zu ersticken?

Eine besondere Dramatik erhält diese Frage durch die Beobachtung, dass nicht nur das Gesundheitsverhalten, sondern die gesamte Verteilung der Gesundheit einem sozialen Gradienten folgt: Die Lebenserwartung und der Gesundheitszustand nehmen mit sinkendem sozioökonomischen Status kontinuierlich ab. So beträgt in Deutschland der Unterschied der Lebenserwartung zwischen Männern im obersten und im untersten Einkommensfünftel etwa zehn Jahre; vergleicht man die in Gesundheit verbrachten Lebensjahre, sind die Unterschiede noch größer. Eigenartigerweise ist das kaum ein sozialpolitisches Thema, obwohl wir uns sonst sehr sicher sind, dass Gesundheit ein Gut ist, das nicht vom Sozialstatus abhängen sollte: Niemand sollte krank sein oder früh sterben müssen, weil er arm ist.

Nun hat diese Intuition bisher vor allem für die Ausgestaltung des Systems der Gesundheitsversorgung eine Rolle gespielt, als Aversion gegen eine „Zwei-Klassen-Medizin“. Unsere Überzeugung, dass es eine „soziale Gesundheitsgerechtigkeit“ gibt, scheint Differenzierungen der medizinischen Versorgung nach der Zahlungsfähigkeit nur schwer zuzulassen. Wie kann das aber funktionieren, wenn gleichzeitig die Mittel auch für die Medizin knapp sind? „Knappheit“ bedeutet in Deutschland gewiss nicht, dass medizinisch Unabweisbares nicht mehr getan werden kann; dies mag die Situation in afrikanischen Ländern sein, deren Gesundheitsversorgung in diesem Jahrgang des Wissenschaftskollegs ebenfalls untersucht wurde. Aber auch hierzulande müssen wir überlegen, ob wir uns wirklich alles leisten wollen und können, was der medizinisch-technische Fortschritt anbietet. Wenn aber nicht jeder alles bekommen kann, besteht in einer freiheitlichen Gesellschaft, die den privaten Zukauf von medizinischen Leistungen nicht verhindern kann, immer die Gefahr, dass sich die Gesundheitsversorgung sozial ausdifferenziert. Sollte man deshalb gar nicht über Leistungsrioritäten und -beschränkungen reden? Das ist vermutlich auch keine Lösung, weil dann die knappen Mittel auf ungesteuerte und wohl auch irrationale Weise verteilt werden – und dies könnte gerade unter dem Aspekt der sozialen Gerechtigkeit am misslichsten sein. Wir müssen daher über

neue Prinzipien und Verfahren nachdenken, mit deren Hilfe wir die Frage beantworten können, was wir uns auch dann gegenseitig schulden, wenn wir nicht alles, was medizinisch sinnvoll ist, in einem öffentlichen Versorgungssystem gewährleisten können.

Die Lage wird noch komplizierter, wenn man berücksichtigt, dass die medizinische Versorgung für den Gesundheitszustand einer Bevölkerung, aber auch für die soziale Verteilung von Gesundheit nur von begrenzter Bedeutung ist. Es gibt hier viele andere wirkungsmächtige Faktoren, die eine Rolle spielen: Umweltbedingungen, Lebensführung, Sozialstrukturen. Diese sozialen Gesundheitsdeterminanten sind äußerst schichtenspezifisch ausgeprägt und dürften maßgeblich zu den sozialen Gesundheitsunterschieden beitragen, die die Epidemiologie in allen modernen Gesellschaften beobachtet.

Für den Sozialstaat und eine entsprechende „Public Health“-Politik wirft dies zwei Probleme auf. Zum einen gerät die freiheitliche Ordnung in die Gefahr, paternalistisch zu werden, wenn sie auf die gesundheitsbezogene Lebensführung der Bürger einzuwirken versucht. Gleichzeitig ist aber evident, dass selbst diese Lebensführung in vielerlei Hinsicht von sozialen Umständen beeinflusst wird: Wer schon gesund aufgewachsen ist und in privilegierten Verhältnissen lebt, hat es offensichtlich sehr viel einfacher, gesund zu leben. Der Sozialstaat wird daher seine Verantwortung für die Pflege gesundheitsdienlicher Lebensumstände ebenso wenig los wie das Individuum seine Verantwortung für seine Lebensführung.

Zum anderen könnte es sein, dass die traditionelle sozialstaatliche Gesundheitspolitik, die sich ganz darauf konzentriert, allen Bürgern den Zugang zur medizinischen Versorgung zu gewährleisten, die wirkungsmächtigsten Gesundheitsfaktoren vernachlässigt. Natürlich dürfen Versorgung und Vorsorge nicht gegeneinander ausgespielt werden, aber da die Ressourcen nun einmal begrenzt sind, muss das Gemeinwesen auch überlegen, ob es gerade unter dem Aspekt der sozialen Gerechtigkeit sinnvoll ist, das Versorgungssystem zu priorisieren, während die Mittel in anderen und ebenso gesundheitsrelevanten Politikbereichen – etwa im Bildungssystem – dann fehlen.

Wie die Forderung nach sozialer Gesundheitsgerechtigkeit begründet werden kann und was sie genau bedeutet, sind normative Fragen, auf die die praktische Philosophie sowie das Recht und die Rechtswissenschaft eine Antwort zu geben versuchen. Wenn man ein Ziel, die Herstellung sozialer Gesundheitsgerechtigkeit, erreichen will, muss man allerdings auch klären, wo man steht und welcher Weg zu diesem Ziel führen könnte. Dies setzt empirische Erkenntnisse voraus, die bei anderen Wissenschaftsdisziplinen gesucht werden müssen: Epidemiologie, Medizin, Versorgungsforschung, Gesundheits-

ökonomie, Soziologie und Politikwissenschaft. Die Suche nach Gesundheitsgerechtigkeit ist inhaltlich eine komplexe und methodisch eine interdisziplinäre Aufgabe. Was könnte dafür besser geeignet sein als das Wissenschaftskolleg und die reichhaltige Berliner Politik- und Wissenschaftslandschaft?



SALTED ALMONDS  
AND *GEDANKENBRÜCKE* –  
A LETTER FROM BERLIN  
OLIVIA JUDSON

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I recently received an e-mail from a friend who's been invited to be a Fellow at Wiko. He asked if I thought he should go and wanted to hear about my experience. This is what I said:

Dear —,

If you've been invited to Wiko, and it's feasible for you to take the time away – go. Wiko is an amazing place, and Berlin is a fascinating city. I loved it. I accomplished none of the goals I had set for myself – in particular, I had hoped to leave with a book manuscript, and I did not – but it was an expansive time. Literally: I'm sure I'm taller now than I was when I arrived.

As you know, however, my time in Berlin was darkened by my father's unexpected illness and death. Nothing could ease the anguish of that; yet I consider myself lucky to

have been on this sabbatical when it happened. I was able to take several weeks to be with my father while he was ill, and the Fellows and staff at Wiko were tremendously supportive. Within hours of my father's death, the Fellows sent a gorgeous bunch of flowers, and I was touched by how much I felt part of a big family – in the best sense – when I returned to Berlin.

Also, the city and Wiko provided a kind of emotional link – *eine Gedankenbrücke*, perhaps – to my father. He first came to Berlin in 1948, during the airlift – *die Luftbrücke* – that broke the Soviet siege of the city. His father was working as an economist for the Allied government; my father was 17, and had just finished university. I grew up with stories of that time – of how he had paid for a tailored suit with a carton of cigarettes, played chess by candlelight, and learned to drive on the Avus, a stretch of road built as a racetrack, but which is now (and I think was then) part of a highway that leads out of the city to the west. Hearing about it all created a romance in my mind about Berlin that offset the constant barrage of movies about Nazis. And by a strange symmetry, when I was seventeen and just starting university, my father returned to Berlin as a Fellow at Wiko, and I came to Berlin for the summer. This was the summer of 1988: a year before the Wall came down.

I was fascinated by the Wall. I often went into East Berlin, crossing on foot at Friedrichstraße station. Once I found myself in a place called Treptower Park, gazing in astonishment at an enormous Soviet war memorial showing a soldier twelve meters tall, holding a child while stepping on a broken swastika. (It's still astonishing. Moving, too. I recommend going in winter, when the bareness of the trees and the chill of the air makes the place suitably austere.) On another, less well-judged occasion, a friend and I went to a remote part of West Berlin, and attempted to steal a sign that said, "You are leaving the British sector." We failed. In retrospect, it was a stupid thing to have tried; but we were young, foolish, and lucky, and the worst that happened is that we had a long, slow journey home on a series of night buses. (We also had to endure a lecture from my father. We had taken a blanket with us: in case of success, we were going to wrap the sign in the blanket. But when we reappeared at five in the morning, my father misinterpreted the purpose of the blanket, and we didn't dare tell him the real reason we had it, because we knew he wouldn't approve.)

Back then, the centre of gravity of the western part of the city was much closer to Wiko than it is today. But I hadn't realised just how much the city had changed. I arrived in October, exhausted – two years of writing my columns for *The New York Times* had

taken more out of me than I'd realized – and disoriented. Also, I think my tastes are different now. Whatever the case, Wiko's official housing, an apartment block out in the exclusive Grunewald district, didn't suit me. Although the place is beautiful – lakes, trees, swans – it is very quiet. The nearest cafe is a 15-minute walk, and most of the clientele have recently celebrated their 300th birthdays. Which isn't a problem in and of itself, but you might not describe the place as urban. And I like urban living. So my first couple of weeks were given over to an apartment hunt – which was a crash course in Berlin geography and inhabitants. I met, for example, a dissolute journalist with a beautiful apartment in the central district of Mitte who considered a mattress on the floor to be ample furnishing for a lodger; the apartment stank of cigarettes. When I asked if he smoked he said, "I quit two days ago." Then he added, "To relax, I'm having a beer." This was at 11 in the morning. I didn't take the room.

Instead, I took a beautiful and spacious apartment in the district of Schöneberg. It was close enough to Wiko that I could get there in 20 minutes, yet I was in a lively and charming neighbourhood, full of tiny shops, cafes, bars, and restaurants. One nearby shop sold only apples (and apple-related products such as Calvados), and I was just around the corner from Double Eye – serving the best coffee in the worst cafe in Berlin. (The problem with the cafe is that there is nowhere to sit: you have to stand at the counter, drink your coffee, and go. But the coffee is delicious ...) Another highlight: a pleasant and unpretentious bar called Maigold – though owing to a misreading the first time I went, I always called it Marigold – home of a lethal mojito and the scene of a number of happy evenings.

You will find much to explore: as well as having world-class museums, evidence of the city's dark history is everywhere. There is, for example, a gigantic Nazi-era bunker just around the corner from my flat (it couldn't easily be blown up – it was built to withstand bombs – so after the war, an apartment building was just put on top). At least one of the U-Bahn stations is – still – a fully furnished nuclear bunker, able to house more than 3,500 people for two weeks. And of course there are any number of memorials and monuments, from the tall, grey stones that commemorate the murdered Jews of Europe, to the empty library in Bebelplatz that commemorates the books burned by Goebbels and his thugs. But somehow, what brought the city's history home to me most strongly was a street corner near Wiko. It's a blind corner, and to cross there on foot is obviously dangerous, so I had been casually referring to it as "the death-trap corner". Until, while reading a history of Berlin in the 1920s, I discovered that it really was a death-trap corner:

it was the very corner where Walter Rathenau, the Foreign Minister of the Weimar government, was assassinated in 1922. According to the book, this precipitated the German hyperinflation ... and all that followed.

One of the oddest features of Berlin is that the city has around one million fewer inhabitants today than it did in the 1930s. This has some interesting consequences. For one, it means there is lots of property for rent, and rents are low. As a result, businesses that could never survive in a city like London do a roaring trade (exhibit A: the shop selling only apples). For the same reason, the city is full of funky dance studios, theatres and galleries. One night, for example, I went to a dance performance in an old safe factory.

The city also feels strangely empty. You can go to the main paintings museum, the Gemäldegalerie, on a Sunday afternoon, and be the only person looking at a Vermeer; even the biggest thoroughfares are often deserted. On walking through town, several visitors asked, “Where is everybody?” to which I replied – “This is everybody.”

This emptiness, combined with the big open streets, the parks, lakes and forests, the river and the large but low buildings, gives the city an immense feeling of space and possibility. This contributed to the sense of expansiveness that I experienced. But there were other ingredients, too.

The first was my flatmate, a guy called Ben Mason. He’s a student of German and Philosophy at Oxford; he was in Berlin on a year abroad as a Fellow of the Studienkolleg. This is a sister programme to the Wissenschaftskolleg; it brings around 30 students from all over Europe to Berlin each year, for a year. I met Ben when I spoke at a Studienkolleg event soon after I arrived in Berlin; some time later, he needed a place to stay, and moved into my spare room. We got on well – much laughter, and the eating of salted almonds from a local market – but more than that, he turned out to be a great interlocutor. He was kind enough to spend a lot of time discussing the projects I was working on, and his questions and comments really helped me expand my ideas.

Then, of course, there was the Wissenschaftskolleg itself. The chance to spend a year without deadlines, where the magicians – I mean, the librarians – can produce any book you want within a few hours of your asking for it, where all red tape is taken care of by someone else, and you are surrounded by interesting people to talk to – it was like a dream. I read widely – more widely than I have for years – and had a chance to think deeply and intensively without distraction.

Despite these freedoms, however, life at Wiko is quite structured. There’s lunch with the other Fellows every day except Thursdays, when there’s dinner instead; and every

Tuesday morning, there's a colloquium given by one of the Fellows. (Each Fellow has to give one.) Be warned: the colloquia are two hours – an hour of seminar and an hour of discussion, very Germanic!

At first, I found all this a bit onerous; I'm used to having a quick sandwich for lunch, not sitting down to a midday meal that lasts at least an hour. And regardless of how interesting the colloquium – and some of them were great – I get fidgety around the 60-minute mark. But as the year went on, I started to realize there's a kind of genius to the way the place is set up. One of the difficulties, I think, about being an adult is that you rarely have a chance to spend lots of time with new people – and without spending time together, it's hard to forge new friendships. Wiko brings together people from a wide range of backgrounds, ages and nationalities and obliges them to spend time together. For me, it worked well. As well as being exposed to new ideas, I left with friendships that I think – hope! – will last the rest of my life.

(Not all the socializing was earnest discussion. Shortly after I arrived in Berlin I met a Pilates teacher; after discovering that a number of other Fellows were also interested in Pilates, I hired her to come to Wiko – where, to my delight, she ended up teaching three classes a week. The group had a marvellous esprit de corps, and we bonded while floating our legs to tabletop and learning to roll like a ball ...)

An account of life at Wiko would not be complete without mentioning the staff. As anyone who has been there will tell you, the staff are incredibly kind and helpful. I have particular respect for the kitchen staff, who have to deal with all manner of different diet preferences and requirements, and somehow manage to remain cheerful and smiling.

When I came back to Berlin after my father's death, I was speaking to one of the Fellows about the problem of mourning in a secular society, and how we lack proper rituals. She suggested that I invent my own rituals, and as part of it, visit places in Berlin that had been important to my father.

Which is why, shortly before I left the city, I found myself at Tempelhof Airport, where the planes landed during the airlift. It ceased being an airport in 2008; today it is an enormous park. The day I went it was windy and full of people flying kites. But I fell into a kind of reverie, and imagined my father as a young man, flying in over the bombed-out apartment buildings around the Tiergarten and landing here, about to start one of the most memorable years of his life.



## FREEDOM AND FRIENDSHIP ELIAS KHOURY

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Global Distinguished Professor of Middle Eastern and Islamic Studies, novelist. Born in 1948, Elias Khoury is one of the pre-eminent intellectuals of the Arab world. Trained in sociology, in the mid-seventies he began to develop from a militant Palestinian freedom fighter to one of today's most significant Arab authors. He has taught at Columbia University, New York, the American University of Beirut, the Lebanese University, the Lebanese American University and New York University. Between 1993 and 2009 he served as editor of *Al-Mulhaq*, the weekly cultural supplement of the Lebanese daily newspaper *Al-Nahar*, where he has repeatedly sought (self-)critical confrontation with social and political conditions in the Middle East. Since 2011 he is editor of the *Journal of Palestine Studies*. Publications (among others): *Yalo* (2009); *The Gate of the Sun: Bab Al-Sham* (2006); *Al-Dhakira al-mafquda [=The Lost Memory]* (1982). – Address: Ashrafieh, Sioufi, Furn Kashan St., Khoury Bld. 5th floor, Beirut, Lebanon.

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By the end of July 2011, we left Berlin and went back to Beirut after 10 months in the Wissenschaftskolleg. What can one say about a whole academic year in which each one of the Fellows found himself in an atmosphere that he or she never experienced before?

Two things dominated our lives: freedom and friendship. And my work as a writer and intellectual was to be reinvented in an atmosphere of a feeling that we came here to accomplish a book or a research.

To tell the truth, I felt for the first time in my life the privileges of being a full-time writer. I had never experienced this in my life; my writing had to be done early in the

morning or late at night, because I have to go to work. Here there was no work, and I was afraid that this freedom could give my residence the feeling of a prolonged holiday.

My plan was clear: I have to finish the last chapter of my novel, and this must not need more than three months. The plan was to begin my new project, a kind of a continuation of my novel *Gate of the Sun*, by January 2011.

What happened was the classical thing; you think that you are finishing a book when you are about to begin it. The novel began to take a new shape and new dimensions. I discovered that what I thought was a novel was only the first part of it. And that what was emerging was a huge work that went beyond my plans and expectations. I had no choices and *Sinalcol* (this is the title of the novel) had to reinvent its own ways.

On the other hand, I wanted to benefit from Wiko's library to complete my preparations for my novel, especially in working on Hebrew Literature. This obliged me to organize my day between two activities: the mornings for the work on Sinalcol, and the afternoons for the preparation (reading, research, contacts) for my new project.

This arrangement didn't last long, not only because the work on Sinalcol was able to dominate my time, but also because the Arab Revolutions began, and with them a huge work was waiting for me, here in Europe, and mainly there in the Arab world.

For me the moment that I had waited all my life came at last, and I think that my role as an intellectual was clear, my duty was not only to defend the idea of the revolution here in Europe, but to participate in the struggle in the Arab world, knowing that revolutions are very complicated and need huge intellectual and cultural work.

My engagements with the revolutions were a new fresh beginning in my life, and the atmosphere in the Wiko was so helpful; we organized more than one panel in the Wiko itself, and with the help of my Arab and German friends in Berlin we arrived to organize many activities in Berlin, Brussels, Paris ...

#### What was the outcome of my year?

- *Sinalcol*, a novel of 500 pages, was finished by June 2011 and will be published in Beirut by the end of November 2011. The French translation will be published in October 2012.
- Lectures and readings in Berlin, Munich, Marburg, Brussels, Paris, Amsterdam.
- The documentation of the Hebrew literature for my new novel was accomplished.
- Articles published in various newspapers, mainly in the *Arab World*.

- The beginning of a new project that will be done with Wiko and its multi-disciplinary research program “Europe in the Middle East – The Middle East in Europe” (EUME), and will take the form of a yearly conference of Arab scholars and intellectuals around the idea of change, democracy and justice.

But the main outcome was the discovery of new friendships; here one can say is the secret of Wiko. Friends from different parts of the world emerged and became part of my life. On this level I don't know how things developed, and how all these new friends emerged and enriched and are still enriching my life.



BIMYTHIE  
ALBRECHT KOSCHORKE

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Albrecht Koschorke hat Literaturwissenschaft, Philosophie und Ethnologie in München und Paris studiert. Nach Stationen in Würzburg und an der FU Berlin ist er seit 2001 Professor für Deutsche Literatur und Allgemeine Literaturwissenschaft in Konstanz und seit 2004 regelmäßiger Gastprofessor an der University of Chicago. Seit 2006 Vorstandsmitglied im Exzellenzcluster „Kulturelle Grundlagen von Integration“, seit 2010 Sprecher des Graduiertenkollegs „Das Reale in der Kultur der Moderne“. Mit den Mitteln seines Leibnizpreises 2003 wurde die Forschungsstelle „Kulturtheorie und Theorie des politischen Imaginären“ eingerichtet. Buchpublikationen u.a.: *Körperströme und Schriftverkehr: Mediologie des 18. Jahrhunderts* (1999, 2. Aufl. 2003). *Die Heilige Familie und ihre Folgen* (2000; engl.: *The Holy Family and Its Legacy*. 2003). *Der fiktive Staat: Konstruktionen des politischen Körpers in der Geschichte Europas* (Mitverfasser, 2007). *Die Figur des Dritten: Ein kulturwissenschaftliches Paradigma* (Mitverfasser, 2010). – Adresse: Fachbereich Literaturwissenschaften, Universität Konstanz, Universitätsstraße 10, 78457 Konstanz. E-mail: albrecht.koschorke@uni-konstanz.de

Eine der Leithypothesen meiner derzeitigen Forschungen heißt, dass sozialer Zusammenhalt nicht auf stimmigen normativen Prämissen aufruht, sondern im Gegenteil durch inkohärente Erwartungen erzeugt wird. Gesellschaften bleiben vital, eben weil sie kein sinnhaftes Ganzes bilden: *Innere Widersprüchlichkeit bindet, fehlende Widersprüchlichkeit löst Bindungen auf*. Während nämlich Inkohärenz ein System elastisch hält und es erlaubt, zwischen den inkompatiblen Prämissen umzugewichen, sind in sich vollkommen schlüssige Gedankengebäude unflexibel und veränderungsfeindlich. Sie lassen keine

Spielräume des Ungefahrens zu und zerbrechen, sobald sich die Umstände ändern. Ganz abgesehen davon, dass dauerhafte Faszination nur dann genährt wird, wenn ein Rest an logischer Unauflöslichkeit bleibt. Das gilt für Mythen, Religionen, Theorien, große Gesetzgebungswerke und große Dichtungen gleichermaßen. (Es ist die Tragödie der analytischen Philosophen, das nicht zu verstehen.)

Ich will nur einige Beispiele anführen. Gleich in den ersten Büchern der Bibel wird das Verhältnis des Menschen zu Gott in eine unüberwindliche Paradoxie getrieben: Gott schuf den Menschen nach seinem Bilde, aber der Mensch soll sich kein Bild von Gott machen, und er soll auch nicht danach streben, sich ihm durch einen Speiseraub vom Baum der Erkenntnis anzuhähneln. Zwei Imperative, die nicht zusammenzubringen sind: Du bist wie Gott! Du darfst nicht wie Gott sein! – Den katholischen Frauen wird ein zusätzliches Paradox aufgegeben, sofern sie dem Vorbild Mariens nacheifern: Sei Jungfrau! Sei Mutter! Weil Menschen nicht beide Anforderungen gleichzeitig erfüllen können, bleiben sie im Schuldbann der Religion. – In die politischen Verfassungen der europäischen Neuzeit ist ein ähnlicher Zwiespalt eingetragen, insofern sie republikanische Gleichheit verlangen, aber freies Eigentum zusichern: Sei gleich! Sei reich! Dieser Widerspruch veranlasste Rousseau bekanntlich dazu, seine Geschichte vom Abschluss des Gesellschaftsvertrags in zwei Anläufen und miteinander unvereinbaren Entwürfen zu erzählen. Überhaupt sorgen solche Mehrfachkonditionierungen für unendlichen Erzählstoff, weil sie mit rein systematischen Mitteln nicht zu bewältigen sind. Das ist der Teil der Sache, der mich als Literaturwissenschaftler besonders interessiert. Gewöhnlich herrschen zwei widerstreitende Prinzipien vor; das zugehörige Erzähluniversum ist entsprechend durch *Bimythie* gekennzeichnet.

Auch das Wissenschaftskolleg, ein sozialer Kosmos eigener Art, wendet erfolgreich ein solches Verfahren der Bimythie an. Gleich in den ersten Tagen werden dem frisch eingetroffenen Fellow zwei entgegengesetzte Impulse gegeben – teils von unterschiedlichen Personen, teils von denselben Personen, wenn sie in unterschiedlicher Stimmung sind. Der erste, offizielle Auftrag lautet: Schreib dein Buch. Der zweite, etwas informellere Rat heißt: Nutze die Gelegenheit zum Austausch mit Forschern aus aller Welt, lass dich auf neue Ideen bringen und arbeite nicht stur deine Agenda ab! Am besten, du kommst als ein veränderter Geist mit einem gänzlich neuen Projekt aus dem Jahr am Wiko heraus! – In der Kurzfassung heißen die beiden Imperative: Zieh dich zurück, verschließe dich! Und gleichzeitig: Öffne dich!

Selten hat man in meinem Fach die Gelegenheit, eine Hypothese – in diesem Fall: meinen Leitgedanken von der erstens sozial bindenden, zweitens Erzählungen stimulierenden Kraft widersprüchlicher Vorgaben – in einem Feldversuch gleichsam vor laufender Kamera bewahrheitet zu finden. Wie man ja auch aus privaten Beziehungen weiß, ist es so gut wie aussichtslos, sich aus einem *double bind* herauszumanövriren. Wendet man sich von der einen Beziehungsofferte innerhalb des *double binds* ab, gerät man in die Falle der zweiten, und umgekehrt. Die Spannungskurve eines Wiko-Jahrgangs macht daraus zusätzlich ein gruppendifferenzielles Beziehungsabenteuer. Von Oktober bis Dezember sprechen alle von ihrem geplanten Buch, und meist noch von einem zweiten, heimlichen Projekt. Nach der Weihnachtspause spaltet sich das Feld: Ein Teil der Gruppe murrt über die große Zahl an zwar geistvollen, aber Zeit raubenden Essen und Veranstaltungen, andere haben schon die Rhetorik gewechselt und streichen heraus, wie sehr sie sich durch die vielen Gespräche inspirieren lassen – auf Kosten der ursprünglichen Vorhaben, die immer seltener Erwähnung finden. Nach Ostern, wenn sogar in Berlin der Schnee getaut ist und die Stadt sich in freundlicher Frühsommerlichkeit zeigt, beginnt auch die Front der hartnäckigen Schreibtischexistenzen zu bröckeln. Der Juni ist der Monat der Kapitulationserklärungen, im Juli sind die Gemüter entspannt, doch vom bevorstehenden Abschied überschattet.

Was mich betrifft, so bin ich wie immer den Weg durch die langweilige Mitte gegangen und habe mein Buch über *Allgemeine Erzähltheorie* teils geschrieben und teils nicht geschrieben, mit anderen Worten: nur halb fertigbekommen. Wie bei allen deutschen Hochschulakademikern ist unvermeidlich viel Zeit mit dem Schreiben und Begutachten von Anträgen dahingegangen. Ein Aufsatzband *Despoten dichten: Sprachkunst und Gewalt*, den ich mit herausgebe und der zur Buchmesse 2011 erscheint, hat mehr Arbeit gemacht, als zu erwarten war. Ich bin nicht auf viele ganz neue Gedanken gekommen, aber aus vielen Ahnungen sind Gedanken geworden, und ich bräuchte eine zweite Fellowship, um sie aufzuschreiben. Während ich im Kolloquium und beim Essen saß, hat Eva Eßlinger, meine Lebensgefährtin, ihr Buch tatsächlich zuende gebracht. Unser Sohn Janis hat laufen gelernt und kann schon zwei Wörter sagen: „tatütata“ und „Ball“. Ein schöneres Ergebnis hätte das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg nicht zeitigen können.



„SIE KÖNNEN AUCH FAUL SEIN ...“  
CHRISTIANE KRUSE

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Als ich an einem Samstag Anfang Oktober in die Wohnung in der Villa Walther einzog, wohnte dort anscheinend noch ein früherer Fellow, der nicht ausgezogen war. Es stand eine Flasche Wein auf dem Esstisch, der Kühlschrank war gefüllt und die Betten waren bezogen. Es gab auch Nachrichten an ihn auf dem Anrufbeantworter, der eifrig blinkte. Was sollte ich tun? Ich stellte meine Koffer ab und ging mit meiner Familie ins „Capriccio“. Dort wies man uns trotz der dem Dresscode (Anzug, Schlipps, Kleid, Perlenkette) nicht entsprechenden Kleidung (Jeans, Pullover) einen Tisch, und der Padrone persönlich bediente uns freundlich. Am Nachbartisch saß Altbundeskanzler Kohl im Kreise alter Politfreunde und wurde von seiner Frau bedient. Kein Zweifel – wir waren in

Berlin. Auch weitere Zweifel, ob ich denn hier im Grunewald am richtigen Ort sei, wurden in den nächsten Wochen gänzlich ausgeräumt.

Das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg beginnt mit einer hektischen Betriebsamkeit, die vor allem die Bibliotheksmitarbeiterinnen zu spüren bekommen. Da mir von früheren Fellows glaubhaft versichert wurde: „Sie bekommen über Nacht (fast) jedes Buch geliefert, das Sie bestellt haben“, war ich mit leichtem Gepäck angereist. Binnen Wochenfrist füllten sich alle Regale in meiner Wohnung, wohlwissend nur *einen* lesenden Kopf zu haben.

Das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg beginnt ferner mit einer Totalumstellung der eigenen Lebensgewohnheiten, aber es ist ratsam, das ritualisierte Leben am Wissenschaftskolleg zu akzeptieren. Am Ende des Jahres fragt man sich ernsthaft, ob es ein Leben nach dem Wiko geben kann (s. u.), denn man verlernt u. a. das Kochen. Der selbst auferlegte Stress (Du musst dein Buch zu Ende schreiben!) konkurriert in den ersten Wochen mit dem Sog einer hyperaktiven Stadt, die an jedem Tag des Jahres gleich mehreren denkenden, musizierenden oder sonst auf Höchstniveau kreativ tätigen Menschen eine Bühne zur Verfügung stellt. Dies führt anfänglich jeden in die schiere Verzweiflung der Terminnot, der, wie ich, zuvor mehrere Jahre über Kunst meditierend in der Provinz zugebracht hat.

„Sie können auch faul sein.“ Diese Worte, vor einem Dienstagskolloquium aus dem Mund eines Großmeisters meines Faches gesprochen, waren kostbar. Sie kamen unerwartet, wirkten befreiend und machten es mir möglich, endlich an den überreichen Geistes- und Sinnesstrom des Wikolebens anzudocken. Es ist diese besondere Qualität des Faulseins, die es wohl nur hier am Wissenschaftskolleg gibt. Ich werde versuchen, sie zu beschreiben. Zum Faulsein im Sinne des Wissenschaftskollegs bedarf es zunächst erfahrener, entspannter und hochsensibler Menschen, die wissen, wie es jemanden geht, der im Systemzwang deutscher Universitäten unterzugehen droht und nicht mehr weiß, wie sich ein Leben ohne diesen Zwang anfühlt. Ich habe immer wieder darüber nachgedacht, wie es möglich ist, dass jedes einzelne Mitglied des Wikoteams jedem einzelnen Fellow eine Freundlichkeit und Wertschätzung entgegenbringt, die sofort Herzen öffnet. Aus diesem Wohlgefühl heraus gab meine Nachbarin Hannah sehr bald enthusiastisch das Motto des Jahres aus: „Let us be inspired! – Nein“, korrigiert sie, „es passt besser auf deutsch – sich inspirieren lassen.“ Da jeder der Fellows diese Worte im Sinn hatte, war es ein Jahr des *Inspiriertwerdens*, des Gebens und Nehmens auf allen Ebenen des Miteinanders.

Für mein Projekt – Die Kunst der Dis/simulation, des Maskierens, der Verstellung und der Täuschung –, bedeutete Faulsein also nicht, die Maske des Arbeitseifers aufzusetzen und die Rolle der Betriebsamen zu spielen. Es bedeutet vielmehr, den Geist zu öffnen und darauf zu vertrauen, dass die hier versammelte Gruppe von Menschen in welcher Weise auch immer dem Projekt förderliche Gedanken äußern werden. Überraschend ist nur, dass die Inspirationen oft von Seiten kamen, von denen ich es gar nicht erwartet hatte. Über das ganze Jahr begleitete Jojada Verrips meine Vorlieben für Bilder von Zigeunern und Wahrsagern, (niederländischen) Künstlerselbstporträts und Maskenträger aller Arten, versorgte mich mit Material, half mir bei Übersetzungen, sammelte Zeitungsberichte und gab mir das gute Gefühl, dass mein Thema aktuell und von einem allgemeinen, fächerübergreifenden Interesse ist. Claudia Schmölders teilte mit mir ihr Wissen über (verstellte) Gesichter und ihren systematischen Zugang zur Physiognomie. Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus gab mir das letzte Exemplar seiner Doktorarbeit und diskutierte mit mir über mentale Prozesse des Scharfsinns (*accutezza*) und das höfische Rollenspiel. Thomas Pavel war mein Spezialist für barocke Nichtsnutze, die sich gewieft durchs Leben lavieren. Aus seinem Kapitel *Worlds at large. Imperfection: From Animal Stories to the Picaresque Novel* habe ich viel gelernt und zugleich seine elegante, witzige Diktion bewundert. Von Jean-Claude Schmitt bekam ich den Hinweis auf ein rätselhaftes Gemälde im Leipziger Kunstmuseum, das mir nach wie vor Kopfzerbrechen bereitet (wenngleich Jojada sich bereits mit der Decodierung einiger Bildmotive befasst hat). Reinhard Strohm führte mich in die Kunst der musikalischen Dis/simulation ein. Über Oliver Lepsius wurde mir die Degeneration der *sprezzatura* in der Guttenberg-Affäre bewusst. Auf Karl Schlögels Text zu Thomas Demant war ich sehr gespannt. Es ist das Beste, was ich je über Demants Kunst gelesen habe (und lesen werde). Was mir Birgit Meyer über das Jahr gegeben hat, kann sie nicht erahnen. Die gemeinsame Aktivität der *Picture Image Group* und des Workshops *The Question of Global Art: Art History and Anthropology in Conversation* war Ausdruck eines von Sympathie getragenen intellektuellen Dialogs über Bilder in allen Medien, den wir nach unserer gemeinsamen Fellowzeit weiterführen werden. Mit der beglückenden Erfahrung des inspirierten Faulseins, die für das Leben danach neue Energien und Kräfte freisetzt, verlasse ich das Wissenschaftskolleg, bleibe mit meiner Familie in seiner Nähe, in Berlin, und nehme meine neue Tätigkeit in Kiel auf.

Was hatte es nun mit dem Fellow-Mitbewohner auf sich, der offensichtlich nicht ausgezogen war (vielleicht konnte auch er sich ein Leben ohne das Wiko nicht vorstellen s.o.)? Er, übrigens ein Schriftsteller, hat noch eine ganze Weile mit uns gelebt. Wir

nahmen ein gutes Dutzend Einladungen zu Lesungen entgegen. Ich wurde am Telefon gern als seine Sekretärin angesprochen. Über seine (unsere) Telefonnummer waren wir als Vielfahrer eines Taxiunternehmens registriert und genossen die damit verbundenen Vorteile. Mein Mann führte zeitweise ein Doppelleben: „Ach, Sie sind also Herr M\*\*\*.“ Zuletzt wurde er am Telefon beschimpft, als er sich weigerte, mit M\*\*\* identisch zu sein: „Was? M\*\*\* ist nicht mehr in Berlin?“, grölte jemand in die Leitung, „immer diese Schriftsteller, verstecken sich am anderen Ende der Welt ...“ Irgendwann im April verloren sich seine Spuren. Ich schaute noch einmal in alle Schubladen, ob sich vielleicht noch ein Manuskript fände, das er vergessen hatte ...

\* \* \*

„Es wäre schon gut, wenn Sie Ihr Buch beenden könnten“, riet mir jener geschätzte Kollege, der mich anfangs zum Faulsein ermuntert hatte, auf dem Beiratsvorabend im Mai. Dieser gut gemeinte Rat konnte mich nicht weiter beunruhigen. Denn im Laufe des Jahres hatte ich eines der Geheimnisse des Wissenschaftskollegs ergründet. – Es liegt in der Kunst, faul zu sein *und* ein Buch zu beenden.



## WANDERING AROUND? MY YEAR AT WIKO DAVID KYADDONDO

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David Kyaddondo studied Social Work at Makerere University in Uganda and pursued a Master's in Medical Anthropology at the University of Amsterdam. He completed his Ph.D. in Anthropology at the University of Copenhagen in Denmark in 2004. He worked as a community mobilization specialist in the water and sanitation sector before joining academics in 2000. Currently he is a Senior Lecturer and the Chair of the Department of Social Work and Social Administration at Makerere University and an affiliated researcher with Makerere University, Child Health and Development Centre. His current research interests are in the social aspects of HIV and AIDS, in particular testing and counselling, and of people living on AIDS drugs. He has conducted studies on children, youth strategies and food security and done several consultancies in the areas of childcare and protection interventions, water and sanitation and health as a development intervention. – Address: Makerere University, Child Health and Development Centre, P.O. Box, 6717 Kampala. E-mail: [kyaddondo@chdc.mak.ac.ug](mailto:kyaddondo@chdc.mak.ac.ug)

I come from a country with an authoritarian family structure and hierarchical formal institutions, including those of education. During most of the years of my education, especially prior to my postgraduate training, I studied in an instructive education system in which teaching is very structured and learners are required to strictly follow a designed curriculum with little room to explore on their own. When I was at Wiko, the freedom to wander away from what you proposed as part of the acceptance to the institution and pursue other goals seemed a rarity.

When invited to Wiko to be part of a study focus group on Medical Practices in Africa, I went with the perspective of a structured learning environment, with targets and outputs. I wrote my proposed project for the academic year, to focus on “Health workers’ perspectives in delivering Provider Initiated HIV Testing and Counselling (PITC) within health facilities”. I had big ambitions for this project, with targets and outputs in my mind. But I never accomplished my plan, and things did not go as I had anticipated. I instead was engaged in several other things that were not part of my original plans. Having come from the background I described above and then exposed to the unrestricted academic life at Wiko, I kept asking myself whether I had not lost my destination or purpose, “have I gone astray, have I drifted from the set course?” At first I thought that there was too much freedom, but I later came to enjoy it. As I was asking myself these questions and sometimes feeling guilty, I found that almost every Fellow had a “secret project”, which was never kept a secret anyway. Many Fellows talked about their secret projects and some even presented what was supposed to be undisclosed during the Tuesday colloquium. Nevertheless, the freedom to wander around enabled me to explore myself more and I learnt many things that I am very optimistic will bear many fruits for the future.

The “freedom” from teaching commitments at my university and the abundant resources available at Wiko enabled me to do much more reading than I could do at my own university at Makerere. Julie Livingston and Steve Feierman, the conveners of our focus group (*Dilemmas of Medical Practice in Africa*), and other members of the group recommended great reading materials for my project. I did more reading, especially about my proposed Wiko project, than actual writing. The reading helped me to explore more about the project and other important aspects of medical practices in Africa. This is very helpful not only for my Wiko project, but also for the future. I would like to thank the library staff of Wiko for their excellent work. Ask for any book or article, and they will provide it in just a few days. This was a luxury, because access to books is a big challenge at my university. I am also grateful to the library staff for helping me in acquiring books to improve my personal library.

The Tuesday colloquium at Wiko is an epitome of academic freedom and diversity. The multi-disciplinary Fellows and presentations were a good learning experience. While presenting in the Tuesday colloquium was mandatory for every long-term Fellow, it had many freedoms: the freedom to choose when to make your presentation, the freedom to choose a topic, whether from the official or secret project at Wiko or even an idea for a future project. Each presenter had the freedom to choose someone to introduce him or

her and chair the day of the presentation. The chair had freedom in choosing a style of introducing the day's presenter. The very elaborate introductions were done in a variety of ways, including the use of PowerPoint presentations, video shows, poems and prose, songs and a display of long lists of publications by the presenter, among others. The process of introducing a day's presenter was one thing I always (and I think also other Fellows) looked forward to every Tuesday.

The art and freedom in asking questions was another experience. Questions would start with mini-presentations and often were multi-tiered. At first, this seemed to meander or lead to winding courses of questions. Of course, there were some instances in which some participants' questions digressed from the main subject. However, I realized that those who started by summarizing the presentation before asking their questions were not wandering minds. They helped (me) in getting clarity about the presentation. Most participants were "friendly" in their contributions, with constructive rather than destructive comments. This gave confidence to the presenters and showed academic maturity.

I had exciting intellectual discussions with people from a range of disciplines and I learnt a lot. In addition to the Tuesday colloquium, we held regular meetings in our focus groups. We had good discussions and good feedback on our respective work. During these interactions with other Fellows, (in our focus group and other formal and informal discussions), I gained new perspectives on my project. Although we had these regular interactions in the same focus group, we remained individuals on our projects with the freedom to forge our own direction. I felt honoured and proud to have free interactions with academicians from other parts of the world who have rich information about Africa and my country. I enjoyed this very much and I felt good to be part of a bigger group, yet I remained autonomous. Conversely, I often felt guilty and nervous that probably I was not doing enough, given that we never talked of any outputs.

Because there is a lot of freedom at Wiko and one can decide to be on holiday and nobody will ask one for outputs, there are many activities that make it very easy to digress and depart from one's original plans. Upon my first day of my arrival, I already found invitations to workshops and conferences. I attended a few conferences and ignored others. Herbert (my Ugandan counterpart at Wiko during the year) and I were invited as guest lecturers at the University of Halle and taught a course on "medicine in Africa". These activities greatly enriched my year at Wiko. I am also very optimistic about the new networks I established during this period, not only with Fellows, but also with other

people. Several of the activities I got involved in during the year have potential for future research projects and collaboration. For example, Herbert and I hosted at Wiko a workshop entitled “Resources for the future”, attended by Ugandan researchers in Germany, with the hope of developing a full study proposal in the future. Herbert and I gave talks in Zurich and we established a student exchange programme with Makerere University. As I am writing now, five Swiss Master’s students from Zurich are in Uganda conducting their fieldwork and five students from Uganda are planning their travel to Zurich for some courses and to write their dissertations. I wrote a grant proposal application for a post doc, which I submitted to VolkswagenStiftung. It is my hope that these will bring opportunities to take me back to Germany and to maintain a relationship with the wonderful institution of Wiko.

Reflecting on the year, the time and resources at Wiko enabled me to make my contribution to a co-authored book on “Living on AIDS Drugs in Uganda”, and I submitted some articles for publication on previously conducted studies. All this re-assures me that this was not a deviation or diversion from the main purpose of my Fellowship – but an opportunity to accomplish what I had not been able to do before and to explore myself more. It was a wonderful gift to be at Wiko and it is my conviction that my year at this wonderful institution marked the beginning of many transitions in my life – and I look forward to seeing what happens in a few years to come.



## TOPICS OF POSSIBILITY NIKLAUS LARGIER

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Niklaus Largier is Professor of German and Comparative Literature at the University of California, Berkeley. He studied in Zurich and Paris, and he received his Ph.D. at the University of Zurich in 1989. His research focuses on the intersections between literary, philosophical, and religious imagination in the Late Middle Ages and in Early Modernity. In recent years he has increasingly published on the reception, the translation, and the reconfiguration of medieval religious tropes and practices in 18th, 19th, and 20th century culture, including in the works of Baumgarten, Herder, Lukács, Flaubert, Huysmans, and Musil. His publications include: *Lob der Peitsche: Eine Kulturgeschichte der Erregung* (2001; American trans. 2007; Spanish trans. 2010); *Die Kunst des Begehrens: Dekadenz, Sinnlichkeit und Askese* (2007); "Praying by Numbers: An Essay on Medieval Aesthetics." (*Representations* 104, 2008); "Mysticism, Modernity, and the Invention of Aesthetic Experience." (*Representations* 105, 2009). – Address: Department of German, 5412 Dwinelle Hall, University of California at Berkeley, Berkeley, CA 94720-3243.

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In September 2010, I started my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg with the project to write a book about notions of possibility. Starting with the “sense of possibility”, an expression used by Robert Musil in his novel *The Man Without Qualities*, I had planned to trace the history of his very idea of possibility. In my view it was an idea that differed substantially from Aristotelian, teleological, but also from utopian, messianic, and eschatological notions of possibility – notions that dominated a broad range of other early twentieth-century discussions about possibility, especially in the works of Lukács and Bloch. Stations

on my plan to reconstruct the idea of a “sense of possibility” were to include texts by the medieval mystic and philosopher Meister Eckhart – an author Musil and other early 20th-century authors discussed with great interest and enthusiasm – as well as by Nicolaus Cusanus; reflections on the soul in the Pietist movement; theories of aesthetic experience in Baumgarten and Herder; and finally a range of authors who were discussing possibility in the context of Musil’s work, for example Lukács and Balázs. Indeed, I had planned to strongly focus on this project, to follow the outline I had prepared, and to lead my preliminary research of the last years to a conclusion.

Then came the stay at the Wiko, the conversations, the lunches, evenings, and events, and a joy of exploring that was rekindled by these very conversations. I discovered, to name just a few inspiring moments, that intersections of imagination and the evocation of possibility – in other words, a “sense of possibility” – played as strongly a role in the scientists’ work on the evolution of viruses as it did in the humanities and arts; that it played a role in the anthropologists’ analysis of new religious formations in Africa and South America; that the historical understanding of the art of figuration on ancient Greek vases implied questions of a similar kind; and that the very art of writing was concerned with the issues Musil’s texts raise for me.

In other words, many of the working days in my Wiko office with its large window front and its pleasant view of a range of trees turned into days of being sidetracked in thoughts and explorations that were entirely unexpected. I started to make use of the exquisite library services, to order a wide range of books, and – free from the workload of a regular academic year – I rediscovered the pleasures of reading, browsing, and just looking up stuff. Over the course of the year, notions of figure and figuration started to play an increasingly important role in my thoughts: figures and figuration as intellectual constructs that support scientific experiments and innovation; figures and figuration as religious practices; figures and figuration in ancient, medieval, and baroque rhetoric; and figures and figuration in aesthetic practices that are meant to stimulate senses, emotions, and cognition. Most importantly, I discovered that for Musil, the starting point of my explorations, but also for my entire project the cultural practice and art of figuration was the very key to the notion of a “sense of possibility”.

Thrown off the path I had meant to go, I discovered, better, I rediscovered Erich Auerbach, the concept of *figura* he outlined in an essay and his notions of realism and mimesis. Thus, Auerbach turned into an other, silent interlocutor who helped me to reframe a project that now was starting to take shape in a different way. The historical

project – a history of a specific notion of possibility – increasingly turned into something new. Encouraged mainly by my conversations with anthropologists and historians of art, both within the Wiko and in the larger context of Berlin, the systematic focus became more prominent. Thus, I started to explore connections between figuration and possibility, ways in which figures are used to make possibilities emerge, and the deployment of figures in the context of religious and artistic practices. What I wrote about during these months focused on Auerbach's concept of *figure*; on Tertullian, one of Auerbach's main sources; on the use of rhetorical figures and images in prayer; on the use of such figures in the early modern pornography of Aretino, as well as in Bataille's return to Angela of Foligno; and on the meaning of figuration in Herder's understanding of aesthetic experience.

All this resonated with our daily Wiko conversations. Most importantly and surprisingly, however, these conversations started to matter in a different way. A way that I now understand as the Wiko way. We didn't have to refer explicitly to the projects and to the particular questions we were laboring on – although that happened as well, and it did so often in very productive fashion. The most intellectually animated and animating side, at least for me, was – maybe somewhat paradoxically – the silent conversations that accompanied all other conversations. The implied conversations that – in my perception as a matrix of possibilities – were keenly aware of each other's projects even when we talked about other things, about the revolution in Egypt, about Dominique Strauss-Kahn's arrest, about Roberto Bolaño whom I was discovering during these months, about Lachenmann's and Toshio's music, about German universities, about the children's play, or about the sound of a stone thrown on the frozen lake in front of Villa Walther. It is in these conversations that a community emerged, a community not only of the scholars but of all the many people who are part of the Wiko and that, for the while of a year, was truly unique and inspiring in its intellectual scope and humanity.



## LEGITIMATIONSSTRUKTUREN, MASSSTÄBETEILE, PROMOTIONSBETrUG UND POLITIKINSZENIERUNG – MEIN JAHR AM WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG OLIVER LEPSIUS

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Alle Staatsgewalt geht vom Volke aus, postuliert das Grundgesetz und mit ihm viele Verfassungen der Welt. Wie aber lässt sich die Legitimationsbedürftigkeit der öffentlichen Gewalt umsetzen und angesichts neuer Herrschaftsverhältnisse sicherstellen? „Demokratietheorie und Legitimationsstrukturen“ hieß mein Projekt am Wissenschaftskolleg – eine Thematik, die mich schon länger beschäftigt, gleichermaßen klassisch und grundsätzlich. Ihre Kernfragen sind leicht gestellt: Wer legitimiert eigentlich: Volk, Bürger, Bewohner, Betroffene, Grundrechtssubjekte? Was wird legitimiert: Organe und Institutionen, Gesetze, Verwaltungsakte und Urteile oder Herrschaft über Dritte,

gesellschaftliche Macht, öffentliche Projekte? Schließlich: Wie wird legitimiert: direkt oder repräsentativ, durch Wahl, gesellschaftliche Partizipation, Verfahrensbeteiligung oder die Einräumung von Veto-Positionen? Mich interessierte dabei besonders, wie sich diese drei Topoi der Legitimation in einem Theoriemodell zu herrschaftsbezogenen unterschiedlichen Arrangements ausformulieren lassen. Legitimation meint in meinem Verständnis mehr als Demokratie, weil sie, anders als die Demokratie, nicht auf ein demokratisches Kollektivsubjekt bezogen sein muss. Man kann vielmehr zwei Legitimationsquellen unterscheiden, die zwar beide auf das Individuum rekurrieren, dieses aber in anderen Rechtspositionen erfassen: als Teil eines Kollektivs „Volk“, das über allgemeine Gleichheitskriterien konstituiert wird (Bürgerrechte, Wahlrecht), sowie als individueller Grundrechtsträger, dessen Rechtssphäre über Freiheitsrechte gesichert wird. Gleichheit und Freiheit markieren demzufolge zwei unterschiedliche legitimationstheoretische Ausgangspunkte, mit denen ich ein Zwei-Säulen-Modell der Legitimation entwickeln will. Mit einer dualistischen Legitimationsstruktur lassen sich auch neue Legitimationssubjekte konstruieren, etwa territorial radizierte Teiltöchter (als Ausschnitt des Demos) und sachlich begrenzte Kreise von Betroffenen (als Kollektive von Grundrechtsträgern).

Rund um dieses Projekt kreisen viele Fragen, die mich am Wissenschaftskolleg beschäftigt haben. Die legitimations theoretischen ließen sich besonders gut am Beispiel von „Stuttgart 21“ diskutieren, jenes Eisenbahninfrastrukturprojekts, das erfolgreich alle planungsrechtlichen Phasen durchlaufen hatte und dessen Legitimation doch in der Öffentlichkeit bestritten wurde. Welch ein wunderbares Beispiel lieferte mir Stuttgart 21 für mein Thema! Wer darf über das Projekt bestimmen: Planungsbehörden, der Stuttgarter Stadtrat, der Deutsche Bundestag oder der Landtag von Baden-Württemberg, wenn es um Bundes- bzw. Landesmittel geht? Wer darf über das Projekt abstimmen, wenn man seine Legitimation durch Volksentscheid herbeiführen will, die Einwohner Stuttgarts, die Bürger Baden-Württembergs oder doch das ganze deutsche Volk, weil die Bundesmittel, die in Stuttgart ausgegeben werden, andernorts fehlen werden?

Ein anderer Aspekt hat mich gleichfalls intensiv beschäftigt: Funktion und Voraussetzungen von Kompromissen. Das Fällen von Mehrheitsentscheidungen ist ohne Kompromisse kaum denkbar. Anders als in der angelsächsischen Welt hat der Kompromiss in Deutschland einen schlechten Ruf. Er gilt typischerweise als „faul“, obwohl man am Ende mehr hat als zuvor, nämlich statt Meinungen Mehrheiten. Was fördert und was behindert Kompromisse, ist daher eine legitimations theoretisch wichtige Frage. Wird

etwa die von vielen geforderte Transparenz bei Kompromissen zum Problem, weil dann offenkundig wird, wer nachgegeben hat und sein Gesicht zu verlieren droht, obwohl das Nachgeben zur Natur des Kompromisses gehört? Oder, anderer Fragenkreis, muss das Bundesverfassungsgericht bei der Rechtskontrolle von Gesetzen Rücksicht auf ihren Charakter als Kompromiss zwischen Bund und Ländern, zwischen den Fraktionen nehmen, etwa dergestalt, dass keine verfassungsrechtlichen Erwartungen an eine Systemgerechtigkeit, Widerspruchsfreiheit oder Einheit der Rechtsordnung erhoben werden können, weil sie mit einer auf Kompromissen basierenden Normsetzung nicht erzielt werden können?

Das Bundesverfassungsgericht und die Demokratie – so lässt sich ein weiterer Arbeitsschwerpunkt in meiner Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg zusammenfassen. Berücksichtigt das Gericht hinreichend die Voraussetzungen demokratischer Willensbildung und Rechtsgestaltung bei seiner Verfassungskontrolle? Passen die spezifischen Prüfprogramme des Gerichts oder geht es zu „institutionenegoistisch“ vor? Der politische Prozess folgt anderen Regeln als eine verfassungsgerichtliche Verhältnismäßigkeitsprüfung. Er muss andere Hürden überwinden. Auch solche Fragen beschäftigten mich sehr, mit konkrem Ergebnis: *Die maßstabsetzende Gewalt* entstand als mein Beitrag in einem Buch, das meine Kollegen Matthias Jestaedt, Christoph Möllers und Christoph Schönberger und ich aus Anlass des 60. Geburtstags des Gerichts im September 2011 vorgelegt haben. Im Frühjahr am Wiko geschrieben, im Herbst erschienen – höchst befriedigend ist es, so schnell die Früchte der Arbeit in den Händen zu halten. Das gilt auch für ein weiteres Buch, das ohne das Wissenschaftskolleg nie entstanden wäre, nämlich den gemeinsam mit Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus herausgegebenen Band *Inszenierung als Beruf: Der Fall Guttenberg*. Er hat eine kurze Vorgeschichte:

Als im Februar 2011 meine Heimatuniversität durch die als Plagiat aufgedeckte Doktorarbeit des Bundesverteidigungsministers erschüttert wurde, mischte ich mich in die Affäre ein, um einige Kategorien klarzustellen, die Werte der Wissenschaft zu verteidigen und den Ruf meiner Hochschule wie des getäuschten Doktorvaters zu wahren. Journalisten riefen mich im idyllischen Grunewald an und bat um Aufklärung und Einschätzungen. Mein Urteil über zu Guttenberg war deutlich. Plötzlich war ich zu einer Stimme in einer Affäre geworden, die Politik und Gesellschaft heftig beschäftigte. Eine ungewohnte Rolle für einen Wissenschaftler! Das Wissenschaftskolleg hat mir in diesen Wochen sehr geholfen: Rektor und früherer Rektor gaben wertvollen Rat im Umgang mit den Massenmedien, Mitarbeiter koordinierten Termine und kommunizierten

Absagen für Interviews in Funk und Fernsehen, wie überhaupt das Kolleg einen Hort der auch persönlichen Sicherheit geboten hat, der einen klaren Kopf bewahren half. Zwei turbulente Wochen und im Nachgang weitere Wochen zur Beantwortung von hunderten von Zuschriften, Lob wie Hass, drehten meinen Forschungsrhythmus um. Nicht ganz freilich und zum Glück: Von der Affäre kriegten die ausländischen Fellows wenig mit. Wie wohltuend waren die Kolloquia und Tischgespräche – hier stand die Welt nicht Kopf, sondern Köpfe behielten die Welt im Blick.

Der Gedankenaustausch machte uns allerdings auch bald klar, dass der Fall Guttenberg nicht nur einen Promotionsbetrug betraf, sondern Fragen grundsätzlicher Art stellte: nach der medialen Inszenierung von Politik und der rhetorischen Selbstdarstellung von Politikern, nach den Erwartungen breiter Bevölkerungskreise an Politik, nach dem Austausch der Inhalte durch Stil und Form, nach einer rollenspezifisch geteilten Moralität, nach den zwei Körpern des Politikers und des Doktoranden, nach dem Verhältnis von Wissenschaft und Politik oder nach der Fähigkeit des Internet, politische Gegenöffentlichkeiten zu schaffen, um einige zu nennen. Aus einem Gespräch mit Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus entstand die Idee, solchen Aspekten in einem Kolloquium nachzugehen, den Fall Guttenberg also als interdisziplinäre Fallstudie zu behandeln. Der Plan wurde dank tüchtiger Unterstützung vieler Mitarbeiter rasch umgesetzt. Aktuelle Fellows, frühere Fellows, Kollegen von nah und fern, einige Doktoranden und nicht zuletzt Publizisten, die beeindruckend urteilssichere Bewertungen in den Feuilletons geschrieben hatten, kamen im April zusammen, um über die „Rhetorik akademischer und politischer Selbstdarstellung“ zu diskutieren. Wie lebhaft und anregend dieser Tag war, vermittelt der daraus entstandene Band *Inszenierung als Beruf*, der am Ende des Fellowjahres vorlag und es sogar auf die Bestsellerliste der Sachbuch-Taschenbücher schaffte. Ohne das Wissenschaftskolleg hätte dieser Kreis, in so vielen Disziplinen beheimatet, nicht zueinander gefunden.

Überhaupt: Text, Sprache, Rhetorik, Darstellung – sie zählten für mich zu den aufregendsten Themenfeldern am Kolleg. Nun gehöre ich einer Normwissenschaft an, deren Gegenstand erst durch Text entsteht. Wir Juristen pflegen zudem einen instrumentellen Umgang mit Sprache. Daher mag es nicht überraschen, dass mir die Text- und Sprachwissenschaften näher stehen als solche, die anderen Erkenntnismitteln nachspüren. Welche Vielfalt, Schönheit, Macht und Verführung Sprache entwickeln kann, ist mir in dieser Deutlichkeit erst am Wissenschaftskolleg deutlich geworden. In meinem Jahrgang hatte ich das Glück, Sprachvirtuosen beobachten und bewundern zu dürfen. Nicht

Ästhetik beeindruckte mich, sondern der adäquate sprachliche Umgang mit den Gegenständen: Präzision und Varianz, Begriff und Individualität. Im Rückblick überrascht mich fast, wie sehr mich die sprachlichen Dimensionen der Wissenschaft beeindruckt haben, obwohl (oder gerade?) im Kolleg doch überwiegend Englisch gesprochen wird. Wahrscheinlich habe ich auch über die deutsche Sprache und die mit ihr verbundenen kognitiven Möglichkeiten und Grenzen unterschwellig viel gelernt. Für die methodischen Zugriffe anderer Disziplinen gilt das vielleicht weniger: Höchst interessante Ansätze wurden vorgestellt und, vielleicht ein wenig zu brav, diskutiert. Mich haben diese Zugriffe jedenfalls in der Überzeugung bestärkt, dass es die Methoden sind, die die Gegenstände bestimmen und nicht umgekehrt.

Noch zwei Worte zum Thema: als Deutscher am Wissenschaftskolleg. Man glaubt, man ist zu Hause, in Berlin. Aber in Wirklichkeit betritt man in der Wallotstraße eine andere Welt, polyglott in der Zusammensetzung, amerikanisch in den Umgangsformen, europäisch in der Kultur: welch ein herrliches Milieu! Als Deutscher ist man zugleich befreit und irritiert: Ich lebe in Berlin und zugleich in einer anderen Welt. Einerseits wird man zum Botschafter der Bundesrepublik, wird von den Co-Fellows über deutsche Geschichte, Berliner Vergangenheit, Politik und Gesellschaft befragt und muss Dinge erläutern, die einem nun erst selbst auffallen. Andererseits verschaffen einem die Co-Fellows Zugang zu anderen Welten, auch zu einem internationalen Berlin, dessen Rolle nicht die der Bundeshauptstadt ist, sondern die einer intellektuellen Heimat von Geistesgrößen, die von überall kommen und in Berlin auf Geistesverwandte treffen. Im Oktober spürt man, dass nicht wenige Fellows mit einem zurückhaltenden Deutschland-Bild anreisen; die Schatten der Vergangenheit dunkeln nach. Das aber ändert sich schnell, was man auch daran merkt, wie viele im Juli den Immobilienteil im Tagesspiegel studieren. Im Oktober kommt man mit Projekten und einem straffen Arbeitsplan, der Konzentration voraussetzt. Aber bald habe ich für mich entschieden: Wichtiger als der Output von Text durch abgeschiedenes Arbeiten ist der Input an Ideen durch die Kommunikation im Kolleg. Deswegen fällt es auch so schwer, vom Wissenschaftskolleg Abschied zu nehmen; die Input-Struktur des Kollegs bleibt natürlich in Berlin. Aber den Wallotstraßengeist nehme ich mit. Die Horizonte, die Erquickung, das Nachdenken, das Verstehen, die Ideen. Vielen Dank an meine Co-Fellows, alle Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter, den Sekretär und den Rektor für ein wunderbares Jahr!



BERLINER SATYRN  
FRANÇOIS LISSARRAGUE

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Né en 1947 à Saint-Mandé, près de Paris. Etudes de lettres classiques à la Sorbonne, de 1964 à 1969, puis enseignant ces mêmes lettres classiques, de 1971 à 1980. Documentaliste au CNRS dans l'équipe de J.P. Vernant de 1980 à 1987 ; soutient à l'EHESS en 1983 une thèse de 3<sup>e</sup> cycle dirigée par Pierre Vidal-Naquet (Archer, peltastes, cavaliers dans l'imagerie attique). Chargé de recherches de 1987 à 1994, puis directeur de recherches en 1995. Élu directeur d'études à l'EHESS en 1996 sur une chaire intitulée 'Anthropologie et image : l'expérience grecque'. De 2002 à 2005, directeur du Centre Louis Gernet. Spécialiste des images grecques, auteur de plusieurs ouvrages sur ces questions : *La Cité des images* (avec C. Bérard et al., 1984), *Un flot d'images. Une esthétique du banquet grec* (1987), *L'autre guerrier* (1990), *Héros et dieux de l'antiquité. Guide iconographique* (avec I. Aghion et C. Barbillon, 1994), *Vases grecs. Les Athéniens et leur images* (1999). N'a pas renoncé à en écrire d'autres ... – Adresse : Centre Anhima, UMR 8210 EHESS, 2 rue Vivienne, 75002 Paris. e-mail : Francois.Lissarrague@ehess.fr

La liberté que donne le Wiko a commencé avant même mon arrivée à Berlin. Le temps de l'écriture, un temps incertain sinon aléatoire, n'obéit pas toujours aux planifications nécessaires que l'on se donne et qui sont probablement faites pour n'être suivies que de loin. J'avais annoncé un an auparavant que je travaillerai sur l'esthétique des armes, et je n'ai pas renoncé à cette idée qui figure dans le programme imprimé du Wiko ; c'est un projet bien entamé, sur lequel j'ai pu accumuler cette année des données neuves et approfondir certains dossiers. Mais je n'avais pas prévu mon retard dans le bouclage d'un précédent projet, plus ancien, et qui s'est transformé en cours de route : un projet sur

l'imagerie grecque, attique, des satyres. Je pensais en avoir fini en 2009, mais c'était sans compter sur un déménagement imprévu (200 cartons de livres à rapprocher du Père Lachaise, à Paris) qui m'a conduit à suspendre la rédaction de ce livre. L'année au Wiko aura servi à mener à bien ce travail d'écriture, dans des conditions idéales.

En octobre, lors d'une promenade avec mes amis Pauline et Jean-Claude Schmitt, en route dans la forêt de Grunewald, nous fûmes soudain doublés par un joggeur entièrement nu, un homme des bois qui s'ébrouait là tout naturellement, sans émouvoir aucun des passants du dimanche. J'y ai vu le signe d'une familiarité satyresque pleine de promesses. L'hiver berlinois, plutôt rude comme on sait, n'a pas permis que se reproduise une telle rencontre, mais je me suis mis au travail à ce moment là, après m'être libéré de trois articles en retard, enfermé dans ma chambre du 19 Wallotstraße, loin des barbecues et des fêtes de la Villa Walther, entouré de voisins discrets, entièrement pris par ce projet. Il faut sans doute être obsédé, assiégié, pour finir un livre. La vie au Wiko, en automne et en hiver, s'est merveilleusement prêtée à cet exercice monacal, à la fois ascétique et passionnant.

Suivant le conseil d'un ancien fellow, je me suis jeté à l'eau très vite pour me libérer du *Vortrag* rituel du mardi. En inaugurant la série, je n'avais aucun modèle à suivre, ni besoin de faire mieux. Je fis simplement de mon mieux et présentai un chapitre de ce livre où je compare ces deux formes intermédiaires, entre humain et animal, que sont les Centaures et les Satyres.

Grâce à la liberté que donne la vie au Wiko j'ai pu très tôt mettre en place l'iconographie du livre, ce qui est pour moi la clé de toute écriture sur l'image. Si la méthode consiste avant tout à partir des images, à y regarder de très près, pour relier entre elles des séries, repérer des variations, identifier les transformations du répertoire, l'exposé écrit ne peut prendre en charge chaque image l'une après l'autre, à la différence d'une présentation orale. Cette difficulté ne peut se résoudre simplement, et il faut d'abord construire le réseau visuel qui sera à l'œuvre dans le livre ; en somme avoir le livre en tête avant d'en écrire le premier mot. La sérénité du Wiko m'a enfin permis d'arriver à ce point et j'aurai, sinon réussi – ce n'est pas à moi de le dire – du moins rendu réel et lisible ce qui pendant longtemps n'avait été que les fragments d'un projet. Une fois cette maquette de travail mise en place, j'ai écrit le texte d'un trait, entre janvier et avril. Chose qui s'était avérée impossible à Paris où les sollicitations, la dispersion, le morcellement du temps et des journées emportent tout.

On n'échappe pas complètement à ces sollicitations quand on a la chance d'être à Berlin : jurys de thèses (j'ai dû participer à trois jurys, à Paris, à Aix-en-Provence et à Berlin), commissions de spécialistes (deux sessions à Evry en mai), assemblées de l'EHESS (en octobre, mars et juin) et évaluations à l'ERC à Bruxelles (en mars et juin) m'ont obligé à quitter Berlin plus souvent que je n'aurais voulu, sans parler des évaluations écrites, lettres de recommandations et autres rapports dont le 'management' scientifique qui s'impose de plus en plus à nous est friand. Mais le calme du Wiko fut à chaque retour bienvenu et j'ai souvent eu le sentiment de rentrer 'chez moi' en revenant au 19 Wallotstraße.

Les recherches que je mène portent essentiellement sur le vaste répertoire figuré que fournit la céramique attique ; l'expérience prouve qu'on a toujours de bonnes surprises en examinant les objets directement, sans se contenter de reproductions photographiques ou



Ill. 1: Lécythe en main, dans les réserves de l'Altes Museum.



Ill. 2: A genoux devant une coupe.

de dessins. C'est pourquoi j'essaie de pratiquer aussi souvent que possible cet exercice d'autopsie. La collection de l'Altes Museum à Berlin est de ce point de vue particulièrement importante, malgré les pertes de la guerre, et le généreux accueil d'Ursula Kästner m'a permis d'étudier à plusieurs reprises, seul ou avec mes étudiants et de jeunes collègues (voir photos jointe), non seulement les vases exposés dans les salles récemment refaites, mais aussi les vases en réserve et les archives d'Eduard Gerhard (en particulier le célèbre *Berliner Apparatus*, série de calques exécutés à Rome sur les originaux qui passaient entre ses mains, dans les années 1830-1840). Gertrud Platz a eu la générosité de nous introduire, avec Krzysztof Pomian, dans la collection de pierres gravées pour y découvrir les gemmes de Stosch, qui furent en leur temps cataloguées par Winckelmann. A ces visites se sont ajoutées celles faites pour les fellows du Wiko au Schloss Tegel (la merveilleuse maison de

Humboldt) ou dans l’Altes Museum ; leur regard extérieur, non spécialisé, et leur curiosité savante ont fait à chaque fois surgir d’intéressantes questions. Et c’est encore la curiosité qui m’a conduit à me rendre à Varsovie et à Leipzig, pour y voir les collections exposées et en réserve ; là non plus, je n’ai pas été déçu.

Pour le reste, j’ai participé à trois colloques, l’un à Bâle, sur la représentation de l’espace, un autre à Pise où l’on a discuté le travail d’Oliver Taplin, *Pots and Plays*, un dernier, enfin, à Cologne, où l’on a exploré les limites de la corporéité (*Fluide Körper*, *Morphomata*).

J’ai donné deux conférences à Berlin, l’une à la Freie Universität, à l’invitation de Renate Schlesier, en février, sur « *Les représentations funéraires attiques* », l’autre à la Humboldt-Universität, à l’invitation de Luca Giuliani, en avril, sur mon prochain projet (celui que j’avais annoncé comme programme de travail au Wiko), « *Corps et armes, l’image du guerrier héroïque* ».

Si l’écriture doit se faire solitaire, la recherche est un jeu d’échanges. Et si la vie au Wiko est des plus sereines, elle est d’abord faite d’échanges et de surprises ; la réunion des fellows produit aussi bien des rencontres programmées, par exemple entre les juristes, les anthropologues africanistes ou le ‘Disease Group’, que d’autres, davantage improvisées, comme le groupe image qui s’est constitué de manière informelle à l’initiative de Birgit Meyer et Christiane Kruse, où l’on a pu croiser sans les opposer de manière rigide des approches anthropologiques, littéraires et historiques, avec Jean-Claude Schmitt, Niklaus Largier, Frank Fehrenbach, Ilma Rakusa entre autres, dans des séances qui se sont déroulées comme un exercice d’interprétations croisées et collectives dont j’ai pour ma part tiré grand profit.

C’est un leitmotiv des rapports annuels que de dire à quel point cette convivialité, qui se construit au fil de l’année au cours des séminaires du mardi, des cinq repas hebdomadaires, des sorties, des concerts, des rencontres, est surprenante et enrichissante ; il s’y ajoute une autre complicité, linguistique, quasi babélique, pour ceux qui suivent l’un ou l’autre des cours d’allemand que donne avec une patience méritoire Eva von Kügelgen : j’y ai pour ma part appris bien plus que de l’allemand.

On ne se baigne jamais deux fois dans le même fleuve, aurait dit Héraclite ; on ne revient jamais deux fois pour un an au Wiko, nous ont fait savoir nos hôtes berlinois ; c’est peut être le caractère unique de cette expérience qui la rend inappréhensible. Mais comme on aimerait donner tort à Héraclite et au *Beirat* !



INSIGHT  
CURTIS M. LIVELY

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Curt Lively was born in 1954 in Louisiana, USA, but grew up in the desert regions of Arizona. He received a BS degree in Zoology from Arizona State University in 1977, and a Ph.D. in Ecology and Evolution from the University of Arizona in 1984. He then conducted post-doctoral research at the University of Canterbury in New Zealand (1984–89) and at Rutgers University (1989), before joining the faculty at Indiana University in 1990. He has worked in freshwater, marine, and terrestrial environments to address questions on predator-prey interactions, the evolution of phenotypic plasticity, the evolution of sexual reproduction, and host-parasite coevolution. He has also conducted theoretical studies on the evolution of induced defense, the evolution of parasite virulence, the evolution of sex/recombination, and the ecology of symbiont-mediated defense against pathogens. – Address: Department of Biology, Indiana University, Bloomington, IN 47401, USA. E-mail: clively@indiana.edu

I was a Wiko Fellow from April through June of 2011. The time that I spent in residence was too short, but it was fascinating to interact with so many interesting people from such a wide range of disciplines. I very much hope to return someday.

I am a biologist, trained in ecology and evolution. I was part of the “Antonovics disease group”. I spent most of my time at Wiko working on a difficult theoretical problem concerning the rate of evolutionary change (the fundamental theorem of natural selection). I was particularly interested in understanding how the rate of change in fitness caused by natural selection compares to the rate of change in fitness caused by environmental deterioration. For example, a beneficial mutation that increases the range of

foods that an organism is able to consume can lead to an increase in the organism's population size. However, as the mutation spreads, the population size grows and competition for resources will increase. Hence, there is a feedback: the mutation increases fitness, which increases population size, which then leads to a decrease in fitness. I wanted to understand the details of this process and relate it to standard mathematical models in population genetics. I was able to tackle this problem by relying heavily on the theoretical work of a former Wiko Fellow, Steve Frank. My ultimate goal was to expand the study to understand host-parasite coevolution. In this case, the parasite causes the environmental deterioration for the host, and vice versa; and both host and parasite may be evolving at very rapid rates.

I am not trained as a mathematician, so I found the work challenging. I don't think that I would have made any progress on this project had I not been at Wiko, which allowed for long periods for concentration. I also greatly benefited from working with the disease group. Mike Boots and Janis Antonovics are pioneers in modeling infectious diseases, and they are both exceptionally good at explaining their approaches to the problem. I also learned from, and became fascinated by, the non-scientists at Wiko. They were able to clearly explain their projects, and they did so with great enthusiasm. Several of their talks stood out for the depth of scholarship (and emotion) that they conveyed.

Perhaps the biggest insight for me came from a question that Herbert Muyinda asked during my Wiko presentation. He asked: what could we do to combat Schistosomiasis in Africa? (Schistosomiasis affects hundreds of millions of people, mainly in Africa and SE Asia; the disease is caused by a worm that cycles between humans and freshwater snails.) I answered that, after careful study, I would consider increasing the genetic diversity of the local snail population by adding uninfected snails drawn from several different locations. Someone replied that this addition of snails would also increase snail density, and thereby increase the intrinsic rate of disease spread. I saw the point, but it was not immediately clear to me which effect would be greater: the positive effect on disease spread caused the increase in host density, or the negative effect on disease spread caused by the increase in host genetic diversity. So, I worked on this problem. Over much of the parameter space, I found that the negative effect greatly outweighs the positive effect. Thus increasing host genetic diversity could reduce disease spread even when associated with a temporary increase in host population size. Thank you Herbert for that question!

On the whole, my time at Wiko was magical. It was a great honor for me to be part of this group.



CRITICAL INTERDISCIPLINARITY  
AND CATHARTIC HILARITY  
JULIE LIVINGSTON

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Sitting in my apartment in Manhattan, with sirens screaming down below my window, it is difficult to conjure up the Grunewald in all its glory. The swans on the little lake outside our tree house apartment window in the Villa Walther are hard to picture, much less the sounds of Kamran Ali and Syema Muzzafar downstairs cooking the delicious meals they so often shared with us, or of Elias Khoury one flight up calling out to little Ivan and Olga to tell him he loves them so. It all seems so unreal. Sometimes I think I must have dreamed the Wissenschaftskolleg.

I came to Wiko to finish a book. The combination of quiet space and time, and the camaraderie of my fellow Fellows and their partners, and the truly brilliant Wiko staff enabled me to finally put it to rest. The book is an ethnography of a small cancer ward in Botswana. The narrative follows patients, their relatives, and ward staff as a cancer

epidemic rapidly emerges in Botswana, part of the surge in cancers across the global south. The stories of the ward dramatize the human stakes and the intellectual and institutional challenges of this cancer epidemic. They show how care proceeds amid uncertainty in contexts of relative scarcity. They also offer fresh perspective on cancer medicine and illness experiences more broadly. In other words, the book is about pain, laughter, care, death, and future-making, but it is based on very intimate material, some of which presented a particular writing challenge. I was quite fortunate to give my colloquium very early in the fall. As a result, staff and Fellows continued to offer me ideas and questions throughout the rest of the year, such that my book was continuously fed by the generosity of my colleagues.

I also came to Wiko to spend a year in deep discussion with my thinking partner, Steve Feierman. Steve and I were both given offices on the first floor of Villa Jaffé, and so the year turned into one long conversation between us – about writing, about Africa, about health and medicine, but also about life, about pain, laughter, family, aging, and future-making. That conversation alone would have made my year in Berlin more than worthwhile. As would the joy my daughter, Hazel, found in adopting Sandy and Steve as her surrogate grandparents of sorts while in Berlin. Steve and I were part of a group of scholars working on issues of health in Africa: Nancy Hunt, Irufka Okeke, Herbert Muyinda, David Kyaddondo, and Robby Aronowitz. Together we held a meeting with a group of clinicians, scientists, and social scientists working on contemporary dilemmas of clinical practice in Africa, some of which is detailed in a paper you'll find later in this yearbook.

But the magic of the Wiko, I came to learn, far exceeded any particular academic project. As someone who works in two disciplines (history and anthropology) and is often involved in intellectual exchange with clinicians, policy makers, nurses, epidemiologists, and ethicists, I thought I understood the challenges and rewards of interdisciplinary conversations. But Wiko is completely unique for the unexpected and deep nature of critical interdisciplinarity that is fostered by shared meals, seminars, and outings over many weeks and months. Conversations with Irufka Okeke, Mike Boots, and Dieter Ebert, all biologists, revealed extraordinary forms of methodological and analytic creativity that raised questions about time and narrative, which I take back to my engagement with history. Over the course of the year, Claire Messud described and demonstrated a highly intuitive form of what I would call ethnographic practice that clarified aspects of anthropology I had only dimly grasped before. Similarly, the seminar, complete with the intro-

ductions and Hannah Ginsborg's wonderful questions, rapidly became the highlight of my week. Not only did I knit five pairs of socks, two sweaters, a scarf, and various and sundry other items during the seminars, I began to see entirely new ways to think and write.

But as much as Wiko is the place that gave me time and space to write, to think, to read, to listen, to knit, and as much as it was a place of real intellectual satisfaction, what stands out most in my memory of this year is the unrelenting hilarity. It was cathartic. From our German classes to the dining room to the Olivia Judson's Pilates class to Vera Schulze-Seeger's office to the M19 bus and the hallways of the Villa Jaffé, not a day seemed to pass without a moment (or more often many such moments) of deep and often prolonged laughter. Somehow our motley assortment of Fellows, partners, children, staff, and even one extremely large aquatically inclined dog was able to sustain this hilarity for an entire year. This, above all else, is how I gratefully remember my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg.



YEAR OF WONDERS  
CLAIRE MESSUD

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Claire Messud is the author of three novels and a book of novellas. Her most recent novel, *The Emperor's Children* (2006), was a New York Times best book of the year (2006) and was long-listed for the Man Booker Prize. She has twice been a finalist for the PEN/Faulkner Award, and was the recipient of the Strauss Living Award from the American Academy of Arts & Letters (2003–08). She has had a Radcliffe Institute fellowship, a fellowship from the Humanities Center at Harvard, and a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship. A frequent contributor to the *New York Review of Books*, she writes also for the *New York Times*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Guardian*, and *Newsweek*. She teaches in the MFA program at Hunter College in New York and lives with her family in Cambridge, Mass. Publications: *The Hunters: Two Short Novels* (2001); *The Last Life* (1999); *When the World Was Steady* (UK 1995, USA 1996). – Address: 214 Lexington Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: cmessud@comcast.net

It is mid-July. The rain is whispering in the foliage outside my window, the first rain in many nights, and my local enactment of the pathetic fallacy: we're on the verge of departure from Wiko, and even the sky weeps.

For each of us, this year has been differently glorious, intense, challenging, productive. Even when difficult, this time at Wiko, this time in Berlin, has been a rare and precious gift. My gratitude overflows: to Joachim Nettelbeck, Luca Giuliani, and the entire board who afforded us this opportunity; to the extraordinary staff, whose solicitous care, boundless generosity, and unflagging goodwill have punctuated each day at the Kolleg with happinesses small and large; to my fellow Fellows, whose erudition, expansiveness,

imagination, and humor have reawakened me to wonder, to an ongoing exhilarating state of cerebral pyrotechnics that prompts me to believe, for the first time in years, that (to quote Emily Dickinson) I dwell in possibility.

I'm in a small minority at Wiko: not an academic, I am, rather, a novelist, a storyteller. I don't come to this community from the comfort (or discomfort) of another: I have no home institution, no department, I escape no administrative responsibilities. I enter this community from a solitary writer's world; and in so doing, I rediscover what it is to share knowledge, marveling, the way children share pebbles or marbles, at what it is to learn for the sheer joy of it.

This year I've repeatedly had the experience – as rare in life generally as the passing of a comet – of seeing the entire cosmos as intricately connected. Last week's colloquium will prove obliquely linked to this morning's breakfast conversation, which is in turn related to an article recommended by a fellow Fellow, which has itself a strange relation to a comment made at supper by my ten-year-old daughter ... Or, to give a more specific example: from a conversation with Beatrice Gruendler, I was led to a biography of Avicenna, which in turn drew me to the work of his contemporary and friend Ibn Tufail, author of the first Islamic novel of ideas – a book translated into English in 1708, upon which translation *Robinson Crusoe* is said in part to have been based. This novel subsequently became essential to one of the characters in the novel I have myself been writing – an illumination I could never have foreseen. And then, at the end of these many months in which Ibn Tufail has become important to me, I picked from the shelf in my apartment a Wiko yearbook several years old – in order to peruse the end-of-year letters of former Fellows – only to discover that one among them, Salman Bashier, had been, in 2008, writing a book on Ibn Tufail's novel.

How, then, not to feel that all Wiko conversations, past and future, across disciplines, across years, are in dialogue with one another, and that they reaffirm the necessity and vitality of intellectual discussion? How not to feel that this – so simple, and yet so rare – is, after all, what life is *for*? To find myself at a Thursday supper this spring, surrounded by a philosopher, a sociologist, and two literary scholars, engaged, not for minutes but for hours, in a fiercely passionate and wholly unaffected discussion of what love is, and of how it differs for Austen, Flaubert, and Proust – I couldn't have dreamed of a more satisfying or inspiring evening. I never thought I could be so lucky.

The blessing of so many words has been balanced by the blessing of silence. My beautiful ground floor office in the new building feels like a terrarium: its two large picture

windows give onto a riot of greenery, through which, if I am patient, I can witness the flit and scurry of birds, rodents, and insects. A vast family of brown-striped mice lives in the ivy alongside the stone path, but they dart out singly, anxiously, like comic actors making hasty appearances onstage. Often I've watched robins hop manically and puff their breasts, squabbling over a wriggling worm. One afternoon a falcon landed upon a low-hanging branch opposite my desk and rested there for a full minute, a glossy blackbird stiffening in its claws. I've listened to the sparrows chattering like gossiping housewives as they build their nests in the vines along my wall. These riveting adventures have been my only interruptions: day after day, I've sat bent over my manuscript, blissfully unaware of the passage of hours. There has been, here, a freedom to concentrate that in my "real" life is all but unimaginable. Like everyone else, I'm loath to relinquish it.

I'm loath, too, to leave this strange and fascinating city, with its grandiose, forlorn facades, its tormented histories, its vast, sleepy boulevards and surreptitious, bustling enclaves. From the meandering asylum compound in Beelitz to the Olympic Village at Elstal to the former US listening station in nearby Grunewald, there are everywhere abandoned, crumbling traces of the city – and the mores – that came before. There is much dark history even in a walk through this verdant and apparently placid neighborhood of villas and lakes, so abundantly flowered in the springtime, so crisply snow-covered in winter. Of course there are, too, the unparalleled museums and concert halls – and the delight that they, too, are almost as if abandoned. Should you want to hear Barenboim play the piano, you can find tickets on the day of the performance. Should you wish to visit Caravaggio's *Amor Vincit Omnia*, you can stand before him unmolested for a good twenty minutes on a Saturday morning and indulge the illusion that his impudent, suggestive smile is directed at you alone. Should you desire to attend a service (in English once a week, no less) at the Berliner Dom, you can slip into its enormous rococo insanity and, surrounded by empty pews, have the distinct impression that the priest is reciting for you.

Of course, part of the perfection of the Wiko year is its impermanence. Such a pitch of intensity and engagement is not, for any individual, indefinitely sustainable. The miracle is that the Kolleg manages to reproduce, year after year, infinite new variations upon this experience. Year upon year, outgoing Fellows record our versions of the Wiko sojourn, all somehow the same yet each somehow different; and year upon year, incoming Fellows disregard these records, only to arrive, ten or eleven months later, at a similar appreciation of what it has all meant.

I will return, now, to a writing room without colleagues, without conversation, without falcons or mice. I'm unlikely to have a three-course lunch for months to come; and alas, nobody will help me sort out my computer problems or my parking tickets. I may happen upon fascinating texts or revelatory images, but I won't have the chance to ask questions about them, to listen to the diverse wisdom of so many. I'll miss this haven greatly; but I'll carry with me – my precious booty – the discoveries made, the books and articles read (and still to read), the minds and characters I've been fortunate to encounter, the sights and textures and smells of it all. It is enough to sustain me for a long time.

And then? And then, like all old Fellows, I'll return for a visit, and marvel again.



DEEPLY IMPRESSED  
BIRGIT MEYER

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Study of Pedagogy for Handicapped Children and Comparative Religion (Universität Bremen) and Cultural Anthropology (University of Amsterdam); Ph.D. in 1995 (University of Amsterdam). Since 2004 Professor of Cultural Anthropology, VU University Amsterdam; from Fall 2011 Professor of Religious Studies, Utrecht University. Fields of interest: African Christianity; Pentecostal Churches; religion, media, and the public sphere; (audio-)visual culture, aesthetics and the senses. Birgit Meyer is Vice-Chair of the *International African Institute* (London) and a member of the Royal Dutch Academy of Arts and Sciences. Publications include *Translating the Devil: Religion and Modernity Among the Ewe in Ghana* (1999); *Globalization and Identity: Dialectics of Flow and Closure* (edited with Peter Geschiere, 1999); *Magic and Modernity: Interfaces of Revelation and Concealment* (edited with Peter Pels, 2003); *Religion, Media and the Public Sphere* (edited with Annelies Moors, 2006); and *Aesthetic Formations: Religion, Media and the Senses* (2009). She is co-editor of *Material Religion*. – Address: Department of Religious Studies and Theology, P.O. Box 80.105, 3508 TC Utrecht, Netherlands. E-mail: b.meyer@uu.nl

Having spent twenty-five years in Amsterdam, despite intensive contacts with family and friends I had more or less lost track of cultural and intellectual life in Germany. Berlin, a city I barely knew in its present state, as most of my earlier visits took place before 1990, proved to be a wonderful place to catch up on or, for my husband Jojada Verrips and our son Sybren, to get more familiar with Germany. My switch from Bremen to Amsterdam in 1985 was motivated by my wish to study in a more open intellectual environment, and now I was curious about the German academic field. I am much impressed by the buzz-

ing Berlin academic landscape, which I encountered by attending as well as giving lectures at universities and research institutions. My stay allowed me to reacquaint myself with academic life here, yielding plans for future collaborations and conversations. Having been immersed in Anglophone scholarship, in this year I read a lot of work published in German. Struck by the depth, scope, and creative imagination of many of the texts I read, especially in the field of *Bildwissenschaften*, I keep wondering why so few are being translated into English (the global academic lingua franca, whether you like it or not). Doing so, in my view, would contribute as importantly to “internationalizing” German academia as does bringing in foreign scholars as visiting fellows.

Before arriving, I found it difficult to imagine how it would be to take part in the “temporary community of learners” envisioned by the Wissenschaftskolleg. Reading the preparatory materials about the other Fellows, I noted how diverse our cohort was, regarding disciplines, cultural backgrounds, and academic settings. Buzzwords such as “internationalization”, “interdisciplinarity”, “networking”, “innovation”, or even “excellence” and “global competence” abound in our university settings, yet usually remain shallow terms. It takes more to bring a bunch of smart scholars from different cultural backgrounds, disciplinary expertise, and experience into meaningful conversations. During my stay I realized that what is needed is a true *vision* about scholarship and knowledge, devotion to the task set, practical know-how, and style. This is what the Wissenschaftskolleg provides in a well-orchestrated tour de force. Being plunged into a stimulating environment, our cohort of Fellows and partners developed a thick social texture. Next to the Tuesday and occasional Thursday colloquia, conferences, and evening seminars, I enjoyed the possibility to take part in more casual discussions during lunches and Thursday evening dinners. The monthly family dinners were also much appreciated by our son Sybren. Aged sixteen years, he was the oldest among fifteen children in the Villa Walther, who all got along well despite considerable differences in age.

Never before have I been part of – and in ongoing conversation with – such a diverse group of scholars, ranging from fellow anthropologists, the focus group on medicine in Africa, art historians and *Bildwissenschaftler*, philosophers, historians, scholars of law and literature, and even writers. What I found most rewarding was the possibility to approach colleagues whenever I needed to venture into other fields of expertise. While I regard it as one of the assets of cultural anthropology that it opens up towards virtually any aspect of culture, the flip side of this holistic orientation is a nagging awareness of one’s own limitations. Discussions with Petra Gehring, in particular, were most helpful to clarify philo-

sophical issues such as materiality, life and death, or aesthetics/aisthesis. Generously sharing his work (published and in progress) with me, Niklaus Largier opened up new perspectives on the question of religion and the senses, making me realize salient convergences between medieval mystics and contemporary Pentecostals in tuning the body so as to open up to the divine. Thanks to François Lissarrague, I detected similarities in the representational strategies through which classical Greek vases and contemporary Christian-oriented video-movies in Ghana (my book project, see below) mediate the invisible. With Albrecht Koschorke I had stimulating exchanges concerning media, religion, and the body, identifying themes that cut across the settings of our respective research. Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, relentlessly championing the importance of the voice, stimulated me to question the visual bias that hampers much work in the study of pictures. I was excited to discover that Beatrice Gruendler, working on 9th-century Arabic manuscripts, employed a media perspective that resonated with mine. Barbara Piatti and Karl Schlögel sharpened my sense of the spatial dimension of both “fact” and “fiction”, which was important to my work on film and the city in Ghana. Anne van Aaken alerted me to the relevance of “law” to settings in contemporary privatized public arenas. Talking about fictional characters and “autofiction” with Claire Messud, Ilma Rakusa, and Elias Khoury made me realize the affinity between writing literature and my urge as an ethnographer to “thickly” describe (as Clifford Geertz put it) my interlocutors’ world of lived experience. Launching their magisterial book “Empires in World History”, Fred Cooper and Jane Burbank offered fresh ways for thinking about power and diversity outside the framework of the nation-state. With Steve Feierman, Sandra Barnes, Julie Livingston, Nancy Hunt, Herbert Muyinda, David Kyaddondo, and Bahru Zewde, I had ongoing talks about the art of survival in everyday life in Africa, interrogating critically our own approaches and modes of analysis.

One of the best things was the monthly Picture-image seminar, convened by art historian Christiane Kruse and myself, which served as a forum for all those working with, or interested in, pictures. With the competent guidance of Christiane, I ventured into the field of German *Bildwissenschaften*, noting so many points of contact between her ideas and mine, especially regarding the pictorial strategies of revelation and concealment enshrined in pictures. As I see it, the study of pictures – and more broadly aesthetics – is no longer confined to a particular discipline, but matters to a far broader scholarly field, including religious studies, anthropology, and social and political sciences. The point is to develop approaches that grasp how and why pictures are perceived as powerful, impress

themselves on beholders, and thus matter in the making and unmaking of the social. I could not have imagined a better way to broaden my approach into the study of (audio-) visual culture, which I had so far conducted from an anthropological angle. The seminar also was a breeding ground for additional initiatives, including a one-day seminar on *The Question of Global Art* (with former Fellows Hans Belting and Johannes Fabian as main speakers), a Thursday Colloquium with former Fellow W. J. T. Mitchell, and a seminar on art and politics in the GDR and India (with Sigrid Hofer and Maruška Svašek). In the future, Christiane and I, and other members of our group, will continue our collaboration by further exploring issues of simulation and deception, animation, and figuration.

I happily made use of the possibilities offered by the Wissenschaftskolleg to invite guests from outside. Particularly memorable was the visit of my colleague and friend Kodjo Senah (Department of Sociology, Ghana), who read and commented upon my upcoming manuscript with devotion and detail. I also was able to organize meetings with (junior) scholars in research projects that I co-directed in the Netherlands, including “Heritage Dynamics: Aesthetics of Persuasion and Politics of Authentication” and “Christian Imagery in Ghana and Brazil”. It was fine to witness how the serene and all the same arousing Wiko environment yielded special results. Also, I much appreciated several exchanges with my Wiko colleagues and Fellows in the Europe in the Middle East – the Middle East in Europe (EUME) Program – Elias Khoury, Kamran Ali, Georges Khalil, and Toufoul Abou-Goreih in particular, especially on the “Arab Spring”, that greatly enhanced my understanding. Both with regard to relations among the Fellows and partners, and guests from outside, a convivial atmosphere prevailed that I found inspiring and productive. The challenge I have set for myself for the time to come is to bring at least part of this spirit into normal academia.

My own writing flourished in this environment. Despite all possibilities of being distracted – many of which I succumbed to – I still devoted a lot of time to my project on religion and materiality in Africa (and beyond). Understanding religion as a practice of mediation between the levels of humans and the divine or transcendental, I place media – taken in a broad sense, as material, human-made forms – at the center of the study of religion. Opposing a view of the transcendental – or the “spiritual” – as being self-revealing, I take media as taking part in effecting the “beyond” towards which humans reach out, with which they seek to communicate, and which they strive to manipulate. Along with finishing a number of articles in progress and preparing some lectures for venues in Berlin and outside, I deployed this project in three directions. One, I worked on

my book on the interface of video, religion, and popular culture in Ghana, which is based on fifteen years of historical and ethnographic research. Though initially I had thought about putting together a number of revised pieces that had been published previously, I decided to write a new book more or less from scratch. The working title is “Your World is About to Change! Video, Spirits and the Popular Imagination in Ghana”. With five of the seven chapters and the introduction written, my book manuscript is near completion. Second, I laid last hand on contributions to an edited volume, titled “Things – Religion and the Question of Materiality” (fc 2012), and, together with my colleague Dick Houtman, wrote an extensive introduction. Identifying the legacy of Protestantism in approaches of religion that privilege meaning at the expense of things and bodies, we argue for “re-materializing” the study of religion by taking things, the body, and pictures as entry points. Third, I read extensively about the nexus of religion and pictures/images, dabbling in art history, media theory, anthropology, and religious studies. Based on these readings, I prepared a presentation for a conference on “Aura and Effect” at the Internationales Forschungszentrum Kulturwissenschaften (IFK) in Vienna. Issues around the representation and presence of pictures, the logic of animation in which they function, and interfaces between religion and the political imagination will occupy me in the upcoming years. The inspiration I received from fellow Fellows to develop these issues is obvious.

In retrospect, my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg turned out to be liminal – betwixt and between – in a number of respects. Instead of being distracted and frustrated by administrative duties and devastating higher education policies, I had the time and ease of mind to concentrate on my academic work, doing what had attracted me to achieving a university position in the first place. I became part of a living (albeit temporary) community, learning new things and developing fresh ideas and plans. I relocated myself in the context of German scholarship in social-cultural sciences. I left my professorship in Cultural Anthropology at VU University for one in Religious Studies at Utrecht University. And I realized what really matters in academia: convivial sharing of time and space – the sine qua non for critical, constructive debate. As many anthropological works on liminal spaces have shown, one does not walk out the same as one stepped in. Moving here implied a clear break, but I hope that this does not hold for moving out. I sense that my stay here leaves a marked imprint on my work and personality – I am, literally, deeply impressed and grateful to the staff, Fellows, partners, and Berlin colleagues for making this possible.

## THE WIKO: A WORLD APART

Jojada Verrips, spouse of Birgit Meyer, is Professor (emer.) of Cultural Anthropology, University of Amsterdam

Already a year or more before we left for Berlin to stay at the Wiko I worried a bit about what my role as a spouse of Fellow Birgit Meyer might be. When I thought about it, I saw myself sitting somewhere in an apartment trying to start with a small project I had been talking about for years, but never managed to engage in after my retirement in 2007 as a full professor of cultural anthropology at the University of Amsterdam. It concerned the writing of a concise history of the programmatic development of my discipline in the Netherlands on the basis of all the printed inaugural lectures presented by colleagues ever since the first official chair was established in 1877 at the University of Leiden. To realize my long-cherished plan, I put my whole collection of lectures in two boxes to bring them at the end of August 2010 with a lot of other belongings in a small van to Berlin. Alas, in vain, for the boxes remained untouched during our stay in one of the fine apartments in Villa Walther. Not that I forgot all about my project, but it was something else that kept me from implementing it.

Of course, the fascinating city of Berlin with its international population, thrilling bookshops, titillating flea markets, enchanting theatres, marvellous opera houses, magnificent museums, a surprising public transport system, diversity of neighbourhoods, parks, avenues, squares, cinemas and restaurants and last but not least impressive bike-friendliness played an important, though not the main role in a lasting postponement. No, I fell under the spell of what, week in week out, the Wiko had to offer in an intellectual sense, especially in the form of the (obligatory) presentations of the Fellows on a wide range of themes and topics and the often sharp but always enlightening discussions and debates they triggered.

Right after the first captivating lecture by archaeologist François Lissarrague on lascivious satyrs and pugnacious centaurs, mythical creatures that had intrigued me ever since I heard about them, I decided to yield to the longing it generated to immediately find out more about them instead of opening up my boxes and slowly working my way through a pile of inaugural lectures. This being carried away by a Fellow's lecture happened again and again.

Another example of an intellectually enchanting and stimulating event was the presentation on the meaning of masks and masquerades by art historian Christiane Kruse, in which she dealt with the tendency of certain painters to put people on wrong tracks. I will never forget how her talk set in motion an amateurish but feverish quest for the deciphering or decoding of some intriguing paintings she dealt with then and came up with somewhat later in the informal image workshop, such as the enigmatic self-portrait of Jan van Wijckersloot (1669) in the possession of the Museum der bildenden Künste Leipzig.

A last example of a stirring and thought-provoking lecture was the one by economic historian Bruce Campbell on the question of what might have caused the cattle plague in the Middle Ages. He impressed me by his mastery of an exceptionally great array of quantitative data concerning a host of phenomena, such as death rates, climatic changes and differences in tree growth on different continents, to mention only a few, further by the original ways he combined these data and, last but not least, by his representation of striking and intriguing correlations in quite a few colourful graphs. Campbell's lecture brought home to me that there are number crunchers and number crunchers and that his daring way of using quantitative data was seminal, because it forces one to leave trodden paths and exploit new fields in order to develop refreshing perspectives on the riddles of old ones.

At the Wiko something happened I had been looking for in vain when I was still active as a cultural anthropologist at the University of Amsterdam, i.e. the systematic crossing of borders between disciplines nearby and far away. Oh yes, there were also presentations within the faculty of social sciences, as a matter of fact so many that one could spend all one's working time attending them, but they were almost never given by representatives of disciplines beyond the faculty. Moreover, the faculty staff inclined to be present only at lectures regarding its own turf. Of course, there were and still are several "good" reasons for this rather myopic and narrow-minded trend, but I have always regretted the fact that the gusto for getting rid of it at "my" university was so small.

Against this background it was a great relief to be the guest of the Wiko as a spouse, for it offered me the opportunity to get acquainted with an impressive series of scholarly language games and to be able to not only observe some striking differences but also great family resemblances between them. It struck me, for instance, how the law specialists systematically tried to express themselves in a crystal clear and therefore convincing language. Also striking was the (rather anthropomorphic) manner in which the biologists

spoke about the positive or negative evolution of the plants, water fleas, microorganisms etcetera they studied. In this respect I found it a bit of a pity that the balance between the number of representatives of the alpha and beta sciences in the Fellow cohort 2010/11 was rather uneven, for the former really outnumbered the latter. If one takes into consideration the presence of novelists, composers and an actor, this unevenness was all the more striking.

As a matter of fact, I would have liked it if there had been some more Fellows from the so-called hard sciences (provided they had an open mind), so that I would have had the chance to also familiarize myself with their discourses or language games and to learn more about their possible struggle to find (more) adequate and precise linguistic ways (e.g. specific metaphors) to express their scientific findings. I sometimes even dreamt of a meeting (e.g. in a workshop) of the evocative novelists Claire Messud, Elias Khoury and Ilma Rakusa and other artists with a couple of neuroscientists, a meeting devoted to the question how the former might inspire the latter in finding or designing and developing such linguistic ways. In this connection I deem it remarkable that the diversity of (scientific) discourses used by the Fellows in their lectures formed no serious point of discussion. However, along with the dominance of the alpha scientists among the Fellows, another reason for this rather salient phenomenon could be their inclination to adapt their talks to their “multidisciplinary” audience.

Anyway, in my view one of the really great merits of the Wiko is that this well-oiled institutional “machine” with all its fascinating facilities for both Fellows and spouses, its fabulous routines and traditions, its unique staff and splendid setting, that this “Dampfer”, as an ex-employee once called it, knows how to generate a climate in which this kind of refreshing rapprochement can crop up. I therefore hope that it will remain for decades to come an intellectual refugium for all kinds of scholars, writers, composers, actors and artists in which they not only get the outstanding opportunity to work on their projects far away from hectic and madding university regimes with messianic managers and aggressive administrators, but also to become familiar with other universes of discourse, for without looking beyond the classical, disciplinary boundaries one might fall prey to fossilization.

A really impressive example of the way the Wiko furthers communication among scholars of different backgrounds was the generous support it gave to an initiative of Fellow Petra Gehring, a really versatile philosopher, and myself to invite the German philosopher Kurt Röttgers for a mini-seminar on his fascinating book *Kants Kollege und*

*seine ungeschriebene Schrift über die Zigeuner* (1993), which I found on one of my book safaris in Berlin. It deals with the life and work of Christian Jakob Kraus, who was appointed Professor of Practical Philosophy in Königsberg in 1780 and who suffered almost constantly from writer's block, which was why he never became as famous as his colleague Kant, who, incidentally, greatly admired him. Salient here is that Kraus, who started as a fanatic fan of Kant's philosophy, increasingly became a sceptical empiricist or a man with what Röttgers calls a *nomadische* or *vagabundierende Vernunft* (the counterpart of a *reine Vernunft*). The mini-seminar, visited by a small number of Fellows, was devoted mainly to a fruitful discussion about the relevance of the kind of reason that helped me very much to write a short essay on so-called "new savages" in Western societies.

In this connection I have to succinctly mention the inciting German course I got from Eva von Kügelgen together with two other spouses, the historian Susan Pinkard and the philosopher Daniel Warren, for during this course we not only spoke about Röttgers' text as well as a host of other themes and topics, but also learned a lot to understand this kind of German texts much better.

I want to conclude this piece by mentioning a kind of discovery I made during my stay in Berlin. Due to my regular visiting of bookshops, as well as my contacts with both the German Fellows at the Wiko and German scholars outside this institution, I came to realize how my rather outspoken Anglo-Saxon orientation has prevented me from noticing the great amount of brilliant and solid scholarly work in the realm of the humanities and the social sciences that has been and still is produced in Germany. Since the English language is rapidly marching on within the academic world, I think that it would at least be worthwhile to translate more into this lingua franca, so that fewer parallel intellectual "inventions" of the same things at a later date might occur in the non-German-reading world .

Thanks Wiko, many thanks.



## ACADEMIC PARADISE HERBERT MUYINDA

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Herbert Muyinda is an anthropologist and a Lecturer at the Child Health and Development Centre, College of Health Sciences, Makerere University. He has done research on behavioural aspects of health, including Assessment of Client Satisfaction with Health Services in Uganda, Review of Medicines Availability for the Malaria, AIDS and TB (MAT) Program, the Quality Medicine Use for Children in Uganda, and currently Uncertainty in the Supply Side of Antiretroviral Therapy (ART) in Uganda. He has done research among vulnerable populations and has had a number of publications in the areas of HIV/AIDS and STDs, disability, conflict and poverty. Before, Herbert was a Regional Technical Coordinator of the Uganda Nutrition and Early Childhood Development Project (NECDP), Western Region, funded by the Government of Uganda and the World Bank. The NECDP was a capacity-building project to improve the nutrition of children aged under five in the rural areas. The project involved both government and private partnerships and working with the central and the local governments, and it built important physical and social infrastructure to improve nutrition and early development at the community level. Herbert has a Ph.D. in Anthropology from the University of Copenhagen and a Master's in Public Administration and Management from Makerere University. He enjoys teamwork and is open to new ideas. – Address: Child Health and Development Centre, College of Health Science, Makerere University, P.O. Box 6717, Kampala, Uganda. E-mail: [hmuyinda@chdc.mak.ac.ug](mailto:hmuyinda@chdc.mak.ac.ug)

At one of the dinners, a visitor (non-Wissenschaftskolleg member) asked me a question: "How would you characterize this place, *read institution* (Wiko), in view of what your

work is?" Without much thinking, I told her that it is an academic paradise. I felt that this was the best way to describe Wiko and I think that is what it is. It is a place where it is very difficult to complain of anything or blame anyone but oneself in case of any failures. It is not easy to write academic work in Africa and probably in other low-income settings in the world. The main challenge is to balance academic work with consultancies. Non-governmental organizations (NGOs), international agencies, and government departments heavily depend on the (African) academicians to do research (consultancies) for them, since there are hardly any credible institutions to offer such services. Although consultations are part of research, they limit academic value since the research questions (objectives) are formulated by the hiring agencies, reducing the work of the academician to mere data collection and a usually biased/skewed analysis aimed at serving the interests of the consulting agency. This is compounded by the problem of very low pay from universities and research institutions, which makes it difficult for the African researchers to concentrate on academic work, because much time must be spent on consultancies for survival; and lack of academic resources in the form of books, information and sharing experiences, save for the Internet, which is also still inaccessible in some places.

What Wiko does is to provide the opposite of this academic impoverishment; basically, excellent library services, opportunity to share ideas, a comfortable stipend and ample time that allows Fellows to concentrate on academic work. Apart from giving a lecture at the Tuesday colloquium, there are no serious assignments that are required of a Fellow, which provides ample time to concentrate on one's project(s). For instance, the only additional assignment I was asked to perform was to assess a nominated candidate for a fellowship at the Wiko. The community at Wiko is cool, friendly and passionate. At least twice, I saw mails from the reception announcing lost and found property; at one time someone had dropped a 20 Euro bill and it was announced, another time it was a wrist-watch found somewhere in the Weiße Villa. In my view, these incidents say a lot about what Wiko as an institution and its communities are. Below I highlight a few activities that in my view make Wiko an Academic Paradise.

### The Colloquia

Wiko was the place I first met such a diversified academic population with immense enthusiasm both to learn and to teach others. To be presented with at least one lecture every Tuesday was wonderful and an important resource for me. The academically hetero-

geneous group of engaged, deeply committed, provocative and curious Fellows meant that any comments about one's work were constructive and often supportive. I particularly admired the way hard scientists (biologists) endeavoured to simplify their lectures to keep us (people from arts and social sciences) on board. The lectures in fields different from my own discipline not only made me appreciate other academic fields and professions, they also made me think about my own work from new and often unexpected perspectives. This enriched my insights and understanding of the ideas I am working on in various ways.

#### Medical Practice in Africa Focus Group

My invitation to Wiko was in connection with the Focus Group on *Professional Dilemmas of Medical Practice in Africa*. As a person from a different academic setting (in a developing country), my expectation was that we were going to be working on this one project all the time with each of us being assigned responsibilities to accomplish. I soon realized that the arrangement was such that there was ample time to work on other projects along with the focus group work. This provided the chance for me to pursue my own academic interests, which, though exhausting, were an exciting experience with great personal benefit. We had regular meetings to discuss topical issues and we read and commented on each other's work, we received various guest speakers and we had the wonderful international conference that brought medical practitioners in Africa and the social scientists together. I enjoyed and benefited from the academic exchanges and interaction with the rest of the group members. Particularly Steve Feierman was an inspiration in all this and I look forward to the publication from these group efforts.

#### Lunches and Dinners

These were very much enjoyable meals and important for people like me for whom cooking was not a pleasurable activity. I enjoyed virtually all the meals, thanks to Christine Klöhn, Katarzyna Speder and the entire kitchen team that was so efficient and friendly, too. Meals were a very effective means of bringing Fellows together on a regular basis. I sat and shared a table more than once with every Fellow and with members of the staff who regularly had meals with the Fellows. Discussions at the tables covered a range of topics often historical in nature and strongly related to artworks – museums, architec-

tural designs and sites, opera, religion, detailed description of (old) places, foods ... The conversations were often enjoyable and informative because, like most conversations in daily life, they had a mixture of past and contemporary experiences and were very relaxing moments.

### German Language Lessons

This was one of the most exciting experiences for me. I liked the way the facilitator, Eva von Kügelgen, handled the adult learners. I learnt the *few* German words I now know with a lot of ease and interest. It became more interesting whenever I tried to practice what I had learnt – thanks to Ursula Wachholz, with whom I always had to communicate in no other language but German every Monday and Friday morning when she came to provide the cleaning services. It was always more challenging to communicate with the bus drivers, cashiers in supermarkets, bank staff or bar attendants ... who often responded by talking *too fast* for me whenever I said a few words, because their impression was that I knew enough of the language, and then they just got lost in the process; but it was a very exciting experience. I had to leave the German class in April when I started visiting Halle to deliver lectures at the Martin-Luther-Universität Halle-Wittenberg, because I no longer had enough time. But I am proud of the few sentences I can produce in German and, given another opportunity, I will take it on from there.

### Humbling Situations

David Kyaddondo (my other colleague from Uganda) and I initially reached Wiko on a Friday, and on Saturday we decided to look for a supermarket to buy some food and other necessities. This was a weekend and Wiko staff members were not in office. We decided to explore the place and look for the market. At the bus stop there was a young boy (about 10 years old) who was also waiting for the bus. The boy heard us wondering what supermarket to go to and in which direction. The boy approached us and told us the name of the nearest supermarket to go to – *Kaiser's* – as he boarded the same bus with us. As we were approaching the supermarket, the young boy came down from the upper deck of the bus to tell us that we had reached the supermarket. "There is the supermarket, please get off here" – moreover in English. We felt so humbled by how such a young boy could be that caring.

I have a bad leg (disability) that affects my physical mobility. Although I mentioned this in my communication to Wiko in preparation to my invitation, this was necessarily no guarantee of the recognition and necessary attention I received. My understanding is that I was given an apartment at Wiko compound in consideration of my physical condition. The apartment more or less on ground floor has a limited number of steps. As I was settling in to start work, I received a call from the IT section asking me whether I needed a printer in my office. The concern was that it would be difficult for me to go downstairs where the pool printer was. One time the Rector offered Dieter Ebert and me transport in his official car to Toshio Hosokawa's concert, and he let me occupy his (co-driver's) seat. Although he did not say it, my guess is that he wanted me to occupy the more spacious front seat in consideration of my condition. Whenever we walked in a group, people slowed down to match my limited speed or gave way for me to pass before them ... with noticeable care not to offend or embarrass me. These were seemingly simple things that made my life at Wiko realistic. Sometimes I felt this was probably *too much* care for me, but at the same time, it was important to appreciate people's sensitivity towards "special" conditions.

### My Work at Wiko

I am not very sure about this. At the beginning of spring, when discussing the weather changes, one member of the Wiko staff asked me whether my stay at Wiko was productive so far. My answer was a straight No, because at that time (around March), I did not have something I could physically put a finger on as a product of being at Wiko, although I had a feeling that I was benefitting in different ways. Of course quite a lot was being accomplished, but I had not considered any of the outcomes to be products. The question was important because it made me reflect on how to make myself productive. Below I highlight some of the outputs I would consider to be accomplishments at Wiko:

*Research grant:* One of the things I had set out to do at Wiko and in line with the *Medical Practice in Africa* Focus Group was to publish a journal/book chapter on *Medicines, Uncertainty and Healthcare in Uganda*. When I started writing, and in view of the literature I accessed and reviewed at Wiko, I realized I did not have enough information to continue. With support from Professor Richard Rottenburg, and in collaboration with the Max Planck Institute and the Martin-Luther-Universität Halle-Wittenberg, my colleagues and I revised and submitted a grant application titled: *The supply side of Antiretro-*

*viral Therapy (ART) – Users, drugs, and technologies in organizing the supply of mass HIV treatment programmes in Uganda.* The grant, approved by the German Research Foundation for funding up to the end of 2013, will enable me to collect more information I need for this work. The project aims to provide answers to pressing questions related to the instabilities and uncertainties regarding ARV availability in Uganda, an issue that presents serious challenges to ART users for whom treatment is a matter of life and death. In particular, we are interested in how the current efforts to standardise the distribution of these global pharmaceuticals shape users and institutional contexts of HIV/AIDS.

*Book chapter:* Late last year I managed to revise a book chapter titled *Displacement, Mobility and Poverty in Northern Uganda*; and this has been published this year (2011): Arne H. Eide and Benedicte Ingstad, eds. *Disability and Poverty: A Global Challenge*. Bristol: Policy Press.

*Book chapter:* The Center for Disability Studies Department of History, University at Buffalo renewed their request for me to write a book chapter for their upcoming book on Disability. I wrote the chapter titled *Negotiating Disability: Mobilization and Organization Among Landmine Survivors in Northern Uganda* and it was sent in for review in June 2011.

*Book project:* Along with the book chapters, I have been working on my book project *Limbs and Lives: Disability, Violent Conflict and Embodied Sociality in Northern Uganda*. I managed to get a contract with the Fountain publishers (Ugandan Branch) and I am now in the final stages of writing the introduction and concluding chapters, before submitting the book for first review by the end of August.

*Guest professorship:* Lastly, I received the opportunity to be appointed Visiting Lecturer – *Gastprofessor* – for the *Medizin in Afrika* course at the Institute of Anthropology and Philosophy, Martin-Luther-Universität Halle-Wittenberg. This was quite challenging, but an exciting and important experience for me. Being a Masters level class, this small group of six international students exposed me to many lessons in academic, organizational and to some extent political perspectives. These were important experiences and important lessons to be shared in my home university.

In a nutshell, Wiko was an academic paradise for me. Being a Fellow was a privilege and an excellent empowering and enabling experience.



BIOMEDICAL SCIENCE IN AFRICA,  
ON WALLOTSTRASSE  
IRUFA N. OKEKE

Irufka N. Okeke holds Bachelor's and Master's degrees in the pharmaceutical sciences from Obafemi Awolowo University, Nigeria. She studied Applied Microbiology at the same institution and at the University of Maryland as a Fulbright Fellow, receiving her Ph.D. in 1998. After postdoctoral training at the University of Maryland and Uppsala Universitet, Sweden, she taught briefly at the University of Bradford, UK, before moving to Haverford College in 2002. Between 2004 and 2009 Okeke was a Branco Weiss Fellow of the Society in Science programme, Zurich. Okeke is presently Associate Professor of Molecular Microbiology and Adjunct Professor of African Studies at Haverford College, USA. Her research focuses on diarrheal pathogens, bacterial drug resistance and laboratory practice in Africa. She is the author of a number of microbiology papers and of *Divining Without Seeds: The Case for Strengthening Laboratory Medicine in Africa* (Cornell University Press, 2011). As a 2010/11 Fellow, Okeke was a member of the focus group on Professional Dilemmas of Medical Practice in Africa. – Address: Department of Biology, Haverford College, 370, Lancaster Avenue, Haverford, PA 19041, USA.  
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I spend most of my time (when not at the Wissenschaftskolleg of course) in or with my laboratory, studying *Escherichia coli* bacteria. We are interested in how these bacteria colonize the intestines of humans and animals, as well as in the genetic basis for resistance to antimicrobial drugs. These two somewhat disparate properties are similar in that they are the consequence of evolutionary changes shaped by strong selection on bacteria. In the case of colonization, the selective pressure comes from the host organism; and for drug

resistance, from the application of the medicines we use to treat infectious disease. My laboratory has researched different questions over time but my focus on natural isolates (as opposed to the laboratory *E. coli* strains that scientists use as genetic factories) began when I was in graduate school. Our work helps to understand why the *E. coli* strains that cause childhood diarrhoeas are exceptional colonizers, an important issue in many developing countries where infantile diarrhoea remains a major cause of illness. We are also concerned with how *E. coli* and related organisms become resistant to antimicrobials, because this is compromising the management of many infectious diseases in the West African countries where I work. Both drug resistance and the ability to cause disease are acquired through similar mechanisms, so that our studies help to elucidate how bacterial genomes change. In the course of studying bacteria and the natural as well as anthropomorphic factors that influence selective pressure upon them, I have become increasingly captivated by those working alongside me. That is, my microbiologist colleagues, particularly those who work in Nigeria, Ghana and other African countries. Some are researchers like me and others are clinical scientists whose work helps to provide patient care or inform public health.

It is my interest in the practice of science in Africa that brought me to the Wiko. In the last decade, science studies have grown from a passing interest to a significant part of my scholarship. Since the tools of microbiology do not all readily map onto the study of human individuals, this growing interest has necessitated a cautious but enjoyable foray into other disciplines. Cautious because I am aware from my mastery of microbiology that it takes years to become competent in any given field – I lean heavily on friends and collaborators who have the necessary expertise. Enjoyable because I am always stimulated by new knowledge, be it a novel *E. coli* strain or gene that could be new to science or a classic book or method of analysis that is new only to me. While many of my interests have practical importance or societal relevance, they largely arise from my fascination, or what Co-Fellow Janis Antonovics refers to as “wonder” at microbial life and its connections to humans.

Only during two years of my post-doctoral training have I been ensconced within a Microbiology Department. Instead, I have lived out an enjoyable academic life largely working in multidisciplinary environments. The richness of my first scholarly environment almost slipped by unnoticed. As an undergraduate at Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife (then University of Ife), I spent almost all my time focused on the pharmaceutical sciences, in a bid to earn a Bachelor’s degree in Pharmacy at a school where a full quarter

of those admitted leave without qualifications. OAU was, at the time of my studentship, the workplace of writer and Nobel Laureate Wole Soyinka, Yoruba Studies expert Wande Abimbola, and renowned playwright Ola Rotimi. I am embarrassed to say that although I was in complete awe of Professor Segun, a zoologist who discovered and characterized no less than two dozen species and subspecies of earthworms, I only knew Abimbola as an administrator (he was our Vice Chancellor) and was unaware of Soyinka and Rotimi until graduation. At my graduation ceremony, which was Abimbola's last at Ife, he recited the most beautiful Yoruba poetry and I realized how remiss I had been never to have audited a single one of his classes. Thankfully, my science professors insisted on teaching some history, politics and literature; I wandered into stage productions of Rotimi's *The God's Are Not to Blame* and Soyinka's *Death and the King's Horseman*, and I was forced to take a few "general studies" courses. Today, I teach at a liberal arts college in the US, where students have to take multiple classes in the sciences, humanities and social sciences, learn a foreign language and develop their quantitative skills. By observing their own education, I have come to realize that the relatively minute introductions I received in history, the social sciences and the arts have been just as useful in my scholarly career as the years spent studying microbiology.

I don't claim to be anything but a microbiologist, although I will freely admit that I do have a bit of a broader perspective than most. However, I wasn't really looking for interdisciplinarity when I applied to Haverford College. I enjoyed excellent mentorship in my own training and was eager to work with undergraduates one-on-one and in small groups as they began their careers in science. I sought a professorship at a liberal arts college because it offered the opportunity to teach and do research, both at the highest levels of excellence. Not every microbiologist needs to have broader interests – indeed many of the leaders in my field drew strength and creativity from their intense specialization – but it is certainly helpful if one is teaching younger scientists. In return, they help me continue to appreciate the "cleverness" of fundamental and early discoveries in microbiology and to revisit those things that we think we know for sure about microbial life. It was only after I arrived at Haverford that I realized that this was the best environment for a scientist like myself who had very focused primary interests but is in essence an intellectual voyeur. I have thoroughly enjoyed attending seminars from all disciplines as a matter of course, sitting in history classes, lunching with physicists and planning symposia with anthropologists. My intellectual voyeurism did not come without its early-career risks and so it was with much gratitude that I received a Branco Weiss Fellowship from the

Society in Science programme, a young investigator award, which not only funded but also legitimized the connections between my science and society.

It was as a Branco Weiss Fellow that I made my first visit to the Wissenschaftskolleg in 2007, for our annual evaluative meeting. The Wiko has hosted three Branco Weiss Fellows before me – Harini Nagendra, Giuseppe Testa and Giovanni Frazzetto. From them, I learned that a Wiko Fellowship was the solution to the problem that all interdisciplinary scientists have, and which is accentuated for early career experimentalists: the difficulty in finding time to think, read and write. Thus the Wiko is a natural home for Branco Weiss Fellows who seek to bring extradisciplinary perspectives to their biology research. At the time, I did not seriously think that I would actually be granted the extreme privilege of being able to work at the Wiko, and if so, certainly not soon. And therefore, even though it had been preceded by a request for a CV and a proposal, my invitation was still very much surprise. My browsing of yearbooks confirms that I am the fourth Branco Weiss Fellow, and my father pointed out that I am also probably the first Nigerian Fellow of the Wissenschaftskolleg. In these respects, I am an atypical Fellow, but the diversity in age and nationality of my own Wiko Fellow “class” suggest that this may not be for long. Perhaps the greater surprise for me is that my appreciation of the value that comes from multi- and inter-disciplinarity was far from unique. Most of 2010/11 Fellows had engaged in post-baccalaureate scholarship in two or more disciplines, some with obvious connections such as history and anthropology, and one who was an accomplished historian, an engineer and a musician before he was thirty!

I could only afford to leave my lab for three months and so my stay at the Wiko was too short but incredibly valuable. The invitation to be part of a Focus Group on “Professional Dilemmas of Medical Practice in Africa” allowed me to pursue my work on science studies in Africa undisturbed, in the close company of experts in the fields of history, anthropology, medicine and economics who are familiar with the biomedical science landscape in various parts of Africa. Additionally, although my primary expertise is in Nigeria, and to some extent Ghana, it is important for me to compare situations and perspectives from other African countries and it was valuable to be able to interact with scholars with expertise in and familiarity with Botswana, the Democratic Republic of Congo, Tanzania and Uganda within my focus group and multiple parts of Africa outside the group. Unlike many Fellows who came to the Wiko to write up work that had begun earlier, I came to synthesize my thoughts and research the literature for a new project. In

this regard, it was incredibly valuable to have this wealth of expertise close by and so easy to draw upon.

Somewhat fortuitously, I found a second focus group at the Wiko, which was engaged in the study of the “Limits to Disease Control: Failures in Disease” that arise from the inevitability of evolution. This is of course an important backdrop for my laboratory research and I could not but engage in many of the discussions, ideas (and celebrations) of that group as well. In one sense, as I was told earlier on by one of the many Fellows without a focus group, I was in grave danger of becoming unfocused by my groups. In actual fact, that did not happen. The groups were so connected (in my mind anyway) that they helped me to knit my own scholarship more tightly. A few of us who audited both groups to some extent could see that the links were not only interesting, they were powerful. I no longer see my explorations in the social sciences as dabbling. They are essential components of addressing the questions that are important for my scholarship. In the Limits to Disease Control group, I also found biologist friends with similarly broad-based interests who, like me, were not as familiar with the terminology of more text-driven disciplines. This was interesting to see, particularly since science is often accused of being exclusionary because of its highly specialized and abstruse terminology. Other biologists and I spent many a dinner deconstructing words like “narrative”, “counterfactual” and “historicity”.

I have recently completed a project that closely examined the undervaluing of clinical microbiology in Africa and how this has contributed to a deep and pervasive problem that I refer to as “diagnostic insufficiency”. In the course of my research for this project, I made several notes of more systematic problems with the practice of science – in academia as well as health care – and this is something that I wanted to explore more intentionally at the Wiko. I had identified a number of structural problems that make it difficult for African scientists to work as true principal investigators, with the freedom to choose which problems to work on and how to connect their ideas and projects to lives around them if they so desire. It was important for me to study how far-reaching the problems I encountered in the field actually are, through close study of the literature and conversations with scientists and anthropologists who have worked in African countries with which I am less familiar. I am also interested in where these problems came from and am indebted to the historians in the Professional Dilemmas of Medical Practice group for tips on important things to read. After my colloquium, other Fellows pointed me in the direction of examples from non-African developing countries. In studying them, I am beginning to see what might, and still could be, a more optimal research climate for

African scientists. All in all, without my Wiko experience my continuing project would not have the rigor it is gaining.

I had of course heard that the Wiko provided everything so that each Fellow could focus uninterrupted on his or her project, but I was still pleasantly surprised by the full devotion of Wiko's staff to my goals and welfare. Even though I was a short-term Fellow, I never wanted for anything – in the dining room or in my study. My Co-Fellows and Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus went out of their way to suggest readings, connections and tours that were valuable to me professionally as well as personally. The thrill of hearing at the Berliner Lautarchiv Igbo and Yoruba spoken as they were a century ago, in perhaps the earliest recordings of these languages, is one that will remain with me for the rest of my life. Christine von Arnim, without batting an eyelid, easily organized meetings with my collaborators and me at the Wiko, which allowed me to establish collaborations with *E. coli* biologists in Berlin. She also helped, with equal care, to organize all the regular get-togethers that made our focus groups so rich. My stay at the Wiko afforded me the opportunity of added interactions with long-term mentors Helga Nowotny and Permanent Fellow Raghavendra Gadagkar, who I first encountered as a Branco Weiss Fellow. They and others, including Joachim Nettelbeck, Kathrin Bieger and some of my Co-Fellows, have encouraged me to begin to examine my work, goals and trajectory with a long-term perspective that is new but promising and exciting.

It was at the Wiko that I first found myself reflecting on my personal use of the laboratory. Unlike many scientists, I did not retire from the bench when I became a principal investigator. I spend less time there, being forced to move aside for my energetic students, but I always have a bit of bench space and two or three experiments in progress. While I am often engaged in specialized and complex tasks, a considerable proportion of my time there is spent on mindless repetitive tasks that could readily be delegated. It turns out that I use the lab to think. I read and write at my desk, but when I encounter a particularly complex problem, a tangle in my argument or even a new idea that needs to be stretched and toyed with, I wander into the lab. There, although most of my work requires careful organization and concentration, there are always a few repetitive tasks that I can perform while my mind dwells on other things. Thus, it was only at the Wiko, not having a lab bench for the longest stretch of time in my life since I was 17, that I discovered why I insist on spending at least a few hours a week streaking bacteria or pipetting liquids. Some of my thoughts can only coalesce when the rest of me is in motion. After an awkward first week spent wondering how to replace my laboratory in a bedsit,

I began to take long walks in Grunewald, around Berlin and in Wannsee and Potsdam. I have always loved to walk and my maiden walk in any each new district was an authentic stroll. My subsequent repetitions of that walk soon became my thinking-in-motion-and-staying-in-shape-in-spite-of-all-that-wonderful-food ritual, which made it possible to organize so many ideas and to conceive a life that I probably will live at some point later on, without a lab.

I returned to Haverford from the Wiko at the beginning of January 2011. In one sense, it was a pity to have accepted to stay at the Wiko for only three months, but at the same time my laboratory, largely staffed by undergraduates, was beckoning rather fiercely. I was pleased to be back but even more delighted by the opportunity to return to the Wiko for just a week in May. The Professional Dilemmas of Medical Practice group had organized a conference of ethnographers and African physicians. It was wonderful to be able to sample Berlin in springtime – something I had not anticipated would be possible. The conference itself was an amazing and undoubtedly unique opportunity to interact with medical practitioners who have worked extensively in at least twelve countries – eight in Africa – and ethnographers who have studied health and medicine in Africa for decades. The central purpose of the meeting was to use a collection of case studies from the medical practitioners to draw out themes from the dilemmas they face. This we accomplished very well. However, the meeting also provided a platform for additional questioning, which will inform my research and writing in years to come. Perhaps the most important aspect of the conference, which indeed was the most important part of being in residence at the Wiko, was the chance to make firm friends whose intellectual interests and expertise, while being distinct, dovetail so well with my own. This will make my on-going inquiries into biomedical science studies in Africa not only more productive, but also more pleasurable.



## AN EXCELLENT YEAR THOMAS PAVEL

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Born in Romania, Thomas Pavel earned an M.A. at the University of Bucharest and a Doctorat 3e cycle at the École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales, Paris. He taught at the University of Ottawa, l'Université du Québec à Montréal, the University of California, Santa Cruz, and Princeton University, and is now Professor of French and Comparative Literature at the University of Chicago. He has published several books, including the scholarly studies *The Poetics of Plot: The Case of English Renaissance Drama* (1985); *Fictional Worlds* (1986); *The Spell of Language* (1988; new revised edition, 2001); *L'Art de l'éloignement: Essai sur l'imagination classique* (1996); *La Pensée du roman* (2003); *Comment écouter la littérature* (2006); and two novels, *Le Miroir persan* (1977) and *La sixième branche* (2003). During his year at Wiko, he worked on a revised English edition of *La Pensée du roman*, a history of the novel, and a book on literature and the representation of human action. – Address: Department of Romance Languages and Literatures, University of Chicago, 1115 East 58th Street, Chicago, IL 60637, USA. E-mail: tpavel@uchicago.edu

I am delighted to express my gratitude to Wiko for a happy and productive year. It was easy to get used both to Wiko's kind hospitality and to the friendly city of Berlin.

In the first half of the year I was able to finish the revised English version of my book *La Pensée du roman* (2003), a history of the novel from the Ancient Greek romances to the end of the 20th century. Before arriving in Berlin, I had expanded the sections about medieval chivalric stories and pastoral novels. At Wiko, I rewrote the chapters about the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries, adding new material related to Italian, Spanish, Brazilian, and Portuguese literatures.

My main Wiko project examines the links between literature and moral reflection. I wrote the introduction of the book, which was the basis of my Wiko presentation in May, and the first two chapters. The first discusses the non-identity between literary characters and their fictional lives and the second presents these characters' long-term struggle for taking charge – awkwardly, imperfectly – of their actions. While at Wiko I read several recent philosophical works about human action, noticed the differences between the way philosophers discuss action and the way literature portrays it, and held several fruitful exchanges with the philosophers present as Fellows or spouses.

I also wrote several papers. “L’enseignement et les diplômes. Pratiques américaines”, which compares the Canadian, American, and European systems of undergraduate studies, was presented at the conference “L’enseignement de la littérature”, Université d’Aix-en-Provence, March 2011, and will be published in the Conference’s proceedings. “Understanding the unusual”, read at the conference on 17th-century French literature and its interpretation held in Chicago in March 2011, discusses an example of the sublime style: “Qu’il mourût” (in *Horace* by Corneille) in the light of Boileau and Burke’s theories of the sublime, Adam Smith’s ideas about sympathy, and Schleiermacher and Droysen’s hermeneutics. It will be published in a collective volume forthcoming at Éditions Garnier, Paris. In April, I attended a two-day seminar on *Multiple Rationalities and their Critics: Trans-Cultural and Historical Approaches* at the Georg-August-Universität Göttingen, where I presented the paper “The Manifest Image and its Independence: Issues of Rationality in the Study of Meaning”, arguing that the scientist’s model of knowledge does not work when applied to meaning, be it in linguistics or in literary studies. In May, I read the paper “Love and Promotion” at the conference on “Human Links in Literature”, held at the University of Chicago Center in Paris. The paper reinterprets Tristan and Isolde’s story, as narrated by Gottfried von Strassburg, in the light of the social links prevalent at the time; it also criticizes Denis de Rougemont’s well-known views on Tristan’s myth. Again in May, I attended a major conference in Krakow dedicated to Czesław Miłosz’s birth centennial and presented the paper “Is the Past Inaccurate?”, which examines the portrayal of historical misfortune and human forgetfulness in Miłosz’s poetry. During a visit to Münster’s Westphalian Wilhelm University, I gave a lecture on the history of the novel. I then took part in the conference *La scena erotica nel romanzo*, at Santarcangelo, Italy, where every year the Malatesta Foundation organizes literary events during the last weekend of May. My paper “Eros et Chagrin” analyses an unusually moving erotic scene in Eça de Queiros’ novel *The Maias*, the greatest 19th-century Portuguese novel. The

Malatesta Foundation will publish the paper in Italian as part of the proceedings of the conference. I read the same paper in June at the conference *Littérature et immoralité* co-organized in Paris by l'École Normale Supérieure, l'École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales and the University of Chicago Paris Center. The French version will come out in the proceedings of this conference, whose main topic was the history of literary censorship. At the end of June, I served as keynote speaker at the conference *Legitimation of Literature in Totalitarian Regimes*, held at the University of Transylvania in Brașov (Kronstadt), Romania. My paper, which will appear in the conference's proceedings, is a reflection of the links between tyranny and culture. In addition, I published two short articles on Milan Kundera and François Rabelais in the French monthly *Le Magazine littéraire* and wrote reviews of Alan Riding's recent book *And the Show Went On: Cultural Life in Nazi-Occupied Paris* and of Paul Claudel's *Théâtre*, re-issued this year in the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade.

Over the winter and spring months, Barbara Piatti and I coordinated a literature study group. With the help of Wiko and the Romanian Cultural Institute in Berlin, Andrei Pleșu and I co-organized *A Recipe for Happiness* (May 6), a one-day event that included a discussion of the late '50s political trials in Romania and a performance of the play *Julia* by the Hungarian-Romanian playwright András Visky.

Wiko's atmosphere of scholarly emulation considerably helped me pursue my work. This year's group was particularly friendly, harmonious, and intellectually inspiring. The focus groups on Africa and on contagious diseases opened new, important horizons for me, as did the conversations with literary critics, fiction writers, historians, and economists present this year. Luca Giuliani, the Rector of the Kolleg, and Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, the Academic Coordinator, have been very kind and supportive, as has Joachim Nettelbeck, the Kolleg's supervisor. Without the help and advice of Katharina Biegger and Christine von Arnim, the event *A Recipe for Happiness* wouldn't have been possible.

My gratitude also goes to Wiko's helpful librarians and IT service, to the administrative services, and to our dedicated German tutors. A suggestion concerning the language lessons: while there is certainly a need to discuss the Nazi regime, Communism, and contemporary political scandals, the lessons should better emphasize the long history of German intellectual and artistic achievements. Finally, the food and wine served at Wiko's lunches and dinners were excellent.



## ON MEMORY AND LAUGHTER

### TANJA PETROVIĆ

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My project at the Wissenschaftskolleg addressed memory practices related to service in the Yugoslav People's Army. To a great extent, narratives in which memories of military service circulate in the post-Yugoslav space are humorous stories that are still able to trigger a lot of laughing. Laughter is also an ever-present companion of people in this part of Europe, which is the region of my academic interest. Very often it appears as a reaction to the absurdity of the post-socialist reality, as an answer to helplessness and an act of resistance to the humiliation that many people feel in their everyday experiences.

Memory and laughter are two words that I would certainly use to describe my Wiko year as well. Of course, I do not imply that a year at Wiko is in any way comparable to a year in the Yugoslav army. While the Yugoslav army soldiers were obsessed with the past

sage of time and could not wait for a year of their service to be over (and would have a small calendar to cross out passed days as a necessary accessory), obsession with time was also strongly present among members of our Wiko group, but with the opposite predicament. As early as the first signs of winter touched trees and lakes in Grunewald, a panic emerged among the Fellows: We were all feeling that time flies fast, much too fast and that our Fellow year would be over much sooner than we would like. Already then, if not earlier, I was aware of the specific relationship between this year as an experience and a memory of it. Usually, we think about memories and remembering as something related to the past. To become memories, and to be thought of as memories, events and experiences should be over. There are, however, rare and priceless experiences upon which we reflect as memories even before they become the past. My stay at Wiko was one of these experiences. Very often during this year I was reminded of another experience of this kind. During student protests against Slobodan Milošević in Belgrade that lasted for several months in Winter 1996/97, once I saw a girl with a banner stating: "Right now I am making nice memories." Indeed, most of us who spent many freezing days and nights on the streets felt at that time that we were participating in something that would become one of the most important experiences of our lives and that each moment of those cold days would be an invaluable memory.

The same awareness accompanied me during my year in Grunewald – maybe for the first time since that winter in Serbia. That was a year in which the present was linked to memory. It could not have been so unless a lot of joy, positive energy, and humor characterized almost every moment of that present.

At a certain point of my stay at Wiko, roughly at the same time when the anxiety about time flying too fast was increasing, I noticed a change in social interactions at our daily meals. Conversations remained interesting and intellectually highly stimulating, but became less performative and more deeply joyful, a sign of which was loud laughter. I do not remember any other long period of time when I laughed so often and so intensely. My English, nurtured almost exclusively for academic purposes, also became a language in which I can laugh.

A lot of laughing by no means implies that humor was the only connecting tissue among the Fellows. So much laughter, and such a sonorous and contagious laughter, would not be possible among people who do not have much to share. Laughter accompanied very serious talks on research matters, plans for common projects. Very personal, unique, and touching histories were told between waves of laughter. A lot of grief,

concern, and sorrow were also shared between these waves. It is easy to share sadness and concern with those with whom one can laugh. People who know how to laugh together can also easily share the most serious things.

The very ability to laugh with someone is not to be underestimated, either. It provided us with a sense of solidarity and gave our discussions a subtle tinge of subversion; it seasoned them with much-needed witty criticism and irony.

Proportional to the great presence and intensity of laughter and humor during the Wiko year were the sadness and overwhelming emotions during its last month, when we were saying goodbye to each other. This period of a long goodbye started with some sudden and unexpected tears that interrupted the laughter during meals, to continue with a series of warm and sad partings. As the rainy and cold July advanced, there was less and less room for laughter. It was time for the memory of the present in which we lived for almost a year to become what memory usually is – memory of the past.

I am writing this report at the foot of the magnificent Table Mountain in Cape Town, where I was brought by another invaluable Wiko encounter. Several months after leaving Berlin and from this dramatically beautiful and distant place, the year at Wiko appears as a most precious experience that makes the world small and transforms its map into a mosaic of spots that bear the promise of Fellows' reunions. Thinking of these future encounters brings much joy and excitement. At the same time, the memory of a year in Grunewald looks to me like a closed box that is rather painful to open, because it reminds me of the impossibility of recreating our laughing community ever again. Awareness of that impossibility is even more painful, because since I left Berlin I constantly and strongly miss my Wiko friends. But – what would life be without laughter, and what would memories be without a grain of pain?



MEINE ZEITEINTEILUNG  
AM WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG:  
50 % ZUHÖREN, 30 % LESEN,  
20 % SCHREIBEN  
BARBARA PIATTI

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Barbara Piatti (geb. 1973) ist promovierte Germanistin und Autorin mehrerer Monografien, darunter *Rousseaus Garten: Eine kleine Kulturgeschichte zur St. Peterinsel* (2001); *Tells Theater: Eine Kulturgeschichte in fünf Akten zu Friedrich Schillers Wilhelm Tell* (2004) und *Die Geographie der Literatur* (2008). Zu ihrem Spezialgebiet haben sich literarische Schauplätze und deren Wechselwirkungen mit dem Realraum entwickelt. Nach Forschungsaufenthalten im Ausland (u. a. Stanford, USA; Kiel und Prag) leitet sie seit 2006 am Institut für Kartografie und Geoinformation der ETH Zürich das von ihr initiierte und konzipierte Forschungsprojekt „Ein literarischer Atlas Europas“ ([www.literaturatlas.eu](http://www.literaturatlas.eu)). Sie ist Gründungsmitglied und Vice-Chair der international tätigen Kommission „Art & Cartography“ (unter dem Dach der International Cartographic Association), die mit experimentellen Veranstaltungen Impulse zwischen den Künsten und der Kartografie vermittelt (siehe <http://artcarto.wordpress.com/>). Neben ihrer wissenschaftlichen Laufbahn hat sie immer wieder eigene Projekte realisiert. Ein Beispiel ist die „Schnitzeljagd! Ein Fest für Wissenschaft, Kunst und Handwerk“ (Basel, 2010 und 2011), angelegt als abenteuerlicher Parcours durch Berufswelten von Freischaffenden und Kleinunternehmern. – Adresse: Institut für Kartografie und Geoinformation, ETH Zürich, Wolfgang-Pauli-Strasse 15, 8093 Zürich, Schweiz.  
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Als 31. Jahrgang von Wissenschaftskollegs-Fellows sieht man sich vor gewisse Probleme gestellt, vielleicht weniger, was die Gestaltung des Berlin-Jahres als solches angeht, als vielmehr hinsichtlich des abschließenden Arbeitsberichts.

Mit Interesse habe ich in fast allen Jahrbüchern gestöbert und geblättert und habe dabei erst einmal eine interne, aufschlussreiche Entwicklung entdeckt: Dominieren in den ersten Jahrgängen wissenschaftliche Aufsätze im engeren Sinne – der kondensierte Ertrag des Forschungsjahres –, wandeln sich die Berichte (zumindest ein Teil davon) später mehr und mehr in Richtung Impressionen und sehr persönlich gefärbter Skizzen. Doch bei aller individuellen Einfärbung sind Versatzstücke zu finden, die nirgends fehlen dürfen, Topoi der Wissenschaftskollegs-Jahrbuchberichte, wenn man so will: Die unendliche Dankbarkeit für die geschenkte Zeit, der fast märchenhaft anmutende Bibliotheksservice (märchenhaft, weil man beinahe denken könnte, auch Bücher, die noch gar nicht geschrieben worden sind, könnten wundersamerweise geliefert werden ... wie wahr!), die Freundlichkeit und Herzlichkeit aller staff members, das wunderbare Restaurant, die intensiven Gespräche, die kaum zu bewältigende Menge an Anregungen, der reizvolle Wechsel der Jahreszeiten im Grunewald-Paradies, die Verlockungen der Kulturnmetropole Berlin.

Das alles kann ich bloß doppelt und dreifach unterstreichen und bestätigen! Doch was könnte man dem hinzufügen?

Zunächst ein paar Worte zu meinen Arbeitsvorhaben, immerhin sind diese ja stets individuell. Teilweise habe ich an meinem ursprünglichen Thema gearbeitet, der Weiterentwicklung einer Theorie der Literaturgeografie und -kartografie, die sich mit der Konstitution literarischer Räume befasst. Dies vor allem im Rahmen eines Arbeitstreffens mit meinen Kolleginnen und Kollegen, den Kartografen und Kartografinnen der ETH Zürich. Aber auch als Gastherausgeberin eines Sonderheftes des *Cartographic Journals* zu „Cartographies of Fictional Places“.

Von Anfang an wollte ich die Zeit aber auch dazu nutzen, ein neues Thema zumindest abzustecken: Literatur und Architektur, Wechselwirkungen, Dialoge, Inspiration, im Zeitraum von etwa 1910 bis 2010, also bis in die unmittelbare Gegenwart. Architekturromane haben Hochkonjunktur. Die zunehmende Prominenz des architektonischen Diskurses in der Öffentlichkeit (der Kult um die Stararchitekten, die mediale Begleitung von prestigeträchtigen Wettbewerben) hat offenbar das Thema in den letzten Jahren gerade für die Gegenwartsliteratur ungeheuer attraktiv gemacht. Was heute verhandelt wird, hat seine Wurzeln teils aber schon im frühen 20. Jahrhundert. Literaten und Literatinnen haben damals und heute zu zentralen Fragen der architektonischen Gestaltung Position bezogen: Wie wollen wir leben, wo wollen wir wohnen, arbeiten und uns erholen, was gilt es zu bewahren, was aufzugeben? Wie soll die Stadt der Zukunft aussehen?

Wenn man, wie Jochen Hörisch oder Ottmar Ette, Literatur als ernst zu nehmenden Wissensspeicher auffasst, dann müsste sich aus literarischen Texten viel herausdestillieren lassen, gerade was die Architektur anbelangt. Der Architekt als Hauptfigur, Wohnen als Thema: Es ließen sich da vielleicht Einsichten gewinnen, die den architektonischen Fachdiskurs ergänzen – oder ihn unterlaufen, ihm widersprechen. Dies sind aber bloß erste Ansätze zu einem neuen Buchprojekt. Geschrieben habe ich ein paar Dutzend Seiten, gesammelt, exzerpiert und kopiert aber viele Tausende. Das Material liegt nach dem Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg bereit.

Die Balance zu finden zwischen dem Rückzug ins Büro und den anregenden Gesprächen im Restaurant, im Garten, im Salon, auf dem Weg zur Villa Walther war nicht immer einfach. Aber wie hätte man auch widerstehen können?

Wie alle Anwesenden war ich angenehm überfordert von dem „Überangebot“ an anregenden und klugen Gesprächspartnern unter den Fellows (wozu ja dann noch eine erkleckliche Zahl an ebenso interessanten Partnern und *spouses* kam). Etwas wehmütig denke ich noch immer an ein paar verpasste Chancen, an Anknüpfungspunkte, an Anfänge, die leider keine Fortsetzung gefunden haben.

Aber schließlich war da so viel: Mit Birgit Meyer habe ich eine Reihe von ebenso heiteren wie ergiebigen „Arbeitsfrühstücken“ verbracht. Nach meinem Dienstagskolloquium zu „A Literary Atlas of Europe – or How and Why to Map Fiction?“ hat sie mich etwa mit einer ganzen Reihe von äußerst hilfreichen Hinweisen versorgt, insbesondere wie man die interdisziplinäre, ertragreiche, aber nicht ganz unproblematische Zusammenarbeit von Kartografen und Literaturwissenschaftlern quasi-ethnologisch schildern und gewichten könnte.

Zwei meiner Co-Fellows haben viele Stunden ihrer kostbaren Zeit geopfert, um mich bei der Planung eines Workshops in Paris zu unterstützen. Künstler und Künstlerinnen, Kartografen und Kartografinnen sollten in gemischten Gruppen sichtbare und unsichtbare Grenzen zwischen einzelnen Pariser Stadtquartieren erforschen und in Karten-collagen dokumentieren. François Lissarrague verdanke ich dazu ein wundervolles Buch, Eric Hazans *L’Invention de Paris: Il n’y a pas de pas perdus* (2002), ein Reiseführer der ganz besonderen Art. In diesem Buch habe ich ganz genau das gefunden, was ich gesucht hatte: präzise Angaben zu abrupten Brüchen, Kontrasten, dem Aufeinanderprallen zweier Welten. Jean-Claude Schmitt hat mit mir den historischen Verlauf der Pariser Stadtmauern studiert und mir den gegenwärtigen Charakter der verschiedenen Pariser quartiers und arrondissements geschildert – ich kenne Paris ein bisschen, aber meine ober-

flächlichen Kenntnisse hätten niemals ausgereicht, um den Workshop aus der Ferne zu planen. Meinen beiden Paris-Experten verdanke ich, dass das Experiment in den Straßen des Quartier du Sentier, zwischen Montmartre und Nouvelle Athènes und entlang der rue Saint-Martin anfang Juli 2011 ein voller Erfolg geworden ist.

Mit Beatrice Gruendler habe ich einige (leider viel zu wenige, wir hätten noch viel vorgehabt!) Architektur- und Kunststreifzüge unternommen – u.a. zum Mies van der Rohe Haus bei Weißensee, zu Siedlungen von Bruno Taut, zum Museum der Dinge und zur sagenhaften Sammlung Boros, untergebracht in einem ehemaligen Bunker. In Erinnerung geblieben sind mir nicht nur diese Orte, sondern auch die einmalig inspirierenden Gespräche – während der Besichtigungen, im Anschluss daran, ja selbst noch auf den spätabendlichen Rückfahrten in den Grunewald. Wir sind von der Architektur, einem gemeinsamen Interessensgebiet neben unseren eigentlichen Fachgebieten, ausgegangen, dann aber oft genug bei Fragen des Schreibens gelandet, zum Beispiel beim alten Problem: Wie kann man hochkomplexe wissenschaftliche Themen narrativ so aufbereiten, dass sie zu einem Lesevergnügen werden, idealerweise selbst für Nicht-Experten?

Mit Hanns Zischler habe ich eine gemeinsame Leidenschaft entdeckt: Architekturgeschichte, Stadtgeschichte. Man muss sehr schnell sein im Notieren von Titeln, Ideen, Einfällen, Namen, wenn man sich mit ihm zusammensetzt. Das habe ich mehrere Male getan und jedesmal habe ich mir hinterher die Finger wund getippt beim Eingeben der Bibliotheksbestellungen ...

Bereits im November ist bei einem Mittagessen mit Thomas Pavel die Idee einer „narrative discussion group“ aufgekommen, denn wir wollten die Chance, die unser kleines Literaturwissenschaftler-Grüppchen bot, unbedingt nutzen. In der Folge haben wir uns mehrfach getroffen, um über Themen zu diskutieren, die ein überaus breites Spektrum ergaben – von der Art und Weise, wie die Geschichte eines Flusses, der Wolga, narrativ zu bändigen sein könnte (Karl Schlögel) über die Verhandlung über die Präsenz oder Absenz Gottes in Romanen des 20. Jahrhunderts (James Wood) bis zu arabischer Buchkultur, verstanden als Kommunikationskultur im 8. und 9. Jahrhundert (Beatrice Gruendler), um nur drei Beispiele zu nennen. Eindrücklich war, dass alle, vertrauend auf die konstruktive Atmosphäre in der Gruppe, mit noch ganz unfertigen Arbeitsvorhaben angetreten sind, mit Bruchstücken – und auch mit ganz konkreten, vermeintlich simplen Fragen an die anderen Anwesenden: Kann man das so schreiben? Findet ihr das überhaupt relevant, interessant? Würdet ihr das gerne lesen? Die zweistündigen Arbeits-

sitzungen mündeten oft nahtlos in das Donnerstags-Dinner, so dass das Gespräch nicht abgebrochen werden musste (im Gegenteil).

Petra Gehring und Karl Schlägel haben sich in den allerletzten, randvollen Tagen, als wir schon alle zwischen Kisten und Koffern saßen, mit einem Text von mir befasst, was ich ihnen nicht hoch genug anrechnen kann. Was die beiden mir zu einem ersten möglichen Kapitel über Wechselwirkungen zwischen Literatur und Architektur im 20. Jahrhundert mündlich und schriftlich mit auf den Weg gegeben haben, an ausführlichen Bemerkungen, Hinweisen, Nachfragen, davon werde ich noch lange zehren.

Und ebenfalls zum fast letztmöglichen Zeitpunkt hat sich eine Gruppe von uns nochmals im großen Kolloquiensaal versammelt – Nancy Hunt hat sich Zeit genommen und uns in die Geheimnisse des Bibliografierprogrammes zotero eingeführt. „It will change your life“, sagte sie mir. Und es stimmt.

Kurz: Im Laufe des Jahres hat sich eine Gewissheit eingestellt: Um welches Problem, welche Wissenslücke es auch immer geht, jemand aus der großen Familie der Co-Fellows und Partner wird helfen können – man braucht nur an die Bürotür zu klopfen oder sich beim Mittagessen zusammenzusetzen. Diese Offenheit und Hilfsbereitschaft ist keine Selbstverständlichkeit im akademischen Betrieb und ich habe das so umfassend noch nie erlebt. Deshalb vermisste ich die Wiko-Arbeitsgemeinschaft, die „extended family“, wie es ein Co-Fellow einmal treffend formulierte, sehr ...

Und die Unterstützung fand auch nach unserer Abreise eine Fortsetzung: Zwei meiner Gefährten, Bruce Campell und Beatrice Gruendler, haben für mich Aufsätze zur Literaturgeografie für eine Sondernummer des renommierten britischen *Cartographic Journal* begutachtet (*peer review*), und das trotz des ungünstigen Zeitpunktes kurz vor Semesterbeginn und unmittelbar nach ihrer Rückkehr an ihre Universitäten. Ich hoffe, mich irgendwann einmal mit einer Gegenleistung revanchieren zu dürfen!

Wenn es etwas gibt, was ich an dem makellosen Wissenschaftskolleg vermisst habe, dann ist das nur eines: Ich hätte mir – als passionierte Geisteswissenschaftlerin – in diesem (aber auch in anderen Jahren) einen Schwerpunkt, eine Arbeitsgruppe zu Stadt-kultur im weitesten Sinne gewünscht. Das 21. Jahrhundert wird aufgrund der Globalisierung zum Jahrhundert der Städte, zum Jahrhundert der urbanen Phänomene. Nun gibt es nicht nur Megacities, sondern, in einer neuen Wortprägung von Forschenden der Vereinten Nationen, auch *Metacities* mit mehr als 20 Millionen Einwohnern. Die Zukunft der Stadt steht weltweit auf den Agenden von Regierungschefs und global agierender Institutionen. Man kennt die Zahlen: 2007 lebten erstmals mehr Menschen in Städten als

auf dem Land, 2050 werden gemäß Hochrechnungen über 70 % der Erdbevölkerung in städtischen Räumen leben. Neidlos anerkenne ich die immense Wichtigkeit der Fokusgruppen zu brennenden biologischen und medizinischen Themen. Aber mein Einwand ist: Diese Experten hätten, rein theoretisch, ihre Diskussion sicher ebenso intensiv führen können, wäre das Wiko wundersamerweise in den Schwarzwald oder auf eine norddeutsche Hallig versetzt worden. Wenn es aber einen Ort gibt, an dem eine Fokusgruppe zur Stadt, zur Geschichte der Stadt, zu Visionen der Stadt Sinn machen würde, dann doch das Wissenschaftskolleg mit seinem Standort in Berlin, einer Stadt, die gerade aufgrund ihrer bewegten Vergangenheit als Experimentierfeld und Ideengenerator für alles Künftige dient (wie man es auf Schritt und Tritt erlebt, wenn man durch Berlin geht). In Berlin ließe sich ohne Weiteres und mit Gewinn auch über Tokio, Mumbai, Shanghai oder Mexiko-Stadt nachdenken. Da bin ich mir sicher.

Schließlich: Für mich war es ein ganz spezielles Jahr, nicht nur wegen der Auszeichnung, als Fellow am Wissenschaftskolleg arbeiten und residieren zu dürfen, sondern auch, weil ich diese Zeit mit meinem Mann Derek und unserem bei Ankunft erst zehn Wochen alten Söhnchen Valentin verbringen konnte. Irgendwie kam alles Schöne zusammen – die Möglichkeit, sich in ein neues Thema zu vertiefen, aber auch viel Freiraum für die Familie und die langsame Entdeckung einer aufregenden Stadt. Wir haben Berlin zu dritt erobert, von Charlottenburg bis Friedrichshain, von Frohnau bis Neukölln und darüber hinaus. Der kleine Valentin hat klaglos ungezählte Reisen mit S- und U-Bahn absolviert, weil seine Eltern unbedingt etwas an einem der vielen anderen Enden der Stadt besichtigen wollten. Beginnend mit der Frühlingssaison haben wir den Radius erweitert und auch das Umland einbezogen – in Form von verlängerten Wochenenden in der Mark Brandenburg, in Buckow, auf der Insel Werder. Ein unvergessliches erstes Familienweihnachten haben wir auf Usedom verbracht, wo wir, aus einem Binnenland kommend, gespannt das Schauspiel einer gefrorenen, aber dennoch wogenden Meeresoberfläche von einem metertief verschneiten Strand aus verfolgt haben.

Unsere unvergleichlichen Babysitterinnen, Olga und Elliat, haben uns ermöglicht, zweimal wöchentlich ohne unser Söhnchen loszuziehen, manchmal mit konkreten Plänen, manchmal einfach, um in einen uns noch nicht vertrauten Stadtteil einzutauen. Was wir vermissen werden, ist der wohnzimmerähnliche Jazzclub „Fincan“ in Neukölln, das Restaurant „Schlesisch Blau“ beim Schlesischen Tor und das politische Kabarett im Kreuzberger bka-Theater, um nur drei unserer Lieblingsdestinationen zu erwähnen.

Es war so viel zu tun und zu erleben und am Ende doch zu wenig Zeit für alles.

In einem meiner allerletzten Gespräche mit einem scheidenden Co-Fellow, Claire Messud (auf einer Sommerwiese hinter dem Herthasee) ist der Satz gefallen: „Wiko is a lesson in life.“ Soll heißen: Es gibt, rückblickend, eine Überfülle an Möglichkeiten und „was wäre gewesen, wenn“-Situationen, aber wie im richtigen Leben muss man verzichten, auswählen und Prioritäten setzen.

Ich scheine – trotz des Bedauerns über alles Verpasste – zumindest oft genug die für mich richtige Entscheidung getroffen zu haben. Ein sicheres Indiz ist: Ich freue mich in allererster Linie darauf, meinen Schreibtisch zu Hause einzurichten, um all das Erlebte, Gehörte, Besprochene, Gelesene, Angetippte, Angedachte, Skizzierte zumindest in eine vorläufige Form zu bringen. Was das endgültige Resultat, die Resultate sein werden, wage ich aber im Augenblick noch nicht abzuschätzen (es könnte ein Buch sein, vielleicht werden aber auch ganz andere Projekte entstehen). Ich lasse mich überraschen.



## HEGEL'S NATURALISM IN BERLIN

### TERRY PINKARD

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Reading across a wide swath of accounts by former Fellows at Wiko only makes one realize how unoriginal one's own account of Wiko is going to turn out to be. Running through all the accounts is praise for the helpfulness of the staff (all true), the friendly interactions between Fellows (all true), and the glories of Berlin (more than true.) What is left to say?

Wiko's great strengths also form some of its problematic aspects. Wiko throws together a large group of researchers who are required to have lunch with each other four times a week and dinner with their whole families once a week. This means that one has a series of great opportunities to learn about lots of different things. However, at the same time, one cannot do that and get anything else done. As one of my philosophical heroes, Hegel, told his students in his lectures, “The man who, on the contrary, would do every-

thing, really would do nothing, and fails. There is a host of interesting things in the world: Spanish poetry, chemistry, politics, and music are all very interesting, and if anyone takes an interest in them we need not find fault. But for a person in a given situation to accomplish anything, he must stick to one definite point, and not dissipate his forces in many directions.” Alas, Wiko is just like that: Spanish poetry, chemistry, politics, music (and, add to that, cultural studies, Renaissance painting, evolutionary biology, and then keep going). They are all on the menu, and they are all, as it were, being served up by masters in the field. How can one resist? Berlin’s own intrinsic attractions only compound the difficulty.

My own project had to do with writing a book on Hegel. I had already done two books on Hegel in 1994 and in 2000. In an earlier stay in Berlin in 2003–04 as a Humboldt *Preisträger*, I had drafted the bare outlines of a new book that was intended to show how Hegel’s philosophy of nature and natural science tied into his other accounts of the role that self-consciousness plays in human life. The idea, as it were, was that Hegel’s philosophy was a kind of naturalism that deserved closer scrutiny. In 2004, I wrote an article that outlined some of the main ideas at work, but in the time since then, I had become involved with a number of other things and I had not managed to get much further with the project having to do with the philosophy of nature and self-consciousness. All I really had was a big grab bag of notes on the project. One thing became clear to me. I would not be able simply to gather up the articles I had done over the last eleven years since my last book on Hegel, re-edit them, and produce a book out of that. That was a dead end, and the project required a fresh start.

By the time I arrived at Wiko, I probably should have had a clearer picture of what the project should look like, but instead I only had a plan, which, if I had had stuck to it, would have eventuated in a soggy, sprawling book trying to cover too much space and too many things at once. In the first months at Wiko, the unwieldiness of my original plan became clear to me, so I broke it up into separate projects. Presenting the project to the Fellows at an early Tuesday colloquium also helped to sharpen my own sense of what I was trying to do. The Tuesday colloquium series presents the formidable challenge of presenting specialized work to a highly intelligent but non-specialist audience and trying to make it both interesting and informative for them. That and later conversations with other Fellows helped me to form a clearer picture of what I needed to do.

It is no secret that one of the largest and most influential movements in mainstream philosophy (particularly in Anglophone philosophy) since at least the 1960s has been the

program to construct a completely naturalist philosophy. What is meant by “naturalism” here (to put it in only the most general and sketchy terms) consists in two broad claims, namely, that only causal explanations are genuine explanations, and only natural science is equipped to develop such causal explanations. This naturalist philosophy reached a high point of development in the systematic views of W. V. O. Quine and Donald Davidson in the 1970s and 1980s. That this severely limits any possible importance of the humanities is both obvious and something that has, of course, provoked much debate on its own.

Since the mid-1990s, a new response to this naturalist movement has emerged. One of the key pieces of the response and certainly the most influential in today’s philosophical world was given by John McDowell in his 1994 book, *Mind and World*, where he argued (among other things) that for there to be a proper account of the rational powers used by, for example, scientists in constructing their accounts of nature, we had to have an expanded conception of nature that outstripped the resources of those previous philosophically naturalist accounts. Such an account of the rational powers of human agents in general (and of natural scientists in particular) did not indicate that we thus required any kind of non-natural or supernatural account, but rather that “naturalism” had to be reshaped to make room for more than the “nature” that was outlined in the philosophies of, for example, Quine and Davidson. McDowell pointed to Aristotle and, very briefly, also to Hegel as offering some guidelines that would be of service to those looking for such an expanded naturalism. Since the publication of McDowell’s book, there has been a virtual flood of literature defending or attacking his position. (There were of course some influential articles and books arguing against this kind of naturalism published before this date, but to tell that whole story would take more space than I’ve got here.)

One of the most controversial elements of McDowell’s view was his suggestion – more or less heretical in certain Anglophone circles at the time – that there were resources within Hegelian philosophy that could be put to use in an academically respectable way to deal with this issue. (The story of the hostility to Hegelian philosophy in Anglophone circles is an interesting tale, but telling it here would be superfluous.) At the same time as McDowell’s book appeared (1994), I published a book on Hegel’s philosophy whose arguments, while not the same as McDowell’s, dovetailed with some of his views in key ways. Since that time, a number of other philosophers have also explored how the natural scientific picture of the world might also have a place in it for the kind of purposiveness that is such a key feature of human agency. Moreover, since that time there has also been

a debate between McDowell and Robert Pippin (probably the foremost proponent of the ongoing importance of German idealism for contemporary thought) about how far Hegel's own thought might take us down the road to getting a better handle on those problems.

Despite what seems like a deep human need to believe that the world somehow or another responds to our aspirations (or that something beyond the world so responds), there is nothing in the scientific conception of nature that holds out any hope for such a responsiveness. Nature does what it does independently of what we would like to have happen.

Nonetheless, in Hegel's version of naturalism, nature does not set our goals for us, even though we are still naturally constrained in the goals we do in fact set. For example, that we have brains that can hear certain kinds of structured sounds as music does not in itself determine whether we develop sonatas or madrigals. Humans are self-conscious and therefore self-interpreting primates, and in being such odd creatures, they make themselves at odds with themselves. Their nature is, as it were, to put their nature into question. When a non-self-conscious animal seeks to actualize its purposes in the world, it acts in terms of a law of its own nature, but for the human agent, its nature is always an open question. The human species as self-conscious primates, Hegel concluded, has developed to be deeply historical and social in character, and it cannot be understood apart from the various struggles over what has authority and who sets the terms of authority.

In Hegel's telling of the story, the ancients found themselves at home in their world because they had the idea of the world as a kind of organic unity (where “organic” is to be taken metaphorically rather than literally). In particular, the Greeks had a dual vision of the world as both organic (and thus as making sense) and as chaotic (as tragic, not intelligible). In trying to cobble together a sense of the world as a whole as both intelligible and as tragic, they were led to both a philosophical conception of the world as making sense to reflective thought and a tragic conception of it as guided by whims of the gods. Moreover, as they developed this conception philosophically, it became increasingly clear to them that the metaphorically organic conception of the world was completely at odds with its tragic character. The development of the modern sciences (among other things) put the nail in the coffin of the organic view.

Nonetheless, the sense that we can somehow be free and capable of setting our own destinies within the constraints of the natural world formed the motivating point for the

modern world. Hegel saw the task of his philosophy as showing both how, in the wake of the Renaissance and the French Revolution, we have come to be committed to certain things such as human rights and to impartial morality and how these commitments bring in their wake certain ground-level tensions among themselves when they were elevated to the level of metaphysical thought. Philosophy can offer a kind of reconciliation to the necessity of these commitments and the tensions that necessarily accompany them, but not a reconciliation of the metaphysical tensions themselves. It is also hopeless to think that any political state can overcome any of these tensions. To use Hegel's own metaphor, the modern agent must therefore become an "amphibian" that lives within such tensions, and to be a successful "amphibian" also means to exercise something like Aristotle's conceptions of the virtues.

To spell all of that out means going into lots of detail. God may be in the details, but so is the devil. Working out the details of that story took my year at Wiko. The book will appear in 2012.



## DIE VERGANGENHEIT HEUTE ANDREI G. PLEŞU

Andrei Gabriel Pleșu wurde 1948 in Bukarest geboren. Er studierte Kunstgeschichte und Philosophie, war Lizenziat für Geschichte und Theorie der Kunst, bevor er als Professor an der Universität Bukarest Kunstgeschichte und Religionsphilosophie lehrte. In der Ceaușescu-Ära politisch verfolgt, gründete er nach der Wende in Bukarest das „New Europe College“ und die Zeitschrift *Dilema*. Zwischen 1989 und 1991 war er Kulturminister, zwischen 1997 und 1999 Außenminister Rumäniens. Publikationen: *Reflexion und Leidenschaft: Elemente einer Ethik des Intervalls* (1992); *Wer in der Sonne steht, wirft Schatten* (2000); *Eliten – Ost und West* (2000). – Adresse: New Europe College, Stradă Plantelor 21, 023971 Bukarest 2, Rumänien. E-mail: aplesu@nec.ro

In den zwei Monaten, die ich dieses Jahr am Wiko verbracht habe, wurde ich aus reinem Zufall auf die eine oder andere Weise immer wieder in die Vergangenheit geschickt. Zunächst habe ich nach langer Zeit Thomas Pavel wiedergetroffen, der gegen Ende der 60er Jahre aus Rumänien ausgewandert war. Mit ihm nahm ich an einem Abendkolloquium teil, das den Prozessen gewidmet war, die 1958 – inmitten der kommunistischen Diktatur Rumäniens – einigen Gruppen von Intellektuellen gemacht wurden. Beide von uns hatten unter jenen Intellektuellen Freunde oder Lehrer, und wir haben uns mit großer Sympathie an sie erinnert. In einer vom Wiko organisierten Konferenz hatten wir die Gelegenheit, die „Funktionsweise“ des linksextremen Totalitarismus zu rekonstruieren und einigen der im Westen über diese Zeitspanne verbreiteten Meinungen entgegenzutreten: die Idee, dass dieser Zeitraum aus intellektueller Sicht steril war, oder dass im Unterschied zum Nazismus, der den *Rassenhass* praktizierte, sich der Kommunismus auf

den *Klassenhass* „beschränkte“. Wir haben einerseits gezeigt, dass man in Osteuropa kulturell überleben konnte (unter anderem dank der Willkür des Totalitarismus und der „ontologischen“ Unvollkommenheit des Bösen) und, andererseits, dass sich die kommunistische Repression ihre Opfer nicht nach den Kriterien der Klassenzugehörigkeit aus suchte. Man hatte *jeden* im Visier, der sich weigerte, dem auf die Schaffung eines „neuen Menschen“ hinzielenden „sozialen Mechanismus“ gehorsam zu folgen. In die Gefängnisse wanderten deshalb Arme und Reiche, Hochschulprofessoren und Analphabeten, Bauern, Arbeiter, Intellektuelle, Künstler, Generäle, ja sogar ehemalige „Weggefährten“, die in Ungnade gefallen waren. Das Tandem mit Thomas Pavel funktionierte vorzüglich: er analysierte die Situation, indem er die seit seiner Umsiedlung in den Westen unvermeidlich gewonnene *Distanz* nutzte; ich sprach aus einer noch nicht geheilten *Nähe* zum Phänomen. Auf persönlicher Ebene hatte ich die Freude, eine alte Freundschaft wiederzubeleben und festigen zu können, was zu den geläufigen Privilegien des Lebens in der Wiko-Gemeinschaft zählt.

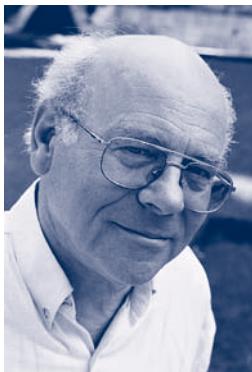
Die zweite gewissermaßen „vergangenheitsorientierte“ Erfahrung war die einstündige Debatte im Rahmen der Sendung „*Sternstunde Philosophie*“, zu der ich Ende Mai vom Schweizer Fernsehen eingeladen worden war. Wie zu erwarten, musste ich über meine Vergangenheit – und die Vergangenheit anderer – unter der Diktatur sprechen, über die große Wende im Dezember 1989 und über die Schwierigkeiten der Wiederanpassung an die Normalität in den Ländern des ehemaligen kommunistischen Blocks. Norbert Bischofberger, der kompetente und kordiale Gastgeber der Sendung, fragte mich, was die Bewohner des Ostblocks aus der Erfahrung des „alten Regimes“ gelernt hätten. „Nicht genug“ – war meine Antwort. Was mich aber gleichermaßen beschäftigt, ist, wie wenig die Bewohner des *Westens* scheinbar aus der Erfahrung der sowjetisierten Hälfte Europas gelernt haben. Wenn sie auch nur teilweise verstanden hätten, worum es ging, hätten sie nicht eine Zeit lang mit dem Maoismus kokettieren können, hätten sie keine Che-Guevara-T-Shirts tragen und auch nicht, wie Aragon, die unheilvolle GPU, oder, wie Sartre, die Mitglieder der Baader-Meinhof-Gruppe ehren können; sie hätten auch nicht, wie García Márquez, die Gestalt Fidel Castros monumentalisieren oder sich von Putins Arroganz faszinieren lassen können. Letzterer hat nicht gezögert zu behaupten, dass „der Untergang der Sowjetunion die größte geopolitische Katastrophe des Jahrhunderts“ sei. Noch haben die weltweit 100 000 000 Toten, die den „hohen Ansprüchen“ des Leninismus-Stalinismus geopfert wurden, zu keiner *Vergangenheitsbewältigung* im Sinne von Wiedergutmachung geführt.

Zu meiner dritten Begegnung mit der Vergangenheit kam es durch Tanja Petrović aus Ljubljana, Co-Fellow im Wiko. Zusammen mit ihrer Mitarbeiterin, Josefina Bajer, präsentierte sie uns im Kolloquiumraum einen Film mit dem Titel *No Country of our Time*. Der Film ist von drei jungen Frauen aus dem ehemaligen Jugoslawien gedreht worden, die – ebenfalls zu dritt – einen Verband gegründet haben (SEE.ID, nämlich: „Im Dialog mit Südosteuropa“) mit dem Ziel, den interkulturellen Dialog zum Thema des umstrittenen Territoriums südlich der Donau zu fördern. Der Film, der sich aus einer Reihe von Interviews zusammensetzt, hat als Thema die „Jugo-Nostalgie“, oder die „Tito-Nostalgie“, und bietet, kurz gefasst, einen sanften Blick auf die „schönen vergangenen Zeiten“, als der heroische Josip Broz die jugoslawische Föderation in ein Paradies verwandelt hatte. Die Befragten brachten alle möglichen Argumente hervor: vom Reiz der Musikboxen, die einem für einen Dinar sein Lieblingsstück spielten, bis zur fehlenden Arbeitslosigkeit oder der frei zugänglichen Ferienorte und, nicht zuletzt, die multiethnische „Brüderschaft und Einheit“ (*Bratstvo i Jedinstvo*), die auf dem ganzen Territorium der Föderation herrschte. Damals war Jugoslawien „europäisch“, heute ist es das nicht; damals war Jugoslawien ein großes Land und hatte einen in der Welt anerkannten Präsidenten, heute ist es ein *ehemaliges* Land, zerstückelt, mit unfähigen Führern. „Man müsste einen Film über Tito drehen“, sagt einer der Befragten. „Ich würde Mel Gibson in der Hauptrolle sehen.“ Man muss dazu sagen, dass unter den von der Regie des „Dokumentarfilms“ gewählten Gesprächspartnern die meisten viel zu jung sind, um eine direkte Erfahrung mit dem „Sozialismus mit menschlichem Antlitz“ vor 1989 gemacht haben zu können. Es entsteht dadurch eine bisher noch nicht bekannte Art von Nostalgie: nicht die Nostalgie nach etwas, das nicht mehr ist, sondern die Nostalgie nach etwas Unbekanntem.

Kurz gefasst: gestern Licht, heute Dunkelheit. Der Kommunismus war menschlich, multiethnisch, ethisch und rechtmäßig; der Kapitalismus ist ungerecht, vulgär, seelenlos. Im Anschluss zum Film habe ich mit Tanja und Josefina gesprochen. Beide sind von der „Entdeckung“ geprägt, dass die Welt, in der wir leben, nicht gut ist. Sie muss kritisiert und verbessert werden. Wir brauchen keinen Kapitalismus, sondern sozialen Frieden, so etwas wie zu Titos Zeit. Kein Wort über Milovan Djilas, den ehemaligen Wegbegleiter Titos, der mehrmals von ihm gefangen genommen wurde und in einem Interview 1988 bereit war zu behaupten, dass das kommunistische Experiment sich sowohl auf der wirtschaftlichen als auch auf der Ebene der primär menschlichen Bedürfnisse und Freiheiten als funktionsunfähig erwiesen hat. Kein Wort über Slavenka Drakulić, die immer wieder

ausdrücklich darauf aufmerksam machte, dass der Krieg auf dem Westbalkan durch jahrelange nationalistische Propaganda unter Titos Regime vorbereitet wurde.

Der Film, den wir gesehen haben, ist eine Art *zartes Museum* der „vorkapitalistischen“ Epoche und bestätigt die These Maria Todorovas, nach der „in der akademischen Welt ein Geist umgeht: das Studium der postkommunistischen Nostalgie“. Ich würde sagen, nicht so sehr das *Studium*, sondern die *Nostalgie* selbst. Die Metapher des Museums benutzt auch Slavenka Drakulić in einem Buch, das sich (im Kapitalismus) eines großen Erfolgs erfreute: „*Two Underdogs and a Cat: Three Reflections on Communism*“. Die Maus Bohumil ist Führer in einem Museum über den Kommunismus und warnt die „Touristen“, wichtig sei nicht das, was man sehen kann, sondern eben das, was man nicht sieht: die unreine Komplizenschaft, die Angst und die Heuchelei im Leben unter dem Tito-schen Totalitarismus. Apropos Kapitalismus: alle drei Filmemacherinnen arbeiten im Westen (Klagenfurt, Frankfurt/Oder, Marburg, Jena, Berlin), und der Film wurde von der Universität Graz (Österreich) und von der Friedrich-Ebert-Stiftung finanziert. Vor 1989 wurde uns in der Schule gesagt, dass die kommunistische Ordnung „der Totengräber des Kapitalismus“ sei. Die Behauptung bestätigt sich nicht: der Kapitalismus begräbt sich, euphorisch, von alleine.



## UNE ANNÉE AU WIKO KRZYSZTOF POMIAN

Krzysztof Pomian, né à Varsovie en 1934. A étudié (1952–57), enseigné et soutenu ses thèses de doctorat (1965) et d'habilitation (1968) à la faculté de Philosophie de l'Université de Varsovie. Privé en 1968 de son poste d'enseignant à cause de ses prises de position hostiles à la politique du régime, il émigre en France en 1973. Il y fait toute sa carrière au Centre national de la recherche scientifique (CNRS), tout en enseignant à l'Ecole des hautes études en sciences sociales (EHESS), à l'Ecole du Louvre, à l'Université de Genève et dans d'autres universités étrangères. Il est à présent directeur de recherche émérite au CNRS et professeur émérite à l'Université Nicolas Copernic à Toruń (Pologne). Depuis janvier 2001, il est aussi directeur scientifique du Musée de l'Europe à Bruxelles. En tant que philosophe, il s'intéresse principalement aux problèmes de la connaissance. En tant qu'historien, il travaille sur l'histoire de la culture européenne, en particulier sur l'histoire de l'histoire ainsi que sur l'histoire des collections et des musées. Ecrits en polonais et, depuis 1973, principalement en français, ses livres et articles ont été traduits en une quinzaine de langues. Publications récentes en français : *Des saintes reliques à l'art moderne. Venise-Chicago, XIIIe–XXe siècle* (2003) ; *De l'Europe-monde à l'Europe dans le monde* (2004, en collaboration avec H. Dupuis) ; *Ibn Khaldûn au prisme de l'Occident* (2006) ; *La révolution européenne 1945–2007* (2008, en collaboration avec E. Barnavi). – Adresse : 120 avenue Saint-Exupéry, 92160 Antony, France. e-mail : kpomian@gmail.com

Depuis plusieurs années, je travaille à une histoire des musées dont le titre (provisoire) dit assez bien l'orientation : *Le Musée : une histoire mondiale*. De cette histoire, ont déjà été rédigées les trois parties qui traitent respectivement de la période italienne des musées

(XVe–XVIIIe siècle), de la traversée par le musée des Alpes et de sa propagation en Europe occidentale (XVIIe–XVIIIe siècle), de l’impact international de la Révolution française et des guerres de la République et de l’Empire (1790–1850). Je suis arrivé au Wiko pour y faire avancer la partie consacrée à la période allant de l’Exposition universelle de Londres (1851) à la Première Guerre mondiale, pour l’étude de laquelle un séjour à Berlin était particulièrement souhaitable. En effet, c’est de la Scandinavie, de l’Angleterre et de plus en plus de l’Allemagne que sont venues dans la seconde moitié du XIXe siècle de nombreuses innovations qui ont fait passer le musée de son Ancien à son Nouveau Régime. Il s’agit notamment de nouveaux types de musées (musées des arts décoratifs, musées d’histoire, musées des sciences et des techniques, musées d’ethnologie nationale dont les musées de plein air), de l’entrée dans les musées des disciplines scientifiques déjà constituées ou en voie de constitution, ce qui a entraîné un reclassement des collections, de la professionnalisation du personnel. Il s’agit aussi de la démocratisation du musée devenu plus accessible car plus répandu et plus proche par son contenu de la vie des gens ; cela concerne plus spécialement les musées locaux. Et il s’agit de la mise des musées, à des degrés variables selon les pays, au service de l’idéologie nationale. L’énumération n’est pas limitative.

La partie du livre que je suis en train de rédiger, est divisée en trois grands ensembles consacrés respectivement à trois aires culturelles entre lesquelles se répartit le continent européen : à l’Europe occidentale dont on prend en compte au besoin les divisions internes et les particularités nationales ; à l’Europe centrale ou médiane (de la Finlande, en passant par les Pays Baltes, la Pologne, les Pays Tchèques et l’Autriche, jusqu’au Royaume de Hongrie y compris la Slovaquie et la Croatie) ; à l’Europe de l’Est (principalement à la Russie). A l’intérieur du premier, l’approche typologique qui traite les musées selon leur contenu est combinée avec le respect de la chronologie et, le cas échéant, des spécificités politiques des Etats. A l’intérieur du deuxième, l’histoire des musées combine la géographie avec l’ordre chronologique ; un chapitre à part est consacré à l’histoire du musée juif. A l’intérieur du troisième, c’est l’ordre chronologique qui domine, mis à part la digression sur les Balkans.

L’ensemble consacré à l’Europe centrale ayant été terminé à l’été 2010, je me suis attaqué dès mon arrivée au Wiko aux musées de Russie, en profitant des importants fonds russes des bibliothèques allemandes. Cet ensemble qui traite l’histoire des musées en Russie depuis la Kunstkamera de Pierre le Grand jusqu’à la Première Guerre mondiale, est concentré surtout sur l’Ermitage, la Galerie Tretiakov, le Musée Russe et le Musée

Pouchkine, sans oublier la multiplication des musées dans l'espace entier de l'Empire des Romanov, Sibérie et Asie centrale comprises. Il a été entièrement rédigé dès l'hiver 2011, ce qui m'a permis de m'atteler à la rédaction du morceau le plus difficile : celui sur l'Europe occidentale.

De cet ensemble, ont été rédigés les chapitres sur les musées dans le sillage des expositions universelles, sur les musées des arts décoratifs, sur les innovations danoises concernant les musées d'histoire (s'agissant de l'Europe occidentale, c'est le seul cas où il a fallu prendre à part les musées d'un pays), sur les musées dynastiques et militaires, sur les musées des héros culturels et les musées locaux. Les chapitres sur les musées d'archéologie et sur les musées d'ethnologie sont largement avancés. Tout aussi importante pour l'avenir est l'accumulation des documents qui me permettront de terminer rapidement ces deux chapitres et de travailler, en ne sortant que peu de chez moi, aux trois derniers prévus dans cette partie (sur les musées d'art, sur les musées d'histoire naturelle, sur les musées des sciences et des techniques).

En lien direct avec mon livre, j'ai rédigé trois textes : un article consacré à la restitution des biens culturels, une conférence sur les défis auxquels les musées sont confrontés à présent et mon intervention au séminaire de mardi qui servira de base à l'introduction du livre. Pour être complet, je mentionnerai en outre sept conférences prononcées au cours de mon séjour au Wiko : au Bode-Museum (sur l'histoire des musées en Europe centrale), au Studienkolleg zu Berlin (« Europe as a Museum Object »), au département d'histoire de l'art de l'Université de Bonn (« Museum's present Challenges »), au Congrès des musées à Turin (empêché d'y assister, j'ai envoyé le même texte refait qui a été lu en mon absence), au Einstein Forum de Potsdam (« On Time »), au Centre Marc Bloch (sur l'année 1989), au séminaire d'histoire de l'Université de Princeton à Berlin (« Problems with European Memory »).

Productif – beaucoup plus qu'auraient été les mêmes dix mois n'importe où ailleurs –, le séjour au Wiko était, en plus, très enrichissant et tout autant agréable. Enrichissant d'abord sur le plan humain grâce aux collègues que pour la plupart je ne connaissais pas avant ; les conversations avec eux m'ont rendu proche des situations qui jusqu'alors paraissaient lointaines et parfois m'ont fait prendre conscience de choses auxquelles jusqu'à maintenant je ne pensais pas. Enrichissant aussi sur le plan intellectuel. Le travail de longue haleine sur un sujet, surtout quand il est aussi énorme que le mien, confine à terme à la monomanie. Les séminaires du mardi étaient un excellent antidote à cette tendance ; ils ouvraient sur d'autres sujets et élargissaient les horizons.

Enrichissant encore sur le plan culturel. Je pense en premier lieu aux cours d'allemand qui m'ont non seulement permis d'améliorer la connaissance de la langue, mais m'ont fait connaître les auteurs contemporains que je n'aurais pas osé aborder il y a encore un an et certaines dimensions de l'Allemagne d'aujourd'hui auxquelles je ne me serais peut-être pas spontanément intéressé. Je pense ensuite à Berlin que je connaissais déjà pour y être venu depuis 1986 à plusieurs reprises. Mais c'étaient de courts séjours qui ne laissaient que peu de temps pour visiter. Cette fois j'habitais à Berlin, ce qui change la perception de la ville en permettant de découvrir des lieux et des aspects qu'un touriste pressé ne voit pas. *Mutatis mutandis*, cela vaut plus généralement pour l'Allemagne. Nous y sommes venus plusieurs fois, ma femme et moi, surtout dans le sud et l'ouest ; nous avons maintenant complété notre image du pays par Dresde et Weimar.

Je pense aussi à la musique de Toshio Hosokawa et à tous les concerts entendus à Berlin. Et à tous les musées visités ou revisités, en particulier à la visite de l'Altes Museum en compagnie de son ancien directeur Wolf-Dieter Heilmeyer, suivie par une autre, dans le trésor de ce musée, où nous avons pu, François Lissarrague et moi-même, admirer, grâce à Mme Gertrud Platz, les pierres gravées du baron de Stosch dont la description par Winckelmann a été un de premiers livres sur lequel je suis tombé, il y a quarante ans, quand je commençais à m'intéresser aux collections, sans imaginer même la place que l'étude de ce phénomène prendra dans ma vie d'historien et dans ma vie tout court.

Je termine ce bilan rapide par la rencontre, grâce à Yehuda Elkana, d'Alexandre Polzin – de l'homme et de l'œuvre, que nous avons pu voir, ma femme et moi, dans son studio où il a bien voulu nous introduire. Cela nous a conduits sur la Potsdamer Platz devant son monument à Giordano Bruno dont le supplice reste associé par le poème de Czesław Miłosz au Ghetto de Varsovie en train d'être liquidé par les nazis. Rares sont les œuvres contemporaines qui, comme les sculptures de Polzin, sont marquées à un tel degré par l'histoire du XXe siècle, travaillées à tel point par les souvenirs, pas seulement allemands, et exprimant avec une telle force la souffrance des victimes de la terreur et de l'extermination. La découverte de ces sculptures fut pour moi un événement artistique exceptionnel.

J'ai dit que mon séjour au Wiko était non seulement productif mais en plus très enrichissant et tout autant agréable. J'ajouterais qu'il était à ce point productif parce qu'il était enrichissant et agréable. Ce dernier mot est faible, toutefois, pour qualifier cette étrange ambiance d'amitié et de générosité que je ne crois pas avoir rencontrée ailleurs.

Il existe, d'autres l'ont déjà dit, un « esprit du Wiko » auquel contribuent toutes les personnes qu'on y fréquente et qu'il faudrait donc remercier une à une. Je me limiterai ici au personnel de la bibliothèque. J'ai travaillé dans nombre d'endroits. Nulle part, dans des conditions comparables à celles qu'on a au Wiko et dont font éminemment partie la gentillesse et le sourire. Il est tentant, en parlant du Wiko, d'empiler des superlatifs. Je ne dirai, pour terminer ce rapport, qu'une chose. D'habitude, j'ai changé des lieux sans regrets, en pensant moins à ceux que je quittais qu'à l'avenir qui m'attendait. La nostalgie n'était pas mon fort. Je crains que cette fois il en soit autrement.



## RESILIENCE MARY POSS

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I am a veterinary pathologist (DVM, The Ohio State University, 1984) with additional degrees in Zoology (BS, Duke University 1975), Biochemistry (MS, The University of New Hampshire, 1979), and experimental pathology (Ph.D., Colorado State University, 1990). My research focus is on virus adaptation to changing host environments. My current collaborators cover almost all disciplines, and learning to effectively communicate with all of them is much harder than learning German. Articles: Wittekindt, N., A. Padhi, S. Schuster, J. Qi, F. Zhao, L. Tomsho, L. Kasson, M. Packard, P. Cross, M. Poss (2010) "Nodeomics: meta-transcriptomic exploration of a vertebrate lymph node microbiome." *PLoS One* 5(10): e13432. doi:10.1371/journal.pone.0013432. Li, L., A. Padhi, S. Ranjeva, S. Donaldson, B. Warf, J. Mugamba, D. Johnson, Z. Opio, B. Jayarao, V. Kapur, M. Poss, S. Schiff (2011). "Association of Bacteria with Hydrocephalus in Ugandan Infants." *J Neurosurg Pediatrics* 7:73–87, 2011. – Address: Center for Infectious Disease Dynamics, Penn State University. E-mail: maryposs@gmail.com

A recap of my experiences at Wiko must start with a very heartfelt thank you to the wonderful staff. I don't know how you manage it, but you create such a comfortable, unencumbered environment that it is virtually impossible not to flourish in any scholarly pursuit. I suspect that the excellent wine also contributes to this.

My time at Wiko was way too short. Biologists, be forewarned. Leaving a lab for more than a month or two is difficult, but the opportunity to think, read, and discuss new concepts and perspectives with the outstanding Fellows at Wiko is well worth every minute. Although the rich experience of living at Wiko is a composite of many factors, we are all

there primarily for intellectual reasons. The time to reason bolstered with the resources to support scholarly endeavors and opportunity for both solitary and collegial debate is not a hallmark of any academic environment that I have experienced. It takes some adjustment to get used to the freedom this allows and transitioning back to the incessant demand of hour blocks of your time in academic institutions is painful. Because of responsibilities to both research and students, I split my stay into two months in the fall and one month in the spring. This ended up being a good strategy both for my efforts with the focus group and because after a rather grueling academic semester I had a second opportunity to be extremely appreciative of the unique environment at Wiko.

I participated in a focus group, organized by Janis Antonovics, on disease resistance. Our group spent long and often lively hours discussing such questions as: How does resistance to infection evolve? Why is there extensive heterogeneity in resistance to infection in some populations but not in others? I study these questions from a different perspective in my own research, which addresses the molecular mechanisms of virus adaptation to changing host environments. As the only member of this ecological- and evolutionary biology-oriented group with a clinical and molecular background, many of the concepts were not intuitive to me and I had no fundamental knowledge of the basic theory so familiar to the other group members. Some concepts are still hard for me to embrace but I definitely have a better grasp of the theory: a tribute to the patience of all members of the group. My research collaborations span multiple fields. I have found that a major impediment to productive interdisciplinary research in the sciences is the inability to effectively communicate ideas and to consider the value of other perspectives. I suspect that constantly being confronted with new concepts and ideas from discussions with Wiko Fellows had a profound influence on the clarity with which ideas flowed in our group discussions. Several manuscripts will emerge from this group but the less tangible consequences of bringing a broadened vision to complex problems in disease biology are the more significant but long-term outcomes.

I was fortunate to also be able to interface with the other focus group on Dilemmas of Medical Practice in Africa. I had worked in HIV research for many years with emphasis on AIDS in Africa, so I was cognizant of some of the important health issues faced by African countries. Recently I've become involved in another research project in Uganda on neonatal sepsis. My contributions to these projects are on a molecular level (identification of unknown pathogens or studying mechanisms of disease), which can overshadow important issues of public health and access to care in research efforts to "cure" or "fix" a

pressing infectious disease. This group presented a notably different array of problems and issues than are typically considered for medical aid in Africa. It was a wonderful opportunity to be able to discuss health care in a broader context with David Kyaddondo and Herbert Muyinda, who are from Uganda, and the rest of this group, all of whom have extensive experience in different African countries. The more comprehensive insight on health problems in developing countries that this group provided to me has made me think more critically about prioritizing the collaborative efforts being developed on neonatal sepsis.

Every one of the Wiko Fellows and their partners was a pleasure to get to know. Although we all interacted individually at meals and in small groups, the dynamics of the entire group were at their best at Tuesday colloquium. The talks on their own were enlightening and I thoroughly enjoyed immersing myself in the topics and the presentation style – often so different than in the sciences – each Tuesday. The questions and comments from Fellows and staff following the presentation were as informative as the main topic, primarily because they focused aspects of the topic to me through the lens of someone with a very different academic perspective. These discussion periods also brought out the personalities and convictions of many of the Fellows that weren't evident in smaller groups. Follow-up discussions at lunch were often energetic, and on occasion threads wove through receptions and meals for weeks. This was a collection of people that I would never have had the pleasure to get to know under other circumstance and I now feel like I have friends who I would very much enjoy visiting in many corners of the world.

It was not all work. What a delight to be in a bike-friendly city. Berlin is a beautiful city to explore by bicycle. Each route into the city offers passage through a unique community, and a wide selection of cafes, pubs, and second-hand bookstores. Riding through the Brandenburg Gate illuminated at night en route back to Wiko is a memorable experience. I was in Berlin in 1990 and still am awestruck by the changes that have occurred. A bicycle provides just the right pace to digest both old and new, to stop at memorials and just explore what is around the next corner. The ride to Potsdam is especially beautiful. Sanssouci Park is impressive and well worth the trip. One didn't need to go very far for relaxation and inspiration, though. The series of house concerts throughout the year were very special and a highlight for me.

You asked nothing of us other than to do what we love to do, produce scholarly works, and give you a summary of our experiences at Wiko for the yearbook. The only real

drawback of being at Wiko is that after a few weeks of acclimatization, it becomes too easy to take the rich environment for granted. You simply don't need anything (well, perhaps a translation of the settings on the washing machine). Many thanks for the opportunity to participate in the Wiko.



## KLÖSTERLICHE JOIE DE VIVRE ILMA RAKUSA

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Ilma Rakusa, geboren am 2. Januar 1946 in Rimavská Sobota (Slowakei) als Tochter einer Ungarin und eines Slowenen. Frühe Kindheit in Budapest, Ljubljana und Triest, dann Übersiedelung nach Zürich. Studium der Slawistik und Romanistik in Zürich, Paris und St. Petersburg, seit 1976 Lehrbeauftragte an der Universität Zürich. Neben literaturkritischen Arbeiten und Zeitungsaufsätzen (*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, *Die Zeit* u. a.) entstanden zahlreiche Übersetzungen aus dem Russischen (Marina Zwetajewa, Alexej Remisow, Anton Tschechow), Serbokroatischen (Danilo Kiš), Französischen (Marguerite Duras) und Ungarischen (Péter Nádas, Imre Kertész), vor allem aber Erzählungen, Gedichte, Dramolette und Essays. Zuletzt erschienen die Erinnerungspassagen *Mehr Meer* (2009) sowie zwei Essaybände zur russischen Literatur und zur Literatur Mittel-, Ost- und Südosteuropas *Fremdvertrautes Gelände, I-II* (2011). Ilma Rakusa ist Mitglied der Deutschen Akademie für Sprache und Dichtung (Darmstadt), sie erhielt u. a. den Leipziger Buchpreis zur Europäischen Verständigung (1998), den Adelbert-von-Chamisso-Preis (2003) und den Schweizer Buchpreis (2009). – Adresse: Richard Kisslingweg 3, 8044 Zürich, Schweiz. E-mail: [ilma.rakusa@bluewin.ch](mailto:ilma.rakusa@bluewin.ch)

Im Gymnasium stellte ich mir, von Glaubensdingen angezogen, mehrfach die Frage, ob ich nicht ein Klosterleben führen sollte. Abstrakt war das natürlich schwer zu entscheiden. Und so machte ich einen winzigen Versuch, indem ich mich zum Lernen fürs Abitur ins Gästehaus der Zisterzienserabtei Hauterive in der Nähe von Fribourg zurückzog. Hauterive ist ein Männerkloster, malerisch im Tal der Saane gelegen. Die Mönche versorgten mich mit Speis und Trank und ließen mich, als Gast, an den Gebeten und Gottes-

diensten in der Klosterkirche teilnehmen. So lernte ich den mönchischen Tagesrhythmus kennen, von der Matutin bis zur Komplet. Entgegen meiner sonstigen Gewohnheit stand ich früh auf und ging früh zu Bett, ich beherzigte die Formel „Ora et labora“, gönnte mir nur ab und zu einen ausgedehnten Spaziergang.

Das ist lange her. Trotz bester Erinnerung an die Tage in Hauterive bin ich nicht Nonne geworden, geblieben aber ist mir die heimliche Sehnsucht nach einer klösterlichen Existenz, die Rückzug und Gemeinschaftlichkeit, Kontemplation und Austausch harmonisch vereint. Da sitze ich nun in meiner lichten Dachkammer, die mit ihrem wohltuenden Ambiente einen poetischeren Namen als das Kürzel K3 verdienen würde, und weiß, das Wiko hat meine Sehnsucht erfüllt. Dabei hatte ich anfänglich Sorge. Schriftstellerkollegen, Fellows früherer Jahre, erzählten vom rigiden Rhythmus der Mahlzeiten. Zuhause war ich es nicht gewohnt, die Arbeit mittags zu unterbrechen. Ab elf ging es richtig los, mit *open end*. Aber schnell stellte ich mich um: auf zeitiges Aufstehen, auf die fünfzigminütige Fahrt von Mitte nach Grunewald, auf Lektüre und Mailen am Vormittag. Vorbei der Bohème-Rhythmus, das autistische „*Noli turbare circulos meos*“. Das Mittagessen ruft! Die Küchendüfte, die zu anregenden Gesprächen aufgelegten Fellows. Und schon bin ich mittendrin, in einer heiteren Tischrunde, die meine Interessen am Orient ebenso befriedigt wie die am französischen Mittelalter, an Mütterchen Wolga oder an Poesierezitation. Nicht zu vergessen die Gaumenfreuden, die uns von allzeit freundlichen Katarzynas serviert werden. Geistige und physische Nahrung in schönster Ergänzung.

Allein schon die Mittagessen und die festlichen Donnerstag-Nachtessen (mit exzellentem Wein) hätten für mich das Wiko-Jahr zu einem unvergesslichen Gemeinschaftserlebnis gemacht. Doch hinzu kamen die Kolloquien (die mich über seltene Infektionskrankheiten, über die Jugoslawische Volksarmee, über die arabisch-islamische Buchkultur des 9. Jahrhunderts, über mittelalterliche Seelentheorien und über Religion und Medien in Ghana aufklärten), hinzu kamen die Treffen der „Literary Group“, wo im kleinen Kreis über Projekte diskutiert wurde, hinzu kamen schließlich Vorträge, Rezitationen (Hanns Zischler mit Hölderlin und Kleist), Konzerte. Nie zuvor habe ich so kompetente musikalische Werkanalysen gehört wie aus dem Mund von Walter Levin, nie ein so markantes Staccato wie von Helmut Lachenmann am Klavier. Und in bester Wiko-Manier folgten auf die Darbietungen Gespräche, bei Brezel und Wein. Der Dialog sollte nie abbrechen, ein Dialog auf Augenhöhe, bei dem es nie darum ging, sich zu produzieren oder, umgekehrt, schüchtern zurückzuhalten. Fragen sind am Wiko nicht nur

erwünscht, sie gelten als eigentliche Triebkraft des Denkens und der Kommunikation. Mein Kopf arbeitet neuerdings selbst im Traum dialogisch.

Bei so viel Dialog gestaltet sich auch das Schreiben im stillen Kämmerlein anders. Es wird gespeist von den täglichen Anregungen, getragen vom Netz gegenseitiger Anteilnahme. So sehr literarische Arbeit eine Gratwanderung mit Absturzrisiko ist – der Wiko-Geist sorgt für ein Gefühl der Geborgenheit, das auch Krisen überstehen hilft.

Nicht zu vergessen: das Wunder der Bibliothek und der Bücherbeschaffung. Ich brauche nur ein paar Treppenstufen hinunterzusteigen und bin im Reich der Enzyklopädie, Lexika, Zeitschriften. Und flinker als flink bekomme ich jeden gewünschten Titel, den Bibliothekarinnen sei Dank! Oft habe ich mich an langen Winterabenden in einen bequemen Ledersessel gesetzt und – umgeben von den Bücherschätzen – gelesen, bis dichter Schneefall mich ans Nachhausegehen gemahnte. Unter solchen Umständen wird Arbeit zu einem ebenso genussvollen wie geregelten Tagesinhalt: Das eigene Streben findet die ideale Umgebung. Oder auf Englisch: Everything matches in a perfect way.

Entstanden sind mehrere Essays zum autobiografischen Schreiben als Bildungsroman, zum Thema des Anfänglichen in der Literatur, zu Pieter Bruegels Bild „Die Anbetung der Könige im Schnee“. Mein im Oktober 2010 begonnenes Berlin-Journal will so schnell nicht an ein Ende kommen, zu spannend die täglichen Eindrücke, die Gespräche, die ganze Stadt. Was gibt es nicht alles zu beobachten, in der S-Bahn, im Bus M 19 (die allgegenwärtigen Russen), auf Straßen und Plätzen, in Kinos und Cafés. Neulich war ich im Deutsch-Russischen Museum in Karlshorst, einem düsteren Gebäude, wo im Mai 1945 die Kapitulation der deutschen Wehrmacht unterzeichnet wurde. Nicht nur beim Anblick sowjetischer Panzer im umgebenden Park glaubt man, in ein Zeitloch zu fallen. Berlin triggert solche Erfahrungen auf Schritt und Tritt. Zwischen Gleis 17 (dem kargen Deportationsmahnmal im Bahnhof Grunewald) und der Insel des Wiko liegen Welten, zwischen der „türkischen“ Oranienstraße und dem jüdischen Friedhof Weissensee ebenfalls. Berlins Reiz liegt darin, dass es viele ist, dass es für ständige Wechselbäder sorgt und sich in ständigem Umbruch befindet. Etwas von dieser Vielfalt und Bewegtheit ist in mein Tagebuch eingegangen, notgedrungen bruchstückhaft, anhand von Detailbeobachtungen, Gesprächsfetzen, Zitaten usw. Zu den kleinen Intarsien gehört Luca Julianis hübsche Bemerkung über die Grunewalder Nachtigallen: „Man hört sie oft in der Nähe der S-Bahn-Gleise. Die S-Bahn ist für sie eine Übernachtigall, die es zu überbieten gilt.“

Das Journal als Kaleidoskop, aber auch als eine Art Verarbeitungsapparat, der bündelt, sortiert, neu ordnet. Daneben gibt es ein Festhalten jenseits der Verschriftlichung, man vertraue nur dem Speicher des Gedächtnisses. Noch während ich unterm Dach der Weißen Villa diese Zeilen schreibe, läuft schon der Erinnerungsfilm, gibt Bilder und Szenen preis.

Wie Hannah Ginsborg nach jedem Kolloquium ihre Hand hebt und mit klarer Diktion essenzielle Fragen stellt; wie Katarzyna Speder, erhitzt und gutgelaunt, uns Köstlichkeiten serviert; wie Petra Gehring nach dem Mittagessen über Zeitungen brütet; wie Vera Schulze-Seeger lächelnde Anmut verströmt und Christine von Arnim in schallendes Gelächter ausbricht; wie Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus emphatisch über das Rezitieren von Gedichten spricht; wie die Kinderschar der Fellows den Weihnachtsbaum schmückt (schöpferisch multikulturell); wie die Bäume des Grunewald prachtvoll die Jahreszeiten vorführen; wie der Schnee die Wallotstraße verzaubert und das Eis einen Panzer über sie legt; wie in der Winterkälte alles ins Haus strebt, die Garderobe von Mänteln und Stiefern überquillt; wie Christine Klöhn den Gong schlägt, um die angeregte Apéritifrunde zu Tisch zu bitten; wie sich das arabisch-pakistanisch-persische Fellow-Trio anekdotenreich amüsiert (Witz und Lebensfreude); wie auf einer Exkursion in die Stab Jean-Claude Schmitt elegant aus einer mittelalterlichen französischen Chronik vorliest; wie die Tage in meinem Dachfenster kurz und wieder lang werden; wie eine israelische Touristengruppe wortlos im strömenden Regen vor dem Mahnmal für die deportierten Juden steht (Bahnhof Grunewald); wie Karl Schlögel sich wiederholt an den Kopf greift und mit dem Satz „Es ist unglaublich!“ seine Fähigkeit zu staunen beweist; wie Barbara Piattis einjähriger Sohn Valentin seine ersten Schritte probt; wie die Fellows mit Bücherstapeln durch die Gegend eilen; wie die Schlussparty die Glieder lockert und mit dem Film „Wikostan“ eine Republik permanenten Fellowships ausruft.

Mag sein, dass diese (und viele andere) Erinnerungen eines Tages in einen Text münden werden. Die Wiko-Zeit ist nicht abgeschlossen, aus ihr wird noch manches hervorgehen. Darum ohne elegische Sentimentalität: Many thanks!



## THE ENVIRONMENT MATTERS: FROM PARASITE RESISTANCE TO A WIKO STAY BEN M. SADD

Born on the 28th of April 1981, Dr. Sadd studied Zoology at the University of Sheffield. During his Master's Degree, Dr. Sadd became interested in the intimate interactions between parasitic organisms and their hosts, particularly the evolution of immune defence and how this is shaped by the surrounding ecology. During his Ph.D. (2004–08) at the ETH Zurich, he further studied immune system phenomena in the context of Evolutionary Ecology, working predominantly on antibacterial defence in social insects. Taking a whole-organism approach, Dr. Sadd was able to demonstrate that insects are capable of long-lasting specific immune protection, with mothers even passing immunity to their offspring, a facet of insect immunity that was traditionally considered absent. Subsequently, during postdoctoral research at the ETH Zurich, he has expanded this work and further initiated projects investigating parasite evolution and how environmental heterogeneity influences the outcome of parasite infection. – Address: Institute of Integrative Biology, ETH Zurich, 8092 Zurich. E-mail: ben.sadd@env.ethz.ch

My first taste of the Wiko came with two brief trips to the Grunewald in 2007 when I was visiting Paul Schmid-Hempel, my doctoral supervisor at that time, and other members of an “Ecological Immunology” focus group. If all truth be told, I knew little of the Wiko at that time, being more excited to have a reason to visit the history-laden city of Berlin. Little did I know that only a few years later I would be participating at the Wiko myself as a short-term Fellow, enjoying the uniqueness of the environment offered by the institute. A large part of my scientific work considers how the heterogeneity of environments influences organisms, in particular their interactions with parasitic organisms, and

ultimately their evolution. Here I will give a short summary of this work and additionally highlight how I believe I have been shaped by the environment that I experienced at the Wiko during my fellowship.

It is almost inevitable that at some point during an organism's life it will be faced with exposure to another organism that, in acquiring resources for its own benefit, will cause harm. These parasitic organisms are widespread and present a serious threat to the well-being of free-living organisms. Succumbing to infection by one of these parasites can have a broad spectrum of consequences on individual, ecological, evolutionary and, where associated with humans or domesticated animals, economic levels. Indeed, at the Wiko in 2010/11 Bruce Campbell proposed climatic change and parasitic organisms, both of which are frequently classified as "acts of God" in history circles, as major historical protagonists, citing the examples of the 14th-century Black Death in humans and the later Rinderpest epidemic in cattle. Further, persistent problems with parasitic disease that continue to present a major challenge and impede development were frequently highlighted by discussions with members of the focus group "Professional Dilemmas of Medical Practice in Africa" led by Steven Feierman and Julie Livingston.

By their very nature, parasites will place a selective pressure on the hosts that they infect. Individuals that succumb to infection by parasites will have reduced evolutionary fitness in terms of either the quality or quantity of offspring that they produce. This selective pressure coupled with variation in resistance among individuals will, over time, lead to the evolution of anti-parasite defences. These defences can reduce parasite exposure, reduce infection probability on encounter, or limit the impact of parasitism following infection. However, despite the apparently clear benefit of these anti-parasite defences, not all organisms possess them, and even within populations their expression varies among individuals. A major question in the field of host-parasite Evolutionary Ecology is: why should this be the case?

Essentially, the variation that we see in anti-parasite defences can be attributed to evolution and the diversity of parasites, the diversity of environments, and the costs associated both with having and with using parasite defences. Parasites are clearly not inert in the face of the evolution of host defences against them. Parasites will evolve counter-adaptations to these host defences, which will render the defences either less efficient or even useless. These dynamic evolutionary arms races will usually proceed at a local level that will produce a global diversity of parasite and host types. This diversity means that a particular defence against one parasite will not necessarily provide defence against

another distinct parasite. This will be the case for defence against different parasite species and even variant types of the same parasite. Thus, the exact defences that are present in an organism will depend upon the parasite community that it has evolved with.

The risk of being parasitized will also vary across environments in both space and time. If we think of a parasite that is vectored between hosts by an insect that develops as a larva in pools of standing water, e.g. malaria and many viruses that are transmitted by mosquitoes, the risk of infection by this parasite will be linked to spatial proximity to such pools of water and also to temporal variation in rainfall. While this is a simplification, it demonstrates that parasitism risk will vary depending upon the environment within which the host lives. The variation in this risk will lead to a variation in parasite defences, in part because of the costs involved in evolving, maintaining, and utilising anti-parasite defences. Evidence for costs at each of these levels is well documented. For instance, organisms have only a limited resource budget and they must allocate this between different traits, be it the costly immune system, body size, ornaments for the attraction of mates, or production of offspring. The optimal allocation to these different traits will depend upon the environment in which the organism is living, including its risk of parasitism. Under high parasitism risk, investment in anti-parasite defences should be high, and vice versa, under low parasite risk investment in anti-parasite defences should be lower. In some cases, organisms have evolved a certain degree of flexibility in their investment in parasite defence, which can be adjusted depending upon environmentally provided cues related to the risk of parasitism. I work on bumblebees, which are social insects living in colonies in which a single mother queen produces worker offspring that stay at the nest and help raise their siblings. At the end of the year the colony produces new queens that leave the nest and found their own colonies. The relationship between the mother queen and her worker offspring is such that the environment encountered by the mother, including parasites, will likely be correlated with the environment that her workers experience later on. In this case it would make sense for allocation to costly anti-parasite defence in worker offspring to be in someway determined by their mother's experience. Indeed this is the case, with offspring of mothers who received a simulated parasite exposure showing higher investment in immunity than offspring of mothers that did not. This allows for investment in costly immunity when the payoff is high, when parasitism is likely, but not when the investment may be wasted because the probability of encountering a parasite is low.

So far, I have referred only to variation in the environment in terms of a varied biotic environment of host and parasite types, and the abiotic environment that can influence the risk of parasitism and hence investment in anti-parasite defence. However, the abiotic environment may also play a role in determining the outcome of an encounter between a particular parasite and a particular host. While resistance to parasites and infectiveness of parasites may appear fixed, changes in environmental variables such as food composition or temperature may have profound consequences. Hosts may be better able to defend themselves in certain environments or parasites may be better able to infect. Furthermore, complexity introduced by the abiotic environment may have differential effects on individual types within host and parasite populations. This is indeed the case in bumblebees, where the outcome of infection by a gut-infecting parasite is influenced by the quality of the available sugar water solution, a surrogate for nectar from flowers. However, the influence is not unidirectional, but rather dependent also on the combination of parasite and host type. Understanding the environmental dependence of the outcome of host-parasite interactions has important applied aspects, given continuing environmental change and accidental and intentional species introductions into new environments. Where introductions are intentional, for example where parasites are used for biological control of pests, variation in the environment is a factor that should certainly be taken into account in preliminary trials and tests.

Working in the areas briefly outlined above, I was very fortunate that my time at the Wiko coincided with that of the focus group “Limits to disease control – failures in disease” headed by Janis Antonovics. Joining this group allowed me to interact with a number of inspiring evolutionary biologists, ecologists, and parasitologists. Discussions were broad, but particularly focused on two main topics: (i) what role does evolution have in our failure to control disease, and what can be done about it? and (ii) how do relationships between a parasite and its host species progress from an initial “chance” infection to a specific co-evolving system. I will go no further into these topics, on the assumption that others from the focus group will address them in more depth. I would simply like to say that the focus group discussions, whether during set meetings, at the Wiener Café, or in restaurants, were enjoyable and productive. However, one point that struck me was that although we were all apparently from closely related fields and thinking about similar questions, our terminology was distinct. This often led to discussions that were essentially semantic in nature. I believe that while complete congruence may never be achieved, integrative workshops, seminars and forums like the Wiko allow interdisciplinary crosstalk

and understanding that will ultimately lead to devoting more time to discussing the real issues at hand.

Of course the Wiko brings much more diversity together than was found in the “Limits of disease control” focus group. This diversity is interwoven at the Wiko in such a way that it would be hard for a Fellow to stick solely to discussions and thoughts in his or her own discipline, even if he or she wanted to. Seminars, receptions, meals and of course German classes consistently involved new topics and the extension of horizons. However, it was not just the topics that I took delight in, but also a common thread that was clearly apparent in all Fellows. Irrespective of the topic, even sometimes in spite of a lack of overall understanding on my part, listening to people talk about their chosen subjects was a fulfilling experience. Peoples’ eyes and voices showed a childlike wonder, inquisitive nature and passion for their topic. This reminded me of why I work as a biologist, and in particular as an evolutionary biologist. In science we are constantly exposed to and encouraged to use new high-tech methods. However, these technological advances should not take precedence over concepts and ingenuity, nor eclipse the motivation for doing what we do. For me this motivation is based on a passion for the natural world, but not accepting it as a given, but looking to understand the patterns and interactions that make it as amazing and fascinating as it is.

I chose to take my short-term fellowship from October 2010 to January 2011, which was at the beginning of the Wiko year. I feel this choice was vindicated in terms of integration into the 2010/11 Wiko cohort. A combination of several welcoming social events and intensive German classes made this task relatively easy, and I believe a good deal simpler than it may have been had I arrived later in the year. Additionally, the spring and early-summer months are typically a very busy time for me in my work, as this is when I collect my main study organisms, bumblebees. Although this is a hectic period in the year for me, I was glad that I was able to make time for a final one-week visit to the Wiko at the start of May. I felt this week was instrumental in bringing the whole experience of the Wiko together, and this visit confirmed all of the positive aspects of the Wiko. Once again, the Wiko and its staff were welcoming, interactions were frequent, discussions were omnipresent yet relaxed, and to complete the experience my breakfasts were serenaded by the melodic tones of a nightingale in the Wiko garden.

In conclusion, I will remember my time at the Wiko with great fondness. Immersion in the diverse and high-calibre academic environment was a truly rewarding experience. Interactions, both professional and personal, have left their mark on me, and I believe

that they will shape my thoughts and the directions that I take in the years to come. As described before, my own work on the evolutionary ecology of host-parasite interactions focuses on the importance of the environment within which the interactions take place. However, it is clear that the impact of the environment extends beyond this sphere and is a major player in numerous facets of the world we live in. With this in mind, the environment of the Wiko certainly had an impact and an overwhelmingly positive one at that.



## THE WONDER DAYS IN BERLIN VIKRAM SAMPATH

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It was my first-ever visit to Germany and I reached Berlin with all my scepticism in tow! It was in the late afternoon of Friday, October 1, 2010, when I first stepped into the Wissenschaftskolleg. This place was to be home for the next three months and the uncertainty of what lay ahead was palpably exciting! All new Fellows were given the most courteous of welcomes by the Reception staff, and Vera Schulze-Seeger became my first

friend in Berlin. In the three months that I stayed there, I often wondered how the staff of Wiko and Vera in particular managed to remain so cheerful. Or was it a camouflage, I asked myself. I was to stay at the main building of Wiko and Vera led me to my sparklingly clean room – W4, explaining everything from how to use the kitchen to how to operate the strange keys to that room and the rest. In no time, the IT staff was in my room and I was connected to the World Wide Web. A long journey from India and change of time zones had exhausted me totally. The friendliness of the staff had assuaged some of my fears and doubts and I was lulled to sleep in the security and comfort of my cosy room. I woke up late that evening expecting the same staff to be downstairs, with more smiles and more words of cheer. But to my dismay I realized that I was literally home alone in that huge European bungalow! It was Friday night and everyone had left for the weekend. Probably none of the other Fellows who were to stay in the main building had checked in. “Hello! Anyone there?” My desperate pleas were met with an echoed silence and the eerie stillness of the place was tantalizing, to say the least! “How am I going to stay in this place for THREE long months? Did I make a wrong choice?” – all kinds of questions and self-doubts plagued me for the next two days that I stayed there all alone. So frustrated did I get by Sunday morning at the absence of human beings around me that I simply ordered a cab using the neatly typed out sheets of “Self-help” that the staff had piled up on our desk and asked the driver to take me to any place where I could see people! I am not sure what the hapless driver thought of me, but he drove me straight to Potsdamer Platz and some swanky malls there. The weight of three months was still heavily weighing me down.

But all of this changed in just a matter of a few hours on the first Monday in Wiko. The occasion was our German class and in retrospect I can say with great conviction that whether or not the “Deutsch” classes helped me learn the language and its intricate grammar, it certainly helped me bond friendships for life! We were given a random test in which I was clueless and made some “smart” guesses. Needless to say that put me at the bottom of the pile and we were all marched away to the Beginner’s class. Ondrej Kotas, our friendly German “Lehrer” was there, fully prepared with meticulous sheets through which he thought he would drill this language into our heads. We were the most diverse bunch of students in that class – each more eccentric than the other, but nonetheless filled with oodles of optimism about mastering the language. Nancy Hunt even had dreams of being able to read the German records in the Archives at the end of this three-week intensive course! She probably would have succeeded too if she attended two classes regularly,

in a row! Robert and Jacqueline were the most diligent of the lot while Bruce had tears in his eyes from his supposed discomfort with the new language even before the classes began. Behrooz, Julie, Thatcher, Janice, Iruka, Andy, Mike and me – and we had as much of an ethnically and linguistically diverse class as possible. And what was most creditable was that from day one, Ondrej managed to communicate with us completely in German, seldom resorting to any English usage. Language teaching and learning couldn't have been more fun than the wonderful manner in which he had structured his classes – I wished my teachers back in school, where I learnt close to four Indian languages, had half the skills that this man had! German is a complicated language and its grammar has a mind of its own. In those three weeks of really intensive classes, I am not sure if we got what it takes to make even simple conversation. This was proved beyond doubt when at the end of it all, we were asked to interview the staff members and then recount the whole process, drawing a pen picture of our interviewee – mind you, all in German! And beyond “Lieblingsobst”, “Gemüse” and “woher kommen Sie and wie heißen Sie?”, we hardly managed to come up with anything supremely intelligent! But then learning a new language with a group of people who were equally ignorant of it was thrilling. The credit for all of this would go solely to Ondrej, who is possibly the finest language teacher I will ever meet all my life. We had our weekend guided tours of Berlin, as part of the German class, which gave valuable insights into the history and culture of this beautiful city. Ondrej came up with a novel idea of letting us out into the city to learn the language by speaking to the people on the streets. It was a disaster, though! Unforgettable would be our experience in the Kreuzberg market where we were divided into teams of 3–4 and were given a questionnaire with some clues, whose answers we had to get from passers-by and then finally meet at a café. While many gave up midway and sat cosily in the café, Iruka, Mike and I decided to leg it out! Atrocious questions and meaningless replies did help us get completely lost and we were the last group to get back to the café! But yet again, we gave it our best shot and that helped keep our conscience clean, if not the spoken German! Towards the end of the German classes, a bunch of enthusiasts got together on Tuesday evenings at the Villa Jaffé for our own self-motivated drill sessions to brush up our German. I must admit, we didn't get too far, but nonetheless, we gave it our very best try and that is all that matters.

The German classes and the boat ride in the very first week helped forge and cement friendships among the Fellows. The manner in which Wiko helps relationships to grow on you slowly and not rush through anything was commendable. Within just a week and

after that bad start of feeling marooned in a haunted house, I began to feel that I had been here and known these people for ages now.

The end of the German class ushered in another vital ritual in the calendar of Wiko – the Tuesday colloquia. These were possibly the best part of my Berlin sojourn, as it just takes an hour of a lecture and a following hour of intense discussion to get the gist of possibly hundreds of books on the subject! And to hear it all, straight from the experts on the subjects, is another plus. Admittedly, not all the talks were interesting to me nor did all of them make too much sense. In time-honoured tradition, the humanities scholars were outshone by the biologists who managed to reach out to the lowest common denominator (read: me!) more effortlessly than the former, with no assumptions of prior knowledge of their hallowed disciplines. The colloquia gave rise to different genres in themselves – of the speakers, of the introducers and the audience. There were those who sat and spoke, some who stood with a lectern in front, almost like a church sermon, a few read out their speeches monotonously while others were extemporaneous and brilliant, some made fancy PowerPoint presentations while others let us all imagine what they were trying to convey. The diversity of topics apart, the diverse methods of presentation and what works well for a particular subject would make an interesting case study in itself. While Newton might have found the answer to why the apple fell, the answer to why the biologists fare better at Wiko colloquia and why most of the humanities scholars speak to their audiences from the ethereal confines of heaven would perhaps never be clear. The irritating aspect though was that the introducer's speech would sometimes exceed the main speaker's and eat into valuable time. There were occasions when the Fellow introducing the speaker of the day would happily forget that it was someone else he had to speak about and merrily harangue us in a lengthy monologue about his own work in and contributions to the subject of the day, even as the dumbfounded speaker would grin sheepishly, with his or her eyes beseeching for mercy!

The questions and answers that followed were more intense and engaging. It was bewildering for me to notice how there were some people who always managed to have some question about everything! Here too, the specialized genre that this became had variants. There were some who explained to the speaker what the topic was and thereby showed off their own expertise, a few others mumbled confused queries and tried to trap the speaker, some others refuted all that was said. But by and large, unlike previous years I am told, our colloquia's Q&A sessions remained largely civil and orderly. No one went into fistfights about any topic or its interpretations by the speaker. The discussions would

spill over into lunch, too, and I noticed that a couple of Fellows made it a point to sit at the same table as the speaker so that the session could continue and the poor person could be deprived of the meal!

Speaking of lunches and dinners – these were undoubtedly the high point of Wiko. The discussions at the table were always intense and on such a varied list of topics that I could possibly write a book just on these! Some discussions were animated; some a lot of fun, a few others were heated up by an intense argument – but when all is said and done these were important occasions to reconnect with everyone in the batch every day. Lunches would end up being so sumptuous and filling that it would necessitate a couple of cups of coffee post-lunch to stay awake and get back to work! A word about Wiko's coffee machines, too – they all had a mind of their own too and in the first few weeks it was a familiar sight to see a group of Fellows crowding around these machines trying to figure out which button to press! Some of us loved to address them in the feminine gender, given their extreme sensitivity and unpredictable behaviour! They were also valuable aids in our learning German, as most of us remained totally clueless as to what was brewing!

What really amazed me was the personal care that the kitchen staff always gave to each one of us, to our eating quirks and preferences. I, for instance, always had my friend in the kitchen staff, Katharzyna, who would pander to the special food needs of my vegetarian diet. She was almost always supremely concerned that I might suffer from protein malnutrition and hence gave me extra helpings of all the possible delicacies that I could eat – much to the amusement of other Fellows! I am sure my colleagues in the batch would agree that we have seldom had this kind of personalized pampering ever – not since the times our mothers forced things down our throats!

In the very first month there was a reception for the Fellows where we announced what we had contemplated working on during our stay at Wiko. That session led to another surprise. Everyone came up with two projects – one titled “Official” and the other “Secret” – though I don't know how they would continue to remain a secret when announced in public this way! I had just one official project and tried to remain loyally wedded to it all through, since I was unfortunate enough to be in Wiko for just three months. I had planned to study the early gramophone recordings of Indian music. Though most of the recordings were made in the early decades of the 20<sup>th</sup> century in Indian cities like Calcutta, Madras or Bombay, they were manufactured in Hanover and other places in Germany. Hence I was sure that the Sound Archives in Europe would

have a valuable repository of these early recordings. I had laid out an elaborate project plan since it involved visiting several archives and meeting people. I must acknowledge the invaluable help from people like Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus and Katharina Biegger in helping me connect with several people in different cities of Europe for this. In the limited time that I had, I made multiple visits to several archives – the Berlin Phonogrammarchiv, the Vienna Phonogrammarchiv, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the British Library in London and the EMI Archive in London. Each of these was an enriching and very rewarding experience and planning them sitting in India would have been close to impossible. I must put on record my deepest appreciation for the efforts made by Andrea Bergmann and Corina Pertschi in getting me these multiple visas and residence permits to facilitate easy travel. Of course since it was the time of the year when the weather played truant and the snowfall grounded flights and brought airports to a halt, I had quite a few harrowing experiences when it came to travel back and forth from Berlin – including a terribly stressful 12-hour haul at Paris. But then the positive outcomes of these travels far outweighed the logistical difficulties.

The ready help that I got from many of these archives too was an eye-opener – things are a lot tougher for a researcher in India! People like Lars Christian Koch and Susanne Ziegler (Berlin), Christian Liebl (Vienna), Joanna and Jackie Bishop (EMI London) and Leena Mitford (British Library, London) are people to whom I owe so much, given the amount of material they helped me gather on my subject of research in such a short time. The Berlin Phonogrammarchiv was of course a place I frequented more often, as it was feasible to do so. During these visits to the Archive, I managed to hear several hundred 78-rpm recordings of Indian artists and laypeople that the recording companies had made. Dr. Ziegler would book a research room for me to be able to sit down and listen to these records, make notes and also peruse those heavy catalogues.

The outcomes of these travels were many. Of course I did get a lot of substantial material for a book I have been thinking of writing on the early women performers of this gramophone era. But there were other takeaways that I hadn't dreamt of when I started off. Reinhart mentioned to me a fascinating archive in Berlin called the Lautarchiv which houses the voices of laypeople, especially the prisoners of war of the First World War. He even organized a guided tour of the Archive and it was chilling to hear the voices of several Indian prisoners – voices that were more than 100 years old but etched permanently on the shellac. Along with this, hearing several Indian icons and leaders like Tagore was an added plus.

This visit to the Lautarchiv and to several other archives across Europe set me thinking deeply about how my country refuses to view the aural as a treasure that is worthy of preservation and documentation. A museum is always assumed to be one that houses visual artifacts and objects and the human voice is seldom given the importance that it richly deserves, in India. I sent a couple of proposals from Berlin to the Government of India and the Culture Ministry, which I had been dealing with for a while, on the urgent need to have a National Sound Archive for India that fills this gap. I also narrated to them my experience in Europe and how we, in India, could benefit immensely from this collaboration. Like most governments, they gave me a patient and enthusiastic hearing. It is a different matter that inertia in regard to anything tangible let them procrastinate for months thereafter, making me more impatient. Upon my return from Berlin I finally decided to set up this Archive as a private trust after receiving a very generous corporate grant, and in the next year or so I hope to have this fully operational. But the seeds of this were certainly sown in Wiko and in Berlin; and if the first-ever Sound Archive of India does take shape, it will have only Wiko to thank! I utilized my time in Berlin also to create a structure for this proposed Archive, considering what all it would combine along with the aural treasures and how it would disseminate this information even while maintaining essential checks and balances. Most of the archivists in the various phonogram archives I travelled to during this time have promised me their support and collaboration when I get this going. That is a huge reassurance!

Another takeaway for me came by way of my own colloquium at Wiko. Unfortunate Fellows like me who were short-term were allotted a Thursday evening, instead of the hallowed Tuesday morning session. And thus on a Thursday in November I decided to present my work so far and some of the interim findings to my colleagues there. I had worked hard on this for a few weeks, as I was also aware that Indian music and culture would be alien to several people in Wiko. Those weeks of preparation for the colloquium, the actual talk itself and the Q&A that followed helped open several windows of my mind. Up to this time, I had always written to and spoken to audiences that were at least vaguely familiar with what I was dealing with. But talking about it to a group of extremely intelligent people who however were not familiar with the subject was such a challenge. Simplification without dumbing things down was paramount. The talk and the session thereafter was intellectually so stimulating that it may have changed forever the way I will write on these topics. Along with this, my long discussions with my neighbour Reinhard Strohm, who shared my passions in music, were an eye-opener, as they

helped open a new world of Western classical music and opera to me. And the osmosis worked the other way too, I guess, so that we were referencing the other's classical music system from our own frames, yet learning and appreciating the diversity that existed in another equally great form. Consequently, every time I have got down to write something on music, I have begun to ensure that I am making myself clear to everybody, not necessarily just people who are scholars in the subject or simply familiar with it. And I owe this clarity of thought and the opportunity to restructure it to Wiko alone.

In the course of my short stint there, I realized, much to my joy, that like the other Fellows, I too had discovered some "Secret projects"! In fact this should come as no surprise. The solitude, the peace and the chance that Wiko gives for introspection would propel any thinking mind into action. Those long, quiet walks in the Grunewald woods all by myself were a god-sent opportunity to implement a much-required deceleration in my life, my thoughts; to sit back, think and introspect. There were topics and subjects that I did not quite know I was interested in, and during these days of contemplation they seemed to interest me. But irrespective of what the topic was, the Library staff was always there to help and support. I was stunned beyond belief when books on topics ranging as far and wide from my original interest in gramophone recordings to the history of the revolutionaries of the Indian freedom struggle and the vexing problem of the Kashmiri Pandits, which had caught my fancy, would land so promptly within a matter of days of requesting them! The same desire in India would have meant such a lot of legwork and heartache. But for these "magicians" in the Library, nothing was difficult!

But it was not as if the stint at Wiko was all work and no play. The camaraderie extended beyond the realms of the projects. Kamran was the perennial host who loved to invite people home for lunches and dinners (where I would invariably end up as the official entertainment provider with my singing!) – not to forget his generous help in procuring for me Indian spices and masalas from the Turkish market and other places in Berlin. Alas, if only Indians and Pakistanis showed such character back home, the troubled Kashmir dispute would have become a thing of the past! In fact Kamran and Anne played such a vital role as representatives of the Fellows in ensuring that the batch remained a cohesive unit and we congregated on several occasions to celebrate this friendship. I was particularly moved when Kamran came up with such a brilliant idea to celebrate the Indian festival of lights, Diwali. The festival is one of the biggest in India and celebrated with great fanfare across the country. I had been feeling so melancholic and homesick on the day of Diwali because the thought of being away from all the lights,

fireworks and sweets back home was gnawing. But all this evanesced when during the Thursday dinner all the children presented sweets and candles to the Fellows and Kamran gave an elaborate speech on the mythological significance of the festival – something which probably even I had forgotten!

The three months at Berlin were a tad short to explore the beautiful historic city. But I guess I managed to do most of it and my partners in crime were people like Behrooz, Irufka, Kamran, Bahru and Tanja. Among us, we managed to see most of Berlin. The city during Christmas and the glorious snow was something ethereal and otherworldly!

Leaving Wiko was a nightmare – much more than the shock the first day gave. Three months slipped by so quickly and before I realized it “all my bags were packed, I was ready to go” and it was time to say goodbye. I was reminded of Richard Bach, who had said, “Don’t be dismayed at goodbyes, a farewell is necessary before you can meet again and meeting again, after moments or lifetimes, is certain for those who are friends.” The memories of the good time spent there, the quality work I managed to accomplish and the affection of the Fellows and staff compelled me to make another trip, just in time for the batch’s farewell. It was wonderful to relive all the memories of a time well spent. I was amazed to see people getting so emotional while bidding a farewell. In a short while we had all become almost like family and the fact that we wouldn’t be able to stop by during lunches and dinners and check out on what the other person was doing was quite unnerving. But the friendships forged at Wiko have been so deep as to last a lifetime for sure. Personally, Wiko has given me so much that I even find it difficult to articulate it and put it down in words. A home miles away from home that respects and facilitates intellectual activity would be any researcher’s dream and Wiko is just that and much more. Thank you Wiko for everything that you have done for me and I can’t but help fantasize about a time when I could return as a long-term Fellow!



DIE WOLGA ENTSPRINGT NICHT  
IM GRUNEWALD, ABER ...  
KARL SCHLÖGEL

Karl Schlögel ist Professor für Osteuropäische Geschichte an der Europa-Universität Viadrina in Frankfurt an der Oder und Publizist. Er ist 1948 in Hawangen im Allgäu geboren, besuchte das Humanistische Gymnasium in Ottobeuren und Scheyern, studierte nach dem Zivildienst an der Freien Universität, später auch in Moskau und Leningrad. Früh zog es ihn in die Länder jenseits des Eisernen Vorhangs. Seine Forschung und seine Publikationen kreisen um die Städte und geschichtlichen Landschaften des östlichen und mittleren Europa, die er vor allem dem deutschen Leser wieder nahezubringen sucht. Ihn interessieren dramatische historische Konstellationen: Petersburg als Laboratorium der Moderne, Berlin als Ort des russischen Exils, Moskau als Schauplatz des Großen Terrors. Das Schiff Alexander von Humboldts erscheint ihm als das ideale Vehikel, auf dem Welterkundung und Reflexion zusammengebracht werden können. Die historiografische Arbeit hat ihn dazu gebracht, sich theoretisch intensiv mit den Bauformen des historischen Erzählens zu beschäftigen. Zunächst soll aber wieder die Probe am praktischen Exempel gemacht werden: wie erzählt man eine Raumgeschichte, in diesem Fall: die Geschichte der Wolga. – Adresse: Kulturwissenschaftliche Fakultät, Europa-Universität Viadrina, Große Scharrnstraße 59, 15230 Frankfurt (Oder).  
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Ein Jahr, fast ein ganzes Jahr konzentriert, unabgelenkt arbeiten zu können ist ein großes Geschenk, besonders dann, wenn man diese Zeit an einem Ort wie dem Wissenschaftskolleg verbringen darf. Das war mir sehr bewusst, und ich habe mich darauf vorbereitet wie auf eine lange Reise. Man versucht, sein Haus wohl bestellt zurückzulassen – die

Heimatinstitution soll nicht leiden, sondern weiter gedeihen –, man baut systematisch die Termine zurück – die Beiratssitzungen, die Tagungen der Jurys, denen man sich nicht entziehen kann oder denen man treu bleiben will –, man schränkt schon lange bevor man das Büro in der Wallotstraße bezieht die Vortragsverpflichtungen für das laufende Jahr ein. Kurz: man macht sich leicht für die Reise, wirft unnötigen Ballast ab, um bereit zu sein. Das ist nicht so einfach, wie es klingt. Ganz kann man die Verbindungen nicht kapern. Man bleibt Teil dieser Welt, des Wettbewerbs, in dem längere Absenzen und ausbleibende Wortmeldungen durchaus vermerkt werden, man bleibt eingebunden in die seriösen Verpflichtungen und Verantwortlichkeiten, zu denen Besprechungen mit Kollegen, die Betreuung von Dissertationen, kurzum: die Pflege der wissenschaftlichen Kommunikation gehören. Wer für einen längeren Augenblick aus den Zugzwängen des Betriebs heraustritt, weiß, wie schwierig es ist. Aber man muss einen Weg finden, sich der Welle der permanent gewordenen Gutachteranforderungen, letter-of-recommendations-Bitten, Aufforderungen um Zeitschriftenbeiträge und verlockenden Einladungen zu entziehen. Nur wer den Kampf gegen diese über einen hinweggehende Wanderdüne täglich auflaufender Nachrichten und Anforderungen besteht, hat etwas von der gewonnenen Zeit, diesem kostbarsten Gut unserer Tage. Und obwohl mir dies wohl bewusst war, hat es noch die ersten zwei, drei Monate gekostet, bis ich vollends auf die Hauptumlaufbahn eingeschwenkt war.

Bei mir kommt ein Zweites hinzu. Das Projekt „Wolga – eine russländische Geschichte“ reicht weit zurück, wie alles, an dem man hängt und an das es sich zu verausgaben lohnt. Es gab seit dem Konstanzer Wolga-Seminar im Sommer 1992 schon den Umriss des Vorhabens, eine über die Jahre gewachsene Wolga-Bibliothek, auf die ich sehr stolz bin; aber nun war der Punkt gekommen: *Hic Rhodus, hic salta!* Endlich wurde es ernst, endlich konnte es losgehen. Aber ein Moment fehlte, da ich von Eindrücken, von starken Eindrücken abhänge, ich den Ort gesehen und im Raum mich bewegt haben muss. Ich kam im Oktober 2010 gleichsam auf direktem Weg von der Quelle der Wolga und deren Oberlauf, die ich per Bus und Autostop im September erwandert hatte, in die Wallotstraße. Ich brauchte den Eindruck, den Blick auf das Jetzt, auf die Städte und Wälder, um starten zu können. Ich brauche den starken Eindruck, um mich in Form und in Fahrt zu bringen. Aber ich hatte nicht vor, eine Reportage über die Wolga zu schreiben, sondern ein Buch, das es mit diesem Strom in seiner ganzen räumlichen Erstreckung, in seiner ganzen Geschichte, die die Geschichte Russlands ist, aufnahm. Ich verzichtete auf eine einjährige Reise entlang der Wolga, die ja auch möglich gewesen wäre, zugun-

ten einer Reise an die Wolga, die im Kopf stattfand, die in die Jahrhunderte hinabführte, von einer Disziplin in die andere hinüberwechselte, also: aufs Ganze ging. Eine Reise im Kopf lässt sich aber nirgends so gut absolvieren wie am Wissenschaftskolleg im Grünewald.

Es begann mit der Aufstellung der Bibliothek in meinem Zimmer. Ich hatte vom Schreibtisch aus einen Blick auf den Park gegenüber der Weißen Villa. Die Technik war perfekt – für einen in diesen Dingen etwas unterdurchschnittlich Begabten –, fast zu perfekt (wie bedient man den Anrufbeantworter), das Mobiliar zweckmäßig und bequem, die Regale vor allem geräumig, sodass man alles bequem unterbringen konnte. Sage niemand, hier handle es sich um Kleinigkeiten. Wenn es möglich ist, von heute auf morgen seinen Arbeitsplatz neu einzurichten, ohne Zeit- und Reibungsverlust zu starten, die Übersicht über die sich immer mehr differenzierenden Abteilungen der eigenen Produktion zu bewahren, dann ist das eine elementare Bedingung für das Gelingen eines Vorhabens. Sehr schnell bekommt man mit, dass der legendäre Bibliotheksdienst wirklich so legendär ist, wie es immer schon hieß. Auf halber Strecke kommt man zu der Einsicht, um wie vieles man besser arbeiten und sein könnte, wenn man immer mit einem solchen Bibliotheksdienst zusammenarbeiten könnte. Auch das ist eine wohltuende Erfahrung für mich: als late-comer in mancher Hinsicht – Nutzung des Internet, der modernen Medien, Präsentationen – kann man im Wiko noch dazulernen, ohne zum Ge-spött der Fortgeschritteneren zu werden.

Was ist bei diesem ziemlich methodischen Herangehen herausgekommen? Was die Hauptsache angeht – das Wolga-Buch –, so habe ich die Literaturrecherche, die Lektüre, den Entwurf der Kapitel und die Komposition weitgehend fertig. Darüber empfinde ich eine große Genugtuung, mehr noch: darüber bin ich sehr glücklich. Mein ganzes Sinnen und Trachten geht nun darauf, auch die zweite Phase – das Schreiben der Kapitel – in einer vergleichsweise intensiven und konzentrierten Weise angehen zu können, was bei laufendem Betrieb an der Universität nicht leicht werden wird. Die großen Erlebnisse, die man braucht, um mit einem Großgegenstand wie der Wolga „fertigzuwerden“, waren die Entdeckungen, die einen elektrisierten, inspirierten, in Bewegung versetzten, kurzum: jene Entdeckungen, von denen man sich tragen lassen kann und die einem die Zuversicht geben, dass sich schon alles fügen wird. Das mögen einzelne Gegenstände sein – die Brücke von Syzran –, phantastische Monografien aus dem 19. und frühen 20. Jahrhundert – über die Geschichte des Schiffbaus an der Wolga –, Funde, die einen wie ein Blitz treffen – der Bericht über die Reise Nikolaus' II. 1913 auf der Wolga –, die Ent-

deckung einer bestimmten Konstellation – die Allrussische Industrie- und Kunstausstellung 1896 in Nižnij Novgorod – und viele andere, in denen sich das Ganze dann auch zwanglos „wie von selbst“ fügen wird. Es gehört zu den glücklichsten Erfahrungen, die man machen kann: dass die Dinge wie von selbst zur Evidenz kommen. So war es auch diesmal, und ich hoffe, dass auch die letzten Probleme – wiederum solche des Narratifs – sich „von selbst“ ergeben werden.

Jeder weiß von sich, wie er gebaut ist und wo seine Stärken und Schwächen sind. Ich fahre am besten mit der Kombination verschiedener Tempi und unterschiedlicher Strecken. Wenn man nur Langstrecken läuft – ein Buch, das Jahre braucht –, kann man schnell müde werden. Die kurze Strecke und der Sprint – das kleinere Format also – verschafft einem Erfolgserlebnisse, die einen beflügeln, auch die größeren Strecken zu bewältigen. Die Mittelstrecke erfordert wiederum eine andere Kräfteökonomie. Der Wechsel zwischen den Tempi, Gangarten, Strecken hat sich für mich bewährt, und ich habe es auch in diesem Jahr so gehalten. Neben dem Wolgabuch – der „Langstrecke“ – habe ich die Edition des Sammelbandes *Mastering Russian Spaces: Raum und Raumbewältigung als Probleme russischer Geschichte* abgeschlossen. Ich habe eine erweiterte Fassung meines Buches von 1984 *Moskau lesen* druckreif gemacht und die Übersetzungen einiger meiner Bücher begleitet. Ich habe den Kommentar für die Edition eines Sammelbandes von Diskussionsbeiträgen russischer Juden im Berlin der 20er Jahre zum Thema *Die russische Revolution und die russischen Juden* im Rahmen eines größeren Forschungsprojektes weitgehend abschließen können. Für eine Reihe von Ausstellungen habe ich Katalogbeiträge beigesteuert. Auch die narratologischen Probleme der Historiografie haben mich weiter intensiv beschäftigt und zu ersten Formulierungen veranlasst. Wenn ich mir wenige Abstecher aus dem Grunewald erlaubt habe – zu Buchvorstellungen in Amsterdam, Den Haag, Berlin, Frankfurt am Main –, zu wenigen Vorträgen – in Zürich, an die American Academy in Berlin –, dann nicht zuletzt deshalb, weil sie „auf dem Weg“ lagen und mir Gelegenheit boten, Dinge zur Sprache zu bringen, die „in der Mache“ waren.

Alles bisher Gesagte könnte den Eindruck nahelegen, dass ich das Wiko eher als Kloster aufgefasst hätte und die Gemeinschaft der Fellows eher als etwas, gegen das man sich behaupten müsste, und nicht so sehr als Quelle der Anregung und des disziplinübergreifenden Gesprächs. So ist es nicht. Eher umgekehrt: ich habe mich gewundert, wie am Ende die etwa 40 erwachsenen Leute, die alle bis dahin ihre eigenen Leben gelebt haben und sich bis dahin (in den meisten Fällen) nicht kannten, sich nicht nur zusammengefunden haben, sondern – wie es die Darbietungen auf der Farewell-Party bewiesen – Talente

ins Spiel brachten, von denen man nichts ahnen konnte. Eigentlich macht man die Bekanntschaft von so vielen fremden Leuten nur einmal im Leben – in der Jugend- und Studentenzeit. Vielleicht kann man die Erfahrung so zusammenfassen.

Ich war und bin von Hause aus skeptisch gegenüber dem ortlosen, globalen Diskurs, aber das Gespräch – institutionalisiert im Dienstagskolloquium, formal-informell bei den Mittagessen und im *social life* in der Villa Walther und der Villa Jaffé – hat mich doch widerlegt. Es gibt Verständigungsweisen, eine Sprache, die wir alle verstehen und an die wir uns halten können. Das ist für mich nicht selbstverständlich und stimmt mich zuversichtlich.

Die Kolloquien haben, fand ich, eine eigene Dynamik entwickelt, die Spannung blieb bis zum Ende. Es gab keine Ermüdungsscheinungen, wie das so oft bei Pflichtveranstaltungen der Fall zu sein pflegt. Das spricht dafür, dass dort etwas passiert ist: die Etablierung eines ebenso animierten wie verbindlichen Gesprächs. Der wichtigste Hauptausdruck dafür war für mich die Vorstellung von Fellows durch Fellows, wozu ich mich gesondert geäußert habe: in einem Loblied auf die Generierung einer bewundernswürdigen hohen und gediegenen Kultur des Vorstellens und des Zwiegesprächs, die ich bis dahin nicht kannte. Für mich brachte fast jeder Vortrag die bestürzende und inspirierende Erfahrung mit sich: die Welt ist so groß und ich weiß kaum etwas von ihr. Ich könnte dafür viele Beispiele anführen.

Ich glaube, dass es keinen besseren Weg gibt, ins Gespräch zu kommen und zu bleiben, als die Kolloquien und die gemeinsamen Mittagessen, auch wenn ich gestehe, dass es gut ist, einen Tag wie den Donnerstag zu haben, wo man „am Stück“ am Schreibtisch bleiben konnte.

Es haben sich unabsichtlich und „wie von selbst“ Knoten und Netzwerke gebildet von Leuten, die an bestimmten Themen interessiert waren. Es war für mich besonders wichtig zu sehen, dass die Probleme von „facts and fiction“, das neue Nachdenken über die Materialität der Welt, besonders aber das Problem der Erzählbarkeit der Welt auch für andere so dringlich geworden ist und keineswegs nur eine persönliche Marotte oder Obsession darstellt.

Mit den Fellows kommt die Welt nach Berlin, in diesem Jahr war das vor allem die Revolte in der arabischen Welt, sie brach ein, sie war neben dem Finanzcrash vielleicht das überwältigende und durchschlagende Ereignis unseres akademischen Jahres. Ich muss gestehen, dass ich nach den Vorträgen zu den riesigen Problemen, mit denen viele Länder des afrikanischen Kontinents konfrontiert sind, angefangen habe, ganz neu

– und zuversichtlich – über Afrika nachzudenken. Ich hätte gerne noch mehr von den besonders Kundigen erfahren, aber man möchte die Fellows, die von dort kommen und sich entsprechend gut auskennen, eben nicht nur unter diesem Gesichtspunkt „ausbeuten“ und ausfragen.

Für mich war interessant zu beobachten, wie erfahrene und weltgewandte Menschen wie die Fellows des Wissenschaftskollegs auf Berlin, auf die Stadt, in der ich nun schon über 40 Jahre lebe, sehen und ob sich daraus etwas ableiten lässt, jenseits von Berlin-Hype und Berliner Miesmacherei. Und ich glaube, es ist etwas im Gang, etwas Neues, jenseits von 20er-Jahre-Beschwörung und provinziellen Metropolenphantasien. In Berlin, dieser Stadt, die im 20. Jahrhundert aus der Bahn der großen Metropolen herausgetragen worden ist, findet ein Akkumulationsprozess statt, in dem die Stadt sich wieder in Form bringt, und das Wiko – „Wiko“ ist auch eine Chiffre, ein Markenzeichen im globalen Jargon geworden – ist gewiss einer seiner Generatoren oder Kristallisierungspunkte. Wahrscheinlich könnte man bestimmte Akkumulationsperioden ausmachen, in denen sich die Stadt und das Kolleg mit neuen Elementen angereichert und aufgeladen hat: mit den Heimkehrern, die aus der Stadt vertrieben worden waren; mit den mittel- und ost-europäischen Intellektuellen, die endlich wieder reisen konnten – das muss eine spätere Geschichte des Wissenschaftskollegs erzählen. In diesem Jahr waren es gewiss die Ausläufer der tektonischen Erschütterungen in der arabischen Welt und der weltweiten Finanzkrise, die im Kolleg ihre Spur hinterlassen werden. Ich bin sicher, dass die Standards und der Stil, die im Wissenschaftskolleg etabliert worden sind, für alle ein großer Ansporn bleiben werden. In diesem Sinne gibt es, so glaube ich, keine Rückkehr zu einem *status quo ante*.

Nun ist das Jahr vorbei. Ich sehe vor meinem Auge, wie die Fellows, von denen ich gewiss viele wiedersehen werde, nach langen Flügen erschöpft aus ihren Flugzeugen steigen, die Hitze auf dem Flugfeld von Beirut und Addis Ababa, das Gewusel von O'Hare in Chicago, oder in Charles de Gaulle in Paris. Jetzt sind wir wieder zurück – nach einer langen Reise, die uns der Welt näher gebracht hat.

## Für die Statistik des Wiko: die Liste meiner Arbeiten

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- Terreur en Droom. Moskou 1937.* Amsterdam: Atlas, 2011.
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- Moskau lesen. Verwandlungen einer Metropole.* München: Hanser, 2011.
- Archipelago Europa.* Milano: Mondadori, 2011.
- Mastering Russian Spaces. Raum und Raumbewältigung als Probleme der russischen Geschichte,* herausgegeben von Karl Schlögel. München: Oldenbourg, 2011.
- „Blicke ostwärts – Rede zur Verleihung des Bohumil-Linde-Preises in Göttingen.“ In *Blicke Ost – Blicke West.* Göttingen: Wallstein Verlag, 2010, 15–22.
- „Mastering Imperial Spaces in the Age of Engineers.“ In *Comparing Empires. Encounters and Transfers in the Long Nineteenth Century,* herausgegeben von Jörg Leonhard und Ulrike von Hirschhausen, 137–144. Göttingen: 2011.
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BERLINER RHYTHMEN  
JEAN-CLAUDE SCHMITT

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*Observer les rythmes collectifs, c'est se conformer à l'ordre du monde (...) vivre conformément à la nature, c'est-à-dire à la nature rythmée par la coutume, avec des alternances de temps faibles et de temps forts, de travaux quotidiens et de fêtes. (...) Le respect des rythmes est un des impératifs fondamentaux d'une éthique de la conformité qui s'enracine dans la croyance et qui la fonde.*

Pierre Bourdieu, *Esquisse d'une théorie de la pratique* (1972)

Le 3 octobre 2011, deux jours après notre arrivée à Berlin, l'Allemagne célébrait le vingt-et-unième anniversaire de sa réunification. La capitale fédérale s'était parée des couleurs de la fête, la foule était dense aux abords de la Porte de Brandenburg et de la Potsdamer Platz, les représentations des Länder sur les Ministergärten avaient ouvert leurs portes, permettant à la foule, à laquelle nous nous étions mêlés, de survoler du regard l'ensemble imposant de l'*Holocaust-Denkmal*. Vu d'en haut, l'alignement orthogonal des 2711 stèles semble se mouvoir comme des vagues de pierre. L'accord finement calculé des variations du niveau du sol et de la hauteur des stèles donne l'illusion d'une ondulation se propagant d'un côté à l'autre du large quadrilatère. Quand on se glisse au ras du sol entre les pierres dressées, le regard ne parvient que rarement à dépasser leur sommet : la pétrification écrasante de la mémoire égare et oppresse l'individu qui s'aventure en solitaire dans ce dédale. Quand il domine au contraire le monument tout entier, le recul et l'élévation le mettent à distance, le libèrent de son oppression et permettent de prendre la mesure du temps de l'histoire dont le mémorial témoigne de manière dramatique.

Quand ma femme, Pauline Schmitt Pantel, était elle-même fellow du Wissenschaftskolleg il y a quinze ans, ce monument en forme de mise en garde (*Denkmal* ou *Mahnmal* ?) n'existant pas encore, pas plus que les Ministergärten, la Leipziger Platz ou les architectures disparates de la Potsdamer Platz. La zone tout entier n'était que trous boueux et grosses tuyauteries colorées enjambant l'unique passage sinueux d'ouest en est. Mais autant le quartier était encore désolé et vide, autant la polémique sur le projet de monument de la Shoah faisait rage. Ses partisans l'ont finalement emporté et le *Mahnmal* vit le jour en 2005.

La photographie que j'en ai prise depuis la terrasse d'un des ministères le 3 octobre 2011 m'a accompagné pendant toute mon année au Wissenschaftskolleg. Je ne trouvais aucune autre image s'accordant aussi bien à mon projet scientifique de l'année : écrire une histoire des rythmes.



Mémorial aux victimes de l'Holocauste

Des vagues de pierre en plein Berlin ! Elles me firent penser d'abord aux vagues de la mer, qui déjà, dans la Grèce ancienne, étaient la métaphore favorite des philosophes s'interrogeant sur la notion poétique et musicale de *rhythmos*. Puis le monument m'évoqua une mélodie sans fin, muette et pourtant rythmée comme le chant funèbre, ou les touches d'un piano qui s'enfonceraient sous la pression d'un grand doigt invisible parcourant ces immenses claviers de pierre. Le *Mahnmal* s'impose surtout, me semble-t-il, comme l'image mouvante de la mémoire, car il a pour fonction de conjurer l'oubli : comme ces alignements de pierres inégales, la mémoire individuelle et collective va et vient, s'estompe et reprend du relief, est refoulée et fait retour. Ce monument évoque la volonté d'un peuple résolu à ne pas se soustraire à son « devoir de mémoire », au souvenir du passé et du Mal absolu qui a été décidé et en partie commis ici même. Mais à Berlin, les couches de souvenirs sont si denses, si proches les unes des autres, qu'on peine à les distinguer : le

*Mahnmal* étend ses étranges menhirs à l'endroit même où passait le Mur et où les dates – comme l'embarrassant 9 novembre – se mêlent inextricablement.

Les rythmes de Berlin sont bien présents dans l'écriture, à ses débuts, de mon livre sur l'histoire des rythmes au Moyen Âge. Contraste des époques et des lieux, mais similitude du questionnement sur les rythmes de la commémoration ou les rythmes de la vie de tous les jours. Berlin vit à un rythme lent. La ville prend son temps dans ses vêtements trop larges, hérités d'une autre époque. Les rues sont vastes et parfois presque désertes, la circulation fluide, les bus toujours à l'heure. Rien à voir avec la densité, l'agitation et les embouteillages des rues parisiennes dont je suis familier. Les rythmes vécus du Wissenschaftskolleg ont eux aussi retenu toute mon attention : les longues journées vouées exclusivement à l'écriture et à la lecture, le *Mittagessen* commun des jours ordinaires, le rituel hebdomadaire du *Dienstagskolloquium*, la nappe blanche des jeudis soirs, les soirées musicales, le tout au rythme de la nature toute proche : l'engourdissement dans la neige de décembre, le retour tant attendu de la lumière du jour au printemps, l'exubérance végétale des tout derniers mois. Il m'est arrivé secrètement de comparer la vie des fellows à celle des moines et des nonnes astreints, par la *Règle de Saint Benoît*, à l'alternance de la prière et du travail manuel (*ora et labora*) ...

Je ne sais ce que mon livre serait devenu sans mon séjour au Wissenschaftskolleg. Avant tout je voudrais dire ma gratitude aux bibliothécaires, qui mettent leur point d'honneur à trouver tous les ouvrages qu'on leur demande, même les plus rares, où qu'ils se trouvent. Je ne connais rien d'équivalent, dans aucune bibliothèque ! Comme chacun, j'ai aussi bénéficié des rencontres personnelles que permet le Wissenschaftskolleg : les plus imprévues sont les plus utiles pour faire jaillir une idée nouvelle ou clarifier un raisonnement encore obscur, parfois à partir d'un simple mot cueilli au vol dans une conversation. Les possibilités inépuisables de lecture offertes par le service de la bibliothèque, le temps enfin libéré pour penser et écrire, le bénéfice des rencontres fortuites sont les trois secrets de cette année féconde. Mais l'écriture d'un livre a elle aussi son rythme, elle connaît l'alternance de temps forts et de temps faibles (et même de temps morts !). Par deux fois cette année, mon projet a connu une accélération soudaine et imprévue. Au début de l'année, à la faveur d'un apéritif du jeudi soir, j'ai découvert l'existence du livre tout récent d'une historienne berlinoise, Janina Wellmann : *Die Form des Werdens. Eine Kulturgeschichte der Embryologie 1760–1830* (2010). Bien qu'il ne concerne pas l'époque médiévale, il m'a fait comprendre quelque chose d'essentiel à mon propos : à partir du XIXe siècle et plus encore au XXe siècle, la notion de rythme s'affranchit des limites

sémantiques qui étaient les siennes depuis l'Antiquité et tout au long du Moyen Âge ; on commence à cette époque à ne plus parler principalement *du* rythme de la poésie, de la musique et de la danse, mais *des* rythmes du cœur, de la respiration, du sommeil, de la nature, du travail, des communications, des loisirs, de l'école, en un mot des « rythmes sociaux », tels que je les étudie en transférant cette notion à l'époque médiévale où le mot *rhythmus* n'avait qu'un sens restreint. D'un coup, je compris que ma démarche devait être régressive : je devais partir de l'invention contemporaine de la notion élargie de rythme (chez les philosophes, les sociologues – de Durkheim, Mauss, Simmel à Bourdieu cité ici en exergue –, les anthropologues – Evans-Pritchard, par exemple –, les artistes – Klee, Delaunay, Mondrian –) et de la transformation radicale des rythmes de la société industrielle et de la nouvelle culture démocratique, pour éclairer rétrospectivement et justifier l'usage que je fais de cette notion dans mon étude de la société médiévale. Je me suis donc mis à lire avidement tous les ouvrages que je pouvais trouver sur les rythmes aux XIXe et XXe siècles et sur la réflexion contemporaine sur les rythmes, en me passionnant par exemple pour Walter Benjamin traducteur et commentateur de Charles Baudelaire, ou encore pour la réflexion de Pierre Boulez sur les rythmes musicaux dans la peinture de Paul Klee. Au mois de décembre, le *Dienstagskolloquium* m'a permis de présenter une première esquisse.

Le deuxième temps fort est intervenu vers la fin de l'année. Au début du mois de juin, une invitation de l'Université de Fribourg (Suisse) m'obligea à condenser en une semaine – 36 heures de séminaire exactement – toutes mes recherches sur les rythmes médiévaux. Le rythme hebdomadaire qui m'était opportunément imposé ne tarda pas à se muer en avantage : il me sembla alors que les jours de la semaine convenaient idéalement au plan du livre que je m'efforçais de trouver. Ce rythme n'était-il pas, après tout, celui de la Création dans la Genèse ? J'avais déjà la matière de la première journée, où il est question de la transformation accélérée des rythmes contemporains, depuis 1800 environ, et de l'invention concomitante de la notion élargie de « rythmes sociaux ». Le deuxième jour – la deuxième partie du livre – est consacré à la notion antique et médiévale de *rhythmus*, dans les trois domaines inextricablement liés de sa mise en œuvre : la langue (la poésie, la rhétorique, l'écriture, la lecture), la musique (avec la question du chant liturgique et de l'écriture musicale des neumes) et les images, notamment dans leurs fonctions ornementales (rythme des couleurs, décors géométriques ou végétaux) et classificatrices (séries et diagrammes). Le troisième jour est voué à l'immense domaine des rythmes cycliques et périodiques, ce que j'appelle le « temps en rond », qu'il s'agisse de l'alternance du jour et

de la nuit ou du retour des saisons, du calendrier agricole, de la liturgie et du comput, des heures canoniques et des offices ecclésiastiques, ou encore de pratiques sociales périodiques aussi variées que la saignée dans les monastères ou la perception des redevances seigneuriales ou des impôts. Au quatrième jour, il sera question de l'espace, car les rythmes ne sont pas qu'affaire de temps : le Moyen Âge a privilégié l'image de l'*homo viator*, dont la vie sur terre est tout entière un voyage, un pèlerinage. Le cheminement d'un lieu à l'autre construit simultanément l'espace où il se déroule et la personne qui l'effectue (le pèlerin, par exemple) ; la procession réalise, à une moindre échelle, le même modèle. Les voyages royaux ou impériaux (à l'occasion, par exemple, du couronnement impérial à Rome) permettent de mesurer très précisément le rythme des déplacements, leurs conditions matérielles et leurs aléas, comme les représentations de l'espace par les acteurs du voyage. Le cinquième jour invite à examiner encore une autre forme de rythme : non le temps en rond, non le jalonnement de l'espace, mais la scansion des récits, à commencer par l'*historia*, l'histoire universelle depuis la Création jusqu'à la Fin des Temps. Outre les Ecritures, les Pères de l'Eglise (Saint Augustin) et les auteurs médiévaux (Pierre le Mangeur, Pierre de Poitiers, Joachim de Fiore), est mobilisée une foule d'images et de diagrammes qui montrent comment l'époque a cherché à découper le temps qui passe, à l'échelle de l'histoire universelle comme à celle des chroniques locales (dans le cas, par exemple, de la Tapisserie de Bayeux). Le sixième jour, je m'intéresserai aux perturbations du rythme (arythmie : bégaiement, claudication), aux ruptures, à l'interruption des rythmes ordinaires par un événement soudain : la mort de l'individu, une catastrophe collective comme la Peste Noire, la révolte, la sanction de l'interdit ecclésiastique, qui suspend l'administration des sacrements et la sonnerie des cloches. De tels incidents sont parfois générateurs de nouveaux rythmes : passé son premier assaut, la peste s'installe et ses retours périodiques sont enregistrés par la mémoire collective ; autre exemple, celui du jubilé, inventé par le pape en 1300 : il ne devait être célébré que tous les cent ans, mais adopta immédiatement (et jusqu'à aujourd'hui) un rythme de vingt-cinq ans, en raison de son succès. Mais il n'est pas question de traiter à part ce qui, dans la vie sociale ou individuelle, apporte sa contradiction au rythme. Mon intention est plutôt d'installer la contradiction du rythme dans le rythme lui-même, d'insister sur ce qui met en déséquilibre sa régularité, de souligner avec Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari la fonction dynamique de ce qu'ils nomment la nature *critique* des rythmes, le déséquilibre « qui fait passer d'un milieu dans un autre ».

Dans la Genèse, il y a un septième jour, le jour du repos. Ce sera plutôt le moment de conclure en reprenant les questions fondamentales qui courent tout au long du livre et auxquelles il me faut répondre pour convaincre du bien-fondé d'une histoire des rythmes, de ce qu'elle apporte d'inédit à notre compréhension du passé.

*Champ et méthode* : le premier avantage de la question des rythmes est qu'elle est transversale et coextensive à l'ensemble des domaines de l'histoire, trop souvent éparpillés entre de multiples sous-disciplines : histoires de la littérature, de la musique, de la liturgie, de la médecine, des institutions, de l'art, etc. Il n'est pas indifférent de pouvoir mettre en relation tous ces aspects – textuels, musicaux, visuels – tels qu'ils s'observent *ensemble* dans la répétition et la variation des formes, des usages, des rituels. La question des rythmes satisfait en somme le désir de totalité de l'historien confronté à des documents qui non seulement renvoient à des « faits sociaux totaux », mais en sont eux-mêmes bien souvent par leur caractère d'objets multidimensionnels destinés à des usages sociaux complexes (comme on l'observe, par exemple, dans le cas d'un manuscrit liturgique enluminé).

*Définition et évolution* : dans la réflexion philosophique contemporaine comme déjà dans la rhétorique ancienne et médiévale, revient sans cesse la question des rapports entre le rythme et la mesure (*Takt* en allemand). On y voit trop souvent deux *formes* opposées. Je parlerais plutôt d'une relation dialectique, dont j'observe plus d'une fois le développement dans l'histoire : ainsi, au début du VIIIe siècle, Bède le Vénérable enregistre la disparition de la poésie métrique antique (*metrum*) au profit du *rhythmus* médiéval fondé sur l'accent et le nombre libre des syllabes. Au XIIIe siècle, en revanche, le plain chant grégorien et l'écriture neumatique cèdent la place à la polyphonie qui impose la mesure exacte des durées et des hauteurs de sons, enregistrées avec précision sur une partition. A la fin du Moyen Âge, pareillement, le temps abstrait et les heures égales des horloges mécaniques concurrencent les « heures canoniques » des offices, qui varient chaque jour en fonction de la durée du jour. Rien n'assure cependant que tous les domaines de la vie sociale, toutes les institutions sociales, connaissent la même évolution, et qu'ils évoluent au même rythme historique. Rien n'assure en particulier que les rythmes esthétiques ou sociaux aient connu, aux époques dont je parle, une « accélération » analogue à celle que Hartmut Rosa (2005) décèle dans la société européenne depuis 1760, sujette selon lui à une *Beschleunigung* généralisée et de plus en plus rapide des comportements et des techniques. Ce qu'on peut dire simplement, c'est que les rythmes changent *dans* l'histoire, sous l'effet de l'entrée en scène – et des conflits de tous ordres qu'elle suscite –, de nouveaux « acteurs rythmiques » : la ville (avec les formes nouvelles de l'organisation du travail, du com-

merce, de la circulation de l'argent), l'université (avec un tout autre rythme du travail intellectuel que dans les monastères), l'État (avec les rythmes du pouvoir, de la vie de cour, de la guerre, du prélèvement de l'impôt).

*Les fonctions des rythmes* : ce que révèlent tous les dossiers mobilisés au fil de l'enquête et qui est à mes yeux l'essentiel, c'est que les rythmes jouent un rôle clef dans la construction, la mise en ordre et la reproduction du social. Les rythmes conjurent le cahot social comme, en musique, la cacophonie. C'est pourquoi toute perturbation excessive du rythme est, autant que faire se peut, aussitôt corrigée, ramenée à un rythme connu ou transformée en un rythme nouveau. En régissant les usages ordinaires du temps et de l'espace, les rythmes ont une forte fonction d'individuation personnelle et collective, comme le montre déjà le texte fondateur auparavant cité de la *Règle de Saint Benoît*, et comme le confirment tout aussi bien les rituels ecclésiastiques, civiques ou princiers, les chants, les processions et la danse, l'organisation du travail et même la périodisation du temps de l'histoire universelle, la scansion des généalogies royales ou la mise en scène autobiographique. Mais, rappelons-le, aucune de ces constructions rythmiques ne se fait sans décalages, tensions ni conflits : dans la vie sociale comme dans un pas de danse, le rythme n'est pas un état stable, mais une tension, un effort permanent pour entrer ou rester dans le rythme.

A la fin du séjour berlinois, tout cela n'est encore que partiellement rédigé, mais grâce au Wissenschaftskolleg, la ligne directrice est tracée. J'ai bénéficié également de la possibilité de présenter l'avancement de mes recherches au séminaire d'histoire de l'art médiéval de la Freie Universität (Prof. Dr. Ulrike Heinrichs), au *Mediävisten-Kolloquium* de la Humboldt-Universität (Prof. Dr. Johannes Helmrath), au séminaire des Professeurs Gerd Melville et Uwe Israel de la TU Dresden, au département de germanistique de l'Université de Fribourg (Suisse), comme Wolfgang Stammel Gastprofessor (professeur invité) 2010–11, à l'invitation du Professeur Eckart Conrad Lutz.

Sous le titre « Das Mark des Mittelalters » (La moelle du Moyen Âge) j'ai écrit la préface d'un ouvrage à paraître sur les enseignes de pèlerinage (Hartmut Kühne et Lothar Lambacher éd.) ; un autre texte intitulé « Pour une histoire du visage » paraîtra en anglais dans *Voir les visages, faire les visages. Physiognomonie, Pathognomonie, Théorie de l'expression*, sous la direction de Dominic Olariu ; enfin, j'ai donné sous le titre « Mourir au Moyen Âge » une contribution au livre collectif *Fin de vie* dirigé par Maurice Godelier.

En relation parfois avec l'axe principal de mon projet, j'ai publié durant mon séjour au Wissenschaftskolleg les livres et articles suivants :

- Vie de Charles IV de Luxembourg.* Présentation, édition et traduction par Pierre Monnet et Jean-Claude Schmitt. Paris: Les Belles Lettres, 2010.
- La représentation de l'espace et l'espace des images au Moyen Âge.* Genève : Haute École d'Art et de Design, 2011.
- La Leyenda de la Santa Faz*, en collaboration avec Maria Gabriella Critelli, Marie-Thérèse Gousset, Marie-Hélène Tesnière. Salamanca: Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana & Ediciones de Arte y Bibliofilia S.A., 2010.
- « La procession d'un collège universitaire parisien (vers 1346–1349). » In *Medialität der Prozession. Performanz ritueller Bewegung in Texten und Bildern der Vormoderne / Médialité de la procession. Performance du mouvement rituel en textes et en images à l'époque pré-moderne*, sous la direction de et édité par Katja Gvozdeva, Hans Rudolf Velten, 127–140. Heidelberg : Univ.-Verl. Winter, 2011.
- « Schwelle. » In *Handbuch der politischen Ikonographie*, édité par Uwe Fleckner, Martin Warnke et Hendrik Ziegler, 341–349. Munich : C. H. Beck, 2011, vol. II.
- « Broder les rythmes. A propos de la Tapisserie de Bayeux. » *Intermédialités. Histoire et théorie des arts, des lettres et des techniques*. 16 (automne 2010) : 23–34 (= *rythmer / rhythmize*, sous la direction de Michael J. Cowan et Laurent Guido).



## ERZÄHLUNGEN IM NEBENFACH REINHARD STROHM

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Lehrtätigkeit 1975–83 und 1990–96 King's College, Universität London; 1983–90 Yale University. 1996–2007 Heather Professor of Music, Universität Oxford (emeritiert 2010). Seit 2008 auch tätig an der Universität Wien und der Österreichischen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Neuere Bücher: *The Rise of European Music, 1380–1500* (1993); *The Classicist Ideology: Music and Culture of the 17th and 18th Centuries* (mit Ruth HaCohen, 2006); *Dramma per Musica: Italian Opera Seria of the Eighteenth Century* (1997); *The Operas of Antonio Vivaldi* (2008). Kritische Editionen; Libretto-Übersetzungen; ca. 180 Aufsätze. Forschungsgebiete sind die Musikgeschichte des Mittelalters, der Renaissance und des 18. Jahrhunderts, die Geschichte der Oper und die Historiografie der Musikwissenschaft – Adresse: 19 Hunt Close, Bicester, OX26 6HX, UK.

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*„Denn die Menschen: das sind ihre Geschichten. Geschichten aber muß man erzählen. Das tun die Geisteswissenschaften: sie kompensieren Modernisierungsschäden, indem sie erzählen; und je mehr verschachtlicht wird, desto mehr – kompensatorisch – muß erzählt werden: sonst sterben die Menschen an narrativer Atrophie. [...] Je moderner die moderne Welt wird, desto unvermeidlicher werden die Geisteswissenschaften, nämlich als erzählende Wissenschaften.“* (Odo Marquard: „Über die Unvermeidlichkeit der Geisteswissenschaften.“ Vortrag vor der Westdeutschen Rektorenkonferenz. In: ders., *Apologie des Zufälligen: Philosophische Studien*. Stuttgart, 1986, S. 105 f.)

Vor ein paar Wochen erinnerte mich eine freundliche Wiko-Mitarbeiterin daran, dass ich einen Bericht über meinen Forschungsaufenthalt abliefern müsse, und das sollte ich vielleicht schon bald machen, da ich mich jetzt noch besser an meine vier Monate in Berlin erinnern würde. Ich war gleich sehr einverstanden und schrieb einen Bericht über das Forschungsvorhaben *Oper-Nostalgie-Klassizismus: Die italienische Oper des 18. Jahrhunderts in Mittel- und Norddeutschland und die während der Fellowship am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin (2010–11) durchgeführten Forschungen*.

Diese Erzählung war knochentrocken; die Information war knapp und robust; die Poesie bestand in minimaler Beschönigung meines Nichtwissens. „Drittmittelpoesie“ hat Friedrich Wilhelm Graf (im Wiko-Jahrbuch 2006/07) solche Texte genannt. Ich hatte vergessen, dass diese Berichte nicht an eine anonyme Verwaltungsstelle abgeliefert werden, sondern zur Veröffentlichung im Jahrbuch bestimmt sind, für alle zum Lesen. Dieses Missverständnis suche ich mit dem vorliegenden Text zu berichtigen. Jedenfalls merkte ich daran, wie Sprache zur Sinnbedarfsdeckung der Forschung beiträgt, ohne in ihrer Narrativität wissenschaftlich sein zu müssen – oder zu können. Ein Zusammenhang, dem spätestens seit dem *linguistic turn* die Philosophen auf der Spur sind, oder auch die Literaturforscher, wie z. B. in Norbert Millers Berliner Zeitschrift *Sprache im technischen Zeitalter*, von der ich mehr lesen sollen.

Durch meinen Aufenthalt am Wiko von Oktober 2010 bis Januar 2011 bin ich reicher, gesünder, energetischer, neugieriger geworden – ob auch klüger, sollen andere entscheiden, z. B. meine Studenten, die sich dazu aber leider noch nicht geäußert haben. Doch ich wurde auch in einem Punkt unsicherer. Die alte Frage stellt sich mir so deutlich wie nie zuvor: Spielt das, was ich mache – Musikgeschichte – eigentlich noch eine Rolle im heutigen Wissen, und sei es als Erzählung, ja als Poesie? Odo Marquard hatte 1986 vielleicht noch Grund, die Erzählweisen der Naturwissenschaften gering zu achten (wobei er, allzu polemisch, ihnen fast noch die Mitverantwortung für „Modernisierungsschäden“ zuschob), aber diesen Grund habe ich nicht mehr. Beim Anhören der Dienstagskolloquien am Wiko wurde mir klar, dass das Geschichtenerzählen über Natur, Recht, Medizin und Sozialwissenschaft fester Bestandteil unserer Literatur geworden ist. Die „Geisteswissenschaften“ haben keinen exklusiven Zugang zur Erzählkunst mehr – auch wenn sie von den Kollegen nur im Nebenfach betrieben wird. Jene schärfere Fragestellung nach dem scheinbar Zufälligen, dem Prinzipienlosen, wie sie Dichtung und Roman der Moderne kennzeichnet, hat sich virusartig in der Biomedizin eingenistet; die Anthropo-

logie des afrikanischen Gesundheitswesens erzählt heutige Dramen von Leben und Tod. Dies ungeachtet des euphemistischen Begriffs „Gesundheitswesen“: Biomediziner können bereits das Wort „Gesundheit“ selbst als Euphemismus entlarven.

In Marquards metaphorischer Diagnose „sterben“ die Menschen „an“ etwas, das auch als eine Zufälligkeit des zivilisatorischen Umfeldes betrachtet werden könnte. Und das Zufällige verteidigt er. Faktisch erscheinen mir unsere heutigen Metropolen als dramatische Gegenbeispiele zur „narrativen Atrophie“. Alles und überall wird erzählt, vom Werbespot und Mediengeplapper zur Operninszenierung und zum Akademievortrag. Die Leute laufen in narrativer Kleidung herum, man sehe nur die T-Shirt-Bedruckungen. Die Kultur des Logo verändert Erzählweisen in Richtung auf eine globale ideografische Kommunikation. Die Texte von Pop und Rap sind narrativ. Marquard hat solche Beispiele im voraus zu entkräften versucht, indem er den Mangel an Geschichten im Menschen selbst situerte. Erzählt wird uns mehr denn je, aber hat die Krankeit, die der Philosoph meinte, vielleicht weniger mit dem Erzählen zu tun als mit dem Zuhören und Erinnern?

Als Petra Gehring in ihrem Wiko-Vortrag den literarisch-philosophischen Begriff des „Lebens“ hinterfragt hatte, kam mir der Gedanke, man sollte auch etwas über Marquards metaphorischen Begriff eines zivilisatorischen „Todes“ schreiben. Die Spannweite zwischen Dichtung und Wahrheit ist bei diesem Wort wohl immer am größten. Aber Erzähltes hat auch seine Wirkungen. Ich selber fühle mich fast schon bedroht – *pathetic fallacy* – wenn einer einen in einer Tragödie des 18. Jahrhunderts umbringen will.

Andere Fellows durchlebten reellere Gefahren, die Furcht und Mitleid hervorriefen. Toshio Hosokawa hatte 2007 einen Verkehrsunfall beim Radfahren in Berlin, zwei Monate konnte er nichts komponieren. (Komponieren ist Schreiben, erklärte er.) Wolfgang Holzgreve hatte 2010 gleich in der ersten Woche einen Unfall im Museum, als einer die Treppe herunter und ihm auf den Arm fiel, diesen brechend.

Vor dem Berliner Verkehr fürchtete ich mich als Radfahrer weniger als vor dem Tod im Theater oder dem Unfall im Museum, vielleicht weil ich schon in meiner Jugend zwei Jahre in dieser Stadtkultur verbracht habe. Das führte 1971 zu einem Doktorstitel an der TU in Musikwissenschaft, mit den Nebenfächern Mittellatein und Romanische Literatur. Ich war stolz auf diese Nebenfächer, obwohl ich in ihnen damals sehr wenig lernen musste. Es ging ja nicht um tieferes Verständnis oder gar Kreativität, sondern um „hilfswissenschaftliches“ *skill training*: die Entzifferung und Memorisierung von ein paar Sprachen, Schriften, Metren, Codes, Erzählungen.

Mein Aufenthalt am Wiko brachte, überraschend für mich, eine Bestätigung des Wertes solcher Nebenfachlichkeit, denn nun fühle ich im vorgerückten Alter plötzlich das Bedürfnis, neue *skills* zu entwickeln, wie z.B. Arabisch lesen zu lernen, Ragas zu singen, umweltbewusst zu kochen oder wenigstens einen Vortrag über meine Spezialthemen so zu gestalten, dass alle zuhören und hinschauen. Solche *skills* waren am Wiko im Jahre 2010/11 ganz brilliant repräsentiert. Sie funktionierten als Schlüssel zum Aufschließen entfernter Landschaften.

Aber mein Hauptfach ist die Musikgeschichte. Diese Tätigkeit verhält sich zur Musik selbst wie ein Schwanz, der mit einem Hund wedelt. Viele meiner Wiko-Kollegen interessierten sich für Musik nur als Nebenfach, wussten aber viel besser Bescheid als ich, was gespielt wurde. Wenn sich Musikwissenschaftler in Gesellschaft als solche zu erkennen geben, stellt man ihnen gewöhnlich die Frage: „Welches Instrument spielen Sie?“ Ich glaube kaum, dass Kunstgeschichtler immer gleich gefragt werden: „Malen Sie in Öl oder Tempera?“ Und das Erzählen von Musikgeschichte muss noch stets an die Toleranz der Hörer bzw. Leser appellieren, während man in der Kunstgeschichte wahrscheinlich so lange über die Werke reden darf, wie man will. Bei der Musik stellt sich die vielleicht berechtigte Sorge ein, man wolle dem erklingenden Erzählvorgang in die Speichen greifen: Das Nacherzählen von Musik scheint noch schwieriger als das von Literatur.

Das Hauptthema meiner Forschung am Wiko war die Faszination, die italienische Musik und Oper auf die Berliner Gesellschaft der „friderizianischen Epoche“ ausübte. Diese Faszination – und vielleicht Irritation – versuchte ich erst einmal in den Dokumenten wiederzufinden, für deren Entschlüsselung ich durch mein nebenfächriges Studium qualifiziert bin. Das bedeutete das Entziffern und Transkribieren musicalischer Handschriften des 18. Jahrhunderts, die Anwendung vergleichender Paläografie und Orthografie, die Analyse und Klassifizierung von Musiksammlungen mit ihren Provenienzen, Vorbesitzern, Rezipienten; die Interpretation von Texten zeitgenössischer Theorie und Kritik mit ihren oft polemischen Bewertungen der Musik nach „Nationalgeschmack“, Moralität oder Naturtreue; die Kenntnis der theatralen Verformungen kontrapunktischer Musikidiome und der musicalischen Deklamation italienischer und deutscher Bühnendichtung. Mein Material fand ich zur Hälfte in jenem Eldorado musicalischer Dokumente, der Staatsbibliothek Preußischer Kulturbesitz, und zur anderen Hälfte im supereffizienten Bibliotheksservice des Wiko, in der Fellow-Bibliothek und in den dankbar entgegengenommenen Sonderdrucken mehrerer Kollegen, vor allem von Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus. Viermal in der Woche radelte ich durch Tiergarten und Brandenburger

Tor zur Musikabteilung im alten Bibliotheksgebäude Unter den Linden, und die Bücher, die es dort nicht gab, las ich am Abend in der Wallotstraße.

Im Theaterstaat des „alten Fritz“ (1740–86) spielte der Krieg die Hauptrolle, die Musik eine Nebenrolle. In meiner Betrachtung jener Kultur ist es umgekehrt. Ich weiß es zu würdigen, wenn 1762, in der Endphase des siebenjährigen Kriegs (des ersten von Preußen angefangenen Weltkriegs), der Kammergerichtsrat Johann Otto Uhde eine italienische *opera seria* komponierte, von der sogar Auszüge damals im Wochenblatt *Musikalisches Mancherley* gedruckt wurden. Im Klavierauszug natürlich, denn dies war die neue Konsumform der Oper für die bürgerliche Gesellschaft beider Geschlechter, die damals das öffentliche Musiktheater zuhause nachzustudieren lernte. Freilich trug der Nebenfächler Uhde indirekt auch zum Hauptprogramm der Hofoper bei, die kriegsbedingt im Urlaub war. Denn sein Libretto *Temistocle* von dem klassizistischen Hofpoeten Pietro Metastasio preist einen Feldherrn, der sein Leben riskiert, um Schaden vom undankbaren Vaterland abzuwenden. Und zufällig war dieses Libretto trotz seiner staatserhaltenden Moral im Spielplan der Hofoper noch nicht zum Zug gekommen. Herr Uhde wusste also, wem er diese Geschichte erzählte und warum er musikalisch den Meistererzählungen des Hofkapellmeisters Karl Heinrich Graun nacheiferte. Dessen italienische Opern waren für „Kenner und Liebhaber“ (wie man damals sagte) gleichermaßen bestimmt, so wie heute die Vorträge im Wiko. Entsprechendes hatte der führende aller Nebenfächler, der Komponist Friedrich II. von Preußen, selbst einige Male versucht. Ich fand zwar heraus, dass er als Vertoner italienischer Dichtung kaum qualifiziert war (seine veröffentlichten Versuche musste er vorher von Hofspezialisten korrigieren lassen), obwohl er seinen italienischen Sängern manchmal preußische Koloraturen vorschrieb. Aber das Erlernen fremder kultureller Codes – sei es durch kreative Nachahmung, Kritik und Pamphletkrieg oder durch schwärmerische Reflexion in Briefen und Autobiografien, war ein Lebenssaft des aufklärerischen Berlin. Man betrieb nationale Ertüchtigung in *belles lettres*. Kaum jemals zuvor wurden so viele Worte über die musikalische Kunst einer einzigen Generation ausgeschüttet. Vieles von dieser Kunst war „weiblicher“ Natur im Sinne eines damaligen *gender code*. Das Musiktheater des klassischen Südens, der Belcanto Neapels und das Parlando Venedigs, boten den Berliner(inne)n die „Sprache der Empfindung“ (ein Ausdruck des Wochenblatts), während andere Arten von Kunst (z. B. französische Philosophie und Staatskunst) der Schönheit eines „wohl gebauten Hauses“ oder „regelmäßig angelegten Gartens“ entsprachen.

Auch hier wurde zwischen Haupt- und Nebenfächern unterschieden: Die Empfindungen waren auf der Seite der letzteren.

Zur Festigung meiner Forschungsidee und zum Auffüllen des Luftballons mit wirklichem Wissen veranstaltete ich einen Workshop „Opern-Musik-Theater im friderizianischen Berlin“, der am 13. und 14. Januar 2011 im Wissenschaftskolleg stattfand. Diese Tagung wurde nicht nur durch das Wiko ermöglicht, sondern die Atmosphäre des Hauses sicherte auch deren Erfolg, da das Erzählen und Zuhören, einschließlich des Diskutierens, im Großen Kolloquienraum wieder einmal ganz leicht fiel. Für mich war die Tagung eine entscheidende Bereicherung, weil die hochqualifizierten Teilnehmer auf dem Podium und im Saal zusammen den Rahmen absteckten, innerhalb dessen meine folgende These ihre Geltung erweisen muss: Im Erzählen der Berliner Musik- und Theaterkultur des 18. Jahrhunderts wird etwas Wichtiges über die gesamte Geschichte der Stadt, und damit Europas, ausgesagt. Die damalige Praxis der Aneignung von etwas Nutzlosem, mit dem man keine Kriege gewinnen konnte, beruhte offenbar auf einer Kunst des zeitweiligen Vertauschens von Haupt- und Nebenthema.

Ich meine, dass Marquard mit der Rollenverteilung „Modernisierung – Geschichten (-Erzählungen)“ nicht Recht hatte: Die Rollen von Handeln und Erzählen sind nicht festschreibbar, sondern wie im doppelten Kontrapunkt kann jedes die Begleitung des anderen übernehmen. Im Hinblick auf eine bestimmte Sache können auch in der Wissenschaft Forschen und Erzählen sich austauschen. Was dem einen sein Nebenfach, ist dem anderen sein Hauptfach: Das scheint unvermeidlich, wenn der kulturelle Prozess ein kollektiver sein soll.

Über die Resultate meines Projekts hoffe ich eine kleine und eine große Erzählung zu schreiben. Die große soll das Hauptthema der damaligen Berliner künstlerischen Ertüchtigung mit italienischer Musik und Oper entfalten. Die kleine Erzählung, deren Thema ich ebenso liebe, soll über Beobachtungen zur Textüberlieferung der italienischen Oper in Deutschland berichten, auf die ich bei meinen nebenfachlichen Ausflügen gestoßen bin und die ich in der Haupterzählung nicht recht unterbringen kann.

Die Narrativität der Stadt Berlin ist großenteils eine historische. Berlin-Besucher werden schnell zu Amateur-Historikern. Die Mauer ist Hauptthema: Obwohl sie durch Abwesenheit glänzt, wird dauernd von ihr erzählt, mehr als wie sie noch da war. Die Stadt ist nicht mehr zweigeteilt, aber das Gedächtnis ist es noch. Der Reichstag/Bundestag mit seiner Doppelarchitektur und seinem „Sowohl-als-auch“-Namen, die Halbruine der Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtniskirche, sie demonstrieren einerseits Vergangenheit, anderer-

seits „Vergangenheitsbewältigung“. Man denkt: In dieser Geschichte ist alles falsch gelaufen, hätte alles anders kommen sollen. Zu dem angeblich geraden preußischen Weg von Friedrich II. über Hegel zu Hitler (und Honecker), den die historische Meistererzählung beschreibt, hätte es viele Alternativen gegeben. Diesen spürt der Nebenfächler nach.



## THREE MONTHS IN WIKO ALEXANDER VERLINSKY

Alexander Verlinsky (born in 1959), has been teaching since 1990 at the Department of Classics, State University of St. Petersburg, since 2010 as a Full Professor. In 1993 he took part in the founding by Alexander Gavrilov with the help of Institutes of Advanced Study (mainly the Wiko and the IAS in Princeton) of the *Bibliotheca Classica Petropolitana*, an independent institute for the promotion of classical studies in St. Petersburg. Since that time he was a coeditor of the *Hyperboreus*, a classical journal founded in 1994, and since 2007 Director of the *Bibliotheca Classica*. He published on various subjects in the field of ancient philosophy, mainly on ancient theories of the origin and development of culture, language and religion. His current projects are “Plato’s vision of cosmic and human history” and “Aristotle on moving forces of historical development”. Visiting appointments include: Alexander von Humboldt Fellowship 1998–2000, Freie Universität Berlin; junior fellowship 2002–03, Center for Hellenic Studies, Washington, D.C.; Member of the School of Historical Studies 2008, Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton NJ. Recent publications: “The Flood in Aristotle’s *Meteorologica* (I.14)”, in *Antike Naturwissenschaft und ihre Rezeption* 16 (2006); “The Cosmic Cycle in the Statesman Myth. Part I–II”, *Hyperboreus* 14/2 (2008) [2009]; 15/2 (2009) [2011]; – Address: *Bibliotheca Classica*, Malyi pr. P.S. 9/6, 197198 St. Petersburg, Russia. E-mail: verlinsky@mail.ru

My *Bericht* consists of three parts: first my impressions of the Institute, then some results of and future perspectives on my own work and, last, some meditations born from both this work and the extraordinary environment in which I was happy to spend three Autumn-Winter months of 2010.

First of all, my praise for the Wiko people. I'll start with the library with its head Sonja Grund, since all Fellows beyond a doubt found its work admirable: from the variety (and unpredictability) of subjects the Fellows deal with, the wonderful idea arose to combine the basic reference works in main fields of research with the admirably rapid inter-library loan service (with such tools as the *Subito* service that delivers any paper not attainable through journal databases in PDF format) – the realized dream of a lazy scholar who prefers to work without leaving his office. Many other services are probably best praised by noting that they were constantly active and rarely noticeable; my few contacts with the computer people, the housing service, the financial service etc. were invariably pleasant and effective. It goes without saying that I enjoyed the society of old friends with whom my institute has cherished contacts for years – Joachim Nettelbeck, Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, Joachim Domnick, Katharina Bieger, Uta Benner, Francisco Martinez – who helped variously and constantly, and it was both fascinating and useful to observe them doing their everyday work. I admired the elegance with which Luca Giuliani combines his director duties (which entail *inter alia* competent participation in the working seminars of different groups) with his own engaged scholarly work in the field of ancient art and archaeology. Effective academic management is still *in statu nascendi* in Russia, and here Wiko provides incomparable possibilities of acquiring know-how in the effective organizing of scholarly life in all its aspects – from schools and *Kindergarten* up to seminars. The Wiko model cannot be applied directly to my own institute in St. Petersburg, the Bibliotheca Classica Petropolitana, which is much smaller and specialized in the narrow field of Classical Antiquity, with the emphasis on philology, but including history, arts and philosophy as well: at the BiCl, the scholarly staff is permanent, but is also engaged in teaching and research at the University, the Academy of Sciences, and the Gymnasium. Still, there are many inspiring lessons to be learned from Wiko's respect for individual scholarly work, its logistics, and its humanistic spirit.

At the Wiko I worked on papers connected with my general project (which I conventionally label) "Plato's views of the origin of culture and their impact on later thinkers". I was able to complete two of them, on theology and the periodization of cosmic and human history in Plato's later dialogues, and they are now published.<sup>1</sup> Another, a long

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1 "The Cosmic Cycle in the Statesman Myth. Part II." *Hyperboreus* 15:2 (2009) [2011]: 221–250; "Theology and Relative Dates of the *Timaeus* and the *Statesman*." *Hyperboreus* 16/17 (2010/11) [2011] = *Variante Loquella: Alexandro Gavrilov Septuagenario*, 326–343.

paper on Aristotle's condensed and almost cryptographic sketch of the development of knowledge and sciences in the opening of the *Metaphysics*, which occupied me during my stay in Berlin, still awaits completion. Aristotle's concise style demands attentive reading, and the task of a philologist who is engaged in the history of philosophy, as I am, is to interpret again this classic text, but also, very often, to release it from the burdensome interpretations of earlier philologists, for example from the view that it is a garbled text that consists of several pieces written in different periods of Aristotle's life and possibly even written by someone other than Aristotle himself. I tried to show that this search for inconsistencies has misled some fine philologists and philosophers: the text we have is not only one of the most elegant and well-built in the corpus: provided that we read it as an integral one, it also sheds light on an unnoticed aspect of Aristotle's theory, his explanation of what the historical prerequisites for the emergence of theoretical sciences should be. Contrary to the view that Aristotle's explanation is that the necessary requirement is the appearance of a leisure class, such as the Egyptian priests, the text shows that the more fundamental factor (which has been almost completely neglected by the commentators) is the continuous, probably centuries-long, development of the crafts and arts that equip mankind with what Aristotle calls the embellishments of life, presumably meaning the products of the fine arts, but also those products of necessary crafts that are refined enough to be used for more than solely utilitarian purposes, such as beautiful clothes, houses etc. According to Aristotle, the continuous encouragement of these half-utilitarian and half-non-utilitarian activities and the competition between their representatives teaches the society to esteem intellectual achievements not because of their utilitarian value, but for themselves, and this paves the way to the future encouraging of theoretical, purely non-utilitarian activities when the immanent progress of knowledge makes the appearance of theoretical knowledge possible. My general proposal is that although Aristotle's view of this development is in general correctly defined as teleological (this definition is true in the sense that he admits the limitedness of every stage of development and, in all probability, the limitedness of scientific progress on the whole), this label does not do justice to the complexity of his explanation, which is not only the most elaborate, in spite of its concision, in classical times, but also the only one, as far as I know, that approximates the complexity of the explanation of the rise of Greek science proposed by my late teacher Alexander Zaicev.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Alexander Zaicev. *Das griechische Wunder: Die Entstehung der griechischen Zivilisation*. Constance, 1993.

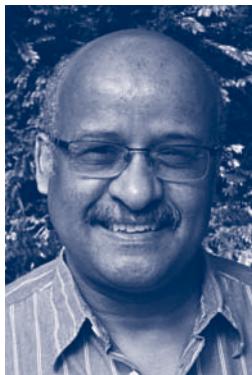
My work on solving of these puzzles of Aristotle's text and thought started during my stay at the Institute of Advanced Study in Princeton, and it continued in another Institute of Advanced Study, in Wiko. This led inevitably to some thinking about the similarity and difference between Aristotle's concept of the support of theoretical knowledge and the support provided by these modern institutions. Putting aside the specific outdated features of Aristotle's project, such as the caste system, it becomes clear that Aristotle is the main classical predecessor of the modern system of encouraging purely theoretical investigations both by the state and private foundations (let us not forget that the broad and intensive research in Aristotle's own school were supported exclusively by private sponsors). This of course evokes the thought that the purpose of the IASs from their beginning was to support the projects of scientists and scholars who had already proved their excellence in their field, projects that promised a considerable advance in knowledge in a related field, but without any guarantee that they would be successful, not to mention that they need not be useful from the utilitarian point of view. This corresponds to the view Aristotle opts for, as I understand him. The purposes of the IASs remain the same nowadays and one may hope that these institutes will retain this spirit without pressing upon scholars what seems to me a considerable danger in today's humanities – a pseudo-theoretical cover of their projects, which at best is simply spread over the concrete problems they are trying to solve and at worst leads to no content at all.

Having a very limited time at the Wiko, I tried naturally to concentrate on my own work, and I enjoyed these three months free of teaching and administrative duties. I did not attend all the seminars of the Fellows of the Wiko and, in all probability, missed many things that would have been both informative and exciting. Practically all the presentations of papers I attended were excellent; I got a vivid impression of the Fellows and how they do research. I was probably most impressed by Bruce Campbell's paper on the climatic and other environmental causes of the Great Plague. For me as a non-specialist, it was instructive both in regard to the impact of this epidemic on economics and social life and in regard to the new possibilities natural sciences open up for advances in understanding history. I'm not sure that I can use anything from these lessons in my own work, but the indirect influence of such a courageous attempt cannot be predicted. Aside from that, attending seminars definitely broadened my human horizon (for example the paper on dying of cancer in Africa which amazingly reminded me of dying of it in Russia). In general, the practice of forming focus groups at the Wiko seems to me very promising,

and in my view it would be fine to have more of this kind of group also in the field to which I belong – classics and ancient philosophy.

The last but very important experience I brought home from Wiko was the effects of various and numerous conversations. Not only were many Fellows interested in Russia and the Russian language; many also knew much about them; this gives me hope that this interest was not combined either with excessive expectations or with bitter disappointment (which is at bottom the same): that our way to democracy should be very long and difficult could have been firmly predicted twenty years ago, if it were not for the enthusiasm for quickly acquired freedom. Today, in spite of the considerable growth of the wealth of the Russian state, real advance in science and culture is piecemeal and irregular, takes place mainly within relatively small groups and is not easily noticeable: cooperation with Western colleagues did not become less necessary for Russia than it was in the poor and free 90s, when any help at all was of vital importance, but today it takes on more complicated forms. I was happy to find understanding of this among many colleagues – not only from Eastern Europe, where the situation is rapidly beginning to remind me of Russia, but also from countries further to the West. Here Wiko retains extraordinary importance for Russian scholarship.

I returned to the Wiko again on a nice summer day in July 2011, at the time of the farewells, and had the happy opportunity to attend to the last lunches and concerts, with their mixed atmosphere of satisfaction about the year gone, desire to stay longer at Wiko and the sadness of parting. This time we were engaged (with Alexander Gavrilov, a former Fellow of the Wiko, and Denys Keyer, my younger colleague at the BiCl) in compiling the new Application for my institute, which aims to maintain the BiCl's precarious existence for the next five years. Thanks to Wiko for this hearty reception on this new occasion – it is pleasing to think that a new Lycaeum exists, with its freedom, independence and fresh sight, open for advances and failures in scholarship.



WRITING ABOUT STUDENT REVOLT  
IN ITS HEARTLAND  
BAHRU ZEWDE

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When I came to Wiko, I had one pre-eminent objective: to convert the massive primary data that I have collected over the years on the Ethiopian student movement into a book manuscript. Somewhat ambitiously, I was also entertaining a “secret” project of translating into Amharic (the main Ethiopian language) my earlier book about early twentieth-century intellectuals – *Pioneers of Change*. It did not take long, however, for this single-minded objective to be tempered by the many attractions – and distractions – of

Wiko and Berlin. In the end, though, having drafted about three-quarters of my projected manuscript, I go back with a sense of considerable accomplishment and immensely enriched by the rich academic and social life that I enjoyed throughout the year.

The pleasures of what, in correspondence with friends, I have come to call an Academic Paradise started with the evening of my arrival at the Villa Jaffé – the welcoming parcel that awaits every Fellow: the fruits, the eggs, the divine German bread, the gift-wrapped apricot marmalade, the yoghurt, the cheese, the chocolate, the wine, the juice, and above all the WATER. Even the one element that was missing in the spacious kitchen that I initially came to acquire – the vital pot to make Ethiopian espresso – was provided to me by Georges Khalil. That more or less set the tone for the solicitous care by the Wiko staff that was to be the most sustaining aspect of the fellowship. It would be capricious to single out individuals and units; everyone was so helpful and friendly. I will always recall in particular the cheerful disposition of our hard-working cleaning maid, Ellen Lehmann, and the library that made such a difference to my intellectual labours. Coming as I did from an impoverished academic environment, I would have been hard put to draft my introductory chapter, in particular, had it not been for the unlimited resources opened up for me by the Wiko library.

Somehow, before my coming, I had developed the notion that Grunewald, where Wiko was located, was way out on the outskirts of Berlin. Understandably, it did not take long before I realized that one could not think of a better location for an Institute of Advanced Study – partaking of the pleasures and solitude of Nature and only fifteen minutes away from the bustling city centre. As a city boy and a historian, and given the nature of my project, it was the city that almost inexorably attracted me more. Thus, to the surprise of not a few, I decided to buy a monthly bus ticket on the morrow of my arrival. That was what encouraged me to explore the other faces of Berlin within that same week by boarding our great companion, M19, and travelling to its terminus. The discovery of Kreuzberg and Bergmannstraße that day was to be my gate opener to the other faces of Berlin.

In the end, although I had not planned it, Berlin proved to be the best venue for writing the history of the student movement. It was here that, in 1967, German students sparked the worldwide student protests that came to their global climax in 1968. And it was a pleasant surprise for me to discover how much memories of those heady days are still alive, nay, in some ways celebrated. Rudi Dutschke, the impassioned leader of the German student movement, has been immortalized in a major avenue named after him

in Mitte district and in a small alley within the campus of Free University. I also had the chance to watch three documentaries related to that movement – the well-executed *Baader Meinhof Komplex* on DVD (with superb acting by Moritz Bleibtreu), the 2011 Berlin Festival documentary, *Wer wenn nicht wir*, tracing the prehistory of the Baader-Meinhof group, and the rather ponderous *Joschka und Herr Fischer*, a biographical documentary around the life and career of the leader of the Green Party, one of the by-products of the German student movement.

For the Ethiopian student movement, as well, Berlin, and particularly West Berlin, was the focal point for the Ethiopian Students Union in Europe (ESUE), one of the two major external components of the movement, the other being its counterpart in North America (ESUNA). Because of the special privilege that Ethiopians enjoyed in the 1960s and 1970s to enter Germany without an entry visa, the country was a natural point of congregation. By virtue of its median location between Western and Eastern Europe, particularly in consideration of the large constituency that was represented by Ethiopian students in the Soviet Union, West Berlin became the venue for a number of the annual congresses. Particularly notable were the 11th in 1971, when the movement adopted the fateful resolution on the “national question”, and the 14th in 1971, when the movement split into the two factions that eliminated one another in the bloody struggle for hegemony that ensued in Ethiopia after the 1974 revolution.

My drafting of one chapter after another of my forthcoming book was punctuated by intense interaction with the members of the Ethiopian community, some of whom had been active participants of the movement in the early 1970s. That, as it turned out, we had found ourselves on opposing camps then did not impede smooth and cordial collective recollection. I took these interactions, which usually took place in the evenings with liberal dosage of wine and Ethiopian cuisine, as a sort of supplementary field research! They included visits to and, with my steadfast companion Yilma by my side, photographing of the venues of those two congresses – a youth hostel on Kluckstraße (1971) and an annex to the historic Olympic Stadium (1974). These contacts also helped in accessing the private collections of some of the veterans of the movement, which were augmented by dispatches from outside Germany by protagonists with whom I had managed to establish contact. I reciprocated by helping to usher in a lecture series on Ethiopian history, which I inaugurated with a talk on “The Adwa Victory and the Question of Ethiopia’s Access to the Sea”.

Life at Wiko has had so many facets that it would be difficult to do justice to them in such a short report. But the two institutions that stand out clearly are the Tuesday Colloquium and the Thursday Dinner. As the principal commitment that Fellows had entered into, each Fellow came fully and elaborately prepared for his presentation. My early feeling that two hours was perhaps too long for a seminar presentation and discussion was soon dispelled as time had to be budgeted to curtail the eager participation. As interesting as the presentations were the introductions. I do not know about earlier introductions, but this year's became mini-presentations in their own right, some of them with visual aids that even the principal presentations lacked. It is only fitting, therefore, that one of the events organized for the farewell party (*Abschiedsfest*) was a celebration of what had developed into a remarkable institution. I enjoyed and learned a lot from most of the presentations, particularly from those in evolutionary biology that I had initially dreaded. I believe my own presentation has helped many of the Fellows to appreciate the momentous significance of the student movement in recent Ethiopian history – significance that surpassed that of the more amply documented and hence more widely known ones of the West.

And then there was the Thursday dinner, which could be described as an informal equivalent of the Colloquium. There was an ongoing debate, probably not new, on the wisdom of the weekday lunch arrangement, some Fellows expressing a preference for dinner to avoid breaking their working rhythm. As lunch has always been my main meal, I personally had no problem with the arrangement. There could only be consensus on the Thursday dinner, when Fellows eagerly met again after some eighteen hours of separation. The informal exchanges that attended the dinner and the liberal supply of wine will remain one of the most enduring memories of Wiko.

My wife, Mesenbet, and daughter, Tsion, who visited me for two weeks in late April and early May, were able to savour the delights of the Thursday dinner twice. My son, Kaleb, who came over from Lyon during the Christmas holiday, was denied the culinary delights of Wiko. My brother, Tesfaye, who came over for a short visit and had to leave on a Thursday, had to be content with the sumptuous Wednesday buffet lunch instead. That was as far as my immediate family was concerned. But what Wiko gave me this year was yet another family, consisting not only of Fellows but also of their partners and the Wiko staff. Nothing expressed this closeness more starkly than the dread with which almost all anticipated the eventual and inevitable separation and the many tearful farewells that

attended it. This creation of a new layer of friendships and hopefully enduring academic relationships will remain one of the distinctive features of life at Wiko.

And, then, there was the winter! For someone like me coming from sub-Saharan Africa, it was bound to be a challenge. But the winter of 2010/11 exceeded all my expectations – with mountains of snow throughout December and the better part of January. I have even been telling people jocularly that I would include it in my future CV! Hence, the advent of spring was all the more welcome. The experience was particularly overwhelming in the resplendent Grunewald environment. So much so that I composed the following poem celebrating it and added it to the otherwise light-hearted recital prepared by the advanced German class for the *Abschiedsfest*. It is with that poem that I conclude my brief report, curious offspring of my long, if intermittent, engagement with the language of Goethe.

#### *Frühling in Grunewald*

Ein Erlebnis ist Frühling

Nach der Dunkelheit des Winter

Dem frierend Schnee und dem glatten Boden

Statt niedrig ist man heiter

Frühling ist ein Farbcocktail

Das das blendend Weiss ersetzt

Blühend Bäume und blühend Gärten

Früh aufwachen und spät zu Bett

Im Frühling kommen alle draussen

Winterschlafen sie nicht mehr

Das Leben zu geniessen;

Und nun entdeckt der Einsame

Seine schwarze Genossen

Frühling ist ein Lebensanfang

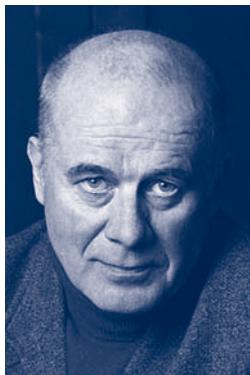
Für ein hübsches Vöglein

Von Muttervogel genährt

Mit Fleissigkeit nicht klein

Als Mutter hin und her kehrt  
Ein weissroter Vogel kommt  
Seine böse Absicht  
In seinem Glanz verschleiert

Weil der bezauberte Zuschauer  
Verwirrt und betäubt guckt  
Mit tödlicher Schnelligkeit  
Den Lebensanfänger schluckt



*STUDY RITUAL, NOT BELIEF*  
HANNS ZISCHLER

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Geboren 1947 in Nürnberg, frei flottierende und unabgeschlossene, weil unabschließbare Studien an der Freien Universität; ernsthafte Übersetzungsversuche, u.a. Jacques Derridas *Grammatologie*, zusammen mit Hans-Jörg Rheinberger; 1972–75 Regieassistenz und Dramaturgie an der Schaubühne am Halleschen Ufer; erste Schreibversuche in der Zeitschrift *Filmkritik*; parallel dazu – bis heute – Auftritte als Darsteller in Kino- und Fernsehfilmen, u.a. bei Wenders, Akerman, Thome, Chabrol, Godard, José van der Schoot, Spielberg u.a. Eigene Publikationen (Auswahl): *Tagesreisen* (1992); *Kafka geht ins Kino* (1996); *Eine Nase für Neugkeiten – Vermischte Nachrichten von James Joyce* (zus. mit Sara Danius 2008); *Vorstoß ins Innere – Streifzüge durch das Berliner Museum für Naturkunde* (zus. mit Ulrich Moritz und Agnieszka Pufelska 2010); *Aus der Nachwelt* – ein Comic (Friederike Gross, Zeichnungen, Hanns Zischler, Text 2010); *Der Schmetterlingskoffer* (Hanna Zeckau, Illustrationen; Hanns Zischler, Text 2010); Frühjahr 2012: *Lady Earl Grey* („kein Kinderbuch!“), illustriert von Hanno Rink. – Adresse: Ebereschenallee 26, 14050 Berlin. E-mail: alpheus@hanns-zischler.de

„Study ritual, not belief!“ – diese Formel von Bronislaw Malinowski sollte man beherzigen, wenn man sich als Fellow unter Fellows bewegt. Umso mehr, wenn man, einer generösen Einladung von Luca Giuliani folgend, als „Quarter-Fellow“ (Januar–März 2011) und Berliner in der privilegierten Lage ist, eine Gemeinschaft ganz eigener Ordnung kennen zu lernen und mit gelegentlichen Interventionen etwas zur guten Stimmung am Haus beizutragen.

Schwindlig kann einem werden, wenn man bei den Dienstagskolloquien die gedrängte Fülle jüngster Forschungen aus Ökonomie, Rechtswissenschaft, Kunstgeschichte, Biologie, Altertumswissenschaft, Medizin, Musikgeschichte etc. etc. vorgeführt bekommt und dabei lernen kann, wie kluge Beredsamkeit durch körpersprachliche Manöver gesteigert oder geschwächt werden, wie wohlwollendes Lob der hochgespannten Zuhörer der Skepsis und dem Zweifel ein kleidsames Kostüm geben.

In eigener Sache konnte ich mir zwei Bereiche erschließen: zum einen das seit geraumer Zeit von mir verfolgte Projekt „Berlin ist zu groß für Berlin“, zum anderen das musikalische Melodram und damit zusammenhängend die Kunst der Rezitation und der Deklamation.

Meine Erkundungen über Berlin konzentrieren sich dabei auf die Recherche der geologischen und der Gewässer- und Verkehrsgeschichte (historische Darstellungen des Berlin-Warschauer Urstromtals, Brandenburger Mühlenstau, der sog. „tieferer Berliner Untergrund“). Ich fahnde nach einem allenfalls spekulativ fassbaren, metaphorischen „Zusammenhang“ zwischen der besonderen Morphologie und der riesigen, leeren Ausgedehntheit der Stadt „auf Sand und Sumpf“, einer von Abriss hunger überformten Stadtplanung und der Mentalität dieser Inselbewohner.

Neben diesen Recherchen war ich als Rezitator gefordert: das Melodram und der Gedichtvortrag kamen am Kolleg mehrfach zur Aufführung; besonderen Anklang fand dabei die Klavier-Bearbeitung des Gedichts „The Raven“ von Poe durch den heute fast vergessenen amerikanischen Komponisten Arthur Bergh (1882–1962), begleitet wurde ich von den engagierten Korrepetitorinnen Rita Herzog und Anita Keller.

Bei den Vorbereitungen zu dem Vortrag von Hölderlins „Brot und Wein“ wurde ich leidenschaftlich und kenntnisreich von Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus unterstützt, dessen Engagement für eine entschiedene Wiederbelebung der klassischen Deklamation für mich eine belebende Herausforderung war, die ich zu einem späteren Zeitpunkt wieder aufgreifen, vertiefen und zu Gehör bringen möchte.

Neben den Verwöhnnungen, die man durch die Küche erfährt, möchte ich, *last but not least*, ganz besonders den Damen vom Bibliotheksdienst danken, die unter der Leitung von Sonja Grund mich immer wieder verblüfft und beglückt haben, wenn es galt in Windeseile entlegenes Material (Klavierauszüge und die fast unauffindbare NZZ) zu beschaffen.



*Vortrag*

NIŽNIJ NOVGOROD 1896: WELTAUSSTELLUNG AN DER WOLGA  
ODER RUSSLANDS AUFBRUCH INS 20. JAHRHUNDERT  
KARL SCHLÖGEL

Ausstellungen, auch Weltausstellungen, sind für den Augenblick errichtet, „Schöpfungen für die Vergänglichkeit“, wie Georg Simmel in seinem Kommentar zur Berliner Gewerbeausstellung von 1896 schrieb.<sup>1</sup> Von ihnen bleibt oft nicht mehr als ein singulärer Bau, wenn er die Qualität hat zu einer Ikone zu werden; oder es bleibt wenigstens die Erinnerung an ein großes Ereignis, vielleicht sogar ein langfristiger Effekt, weil die veranstaltende Stadt die Gelegenheit genutzt hat, um sich in Form zu bringen und eine fällige Modernisierung ihrer Infrastruktur zu bewerkstelligen. Dafür lassen sich genügend Beispiele anführen. Der Eiffelturm, errichtet für die Weltausstellung 1889, zur Jahrhundertfeier der großen Französischen Revolution, sollte eigentlich nur 10 Jahre stehen bleiben und dann abgerissen werden; es kam nur anders, weil er infolge der gerade erfundenen Radiotechnologie ganz unerwartet eine neue Funktion bekam. Die grandiosen Beaux-Art-Palais der Weltausstellung von Chicago, dem 400. Jahrestag der Entdeckung Amerikas durch Columbus gewidmet, schmücken bis heute einen großen Park; das zur Pariser Weltausstellung von 1900 errichtete Grand und Petit Palais blieb als Ausstellungs- und Museumsort bestehen. Andere Meisterwerke der Ausstellungsarchitektur hatten weniger Glück. Mies van der Rohes Deutscher Pavillon in Barcelona 1928 überlebte nur in Fotobänden oder als Rekonstruktion; die spektakulären Pavillons von Boris Iofan, Albert Speer und Josep Lluis Sert von der Pariser Ausstellung 1937, so sehr sie für die Ewigkeit gebaut zu sein schienen, wurden abgebaut, nachdem die Ausstellung ihre Pforten geschlossen hatte. Aber wir brauchen gar nicht so weit zu gehen: jeder Spaziergänger im Treptower Park in Berlin kann heute ermessen, was von der großen Berliner

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Vortrag am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin am 22. Juni 2011

1 Georg Simmel, Berliner Gerwerbe-Ausstellung 1896, in: Alexander C. T. Geppert, *Fleeting Cities, Imperial Expositions in Fin-de-Siècle Europe*, Basingstoke, 2010, S. 281–283; dort auch Bibliographie, S. 328 ff.

Gewerbe-Ausstellung von 1896, auch eine Art Weltausstellung, geblieben ist. Bis auf die „Insel der Freundschaft“ mit ihren Brücken und Toreinfahrten und der Anlage des Parks entlang der Spree: nämlich nichts. Wo einmal Pavillons gestanden hatten, erhebt sich heute das Treptower Ehrenmal für die im Kampf um Berlin gefallenen Soldaten der Roten Armee.

Noch viel mehr gilt dies von der Ausstellung, über die in diesem Vortrag einiges gesagt werden soll: die Allrussische Industrie- und Kunstausstellung in Nižnij Novgorod im Jahre 1896. Auch sie wurde nach dem Ende der Ausstellung demontiert. Teile der Eisen- und Stahlkonstruktionen sind wieder verwendet worden, und wer möchte, kann die Überreste besichtigen: zum Beispiel im kaukasischen Kurort Essentuki. Aber was stärker ins Gewicht fällt, ist, dass das Ereignis selbst keinerlei Spuren hinterlassen hat, ja, dass es nicht einmal mehr vorkommt in der Geschichtsschreibung des europäischen Ausstellungswesens. Das Ereignis ist so wie der Veranstaltungsort irgendwie aus dem Horizont verschwunden, was vieles besagen kann: dass es sich um ein Ereignis gehandelt hat, das nicht weiter der Rede wert ist. Aber es könnte auch sein, dass es mit den geschichtlichen Verläufen zu tun hat, die dafür gesorgt haben, dass etwas in Vergessenheit geraten ist – jedenfalls für eine sehr lange Zeit. Ich würde sagen, für die ganze Dauer des 20. Jahrhunderts.

Ich muss gestehen, dass diese Ausstellung auch mir erst relativ spät ins Blickfeld geraten ist. Es kam wie immer in solchen Fällen mehreres zusammen. Nižnij Novgorod liegt als Metropole der Wolgaregion im Zentrum meines Forschungsgegenstandes – der Wolga einer historischen Kulturlandschaft, die im 20. Jahrhundert einer gravierenden Umwandlung unterworfen war: von einem großen, ungebändigten Strom in eine gewaltige Hydromaschine mit allem, was dazugehört. In diesem Projekt spielt Nižnij eine große Rolle, vor allem die Messe von Nižnij, oder wie man mit dem deutschen Lehnwort sagt: der Jahrmarkt von Nižnij.

Inmitten meiner Forschungsarbeit kam dann die Einladung des Rektors des Wissenschaftskollegs Luca Giuliani zu einem Vortrag. Das war eine sehr starke Versuchung, und wie das immer ist, wer ihr nachgibt, muss dafür auch den Preis bezahlen. Dieser eine Aspekt – die Allrussische Industrie- und Kunstausstellung nämlich – stellte sich als ein ganz eigenes Thema heraus, über das man ohne Schwierigkeiten eine – noch fällige – Dissertation oder ein Buch schreiben könnte. Die Verführung zu einem Vortrag und der Druck, der mit einer solchen Verpflichtung verbunden ist, erzeugt dann jene Situation, in der ein Gegenstand plötzlich zu schillern und zu leben anfängt – und sich zu verselb-

ständigen droht. Aber ich habe mich dann doch auf diesen Abweg führen lassen. Und ich bin dafür auch in gewissem Sinne dankbar, weil ich auf Dinge gestoßen bin, die mir so zuvor nicht klar waren.

Ich habe die Ausstellung von 1896 „Weltausstellung an der Wolga“ genannt, aber jeder kann sich durch einen Klick auf den Wikipedia-Eintrag „Weltausstellung“ schnell davon überzeugen, dass es zwar eine Weltausstellung in Chicago 1893 und eine in Paris 1900 gegeben hat, nicht aber 1896. Wenn ich sie dennoch so apostrophiere, dann nicht nur des schönen Klanges wegen, den Alliterationen erzeugen. Es hat sich herausgestellt, dass in der Ausstellung von Nižnij etwas zum Vorschein kommt, was es rechtfertigt von einer Weltausstellung zu sprechen, wenn man damit nicht nur einen organisatorischen oder institutionellen Rang meint. Ich spreche von der Ausstellung in Nižnij als von einer Weltausstellung, weil – und das ist gleichsam die These oder die Frage – Nižnij zum Demonstrationsort des industriellen und zivilisatorischen Aufbruchs Russlands ins 20. Jahrhundert wurde. Nižnij steht für das, was Alexander Gerschenkron Take-off genannt hat, und für den Aufstieg der Provinz, für das Russland jenseits der Metropolen Sankt Petersburg und Moskau.<sup>2</sup> An der Ausstellung von Nižnij lässt sich das Kräfteaggregat ablesen und analysieren, das Russlands Aufstieg trägt, der aber, einmal in Bewegung gesetzt und entfesselt, auch überschießen, außer Kontrolle geraten kann. Wir sehen hier noch an einem Punkt und in einem bestimmten historischen Augenblick versammelt, konzentriert und kondensiert, was im Tumult von Krieg, Revolution und Bürgerkrieg später auseinandergesprengt, paralysiert, dezimiert werden wird. Wir sehen hier ein Russland jenseits der Hauptstädte Gestalt annehmen, kraftvoll und beeindruckend. Es ist eine glückliche Sekunde, aber schon mit dem Keim der Katastrophe in sich. Ich spreche also von Weltausstellung nicht aus einer Neigung zur Übertreibung oder Dramatisierung, sondern weil die Ausstellung gelesen und interpretiert werden kann als Spiegelbild, ja als Arena jener Kräfte, die Russland in ein Jahrhundert hineinkatapultieren, das Moshe Lewin in seinem letzten Buch sogar als „The Soviet Century“ bezeichnet hat.<sup>3</sup> Es handelt sich hier nicht um eine retrospektive Projektion, gespeist aus dem Mehrwissen des nachgeborenen Historikers und aus dem fast nie vermeidbaren Drang, alles

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2 Alexander Gerschenkron, *Economic backwardness in historical perspective: a book of essays*, Cambridge/Mass, 1962.

3 Moshe Lewin, *The Soviet Century*, London, 2005.

auf eine Logik oder ein Telos hin zu denken. Es gab eine Koinzidenz von Ereignissen, die den Zeitgenossen selbst schon ins Auge sprang.

Die Ausstellung in Nižnij war am 28. Mai 1896 mit einer feierlichen Zeremonie vom Bischof von Vladimir, Nižnij Novgorod und Arsamas eröffnet worden. Der Zar selbst besuchte mit seiner Gattin Nižnij Novgorod zwei Monate später, am 17. und 18. Juli. Aber vorausgegangen waren der Eröffnung des großen Ereignisses die Krönungsfeierlichkeiten Nikolaus' II. zum Zaren am 14. Mai. Hunderte von Journalisten und Korrespondenten aus der ganzen Welt waren nach Moskau gereist, um über „rituals of power“ – so der Titel von Richard Wortmans großer Studie – zu berichten.<sup>4</sup> Aber dann kam der Schock von Chodynka. Für das Volk, das zu Hunderttausenden herbeigeströmt war, sollte es auf dem Exerzierfeld im Norden Moskaus ein großes Fest geben, mit Belustigungen, Musik, Geschenken, ein Volksfest eben. Aber dann kam es auf dem hoffnungslos überfüllten Gelände zu einer Massenpanik, in deren Verlauf 1389 Menschen zu Tode getrampelt und weitere 1300 verletzt wurden. Der Zar war betroffen, besuchte Opfer in den Krankenhäusern und mochte doch nicht auf den Besuch eines mondänen Empfangs in der französischen Botschaft verzichten. Der junge Zar hatte keinen guten Start. Die aus der ganzen Welt angereisten Korrespondenten aber – von 400 ist die Rede, man war auch in Russland dabei, ins Zeitalter der Massenmedien einzutreten – hatten ihr Thema. 1896 ist daher das Jahr, das eher mit der Katastrophe auf dem Chodynkafeld zusammengebracht wird als mit der Ausstellung von Nižnij, die wenige Tage später eröffnet wurde.<sup>5</sup>

Dass mein Vortrag am 22. Juni stattfindet – dem Datum des Angriffs des nationalsozialistischen Deutschland auf die Sowjetunion, noch dazu im 70. Jahrestag –, war nicht beabsichtigt, hilft aber den Blick zu schärfen. Es wird noch deutlicher werden, dass hier keine sentimentale Reise ins fin-de-siècle angetreten wird, sondern ein Schauplatz, eine Ursprungssituation, ein kommendes Schlachtfeld aufgesucht wird.

Die Allrussische Industrie- und Kunstausstellung ist ein großes Thema: eine Welt, im Relief einer Ausstellung fixiert, zum Sprechen zu bringen. Es geht eben nicht nur um Ausstellungsarchitektur und Besucherzahlen. Man könnte ihm letztlich nur gerecht werden, wenn Forschungslinien zusammengeführt würden, die sonst voneinander isoliert

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4 Richard Wortman, *Scenarios of Power. Myth and Ceremony in Russian Monarchy from Peter the Great to the Abdication of Nicholas II*, Princeton, 2006.

5 Richard Wortman, *Scenarios of Power*, S. 343 ff.

sind: Also Alexander Gerschenkrons bahnbrechende Studie über Rückständigkeit und Take-Off zusammenzulesen mit Laura Engelsteins Kulturgeschichte des Silbernen Zeitalters *The Keys of Happiness*<sup>6</sup>, die meiner Meinung nach immer noch unüberbotene Darstellung Theodor von Laues zur Modernisierungspolitik Sergej Vittes<sup>7</sup> zusammenzubringen mit den großen Studien von Evgenija Kiričenko zu Architektur und Städtebau im späten Zarenreich,<sup>8</sup> oder Walter Benjamins Passagenwerk<sup>9</sup> kurzzuschließen mit Dietrich Geyers Studie zum russischen Imperialismus, die ich nach vielen Jahren mit großem Gewinn wiedergelesen habe.<sup>10</sup> In den letzten Jahren ist ein neues Interesse an Imperien und am Russischen Imperium entstanden – man nennt das manchmal auch „imperial turn“ – es sind große Infrastrukturgeschichten erschienen.<sup>11</sup> Sie alle bräuchte man, um die Register zu entwickeln, die man benötigt, um einem komplexen Ereignis oder Vorgang gerecht zu werden.

Nun zur Abfolge meines Vortrages:

Ich werde zunächst die Ausstellung besichtigen, den Parcour abschreiten, um überhaupt eine Vorstellung von der Sache zu gewinnen.

Ich werde vom Jahrmarkt von Nižnij und der Stadt selber sprechen müssen, denn die Ausstellung dockt gleichsam an etwas Älterem und Elementarem an: Nižnij als der zentrale Handels- und Kommunikationspunkt im Russischen Reich als einem euro-asiatischen Reich.

Ich werde die Ausstellung etwas genauer analysieren und nach dem Kräfteaggregat fragen, das hier für einen Moment sich zusammengefunden hat.

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6 Laura Engelstein, *The Keys to Happiness. Sex and the Search for Modernity in Fin-de-Siècle Russia*, Ithaca u. a., 1992.

7 Theodor H. von Laue, *Sergei Witte and the Industrialisation of Russia*, New York, 1969.

8 E. I. Kiričenko/E. G. Šeboleva, *Russkaja provincija*, Moskva, 1997; Nikolaj F. Filatov, *Nižnij Novgorod. Achitektura XVI-načala XX v.*, Nižnij Novgorod, 1994.

9 Walter Benjamin, *Das Passagenwerk*, Gesammelte Schriften Bd. V.1 und V.2, herausgegeben von Rolf Tiedemann, Frankfurt/Main, 1982.

10 Dietrich Geyer, *Der russische Imperialismus. Studien über den Zusammenhang von innerer und auswärtiger Politik 1860–1914*, Göttingen, 1977.

11 Jane Burbank, Mark von Hagen, Anatoliy Remnev, *Russian Empire. Space, People, Power, 1700–1930*, Bloomington and Indianapolis 2007. *Comparing Empires. Encounters and Transfers in the Long Nineteenth Century*, edited by Jörg Leonhard and Ulrike von Hirschhausen, Göttingen, 2011.

Es gilt die Generierung der Schubkräfte, also jene Anlaufzeit, die der Ausstellung vorausging, noch einmal in den Blick zu fassen, um schließlich zu fragen, in welch veränderter Form und Konfiguration sie sich nach einer Zeit des welthistorischen Tumults von Krieg, Revolution, Bürgerkrieg wiederfinden – paralysiert oder assoziiert, produktiv oder destruktiv. Die Welt von einst, in Stütze gesprengt, teils aber auch neu konfiguriert.

Am Ende sollen ein paar Beobachtungen und Überlegungen stehen, die sich um die Frage drehen, ob und wie das Russland jenseits der Metropolen sich wieder zu Wort meldet und was das bedeuten könnte für das Land und für unser Bild von diesem Land heute.

Zur Bilderfrage und zur Visualisierung: Ich habe versucht, so sparsam wie möglich mit den Bildern umzugehen, obwohl eine Ausstellung etwas zum Anschauen ist. Aber ich kann die Bilder nicht einholen oder gar überholen, und ich möchte weder einen Kommentar zu Bildern liefern noch Bilder als bloße Illustration einsetzen.

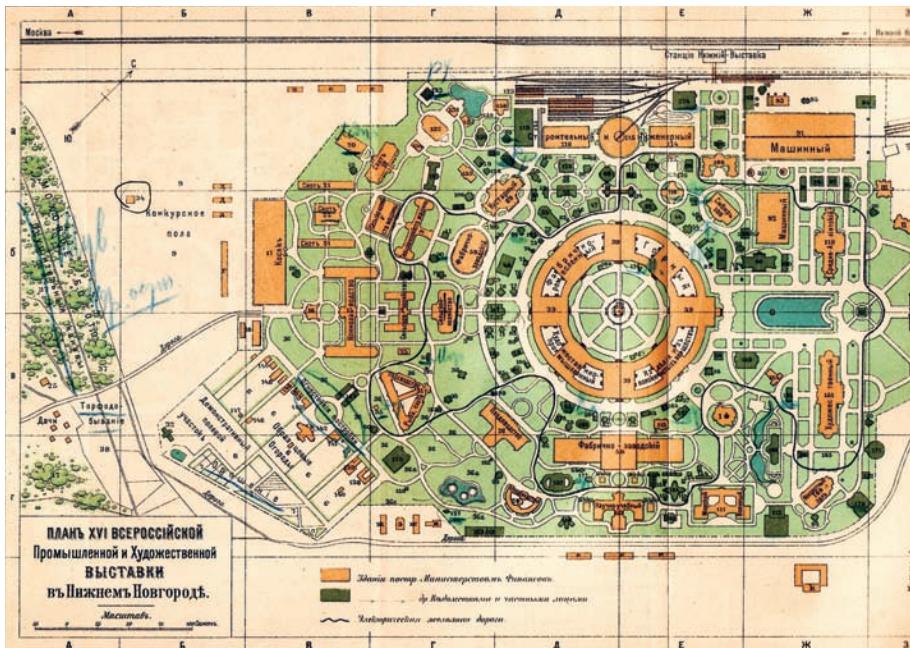
Im Zentrum der Allrussischen Ausstellung könnte eine Figur stehen, deren Kerngestalt 1896 bereits gefunden war, die als großes Projekt aber erst 20 Jahre später, nach der Großen Revolution und nur in reduzierter Form ausgeführt wurde: das Projekt des 350 Meter hohen Radioturms des Ingenieurs Vladimir Šuchov. Es wird sich zeigen, was es damit auf sich hat.

### Gang über das Ausstellungsgelände

Der in Russisch, Englisch, Französisch und Deutsch erschienene Reiseführer durch die Ausstellung, der vom Finanzministerium in Sankt Petersburg herausgegeben wurde, ist hilfreich für eine erste Besichtigung des Geländes.<sup>12</sup> Wie immer bei solchen Veranstaltungen – die Ausstellung wurde zwischen Mai und Oktober von rund einer Million Menschen besucht – gibt es Abertausende aufmerksamer Augenpaare und Beobachter, es mangelt daher nicht an detaillierten Berichten. Aber der Führer enthält alles, was man wissen musste: eine Einführung in die Geschichte der Stadt und des berühmten Jahrmarkttes von Nižnij, die Beschreibung der Pavillons samt Kartenteil, vor allem aber die

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12 Ausstellungsführer: *Vserossijskaja vystavka 1896 g. v Nižnem Novgorode. Putevoditel' Gorod – jarmarkovystavka*, St. Petersburg, 1896; *Die Allrussische Ausstellung vom Jahre 1896 in Nishni-Novgorod. Reisehandbuch*, St. Petersburg 1896; S. Monastyrskij, *Illjustrirovannyj sputnik po Volge v trech čästjach: istoriko-statistichesaja očerk I spravočenja ukazatel'*, Kazan, 1884.



notwendigen *facilities*: Sie war durch die entwickelte Schifffahrt und den gerade erfolgten Anschluss an das Eisenbahnnetz bequem erreichbar, sie hatte infolge der alljährlichen großen Messe mit ihren über 300 000 Besuchern eine gewisse Erfahrung. Nižnij, die dritte Hauptstadt Russlands – Petersburg die politische, Moskau die spirituelle, Nižnij die Hauptstadt von Kommerz und Handel –, war wie keine andere Stadt dafür prädestiniert zu zeigen, dass Russland über ein riesiges, bisher noch kaum in Bewegung gesetztes schöpferisches Potential verfügte. Außerdem sollte die Region, die durch Hungerkatastrophen und Epidemien in den Jahren 1892 und 1893 furchtbar gelitten hatte, wieder auf die Beine kommen.

Das Ausstellungsgelände war mit 80 Hektar dreimal so groß wie die der Ausstellung von Moskau 1882, auch größer als das der Pariser Weltausstellung 1889. Man hatte Maß genommen an Chicago 1893, das von den verantwortlichen russischen Organisatoren besucht worden war. Auch mit der zeitgleichen Ausstellung in Berlin-Treptow stand man in Kontakt, der Generalkommissar der Ausstellung, V. I. Timirjazev, war als Repräsentant des Finanzministeriums in Berlin tätig gewesen. In nur drei Jahren Bauzeit entstanden an der Oka, im Anschluss an das Messegelände, rund 180 Pavillons, 117 davon von privaten Firmen und Ausstellern errichtet, 55 von zentraler staatlicher Seite. Die Ausstellung sollte dezidiert eine nationale, russländische Ausstellung sein, Produkte und Errungenschaften zeigen, die im Reich selbst hergestellt werden – auch hier eine Parallel zur Gewerbeausstellung in Berlin-Treptow, die Kaiser Wilhelm ebenfalls als nationale Leistungsschau verstanden wissen wollte; das Service-Personal auf dem Ausstellungsgelände war daher in russische Nationalkostüme gekleidet. In 20 Abteilungen werden alle relevanten Wirtschafts- und Gewerbezweige vorgeführt: Landwirtschaft, Pferdezucht, Gartenbau, Jagd-, Pelz- und Fischereigewerbe, Bergbau und Metallurgie, Textilindustrie, bäuerliches Handwerk – die sogenannte Kustarindustrie – ebenso wie industrielle Hochtechnologie, Maschinenbau und Elektrotechnik. Besonders herausgehoben waren einige Regionen des Reiches: Zentralasien und der Hohe Norden, Sibirien und der Handel Russlands mit China und Persien. Auch Armee und Marine waren vertreten, ebenso wie Kunst, Volksbildung und Gesundheitswesen.<sup>13</sup>

Es wäre reizvoll, von Pavillon zu Pavillon zu gehen und sich diese im Einzelnen anzusehen. Dafür fehlt uns die Zeit. Man käme vorbei an Musterexemplaren der Pferde-

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13 Alles nach *Vserossijskaja vystavka 1896 g.*, sowie: N. Bogorodickaja/N. Filatov (iz.), XVI. *Vserossijskaja promyšlennaja i chudožestvennaja vystavka 1896 goda v Nižnem Novgorode*, Nižnij Novgorod, 1996.

zucht und der Konservenindustrie, Vitrinen mit Diamanten und Mineralien aus dem Ural, an heimischen Produkten aus Hanf und Holzschnitzereien, Textilien aus Łódź, bunt lackiertem Spielzeug, Musterinterieurs, das ganze Spektrum der Bäckerei und Braukunst, Ikonenmalerei und Schmiedekunst, Dampfmaschinen, Werkbänken, Pumpen aller Art, Baumwolle aus Turkestan und Früchte aus dem Kaukasus. Man kann auch bei der Dressur von Brieftauben für die militärische Aufklärung verweilen oder beim Einsatz von Tauchern. Aber es handelt sich nicht einfach um eine ungeheure Ansammlung von Objekten, sondern es waltet selbstverständlich eine bis ins Letzte durchdachte Regie. Es ist offensichtlich, dass das ganze russländische Imperium – und das heißt *rossijskaja* im Unterschied zu *russkaja* – hier ausgestellt wird. Wer 1896 nach Nižnij kommt, tritt gleichsam eine Reise in die entferntesten Winkel des Riesenreiches an. Russland ist groß und gerade dabei, sich selbst zu entdecken, zu vermessen und zu beschreiben. In Nižnij kann man eine Entdeckungsreise in den äußersten Norden beginnen, sich entlang der neu verlegten Trasse des „Großen sibirischen Wegs“, also der künftigen Transsibirischen Eisenbahn, den Auswanderern auf ihrem Weg in den Fernen Osten anschließen, den Teekarawanen an die chinesische Grenze folgen oder sich im neuen Gruben- und Industrirevier des Donbas umsehen. Russland ist weit und groß – das ist eine Botschaft. Eine andere lautet: Russland ist nach wie vor ganz überwiegend und überwältigend das Land der Bauern und des Dorfes. Mit besonderer Sorgfalt sind die landwirtschaftlichen Erzeugnisse und Leistungen ausgestellt, wiederum aus allen Gouvernements des Reiches. Eine dritte Botschaft könnte lauten: Russland ist dabei, Anschluss herzustellen, aufzurücken unter die führenden Industriemächte. Daher sind die größten Attraktionen nicht in den Abteilungen für Landwirtschaft zu finden, sondern in den Pavillons der Industrie, der Technik und des neuen anspruchsvollen Konsums. Lokomotiven, Dreschmaschinen und Dampfpflüge, neue Heiz- und Raffinierungsverfahren, Experimental- und Laborstationen, Flugapparate und Meteorologie-Stationen im Dienste der Landwirtschaft. Auch die Kunst hat einen eigenen Pavillon, wo man einen Querschnitt der zeitgenössischen Meister zu sehen bekommen soll. Vor allem aber ist es – und dies ist ein weiterer Charakterzug – eine Ausstellung der Belehrung, der Aufklärung, der Erziehung. Vielleicht nicht so erstaunlich in einem Land, in dem Lesen- und Schreibenkönnen noch nicht allgemein geworden waren. Kein Pavillon, in dem der Besucher nicht mit

Diagrammen und Statistiken über den Stand der Dinge, vor allem aber über den Fortschritt und das Verhältnis zu den weiter fortgeschrittenen Nationen informiert würde. Die Schau von Nižnij ist gerade nicht oder noch nicht, was Walter Benjamin für sein Paris als Hauptstadt des 19. Jahrhunderts mit guten Gründen hatte sagen können: „Weltausstellungen sind die Wallfahrtsstätten zum Fetisch Ware“.<sup>14</sup> Die Nižnijer Ausstellung ist ein Wallfahrtsort für Lernende und Lehrende, eine große volkspädagogische Anstalt – nicht umsonst gab es für Studenten und Pädagogen Freifahrten auf der Eisenbahn und Gratiseintrittskarten. Auf Karten und in Panoramen wird das Reich vor Augen geführt: die neuen Eisenbahnlinien, die neuen Hafenanlagen und Anschlüsse an die Exporthäfen, die neue Geographie der Abbau- und Produktionsstätten. Es entsteht das Bild von einem vom Königreich Polen und dem Großfürstentum Finnland bis zum Pazifik reichenden, in rasendem Wandel begriffenen Kontinents. Es sind Grafiken und Diagramme der Steigerung: die Gusseisenproduktion verdreifacht sich zwischen 1882 und 1894, die Steinkohleproduktion verdoppelt sich im selben Zeitraum, die Ölproduktion steigt von 50,5 Millionen Pud im Jahre 1882 auf 377 Millionen Pud im Jahre 1895. In der Goldproduktion rangiert Russland neben Kalifornien, Australien und Südafrika ganz vorne. Russland vergleicht sich immer wieder und immer mehr mit den Vereinigten Staaten, manchmal überholt es sie auch – wie in der Entwicklung der Technologie des Pipelinebaus etwa. In der Baumwollverarbeitung liegt Russland noch an dritter Stelle hinter Großbritannien und den USA, aber schon gleichauf mit dem Deutschen Reich.

Der Führer durch die Ausstellung legt aber auch Wert auf die Kommentierung der repräsentativen Form der ganzen Anlage, besonders aber der „Paläste der industriellen Arbeit“. Alles ist eingelagert in eine Parklandschaft mit Blumenrabatten, Teichen und Fontänen. Durch das Gelände führt eine elektrische Ringbahn, abends wird es von 250 Bogenlampen illuminiert. Alles was Rang und Namen in der Szene der Petersburger und Moskauer Architekten hat, ist in Nižnij vertreten. Leontij N. Benua, der Klassizist aus Sankt Petersburg, ist nicht nur im Direktorium der Ausstellung, sondern hat die Pavillons für Pferdezucht, Jagdwesen und Pelzwirtschaft, aber auch den Pavillon für Sibirien und den Chinahandel entworfen. Weitere Petersburger Berühmtheiten wie Professor Šreter (Schröter), Cejdler (Zeidler) und Roppet sind mit von der Partie bei der Gestaltung der Pavillons. A. N. Pomerancev, der Erbauer der großen Passagen von

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14 Walter Benjamin, *Das Passagenwerk*, Gesammelte Schriften Bd. V.1, hg. von Rolf Tiedemann, Frankfurt/Main, 1982, S. 50.

Moskau – den meisten geläufig als ehemaliges Kaufhaus GUM –, hat den Pavillon für Tierzucht und die Gebäude für Maschinenbau und Elektrotechnik, aber auch den für Zentralasien gebaut. Und der Pavillon für den Russischen Norden stammt von Lev N. Kekušev, einem Meister des russischen Jugendstils, und Konstantin A. Korovin, einem Vertreter des russischen Symbolismus. Nicht erwähnt wird in dem Führer, dass der bedeutendste Architekt des russischen Jugendstils, Fedor Šechtel' (Schechtel), die Torbögen am Eingang der Ausstellung entworfen hatte, während immerhin an einer ganz verdeckten Stelle der Name von Vladimir Šuchov auftaucht, dem bedeutendsten Ingenieur-Baumeister Russlands im 20. Jahrhundert. Dazu später. Die Architekten waren gehalten oder waren vielleicht auch selbst von der Aufgabe fasziniert, der Leistungsschau des Imperiums ein imperiales Gesicht zu geben, d.h. die Stile und Formenwelt der im Reich vorhandenen Völker und Kulturen abzubilden. Die kleineren Gebäude, oft aus Holz errichtet, nehmen die Tradition der russischen Holzarchitektur auf. Die imposantesten Gebäude sind vom Historismus und Eklektizismus des ausgehenden Jahrhunderts geprägt. Aber viele Gebäude werden auch als „maurisch“, was wohl mit orientalisch zu übersetzen ist, charakterisiert. Architektonisch könnte man wohl sagen: auf dem Gelände der Ausstellung von Nižnij wird Russland als Vielvölkerreich und als eurasisatische Macht oder Zivilisation in Szene gesetzt.<sup>15</sup>

Wir verlassen für einen Augenblick das Ausstellungsgelände und gehen hinüber zum Gelände des Jahrmarkts von Nižnij, zum Platz der traditionellen Messe, die den eigentlichen Mythos Nižnij begründet hat, und die ein, vielleicht *der* Hauptgrund dafür war, dass Nižnij zum Ausstellungsort bestimmt worden war.

### Die Messe von Nižnij – Marktplatz des Imperiums

Russland war immer ein Land der Märkte und Messen – in den 1860er Jahren wurden immerhin 1127 Messen und 4768 ländliche Märkte gezählt. Aber die meisten hatten nur eine lokale oder regionale Bedeutung und keine konnte es mit der Messe von Nižnij aufnehmen, das zwischen dem 15. Juli, wenn die Messe feierlich eröffnet wurde, bis zum 10. September, wenn sie zu Ende ging, zum Mittelpunkt des russländischen, des eurasischen Handels, zum bedeutendsten Handelsplatz des Reiches zu werden schien. Messen gab es schon seit dem 14. Jahrhundert, viele entlang der Wolga, bei Kazan, in Vasilursk,

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15 vgl. Illustrationen zu den Pavillons in den Ausstellungsführern.

oder in Klöstern wie dem Makarev-Kloster stromabwärts von Nižnij. 1817 wurde die Messe vom Makarev-Kloster nach Nižnij verlegt. Das Messegelände auf der Landzunge zwischen Wolga- und Okamündung wurde im großen Stil hergerichtet und bebaut.<sup>16</sup> Es entstand eine Stadt in der Stadt. Ein französischer Ingenieur – Betancourt – entwickelte den Generalplan mit den Laden- und Budenstraßen, der notwendigen Infrastruktur von sanitären Einrichtungen bis zur Feuerwehr. Ein anderer französischer Architekt – Auguste de Montferrand, der Erbauer der Isaaks-Kathedrale in Sankt Petersburg – errichtete die fünfkuppelige Spaso-Preobraženskij-Kathedrale. Später kamen noch eine armenische Kirche und eine Moschee hinzu. Die Umsätze stiegen, ebenso wie die Besucherzahlen. Aber diese Stadt in der Stadt existierte nur für den Augenblick der Messe. Die Stadt selbst zählte 1896 rund 70 000 Einwohner, in Messezeiten waren es drei- bis viermal soviel. Während der längsten Zeit des Jahres lag das Gelände leer und verödet, sogar von den Frühjahrshochwassern überflutet. Aber wenn die Messe losging, wurde der Jahrmarkt von Nižnij zu einem eigentümlichen Mittelpunkt der Welt. Die Schiffs-karawanen, die flussaufwärts von Astrachan gekommen waren oder aus Rybinsk am oberen Flusslauf, die Flöße und Barken hatten an den Anlegestellen festgemacht, sodass sich viele Besucher der Messe an das Gewirr von Dschunken in chinesischen Häfen erinnert fühlten. Für die Zeit der Messe wurde eine Pontonbrücke über die Oka geschlagen. Das bedeutete, dass das eigentliche Stadtzentrum in der Messezeit sich von der Stadt auf dem Bergufer, mit dem mittelalterlichen Kreml, den Kirchen, Klöstern, Gymnasien, Geistlichen Seminaren, hinübergewandert war auf das andere Ufer der Oka. Alle Besucher waren geradezu betäubt von dem Wirbel und dem Gedränge, der Farbenpracht der Waren und dem Stimmengewirr der vielen Völker. Astolphe de Custine, Alexander Dumas père, Lewis Caroll, der deutsche Unternehmer Gottlieb Daimler – sie alle waren angesichts der Fülle dessen, was sie zu sehen bekamen, überwältigt und rangen um Worte.<sup>17</sup> Tee, Leder, Ikonen, Bücher der Altgläubigen, Pelze, Eisen, Holz, Fisch, Gewürze, Gold, Seife aus Kasan, Musikinstrumente, Seide, Konfekt, Porzellan, Teppiche – was

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- 16 Zur Geschichte der Messe, Anne Lincoln Fitzpatrick, *The Great Russian Fair. Nizhnii Novgorod, 1840–90.* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1990; A. P. Mel'nikov, *Očerk ibytovoj istorii nižegorodskoj jarmarki (1817–1917),* Nižnij Novgorod, 1993; Kristina Küntzel, *Von Nižnij Novgorod zu Gor'kij. Metamorphosen einer russischen Provinzstadt. Die Entwicklung der Stadt von den 1890er bis zu den 1930er Jahren,* Stuttgart, 2001.
- 17 Reiseberichte zur Messe: *Handbuch für Reisende* von Karl Baedeker, Leipzig: Verlag Karl Baedeker 1897; Gudrun Müller, „Die Geldbörse Russland.“ Nižnij Novgorod in Reiseberichten des 17. bis 20. Jahrhunderts, Diplomarbeit, Universität Wien, 2009.

immer das Land zu bieten hatte und wonach es Bedarf gab: alles wurde in Nižnij gehandelt. Es ging um Tauschhandel, um Kauf und Verkauf, nicht um die Ausstellung von Hochleistung und Musterwaren. Und gewiss war es so, dass mit der Eröffnung neuer Kommunikations- und Verkehrswege – die Öffnung des Suez-Kanals 1868 führte zu einem Absturz des Teehandels, der ja immer noch über Land abgewickelt wurde, der Bau der Sibirischen Bahn 1891 machte den Verkauf von Eisenwaren in Nižnij überflüssig – das Ende des Jahrmarkts von Nižnij als einer Verkaufsmesse herannahnte. Die Umsätze waren im Jahrzehnt vor 1896 drastisch zurückgegangen, sodass die Ausstellung von 1896 auch als Übergang vom Messe- zum Ausstellungsplatz verstanden werden kann.



Abb. 2: Pavillons

Aber der Ruhm des Jahrmarkts von Nižnij lässt sich nicht allein aus dessen ökonomischer Funktion erklären. Er war auch eine große Zirkulations- und Vergesellschaftungsmaschine, die für einen kurzen, gedrängten Augenblick das weite Land mit sich selbst in Verbindung brachte. Es ging nicht nur um Geschäfte, sondern Verkehr im weitesten Sinne: um Austausch, Wettbewerb, Absprache, Konkurrenz, Genuss, Geselligkeit. Pathetisch gesprochen: in der heißen Zeit der Messe von Nižnij kam Russland zu sich selbst. Hohe Beamte aus der Hauptstadt, Händler aus China und Afghanistan, Commis voyageurs aus Łódź und Helsingfors, Vertreter deutscher und französischer Firmen, Wandertruppen, Taschendiebe, Prostituierte in hellen Scharen. Alle Beschreibungen der Messe von Nižnij stimmen darin überein, dass es nicht nur ein Ort für Geschäftsverhandlungen war, sondern vor allem der Geselligkeit und einer ganz spezifischen Wirtschaftskultur, in der noch immer der Handschlag mehr zählte als der schriftliche Kontrakt. Die Schilderungen – vor allem der Ausländer – sind voll von durchzechten Nächten, fabelhaften Zigeunerinnen, aber auch von strengen Ritualen, die garantierten, dass das Leben in dieser *instant city*, in dieser Metropole aus dem Stand und für den Augenblick, nicht außer Kontrolle geriet (hier vor allem die ewige und berechtigte Angst vor Bränden!).<sup>18</sup> Fast in allen Beschreibungen klingt etwas an von zeitweiligem Ausnahmezustand, einer unwahrscheinlichen Belebung und eines unvergesslichen Erlebnisses. Man hat den Eindruck, dass sich für einen Augenblick der Lebensmittelpunkt des Reiches ostwärts verschiebt, nach Nižnij.

#### Rückkehr aufs Ausstellungsgelände: Aggregat der russischen Moderne

Wir kehren jetzt noch einmal aufs Messegelände zurück, diesmal aber nicht nur mit dem ausgezeichneten, eleganten Führer des Finanzministeriums – mein Exemplar zeigt starke Benutzerspuren, die auf ein intensives Interesse hinweisen –, sondern mit den Augen eines hellwachen Beobachters. Maxim Gorki, geboren 1868 in Nižnij Novgorod, schrieb „Eindrücke, Beobachtungen, Skizzen, Szenen“, die in den *Odessaer Nachrichten* publiziert wurden.<sup>19</sup> Einige Aspekte sollen hier kurz erwähnt werden. Gorki, der damals

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18 Zur Wolga als Erinnerungsort vgl. die umfassende Arbeit von Guido Hausmann, *Mütterchen Wolga. Ein Fluss als Erinnerungsort vom 16. bis ins frühe 20. Jahrhundert*, Frankfurt/New York, 2009.

19 Die Feuilletons zur Ausstellung sind in: Maksim Gor'kij, *S vserossijskoj vystavki (vpečatlenija, nabludenija, nabroski, sceny i.t.d.)*, in M. Gor'kij. Sobranie sočinenij v 13 tomach, tom 23, Moskva, 1953,

schon bekannte und erfolgreiche Schriftsteller, moniert, dass es keine zentrale Idee, kein einheitliches Ensemble der Ausstellung gebe, sodass er sich angesichts des Mischmasch von Stilen an einen Basar erinnert fühlt. Rokoko, maurischer Stil, vor allem aber keine russische Architektur. Er kritisiert, dass bei Regen die Besucher durch Matsch wandern müssen. Er berichtet über die Kontroversen, die Bilder von Michail Vrubel ausgelöst hätten und die damit endeten, dass die von akademischen Malern besetzte Jury seine Bilder, weil „dekadent“, habe abhängen lassen. Er kritisiert, dass zwar wunderbare Exponate zu sehen seien, nicht aber der Arbeitsprozess, in dem sie produziert worden sind. Die Aussteller zielten mehr auf äußerliche Effekte bei der Reklame ihrer Produkte ab als auf sachliche Präsentation. Er moniert, dass man zwar die wunderbaren Textilien der Morozov-Manufaktur, nicht aber die Weber zu sehen bekomme. Wenn er wünsche, dass mehr russische Waren ausgestellt werden, dann nicht weil er Nationalist oder Apologet irgend-einer russischen Originalität sei, sondern weil das Land viel Eindrucksvolleres vorzuweisen habe, als dort gezeigt werde. Gorki besuchte auch die Aufführungen der Truppe des Moskauer Kleinen Theaters, und er beschreibt die Cancan-Tänzerinnen aus Berlin. Er zeichnet sowohl die „Gesellschaft“ – einschließlich des spiritus rector der Ausstellung Sergej Vitte – als auch das Nachtleben in den Casinos und Variétés, er ist hingerissen von einer blinden Sängerin aus dem Volke, aber noch mehr von der Aufführung des Cinematographe Lumière und dessen ihn äußerst irritierenden Effekten. Gorki betätigt sich als Kunstkritiker und wundert sich, dass die russische Malerei sich fast ausschließlich auf Landschaftsmalerei konzentriert. Aber das Wichtigste an seiner Berichterstattung ist, dass er die Erregung, die Sensation und die gesteigerte Nerventätigkeit, die diese Anhäufung von Eindrücken auf ihn ausübt, thematisiert. Er tut dies fast in identischen Vokabeln, die ein anderer Betrachter von der zeitgleich stattfindenden Gewerbeausstellung in Berlin-Treptow berichtet. Es ist Georg Simmel. Die Ausstellung ist für ihn der Ort der äußersten Steigerung, ja Überforderung des Wahrnehmungsvermögens. „Die nachbarliche Enge, in die die heterogensten Industrieprodukte gerückt sind, erzeugt eine Paralyse des Wahrnehmungsvermögens, eine wahre Hypnose.“ Die Ausstellung ist der Ort einer extremen Verdichtung und Konzentration und zugleich eine „Schöpfung für die Vergänglichkeit“. Das gesellige Vergnügen, das Amusement, so Simmel, übernimmt dann die Funktion der Verständigung und Vergesellschaftung, die in der Konkurrenz und Reklame der je eigenen Ware nicht mehr gelingt. Die Ausstellung ist der Ort einer

ins Unendliche gehenden Differenzierung ebenso wie die Form, noch einmal alles in Einen zusammenzubringen. „An Weltausstellungen ist es ein eigenthümlicher Reiz, dass sie ein momentanes Centrum der Weltcultur bilden, dass die Arbeit der ganzen Welt sich, wie in einem Bilde, in diese enge Begrenzung zusammengezogen hat.“<sup>20</sup>

Gorki, der als eine Art literarischer Ethnologe auf der Ausstellung unterwegs ist, und Simmel, der sich als Soziologe um die philosophische Analyse der kulturellen Formen bemüht, schärfen den Blick für das, was auf der Ausstellung in Nižnij im Jahre 1896 zusammengekommen ist – für einen Augenblick jedenfalls. Dies darzustellen ist nicht ganz einfach, da ich mich hier in eine Aufzählung, also ein Nacheinander flüchten muss, wo es in Wahrheit darum ginge, die Kräfte im Raum lokalisiert zu lassen und miteinander ins Spiel zu bringen oder auch: sie aufeinander loszulassen. Das Ausstellungsgelände wird zum Schau- und Handlungsräum, zu einer Bühne, auf der sie alle ihren Auftritt haben: manchmal in unmittelbarer Nachbarschaft, bei einem Eröffnungszeremoniell, bei einer Theaterpremiere oder bei einem Kongress. Sie alle sind in einer Art Third Space zunächst durch nichts anderes miteinander verbunden als über den Ort. Man braucht vorerst noch nicht zu kategorisieren oder zu hierarchisieren, sondern kann es bei einer Aufzählung belassen. Wir werden später sehen, ob an diesem Zusammentreffen und Aneinandervorbeilaufen etwas Bemerkenswertes festzustellen ist. Fangen wir an:

Schematisch aufgezählt, geht es um folgende dramatis personae:

- das russische Kaiserpaar, Nikolaus II. und seine Gemahlin
- der Finanzminister Sergej Witte
- der Bischof von Vladimir, Nižnij Novgorod und Arsamas
- der Schriftsteller Maxim Gorki
- der Architekt Fedor Schechtel
- der Ingenieur Vladimir Šuchov
- der Universalgelehrte Dmitrij Mendeleev
- die Fabrikanten Savva Ivanovič Mamontov und Savva Timofeevič Morozov
- die Maler der Gruppe „Die Wanderer“, aber auch der „Symbolist“ Michail Vrubel’
- die Truppe des Moskauer Kleinen Theaters

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20 Georg Simmel, „Berliner Gewerbe-Ausstellung 1896“, in: Alexander C. T. Geppert, *Fleeting Cities*, S. 281–282.

- der Sänger Fedor Schaljapin
- die Organisatoren des Kongresses der Zemstvo, der Landschaftsorganisationen
- der diplomatische Vertreter des Kaiserreiches China, Li Hung Chang
- das Personal der größten Fabrik Nižnij Novgorods: Sormovo
- eine Gruppe von rund 400 Korrespondenten, darunter zahlreiche ausländische
- der Pavillon der Transsibirischen Eisenbahn

Diese Liste ist keineswegs vollständig, sie ist aber auch nicht zufällig. Interessant ist natürlich auch die Frage, wer auf dieser Liste nicht auftaucht. Sie ist zusammengeschrieben aus der Literatur, die zur Ausstellung von Nižnij vorliegt – eine systematische, eigene Monographie wäre nur zu wünschen.

Protokollarisch an der Spitze steht selbstverständlich der russische Zar. Er besuchte die Ausstellung am 17. und 18. Juli, aus Moskau kommend, die Stadt war ihm zu Ehren dekoriert und illuminiert. Junge Leute aus der Nižnijer Kaufmannschaft und Polizisten in Zivil umgaben ihn, er bestand darauf, nicht von Uniformierten umgeben zu sein. Sein Besuch verlief ohne Zwischenfall. Ein Mitglied der kaiserlichen Familie – Großfürst Nikolaj Nikolaevič – hatte zudem in einem Pavillon die Spaltenprodukte seiner Fasennanzucht ausgestellt. Nikolaj soll, als ihm eine Delegation von Fabrikanten vorgestellt wurde, sich abgewandt haben, weil viele von ihnen Ausländer waren, meistens mit deutschen Namen.

Die Zentralgestalt der Ausstellung war Sergej Vitte, der Finanzminister, aus einer deutschbaltischen Familie stammend, 1849 in Tiflis geboren und über viele Stationen – Kiew, Saratov u.a. – schließlich in Petersburg ganz an die Spitze gekommen. Die Ausstellung, noch mit Alexander III. 1893 beschlossen, war ganz seine Sache, wie auch die ganze Epoche als „Ära Vitte“ bezeichnet wird. Als Anhänger von Friedrich List hatte er den staatlichen Eisenbahnbau ins Zentrum seines Modernisierungsplans gerückt. Der Bau der großen sibirischen Magistrale und der durch die Mandschurei zum Meer führenden Ostchina-Bahn war sein mit großer Leidenschaft durchgesetztes Projekt. Charakteristika des Systems Vitte waren: staatliche Industriepolitik, Protektionismus, Schaffung attraktiver Bedingungen für ausländische Investitionen in Russland, aktive Migrationspolitik zur Erschließung Sibiriens, „friedliche“, d.h. vor allem ökonomische und infra-

strukturelle Durchdringung des Fernen Ostens, kein Eingehen von außenpolitischen Risiken oder gar militärischen Abenteuern. Man kann ihn wohl als einen energischen Technokraten mit glänzenden Gaben, aber auch einen glänzenden Kommunikator nennen. Witte war von der Krönung und dem Chodynka-Massaker in Moskau nach Nižnij geeilt. Er war immer wieder in Nižnij, hatte auch eine programmatische Eröffnungsrede gehalten. „Russland wächst, seine Produktivkräfte wachsen und mit ihnen der Wohlstand des Landes, seine Macht und die Anerkennung seiner Stärke.“ Er war überzeugt, dass Russland keine Opfer scheuen dürfe, um seine Rückständigkeit gegenüber Europa und Nordamerika zu überwinden, und dass Russland eine besondere Rolle in der Vermittlung zwischen Europa und Asien zufallen würde.<sup>21</sup>

Der Bischof taucht hier auf, weil die Präsenz der orthodoxen Kirche nicht nur unübersehbar, sondern unabdingbar war. Mit ihrem Segen wurde die Ausstellung eröffnet und beschlossen, sie kümmerte sich um das geistliche Wohlergehen, zur Ausstellung war auch eine neue monumentale Kathedrale eröffnet worden.

Von Maxim Gorki war schon die Rede. Geboren in Nižnij und ein Kenner der russischen Verhältnisse wie kaum ein anderer Schriftsteller, sollte er zu einer Zentralfigur einer radikal sozialkritischen Literatur, ein Repräsentant dessen, was man „russische Intelligenzia“ nannte, werden. Er kannte seine Figuren, nicht nur den Arbeiter Pavel und dessen Mutter, sondern auch die Kaufmannstypen, die Kleinbürger und die Intelligenzia.<sup>22</sup>

Die Namen der renommiertesten hauptstädtischen Architekten sind 1896 in Nižnij vertreten. Dominierender Stil sind noch immer verschiedene Spielarten der Eklektik, des neorussischen oder neoklassischen Stils. Aber inmitten dieser *mainstream*-Architektur tauchen neue Farben und Stimmen auf, und Fedor Schechtel, der bahnbrechende Architekt des russischen Jugendstils, ist auch dabei. Sogar ein früher Vorläufer der sowjetischen Avantgarde könnte in einem Pavillonbau von unwahrscheinlicher Einfachheit ausgemacht werden. Ausstellungen sind ideale Spiel- und Experimentierplätze für ästheti-

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21 Ergänzend zur Arbeit von Laues vgl. Francis W. Weislo, *Tales of Imperial Russia. The Life and Times of Sergei Witte, 1849–1915*, Oxford, 2011.

22 Neuere Darstellung zu Maksim Gor'kij: Pavel Basinskij, Maksim Gor'kij. *Mifi biografija*, Sankt Petersburg, 2008.

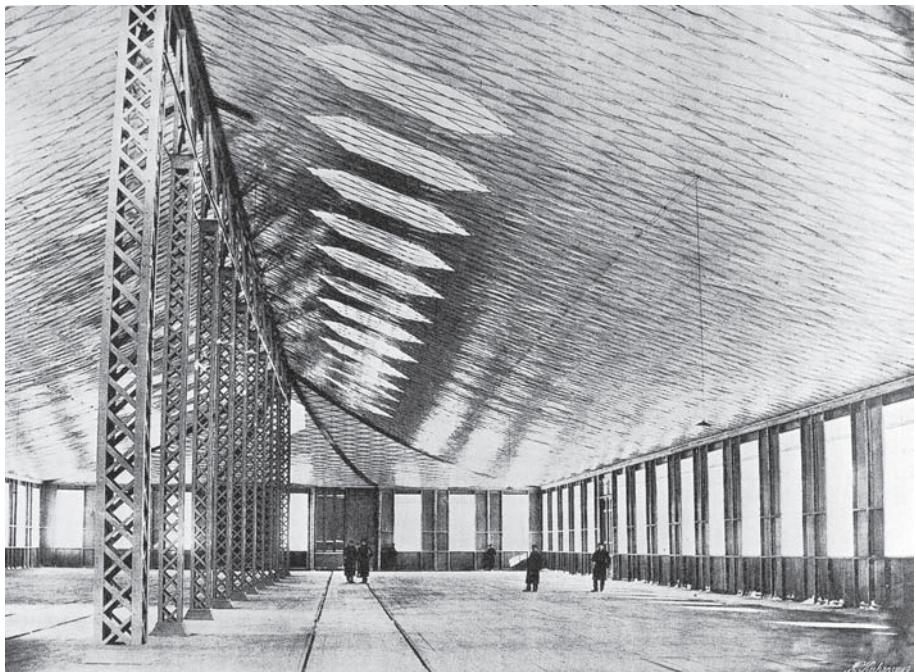


Abb. 3: Šuchovs Hängedach

sche Experimente. Schechtel ist die Signatur einer ganzen Schicht der Stadtentwicklung, die für den Aufschwung der russischen Provinz, vor allem des Wolgaraumes steht.<sup>23</sup>

Vladimir Šuchov, Jahrgang 1853, war der Chefingenieur des Büros Bari, das acht Pavillons errichtet hatte. An versteckter Stelle findet sich im Ausstellungsführer sogar ein spezieller Hinweis auf ihn: „Die Rotunde und die angrenzenden rechteckigen Gebäude können das Recht, selbständige Exponate zu sein, beanspruchen. Sie sind aus Eisen vom Ingenieur Bari nach dem System des Ingenieur-Mechanikers Šuchov erbaut. Das

23 Zum Werk Šechtels: *Fedor Shekhtel and the epoch of Art nouveau*, Mocow, 2009; *Architekturnaja skazka Fedora Šechtel'ja. K 150-letiju so dnja roždenija Mastera*, Moskva, 2010; über den Jugendstil in Nižnij Novgorod: Ol'ga Vl. Orel'skaja, *Architektura epochi moderna v Nižnem Novgorode*, Nižnij Novgorod, 2000.

Originelle in der Construction dieser Gebäude besteht darin, dass ihre Dächer ohne Sparren sind und ein straff aufgezogenes hängendes, mit Eisenblech bedecktes Netzbilden. In Folge dieses Systems zeigt das Dach im Durchschnitt die Form einer Kettenlinie.“ Die Pavillons, äußerlich meist konventionell, waren in konstruktiver Hinsicht innovativ, ja revolutionär. Šuchov entwarf neue Tragekonstruktionen für Hallen und Dächer, vor allem aber hyperboloidre Turmkonstruktionen. Šuchovs Hängedächer für die Ausstellungshallen haben beträchtliche Abmessungen. Er war überaus vielseitig, entwickelte für die Firma Nobel Pipelines, Raffinierungsverfahren, Ölcontainer für den Fluss und See-transport, eine ganze Serie von Wassertürmen, die auch auf dem Ausstellungsgelände zu sehen waren. Ein späteres Angebot, in die USA zu gehen, lehnte er ab. Ein Ingenieurhistoriker meint über ihn: „Šuchovs Konstruktionen vollenden die Bemühungen des 19. Jahrhunderts um eine eigenständige Eisenkonstruktion und weisen zugleich weit ins 20. Jahrhundert hinein. Sie brachten einen bedeutsamen Fortschritt: Das auf Haupt- und Nebenteilen beruhende Stabgefuge des zu jener Zeit üblichen räumlichen Fachwerks wurde durch ein Netz gleichwertiger Konstruktionsglieder ersetzt“ (Christian Schädelich). Šuchovs deutscher Biograph Rainer Graefe meint, die Außenansicht zeige recht unauffällige Bauten. Die Innenräume hingegen unter den geschwungenen Netzen der Hängedächer und unter den filigranen Gittertonnen unterschiedlicher Spannweiten seien jedoch außerordentlich eindrucksvoll. „Die Unverblümtheit, mit der die eisernen Fachwerkstützen und -träger gezeigt sind, verstärken für den heutigen Betrachter den ästhetischen Reiz dieser Hallenarchitektur.“<sup>24</sup>

Dmitrij Ivanovič Mendeleev ist den meisten bekannt als der Erfinder des chemischen Periodensystems, hier kommt der russische Universalgelehrte, der lange in Deutschland und in der Schweiz studiert hatte, in Betracht als öffentliche Person, die sich Gedanken über die Zukunft Russlands machte. Vitte hatte von ihm gesagt, dass er ihn brauche, wenn sein Modernisierungsvorhaben gelingen sollte. Mendeleev – aber man könnte auch Petr Semenov-Tjan-Sanski, den Anthropologen, Geographen und Ökonomen in einer Person nennen – steht für den aufklärerischen, pädagogischen Zug der russischen gebildeten Klasse, und er hätte gerne diese Seite noch mehr betont gesehen. Er hat sich immer

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24 Zu Šuchov die bestdokumentierte Darstellung: E. M. Šuchova, *Vladimir Grigor'evic Šuchov. Pervyy inžener Rossii*, Moskva, 2003; vor allem aber: Rainer Graefe, *V. G. Šuchov 1853–1939. Kunst der Konstruktion*, bearbeitet von Rainer Graefe, Murat Gappoev, Ottmar Pertschi, Stuttgart-Bad Cannstatt, 1990; S. O. Chan-Magomedov, *Vladimir Šuchov*, Moskva, 2010.

wieder auf ein anderes Großprojekt – die Allrussische Volkszählung von 1897 – bezogen und daraus demographische Schlüsse gezogen, die wissenschaftlich zwar nicht haltbar waren, aber doch etwas aussagten über die Projektionen, zu denen das Russland in jenen Jahren durchaus Anlass gab. Mendeleev hatte berechnet, dass das Russische Reich im Jahre 2000 eine Bevölkerung von rund 500 Millionen Menschen haben werde – dies auf dem Hintergrund des 20. Jahrhunderts zu lesen, ist nicht ohne Interesse.<sup>25</sup>

Die Namen der Fabrikanten Savva Mamontov und Savva Morozov stehen für ein anderes gesellschaftliches Segment. Mamontov hatte auf der Ausstellung einen eigenen, privaten Pavillon eingerichtet, nachdem Michail Vrubels Bilder zensiert worden waren, in dem russische Kunst – Malerei und Skulpturen – gezeigt wurde. Morozov war im Direktorium und trat auf dem 3. Allrussischen Handels- und Industrietag am 4. August auf – ein Kongress, auf dem alle wichtigen Persönlichkeiten aus Handel, Industrie, Landwirtschaft, Wissenschaft und Verwaltung anwesend waren. Beide sind charakteristische russische Unternehmerpersönlichkeiten, eine Mischung aus amerikanischen self-made-men und russischen Patriarchen, oft aus dem altgläubigen Milieu stammend. Sie hatten es in kurzer Zeit nicht nur zu erheblichem Reichtum gebracht, sondern diesen Reichtum auch als Verpflichtung empfunden. Sie haben Volkshäuser, Nachtasyle, Lesehallen finanziert, vor allem aber als Mäzene der russischen Kunst gewirkt. Die Blüte der russischen Kunst und Kultur um 1900 ist undenkbar ohne das großzügige und auch intellektuell anteilnehmende Mäzenatentum und die philanthropische Tätigkeit der russischen Kaufleute und Industriellen, die dort wirkten, wo der autokratische Staat versagte. Wenn es eine materielle, soziale Basis gegeben hat für die Ausbildung bürgerlicher Gesellschaft, dann waren es Leute wie Mamontov und Morozov.<sup>26</sup>

Um die Sphäre der Künste auf der Ausstellung von 1896 zusammenzufassen: Bedeutende Gestalten des künstlerischen Lebens – hier vor allem Ivan Siškin, Isaak Levitan, Ilja Repin, Konstantin Makovskij und Michail Vrubel – waren in Nižnij dabei. Für viele Künstler war die Reise in die Provinz eine große und oft folgenreiche Entdeckung, für

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25 Die politischen Reflexionen Mendeleevs in: Dmitrij Mendeleev, *K poznaniju Rossii*, St. Peterburg, 1907.

26 Zu Morozov und Mamontov: *Savva Mamontov*, Moskva, 1995; P. A. Buryškin, *Moskva kupečeskaja*, New York, 1954; B. W. Kean, *All the Empty Palaces: The Merchant Patrons of Modern Art in Pre-Revolutionary Russia*, London, 1983; *Technogenes. Putevoditel'. Promyšlennaja architektura Nižnego Novgoroda I Nižegorodskoj oblasti načala epochi promyšlennyoj revoljucii i pervych let socialističeskoj industrializacii*, Nižnij Novgorod, Izdatelstvo Dirizabla' 2002; Alfred J. Rieber, *Merchants and Entrepreneurs in Imperial Russia*, Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press, 1982.

die Städte in der Provinz wurden Maßstäbe und Vorbilder gesetzt – etwa wenn erstklassige Theaterensembles auftraten und erstmalig musikalische Werke aufgeführt wurden.<sup>27</sup>

Ein Ereignis besonderer Bedeutung dürfte der 1. Allrussische Kongress der Zemstvo-Organisationen vom 8. bis 11. August gewesen sein.<sup>28</sup> Beschlossen wurde, ein zentrales Büro der Zemstvo-Organisation in Sankt Petersburg einzurichten – dazu kam es später nicht; aber dies war ein bedeutsamer Schritt, die Landschaften, also die in den Reformen der 1860er Jahre begründeten Institute der lokalen und regionalen Selbstverwaltung zusammenzurufen und dieser horizontalen, netzwerkähnlichen Struktur eine stärkere Position zu verschaffen. Wie schwach auch immer die Selbstverwaltung der Landschaften gewesen sein mag – sie waren die wichtigste Form der Selbstverwaltung, die Russland je hervorgebracht hatte, Sammelbecken und Kristallisierungspunkt für die Sammlung der liberalen und demokratischen Gesellschaft, die sich später zur Befreiungsbewegung organisieren sollte. Ihr wichtigster Träger war das „Dritte Element“, also die Angehörigen der gebildeten und intellektuellen Elite vor Ort: Lehrer, Ärzte, Agronomen, Ingenieure. Lutz Häfner und andere haben in diesem Zusammenhang von der Bildung der „Gesellschaft als lokale Veranstaltung“ gesprochen – in Anspielung auf und in Gegensatz zu Dietrich Geyers Formulierung von der „Gesellschaft als staatlicher Veranstaltung“.<sup>29</sup>

Schließlich war ein Element auf der Aufstellung präsent, von dem noch gar nicht die Rede war: der Industriearbeiterschaft, der Arbeiterklasse, dem Proletariat. Nižnij Novgorod war zwar eine Handelsstadt, aber in der Vorstadt Sormovo gab es auch eine bedeutende Industrie. Die Sormovo-Werke hatten 1899 immerhin 10 748 Arbeiter, ab 1895 wurden hier Schienen, Waggons und Dampflokomotiven für die Transsibirische Eisenbahn hergestellt. Das Sormovo-Werk hatte auf der Ausstellung einen eigenen Pavillon – ausgestellt waren z. B. Schiffe, aber auch die sozialen Einrichtungen des Werkes: Kantine, Bibliothek, Asyle. In dem Viertel ohne Kanalisation und Wasserleitungen lebten mehr als 40 000 Menschen. Bereits in den 1880er Jahren war es zu Unruhen gekommen,

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27 Zu den musikalischen Wolgatourneen vgl. Karl Schlögel, *Petersburg. Laboratorium der Moderne 1909–1921*, München, 2002 (Kapitel: „Die Epoche findet ihren Ton. Der Dirigent Sergei A. Kussewitzki.“), S. 409–452.

28 Zum Zemstvo-Kongress 1896 vgl. Shmuel Galai, *Russian Liberation Movement 1900–1905*, Cambridge, 2002.

29 Lutz Häfner, *Gesellschaft als locale Veranstaltung. Die Wolgastädte Kazan' und Saratov (1870–1914)*, Köln u. a., 2004.

1893 bildete sich im Werk eine marxistische Zelle. Im Mai 1896 war es zum ersten großen Massenstreik in Petersburg gekommen, der Ausgangspunkt einer russischen Arbeiterbewegung, der sich bald schon die Sormovo-Arbeiter anschließen werden.<sup>30</sup>

Gewiss ist aber, dass eine Gestalt, die dann zu überhistorischer Größe aufgelaufen ist, nicht dabei war: Vladimir Ul'janov, der spätere Lenin. Ul'janov war mit Nižnij ziemlich gut vertraut, er war in der Nähe – in Simbirsk – aufgewachsen und er hatte die Stadt mehrmals passiert, so etwa, als er am 20. August 1893 per Schiff aus Samara ankommend im Hotel Nikanorov abstieg. Das war zur Zeit der Messe. Am 15. März 1895 war er ins Ausland gefahren, in die Schweiz, nach Frankreich, nach Berlin (wo er in der Königlichen Bibliothek arbeitete), aber nach seiner Rückkehr wurde er am 9. 12. 1895 in Sankt Petersburg festgenommen, am 17. Februar 1897 bestieg er den Zug und fuhr auf der Transsibirischen Eisenbahn in die Verbannung nach Sibirien, nach Šušenskoe. Auch wenn er abwesend war, so drehte sich seine intellektuelle Arbeit doch um die Themen, die auch in Nižnij ausgestellt und verhandelt wurden: Die Entwicklung des Kapitalismus in Russland. Das Buch lag im August 1898 fertig vor und erschien bald darauf in einer Auflage von 2400 Exemplaren. Es ist eine einzige Apologie des Kapitalismus als des treibenden Motors der Veränderung, ja der Revolutionierung Russlands, und eine kompromisslose Abrechnung mit jeder sentimental Vorstellung von einem spezifisch russischen Weg zum Sozialismus, wie ihn seiner Meinung nach die Narodniki verfochten. Aber es bleibt vorerst dabei: Lenin ist in Nižnij 1896 nicht präsent, er fehlt.<sup>31</sup>

Noch schärfer fällt die Abwesenheit eines anderen großen Unbekannten auf, dessen Auftritt in den kommenden Revolutionen, die doch wesentlich Agrarrevolutionen waren, alle überraschen und auch erschrecken wird: die Bewohner des Dorfes, die russischen Bauern, der *mužik* – jedenfalls als politischer Typ oder Repräsentant. An dem Eintrittspreis für den Besuch der Ausstellung allein hat es gewiss nicht gelegen.

Der Sinn dieser vielleicht etwas ermüdenden Aufzählung ist, die Ausstellung als Ensemble der Akteure und Kräfte zu interpretieren, die das Russland des ausgehenden 19. und beginnenden 20. Jahrhunderts geprägt haben. Zum Vorschein kommen sollte jener Kräfteblock oder jenes Plateau, das den Aufschwung Russlands um 1900 getragen hat. Es sind die Ingredienzen für das soziale und kulturelle Laboratorium Russland um

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30 Zum Sormovo-Betrieb und der Arbeiterbewegung: A. Orlovskij, *Sormovo 450 let. 1542–1992* g.g., Nižnij Novgorod, 1991.

31 Zu Lenin vgl. Robert Service, *Lenin. A Biography*, Basingstoke and Oxford, 2000.

1900. Die Ausstellung ist die wohlgeordnete und überschaubare Schau eines Reiches, das in Wahrheit vibriert von Spannungen und Konflikten. Hier war noch zusammen, was bald aufeinanderprallen und in die Luft fliegen wird: altmodisches Panorama und Kino, eklektische Fassade, die sich vom überflüssigen Dekor nicht trennen mag, und Stahlkonstruktion, die nichts mehr zu verbergen hat, jahrhundertealtes Zeremoniell eines Hofes, hinter dem sich ein unsicherer Kaiser verschanzt, Tempo einer Eisenbahn, die noch immer als schockierend, wenn nicht als Teufelswerk empfunden wird, Reklame für englische Seife und für Bastschuhe, Künstler, die sich mehr an Paris und München orientieren als an dem Land, dessen Entdeckung sie noch vor sich haben, amerikanische Rad-dampfer auf dem Strom und barfüßige Treidler an den Ufern, Hunger und Typhus auf den Dörfern und High-Tech von Siemens & Halske. Bauernmigranten in den aus dem Boden gestampften Fabriken und subtile Marx-Exegetik in Zirkeln frühreifer Gymnasiasten. Die „Idiotie des Landlebens“, hineingerissen in den Sog des Weltmarktes. Rasende Beschleunigung in einem Land, in dem es bis vor kurzem noch Leibeigene gab. Schockierende Gleichzeitigkeit der Ungleichzeitigkeit. War die Ausstellung nur eine grandiose Inszenierung, eine Fata Morgana?

#### Schubkräfte, Inkubationszeit, Take-Off

Tatsächlich kam es in den 1890er Jahren zu einem beispiellosen wirtschaftlichen Aufschwung. Der innere Markt dehnte sich aus, die Industrie erreichte bisher nie dagewesene Wachstumsraten. Selbst in der Landwirtschaft waren die Wachstumsraten höher als je zuvor. Im Durchschnitt betrugen die Wachstumsraten im industriellen Sektor an die 8 %, zuweilen auch 10 %. Das Bruttonsozialprodukt der Bevölkerung wuchs mit etwas über 3 % stärker als im Deutschen Reich (1,75 %) und stärker als in irgendeinem anderen europäischen Land. Dabei wurden 40 % der Produktion der Schwerindustrie durch Staatsaufträge finanziert, ein Drittel der regulären Staatsausgaben stammte aus den Resorts für Finanzen und Verkehr. Der Löwenanteil ging in den Eisenbahnbau und damit in die Grundlegung einer modernen Infrastruktur.

Besonders drastisch zeigte sich der Wirtschaftsboom im Eisenbahnbau, vor allem im Bau der Transsibirischen Eisenbahn. Damit einher ging eine Steigerung der Transportleistung, des Fracht- und Passagieraufkommens. Um 1900 besaß Russland das zweit-längste Schienennetz der Welt, jährlich wurden mehr Kilometer fertiggestellt als in jedem anderen europäischen Land. Es blieb nicht beim technischen Ausbau des Netzes.

Die Bautätigkeit auf allen Gebieten nahm zu: neue Industrieanlagen, kommunale Bauten prosperierender Kommunen, Banken, öffentliche Gebäude, Schulen, Krankenhäuser, Bahnhöfe. Die Geographie der Wirtschaft verschob sich mit dem Aufstieg der Industriezentren von Krivoj Rog und im Donbas. Das Reich hatte seine eigene technisch-kommunikative Infrastruktur bekommen: mit den Strecken nach Zentralasien und ans Kaspische Meer, nach Archangelsk, in die Grenzregionen des Kaukasus und zu den südlichen Häfen von Kertsch und Mariupol. Mit dem – ebenfalls auf der Ausstellung ausgehandelten – Vertrag mit China über die Einrichtung der Ostchinabahn war die letzte Lücke zwischen Bajkalsee und Vladivostok geschlossen. Entlang der sibirischen Trasse entstanden neue Siedlungen. Mit der Umstellung der Währung auf Goldstandard verbesserte sich die Position Russlands, die Investitionen ausländischen Kapitals, insbesondere des französischen, belgischen und englischen, nahmen zu. Finanziert wurde diese Stabilität weitgehend durch hohe Schutzzölle, rigorosen Protektionismus, durch landwirtschaftliche Exporte und Steuern, für die vor allem das bäuerliche Russland aufkommen musste. Alles deutete darauf hin, dass die mit dem „System Witte“ bezeichnete staatliche Wirtschaftspolitik zur Überwindung der Rückständigkeit des Zarenreiches zu einem sich selbst tragenden Wirtschaftsaufschwung führen könnte, zu einem Durchbruch bei der Schaffung einer eigenen industriellen Basis und damit langfristig zu einer Minderung der Abhängigkeit von ausländischen Investitionen, Anleihen und Kapital.<sup>32</sup>

Die Entstehung einer modernen Industrie, die, gleichsam ganze Entwicklungsetappen überspringend, als moderne Großindustrie einsetzte, veränderte das Gesicht des Landes und setzte eine Dynamik in Gang, die letztlich die Stabilität des Reiches unterminierte. Niemand hatte das Programm der Modernisierung so offen und rücksichtslos formuliert wie Witte, niemand war aber auch so sensibel wie er, der die Gefahren ahnte, die in der Destabilisierung auf Russland zukamen. Russland sollte vorankommen – um jeden Preis. Witte: „Die wirtschaftlichen Beziehungen Russlands zu Westeuropa ähneln noch vollkommen den Beziehungen der Kolonialländer zu ihren Metropolen: die letzten betrachten ihre Kolonien als günstigen Markt, wo sie die Produkte ihrer Arbeit und ihrer Industrie ungehindert absetzen und aus denen sie mit harter Hand die ihnen notwendigen Rohstoffe herausziehen können. Darauf stützen die Staaten Westeuropas

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32 Zur industriellen Entwicklung: Dietrich Geyer, *Der russische Imperialismus. Studien über den Zusammenhang von innerer und auswärtiger Politik: 1860–1914*, Göttingen, 1977; Theodor H. von Laue, *Sergei Witte and the Industrialisation of Russia*, New York, 1969.

ihre ökonomische Macht, und der Schutz oder die Eroberung neuer Kolonien ist dafür ihr hauptsächliches Mittel. Russland ist auch jetzt noch in gewissem Grad für alle industriell entwickelten Staaten eine solche gastfreie Kolonie, die jene Staaten freigebig mit den billigen Produkten ihres Landes versorgt und für die Erzeugnisse der Arbeit der Industrieländer teuer bezahlt. Doch im Vergleich zur Lage der Kolonien gibt es einen wesentlichen Unterschied: Russland ist ein politisch unabhängiger, mächtiger Staat; es hat das Recht und die Kraft, nicht der ewige Schuldner der ökonomisch entwickelteren Staaten zu bleiben ... es will selbst eine Metropole (*metropolija*) sein – und auf dem Boden der von leibeigenen Fesseln befreiten Volksarbeit hat bei uns unsere eigene nationale Industrie zu wachsen begonnen, die ein hoffnungsvolles Gegengewicht gegen die ausländische Vorherrschaft (*vladyčestvo*) zu werden verspricht.“<sup>33</sup> Vitte, der effektive Manager, scheint, obwohl in seinen Überzeugungen ein rücksichtsloser Technokrat, der einen neuen Arbeitsstil eingeführt hatte, doch ein sicheres Gespür dafür gehabt zu haben, wie „die Gesellschaft“ tickt, wenn er mehr als einmal meint, dass die wahren Schöpfer die Bürger seien: „Je weiter eine Gesellschaft voranschreitet, desto komplexer werden alle Funktionen im Produktionsprozess und umso schwieriger wird die Rolle der Leute, die darin involviert sind. Um diese Rolle wahrnehmen zu können, brauchen sie nicht nur Kapital, sondern müssen über persönliche Qualitäten verfügen, Unternehmungsgeist und Energie. Diese wachsen aber nur auf dem Boden des Selbstvertrauens. Nicht unabkömmliges Handeln zu unterdrücken, sondern es zu entfalten indem die günstigsten Bedingungen für sie geschaffen werden, das ist die wahre Aufgabe, die heute der Staat hat gegenüber einer immer komplexer werdenden Nationalökonomie.“<sup>34</sup>

In seiner Eröffnungsrede auf der Ausstellung am 28. Mai 1896 pries er die Ausstellung als den Beweis für das geistige und materielle Wachstum Russlands. Und doch blieb Theodor von Laue in seinem Urteil über die Leistung des „Systems Vitte“ am Ende skeptisch. Die Ausstellung sei, so von Laue, geradezu symbolisch für das Schicksal des Systems Vitte, das am Ende alle enttäuschen musste. „Er scheute keine Mühe die Ausstellung zum Erfolg zu bringen, und doch waren die Ergebnisse enttäuschend. Der Besucher, der dort ankam, wurde gleich von einem unüberschaubaren Verkehrschaos am Bahnhof von Nižnij Novgorod aufgehalten, und wenn er endlich – auf einer elektrischen Straßenbahn, die von Siemens und Halske gebaut worden war – auf dem Ausstellungs-

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33 zit. nach Dietrich Geyer, *Der russische Imperialismus*, S. 114.

34 Theodor H. von Laue, *Sergei Witte and the Industrialisation of Russia*, S. 192.

gelände angelangt war, dann befiehl ihn Entsetzen angesichts des zertrampelten Rasens auf dem schattenlosen Gelände, auf dem die Ausstellungsexponate nackt und isoliert in der Sommerhitze herumstanden.“<sup>35</sup> Auf der Ausstellung regte sich auch schon der Protest gegen das forcierte Modernisierungsprogramm Vittes. Fast alle hatten etwas auszusetzen – bis hin zu dem Vorwurf, er liefere Russland dem ausländischen Kapital aus. Am wenigsten hatten, so scheint es, die Marxisten an ihm auszusetzen, sahen sie in ihm doch eher den Agenten der gesetzmäßigen Durchsetzung des Kapitalismus auch in Russland.

Der Preis dieses Industrialisierungsprogramms war hoch und unterlag einer eigenen, destabilisierenden Dialektik. Dietrich Geyer: „Indem die Autokratie um ihrer internationalen Konkurrenzfähigkeit willen sich dazu entschloss, die wirtschaftliche Unterentwicklung Russlands energisch anzugehen, förderte sie die Erosion ihrer eigenen gesellschaftlichen Grundlagen. Dieser *circulus vitiosus* war nicht aufzubrechen ...“<sup>36</sup> Die Geschichte des Scheiterns des „Systems Vitte“ kann hier nicht erzählt werden: die wachsende Unruhe im Land selbst, die Flucht 1904 in einen „kleinen Krieg gegen Japan“ im Fernen Osten, und eine Niederlage, die 1905 umschlug in die Revolution, die erste, auf die – wiederum unter den Belastungen des Krieges, eine zweite und eine dritte folgen werden. Die Ausstellung von 1896 liegt irgendwo auf halber Strecke, inmitten der Dynamik, die mit der Abschaffung der Leibeigenschaft und den Großen Reformen der 1860er Jahre einsetzt und die einmündet in eine revolutionäre Umwälzung, in der das Kräfteaggregat, das man 1896 noch in einem bestimmten Arrangement vorfand, gesprengt wird und sich alle Kräfte neu sortieren.

Vorerst aber hatte das moderne Russland seinen Auftritt zuhause, aber auch im Ausland. Auf der Pariser Weltausstellung von 1900 macht das Transsibirien-Projekt Furore, russische Ingenieure und Wissenschaftler werden mit zahlreichen Goldmedaillen ausgezeichnet. Es wird nicht mehr lange dauern, dann werden Igor Stravinskys „Le Sacre du printemps“ und Sergej Djagilevs „Ballets Russes“ die Welt in Erstaunen versetzen, ja verzaubern. Es ist die Zeit, in der Russland eine Weltmacht der Kultur wird und wo sich in den „10 Tagen, die die Welt erschüttern“ auch die Zentren und Kraftlinien in Europa zu verschieben scheinen.<sup>37</sup>

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35 Theodor H. von Laue, *Sergei Witte and the Industrialisation of Russia*, S. 132.

36 Dietrich Geyer, *Der russische Imperialismus*, S. 100.

37 Zur umfangreichen Literatur um Djagilev vgl. *Diaghilev and the Golden Age of the Ballets Russes 1909–1929*, herausgegeben von Jane Pritchard, London 2011.

## Zersplitterung, Ende, Neubeginn

Es kam alles ganz anders. Der Zar und seine Familie wurden 1918 ausgelöscht – fast in Erfüllung eines Gedichtes von Konstantin Balmont aus dem Jahre 1908, in dem es hieß: „Wer seine Herrschaft mit Chodynka begann, wird auf dem Schafott enden.“ Vitts hatte sich ins Privatleben zurückgezogen und starb 1915, er erlebte die zweite Revolution nicht mehr. Maxim Gorki, der „Sturmvogel der Revolution“, wird ein zweites Mal ins Exil gehen, nach Capri, aber auch nach Bad Saarow. Mendeleev stirbt nach einem erfüllten Leben schon 1907, aber sein Ausblick auf ein russländisches Jahrhundert mit einem Bevölkerungszuwachs auf 500 Millionen wird durch die Menschenverluste des Bürgerkriegs, der Hungersnöte, des Großen Terrors und eines Zweiten Weltkriegs dementiert werden. Die demokratische Zemstvo-Intelligenz wird sich in den Tumulten von Revolution und Bürgerkrieg irgendwann mit dem neuen Staat aussöhnen oder ins Exil gehen. Der Architekt Schechtel, der Moskau, Petersburg, Nižnij Novgorod mit den schönsten Bauwerken geschmückt hatte, wird aus seinem eigenen Haus ausquartiert werden, obwohl er der Sowjetmacht loyal ergeben war. Und er wird einen Entwurf für das Lenin-Mausoleum zeichnen, der anders als der seines Kollegen Aleksej Ščusev nicht die ägyptische, sondern die aztekische Pyramide zum Vorbild nahm. Michail Vrubel wird 1910 vor der Zeit sterben, aber seine Bilder und die seiner Mäzene werden in die Gemäldegalerien des Sowjetstaates wandern. Über Unternehmerpioniere wie Mamontov und Morozov wird die neue Zeit kein gutes Wort verlauten lassen, auch wenn sie Russland industriell und kulturell groß gemacht haben. Das größte Infrastrukturprojekt des Kaiserreiches – die Transsibirische Trasse – wird fast für ein ganzes Jahrhundert als transeurasische Magistrale ausfallen und blockiert sein: es konnte keine gut funktionierende Verbindung zwischen Pazifik und Atlantik geben auf einem Kontinent, der durch die Fronten erst des Ersten, dann des Zweiten Weltkriegs und dann auch durch die Frontlinien des Kalten Krieges geteilt war.

Aber das wäre natürlich eine schematische und undialektische Betrachtung. Das nachrevolutionäre Regime verleiht sich jene Kräfte ein, auf deren Energie und Genius es angewiesen bleibt, ob dies nun die patriotisch gesonnene Intelligenzia ist, die ihre Pflicht tut, oder die Arbeiter und Bauern, die mit ihrer Arbeit das Land immer aufs Neue aus nicht enden wollendem Krieg und Ruin herausholen. Vittes Modernisierungsrhetorik kehrt, ins Phantastische und Gewaltsame gesteigert, in Stalins Fünfjahresplänen wieder.

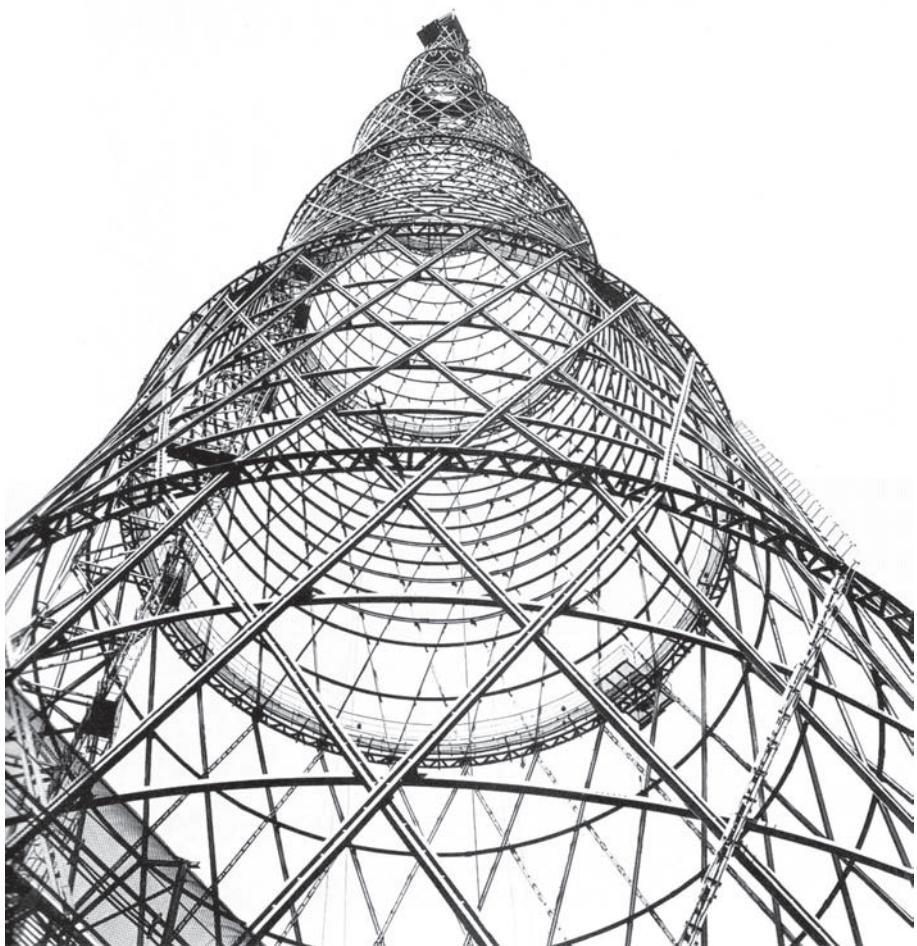


Abb. 4: Šuchovs Radioturm

Stellvertretend für die Kraft, die sich auf der Ausstellung von Nižnij zu erkennen gegeben hat, steht Valdimir Šuchov, der geniale Ingenieur-Baumeister. 1919–1921 wird er anders als der Papierarchitekt und Träumer Vladimir Tatlin mit seinem Turm der

Dritten Internationale den Sendeturm der Komintern bauen, nach einem Prinzip, das er in Nižnij schon hatte erproben und patentieren lassen – die hyperboloidne Turmkonstruktion. Der Radioturm wäre mit den geplanten 350 Metern höher als der Eiffelturm geworden, aber die Sowjetmacht konnte nicht die dafür notwendige Stahlmenge zur Verfügung stellen. Rainer Graefe: „Dieser unglaublich leichte und filigrane Turm mit Details von bestechender Einfachheit und mit seiner eigenwilligen Formgebung ist eine brillante Konstruktion und ein Meisterwerk der Baukunst. Am Fuß des hochaufragenden Netzwerks stehend kann man sich vorstellen, welches einzigartige Bauwerk Moskau bei Verwirklichung des ursprünglichen Entwurfs mit 350 m Höhe erhalten hätte. Nach Šuchovs Berechnungen hätten drei derartige Sendeturme (oder zwei 350-m-Türme und zwei 275-m-Türme) gereicht, um die gesamte Sowjetrepublik und die angrenzenden Gebiete kommunikativ zu vereinen.“<sup>38</sup> Er steht für eine Kraftlinie, die herüberführt aus der russischen Moderne in die sowjetische.

Zusammenfassend und allgemeiner gesprochen: Das Kräftgeagggregat zerfällt, und fügt sich neu. Wie bei einem chemischen Prozess wird das eine ausgefällt, das andere absorbiert und einverleibt, aufgesogen, transformiert. Es gehört nicht viel Phantasie dazu, um zu erkennen, dass die Allunions-Ausstellung der Landwirtschaft von 1939 und die spätere „Ausstellung der Errungenschaften der Volkswirtschaft“ mit all ihren „Palästen der industriellen Arbeit“ und den nationalen Pavillons ganz und gar die sowjetische Renaissance der Allrussischen Ausstellung von Nižnij Novgorod ist, eine Weltausstellung ganz eigener Art.

Aber was ist mit Nižnij und was ist mit der Provinz? Bis auf den heutigen Tag ist die Schicht, die die erste Moderne und die erste Globalisierung hinterlassen hat, präsent und sichtbar. Es handelt sich dabei um Bahnhöfe – wenn sie nicht abgerissen oder wegmodernisiert sind –, um öffentliche Gebäude wie Volkshäuser, Schulgebäude, Hospitäler, Theater, Bibliotheken, Villen, und nicht zuletzt Fabrikgebäude, Mühlen, Brauereien. Auch danach ist weitergebaut worden, aber auf eine andere Art. An die Stelle der gesprengten Kathedrale im Kreml wurde Anfang der 30er Jahre das Haus der Sowjets im konstruktivistischen Stil gesetzt. Industrieviertel wie Sormovo bekamen neue kommunale Einrichtungen oder es wurden ganz neue Viertel errichtet mit Kulturpalästen, Fabrikküchen, Sportanlagen und Großkaufhäusern.

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38 V. G. Šuchov 1853–1939. *Kunst der Konstruktion*, bearbeitet von Rainer Graefe, Murat Gappoiev, Ottmar Pertschi, Stuttgart-Bad Cannstatt, 1990, S. 17.

Aber all das macht den Verlust nicht wett. Nižnij verschwand von der Landkarte. Es verschwand der Name, als es 1932 zu Ehren des Schriftstellers in Gorki umgenannt wurde, der diesem Gedanken freilich nichts abgewinnen konnte. Nižnij sollte fürderhin nicht eine Handelsstadt, nicht ein Ort der „unproduktiven Zirkulationssphäre“ sein, sondern der proletarischen Arbeit und der sozialistischen Industrie. Aus „Mütterchen Wolga“ war Anfang der 1930er Jahre „Genosse Wolga“ geworden. Die Stadt Gorki setzte ihren Ehrgeiz nunmehr darein, ein „sowjetisches Detroit“ zu werden, die Stadt der sowjetischen Fords, für dessen Fabriken der Amerikaner Albert Kahn die Entwürfe geliefert hatte. Die Messe war schon 1929 endgültig geschlossen worden. Aber mit der Schließung der Messe wurden auch die Verbindungen nach draußen gekappt. Fortan gab es keinen Persien- und Chinahandel mehr, kaum noch Verbindungen zu anderen alten Messeplätzen wie Leipzig. Vollendet wurde die Abschließung der Stadt, als sie nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg ein Zentrum des militärisch-industriellen Komplexes wurde. Aber die Abschließung einer Stadt nach draußen aus Gründen militärischer Geheimhaltung ist eigentlich das Ende dessen, was Stadt und Urbanität bedeuten. Gorki, das weltoffene Nižnij von einst, endete in spätsowjetischen Zeiten als geschlossene Stadt, die sich vorzüglich als Verbannungsort eignete. Andrej Sacharov und Elena Bonner verbrachten dort ihr Exil, bevor mit ihrer Rückkehr nach Moskau auch das Ende der geschlossenen Stadt Gorki kam.

Es ist hier nicht von einem Happy End in teleologischer Absicht zu berichten, aber doch davon, dass das Ende der geschlossenen Stadt ein bewegender und befreiender Einschnitt war. Von einem auf den anderen Tag wurde die Vergangenheit der Stadt als Handelsplatz diskutiert, die Stadt erinnerte sich ihrer anderen, so lange verschwiegenen großen Tradition, ihrer Weltzugewandtheit und Gewifheit in kommerziellen Angelegenheiten – die Wiederentdeckung des Basars, der Messe, des Marktplatzes. Eine Zeitlang sah es auch so aus, dass die Stadt Glück hatte mit ihren Bürgermeistern und Gouverneuren, die verstanden hatten, dass die Stadt wieder in Fahrt kommen könnte. Ich entsinne mich an die Begeisterung, mit der das alte Messehaus (Architekten: A. I. fon-Gogen, G. A. Trambickij und K. V. Trejman) restauriert wurde, und an das neue Selbstbewusstsein, das in der Wiederbelebung der Messetradition zum Ausdruck kam.

Wahrscheinlich ist es so, dass die sowjetische Zeit das Raumgefüge und die Beziehungen zwischen Zentrum und Peripherie, zwischen Hauptstadt und sogenannter Provinz noch einmal radikal verändert hat zugunsten der Zentralisierung und zugunsten der Hauptstadt, dass die Kräfte der Selbstverwaltung geschwächt worden sind und dass die

Vertikale der Macht über die Horizontale der Landschaften gesiegt hat. Aber es gibt, davon bin ich überzeugt, so etwas wie die Unverfügbarkeit des geschichtlichen Prozesses. Russland lässt sich noch weniger als irgendein anderes, kleineres Land von einem Punkt her denken oder gar regieren. Das Leben jenseits der Hauptstädte und Metropolen hat seine eigene Schwerkraft, da bin ich mir nach langer Beobachtung sehr sicher. Man könnte jetzt verschiedene Symptome anführen für das Wiedererstarken des Eigenbewusstseins von Regionen und Landschaften. Ich weiß nicht, was die zentrale Administration in Moskau noch alles vorhat, ich weiß nur eines: eine Stadt, die ihren eigenen Stil hervorbringt, ist nicht schwach. Nižnij hat die Kraft besessen, einen eigenen Stil hervorzubringen. Er knüpfte an die starke Tradition der Moderne um 1900 an.<sup>39</sup> Und weil es sie gibt – das Architekten-Team um Evgenij Pestov und Aleksandr Charitonov, der tragischerweise und viel zu früh bei einem Verkehrsunfall ums Leben gekommen ist –, bin ich überzeugt, dass es jenseits und fernab vom Kreml in Moskau noch einen anderen Schauplatz gibt, auf dem die Geschicke Russlands entschieden werden.

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39 Nižnij Novgorod: 1990–2001. Architekturnyj gid. 111 postroek i proektov. Nižnij Novgorod, 2002.



# *Seminarbericht*

CARING FOR AFRICAN HEALTH CARE:  
READING CLINICAL CASE STUDIES FOR SYSTEMIC INSIGHTS  
STEVEN FEIERMAN AND JULIE LIVINGSTON

With the participation of, and comments by, Rebecca Mensima Acquaah-Arhin, Oladipo Aboderin, Robert Aronowitz, Andrew Farlow, Paul Wenzel Geissler, Wolfgang Holzgreve, Nancy Rose Hunt, Elly Katabira, Betty Kyaddondo, David Kyaddondo, Seggane Musisi, Herbert Muyinda, Syema Muzaffar, Dietrich Niethammer, Vinh Kim Nguyen, Iruka Okeke, Songi Park, Kristen Peterson, Richard Rottenburg, Norman Schraepel, and Claire Wendland.<sup>1</sup>

Consider a hospital with no oxygen, patients lying two to a bed or on the floor, a nurse-to-patient ratio of 30 to 1, a half-stocked pharmacy, and a lab lacking reagents. How does one doctor in such a setting?

This article uses evidence from African case studies to address obstacles to effective clinical care and possible health systems interventions. Most of the day-to-day provision of medical care in Africa is carried out by overburdened practitioners with too little time and too many patients, often under conditions of systemic failure. Physicians and nurses who are in daily contact with patients work under conditions that are not only difficult: they are so unpredictable that rational medical care and planning become extremely challenging. Drugs, supplies, testing equipment, and laboratory support vary in accessibility day by day and are spread across a difficult referral landscape. Nor, in this rapidly shifting sometimes chaotic environment, can clinical staff develop their own best practices with an expectation that these will remain stable and reasonable over time. These are

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Manifesto of the seminar “Professional Dilemmas of Clinical Practice in Africa” organized by Julie Livingston and Steven Feierman at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin from 10 to 13 May 2011.

1 The authors are grateful to Janis Antonovics and Arthur Kleinman for comments on an earlier draft.

contexts that require a unique combination of evidence-based and empirical reasoning, clinical and institutional creativity, social understanding and ethical sensitivity.<sup>2</sup>

That the practice of medicine is improvised, in a way that departs from idealized flow charts, is of course true anywhere in the world. It has special significance in African settings, however, because of resource poverty and because African medical institutions were undermined by substantial, systemic, and often externally imposed budget cuts in the 1980s and 1990s.<sup>3</sup> The system depends to a significant extent on the efforts of multiple external donors and therefore experiences unusual problems of coordination. Coordination is further undermined by several factors. Patients and practitioners move back and forth, in seemingly random ways, between a new private system of medical care and an older public one. Even within a single institution, research trials may command basic resources otherwise unavailable for normal clinical care. Impoverished institutions outsource many nursing and transportation tasks to patients' families and supporters. All this means that patients move across therapeutic contexts and markets in unpredictable ways.

Between May 10<sup>th</sup> and May 14<sup>th</sup>, 2011, a group of 24 clinicians, scientists, and social scientists met at the Wissenschaftskolleg in Berlin to assess current dilemmas of medical practice in Africa. The group grounded its discussions in the intensive analysis of clinical case studies presented by participants. The case studies were hybrid in the sense that they included information about medical diagnoses, treatments, and outcomes, as such, alongside descriptions of the search for medical resources, the coordination of efforts among practitioners, and the behavior of patients and their helpers. Collective analysis of case studies points to the existence of a set of recurring and identifiable problems that deserve further exploration and ultimately remediation. Our discussions revealed specific pathways through which system inadequacies affected clinical practice and patient outcomes.

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- 2 Wendland, Claire. *A Heart for the Work: Journeys Through an African Medical School*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010; Livingston, Julie. *Improvising Medicine: Inside an African Oncology Ward*. Duke University Press, forthcoming; Steven Feierman. "When Physicians Meet: Local Medical Knowledge and Global Public Goods." In *Evidence, Ethos and Experiment: The Anthropology and History of Medical Research in Africa*, edited by Paul Wenzel Geissler and Catherine Molyneux. New York, Berghahn Books, 2011.
- 3 Turshen, Meredith. *Privatizing Health Services in Africa*. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1999.

Such problems animate the background of clinical research in Africa, but are often cleansed out of published research rather than posed as the subject of research itself.<sup>4</sup>

Participants at the meeting all expressed appreciation for the steps taken in recent years to reduce the overall burden of disease in Africa, but with a determination nonetheless that local clinical care really counts – that people suffering from disease or trauma cannot simply be left without effective medical institutions while waiting for health conditions to improve. We noted from two cases of cancer and diabetes that even improved nutrition and a reduction of infectious disease would not negate the need for effective medical care systems. We learned from two maternal deaths of relatively wealthy and well-educated women that while poor people were the most vulnerable in these health systems, the systems themselves were impoverished in ways that universally undermined patient care for everyone.

Together participants reviewed well-known problems in African health systems which are now garnering increased attention: severe staffing shortages, inadequate laboratory facilities, the saturation of private markets (to which patients are regularly directed) with counterfeit or expired drugs and disposables, the absence of specialist consultants, and lack of patient confidence in dysfunctional institutions. It quickly emerged that the holistic study of difficult cases enabled us to trace how the unique ecology of medical care shapes clinical decision-making and effectiveness. We devote the rest of this article to an analysis of key themes emerging from the cases.

### Referral and Coordination

Because each case study traces the career of one illness episode through time, it reveals important information about what happens in between treatments, or between primary, secondary, and tertiary levels in the health system, or in the separation between professional and lay decision making. It proved especially revealing of the process of referral. Indeed, it suggested that referral processes are a crucial and troubled domain in African contexts.

We started with the assumption that poverty of resources was a crucial problem, but then discovered that gaps in the referral process, often spurred by the poverty of patients

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<sup>4</sup> Nguyen, Vinh-Kim. “Government-by-Exception: Enrollment and Experimentality in Mass HIV Treatment Programmes in Africa.” *Social Theory and Health* 7, 3 (2009): 196–217.

who could not afford transport to the next appropriate medical center, could actually increase the cost of care for any one patient, sometimes drastically. Often it was family members rather than clinical staff who made referral decisions. An 18-year-old woman, for example, had been the victim of war trauma, including rape and sexual servitude. She had presented at hospitals in her home region with recurrent headaches, unsteady gait, and shaking of the body, along with sad and tearful feelings, and expressing a wish that she were dead. Because of an absence of psychiatric care in her war-torn home area, and because of an emphasis on the treatment of infectious disease, she underwent two years of investigation and treatment, during which she was tested for HIV and syphilis (both negative) and treated for drug-resistant malaria, typhoid, brucellosis, meningitis, and epilepsy. She also underwent lumbar puncture for CSF analysis, throat swabs, thyroid and liver function tests, and blood cultures. All of this effort and expense could have been saved by a correct initial referral/consultation, but such a referral (which would have involved an expensive trip by the patient and her accompanying relative) was accomplished only after years of failed treatment. In another case, a child who was ultimately found to have extended-spectrum beta-lactamase-producing *Klebsiella* pneumonia was treated for six weeks with expensive antibiotics and tests because the appropriate test and the appropriate antibiotic were not available at the treatment center. In the end the clinician procured a test from a research lab and drugs from a distant city.

Each of the cases revealed that the necessary medical resources were located somewhere in the referral system, but not in regular ways that would enable practitioners to rely on a predictable hierarchy of referral. In one case a patient's family member refused referral from a primary to a tertiary care level because of his realistic judgment that the patient might be harmed by the long wait for treatment of acute disease at the tertiary hospital, which was severely overcrowded. In a case of bronchopneumonia with ARDS, the doctor in charge of a district hospital combined the following resources from diverse locations in the medical system: a telephone consultation with a distant cardiothoracic-surgeon, a fourth-generation cephalosporin (found in, and sent from, the distant capital city), and oxygen canisters from another hospital at a travel distance of three hours. Some essential elements of treatment were completely unavailable: the ability to test for arterial blood gases or to do bronchial lavage or bronchoscopy. The timing of the administration of the drugs that were available was determined not by judgments about the treatment regimen, but by the time taken by the patient's family to find the money to pay for them.

## Matching Evidence to Availability

The cases revealed a form of diagonal reasoning by clinicians who sought to align patterns of evidence in conditions which one participant characterized as “diagnostic insufficiency” and treatment possibilities in what we came to call “therapeutic insufficiency.”<sup>5</sup> All clinicians work in contexts that entail diagnostic and therapeutic probabilities rather than absolute certainties and which ask them to base decisions on the empirical observation of each individual patient. But, in African contexts where the horizontal structure of primary care is so weakened that basic therapeutic and diagnostic options are unavailable, but well-funded vertical interventions and research projects punctuate that landscape, this form of reasoning is necessarily tremendously amplified – to the extent that we have called it “diagonal reasoning.” Its use in African contexts is crucial. However, it can at times blur the line between research, trial and error, and care, and it can also work harm on both the individual level (iatrogenic morbidity) and the level of public health (e.g. drug resistance). Paradoxically, it can also result in the waste of precious resources through the overuse and inappropriate use of whatever diagnostic and therapeutic resources are available.

In several of the cases, a great degree of empirical or trial-and-error therapy was performed on patients. Often this empiricism was necessitated by the diagnostic landscape. For example, the psychiatric patient mentioned above was treated for over two years with antibiotics, antimalarials, analgesics, and anticonvulsants to no avail. Indeed, as some have argued about such cases, in the absence of reliable diagnostics the use of antibiotics is, in fact, the use of placebos.<sup>6</sup> Her case pointed to the difficulties presented by the lack of specialty services and consultations – there was no mental health worker at the local hospital to make her diagnosis. In the Klebsiella case, the patient, an eight-year-old girl, received three fresh whole blood transfusions and two exchange transfusions by doctors who because of insufficient laboratory capacity were unable to locate the source of her

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5 Okeke, Irufa. *Divining Without Seeds: The Case for Strengthening Laboratory Medicine in Africa*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2011.

6 Kleinman, Arthur, Harry A. Guess, and Joan S. Wilentz, “An Overview.” In *The Science of the Placebo: Toward an Interdisciplinary Research Agenda*, edited by Harry A. Guess and Arthur Kleinman, et al., 18. London: BMJ Books, 2002.

persistent, high fever. Without adequate laboratory support to obtain a precise diagnosis, clinicians were forced to use increasingly desperate forms of empirical intervention.

Limited therapeutic options also lead to a reliance on trial-and-error therapy. Empirical therapy is chosen because it is what patients, accompanying kin, or the hospital or clinic can afford. When physicians don't have what they know are the best therapies, they must decide what is possibly or plausibly the next-best treatment. Yet, published research often does not comment on or systematically evaluate the second- or third- or even fourth-best therapeutic option in the absence of the standard therapy. Thus clinicians were left to reason their way towards the next-best option. In these contexts, local standards of care and idiosyncratic decisions emerged, both of which might benefit from systemic clinical research.

Therapeutic supply was shaped understandably both by cost concerns and by epidemiological assumptions in contexts where there is an overwhelming emphasis on particular patterns of infection, yet this too, while rational, also posed problems. Participants remarked for example on the regular dispensing of antimalarials for patients whose laboratory tests do not confirm infection, because these are the drugs in stock.

Because many African hospitals and clinics lack necessary supplies, patients are often required to purchase basic therapeutic goods like drugs, gloves, or sutures to be used in their care. Not only were necessary treatments greatly delayed by the need for relatives to raise funds to purchase supplies, but relying on laypeople to bring drugs from outside the hospital or clinic also made it more difficult to draw correct conclusions from trial-and-error treatment. Participants noted the diagnostic confusion that occurred after patients had brought back counterfeit drugs. With these, as with poorly maintained diagnostic equipment, clinicians cannot always tell if the patient did not improve because the suspected diagnosis was incorrect, or because the therapeutics were inherently ineffectual.

#### Time

One of the most revealing discoveries of the case studies was the crucial role of the passage of time. The problems of sequencing, duration, and timing of treatments and interruptions related to the ways trial-and-error therapies are substituted for a robust diagnostic ability and to the difficulties of referral. In the case of Klebsiella pneumonia, five weeks passed from the patient's initial presentation at the hospital until the effective antibiotic

was administered. This raises the possibility that the time passed in the disjointed system of referral – time used to assemble disparate medical resources – might be responsible for the emergence of still more serious disease problems. Five weeks of treatment with inappropriate antibiotics might itself cause antibiotic resistance. Extended and interrupted treatment times also worked to clog already overcrowded health institutions that are perpetually in need of beds.

Treatment trajectories are also greatly elongated because increased privatization has hollowed out public health systems. At many junctures, the diagnostic or therapeutic plan is temporarily suspended while relatives go to raise money to purchase the necessary goods or services. For example, in one case a pregnant woman presented at her local clinic with very high blood pressure, headaches, and dizziness. The midwife at the clinic cautioned that she likely had pre-eclampsia and urged her to proceed immediately to the nearest hospital. Before the patient could attend the hospital, however, her husband had to sell a chicken and a bag of rice to a neighbor in order to raise funds for the trip. At the hospital, the doctor advised her that her situation was serious and that she would require an immediate Caesarean section. The husband responded that they would have to wait a day while he returned home to borrow money for the operation. In this case, fortunately, another accompanying relative had enough money with her to make a down payment so that the doctor could perform the surgery immediately, and both mother and baby narrowly survived. In other cases we reviewed these delays proved fatal.

### Training

The social scientists were impressed by the creativity and care revealed by the case studies. We saw the care provided by a psychiatrist who had no way to treat massive war-related mental trauma and so worked to train a generation of psychiatrists, where there had been only a few. We saw the hospital administrator who had no regular access to a supply of oxygen and so is working to acquire the equipment to produce oxygen within her hospital. We saw the physician who, several decades ago, improvised the treatment of AIDS care, borrowing resources here and there, and also helping found a national organization to support families and provide care. We saw the practitioner who insisted on finding the resources to treat antibiotic resistant disease somewhere, anywhere, within a huge national system. This creativity is indispensable. But how are we to formalize and value knowledge embedded in the people within health systems? External donors often

unwittingly seem to come in with their own way of doing things and presume this crucial knowledge away.

Current proposals to improve clinical conditions promote bringing American and European medical students and young doctors to work in these settings.<sup>7</sup> But for all that this may provide a quick fix for staffing shortages, these visiting clinicians will also need new kinds of training in local structures, in how informal networks of health care in Africa work (or don't). They too will have to learn new forms of diagonal reasoning – and their limitations – if they are to be effective contributors to the African hospitals and clinics in which they will work.

One important observation is that effective practice by a physician or nurse in this system requires an unusually entrepreneurial approach because the practitioner must assemble resources from diverse sources. It also requires that the practitioner have detailed knowledge of both the relevant medical literature and of a whole range of social practices, extending from the location of drugs or tests somewhere in a large and disorganized medical system to the likely behavior of patients' relatives, who must sell crops or organize family meetings before the patient can be treated. We returned, again and again, to the importance of teaching these skills to medical students and young house staff. Yet in the end, such skills, however energetically wielded, can only salve, not solve the problems of systematic failure and dysfunctional institutions.

### Conclusions

Many of these problems will sound familiar to physicians anywhere in the world. Practitioners in the wealthier North often have to use creative strategies to find the one technician who can solve a problem, or the one consultant with special knowledge of a disease, or the correct approach to treating a patient when the appropriate drug is much too expensive. In under-resourced parts of Africa, however, these problems, and the requisite skills, exist in extreme forms. When, for example, in contexts with high rates of maternal mortality patients in urgent need of Caesarean sections are sent away to find rubber gloves and other supplies before the surgery can be performed, then the difficulty and

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7 Bradford Kerry, Vanessa, Sara Auld, and Paul Farmer. "An International Service Corps for Health – An Unconventional Prescription for Diplomacy." *The New England Journal of Medicine* 363, 13 (September 23, 2010).

urgency of improvisation are greater. While it is clear that improvisation will remain important to successful clinical practice, the systemic problems revealed by the case studies point to potential interventions.

Physicians who must treat patients without the full range of diagnostic technologies have a desperate need for local epidemiological knowledge. For example, they need accurate information about local pathogens and patterns of antibiotic sensitivity, so as to prescribe more effectively.

Programs to sustain and improve health worker professionalism are urgently needed. Professionalism, in these contexts, includes the mastery of what we have called diagonal reasoning. Such training must be supported by research directed to the urgent clinical needs of practitioners on the ground, in circumstances in which a full diagnostic work-up is not possible, but in which choices among empirical treatments must nevertheless be made.

At a time when large numbers of health workers are likely to come from outside the continent, it is important to recognize that these helpers have not been trained in locally-specific methods of improvisation or diagonal reasoning or in working correctly without the normal diagnostic tools. These newly introduced health workers must be trained in the relevant skills.

Multiple donors, giving intermittent or poorly coordinated donations, distribute medical resources, which are then scattered in unpredictable ways through the larger medical system. Practitioners need greater predictability in the location of drugs and diagnostic technology. Donors could achieve this through greater coordination and better tracking of resources.

We need careful economic research to learn whether investments in improved diagnostics would lower overall costs, given the tendency to overtreatment in the absence of adequate diagnosis and given pressures towards antibiotic resistance.

We are encouraged by the renewed attention to strengthening health systems in global public health.<sup>8</sup> The grounded insights of the sort that emerge from detailed analysis and

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<sup>8</sup> Frenk, Julio. "The Global Health System: Strengthening National Health Systems as the Next Step for Global Progress." *PLOS Med* 7, 1 (January 12, 2010); Pfeiffer, James et al. "Strengthening Health Systems in Poor Countries: A Code of Conduct for Nongovernmental Organizations." *American Journal of Public Health* 98, 12 (December 2008): 2134–2140; Reich, Michael R. et al. "Global Action on Health

discussion of cases can and should play a critical role in identifying areas of necessity and strength within health systems. Together we call for increased attention to African medical systems, which are deeply in need of care.

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Systems: a Proposal for the Toyako G8 Summit.” *The Lancet* 371, 9615 (March 8, 2008): 865–869; Ellner, Andrew, Gene Bukhman, and Paul Farmer. “Pathways to Health Systems Strengthening for the Bottom Billion.” *Routledge Handbook of Global Public Health*, edited by Richard Parker and Marni Sommer, 117–130. London: Routledge, 2011.



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