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INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY

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VORWORT DES HERAUSGEBERS

Die Fellows des Jahrgangs 2011/12 kannten Peter Wapnewski nicht mehr persönlich: An den Veranstaltungen des Kollegs konnte der Gründungsrektor schon seit einigen Jahren nicht mehr teilnehmen. Am 21. Dezember 2012 ist er gestorben.¹ 33 Jahre zuvor war er dem Ruf von Peter Glotz nach Berlin gefolgt, um als erster Rektor des zu etablierenden Wissenschaftskollegs zu fungieren. Damals hätten vielleicht nicht viele auf einen langfristigen Erfolg der Institution gewettet. Dieser Erfolg ist wesentlich der Person und dem Charisma von Peter Wapnewski zu verdanken gewesen, seiner wissenschaftlichen Statur, seiner unnachahmlichen Mischung aus Strenge und Leichtigkeit.

Ein ganz anderer Abschied hat bei den Fellows dieses Jahrgangs hingegen deutliche Spuren hinterlassen: Joachim Nettelbeck, Sekretär des Wissenschaftskollegs, hat dieses Amt nach 31 Jahren im August an seinen Nachfolger übergeben. Ihm widmen Miloš Vec ein ausführliches Porträt (S. 220–226) und Sepp Gumbrecht eine kurze, fulminante Momentaufnahme (S. 119).

Nun aber zu den Fellows selbst. Wenn 40 Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler aus unterschiedlichen Fächern für zehn Monate zusammenkommen, sich jede Woche zu einem gemeinsamen Kolloquium treffen und fünf Mahlzeiten zusammen einnehmen, dann ergibt sich unvermeidlich die Frage, wie mit den Vertretern anderer Disziplinen zu kommunizieren sei. Diese Frage stellt sich ganz praktisch, gewissermaßen in actu – und

1 Lepenies, Wolf. „Royaldemokratie und Gründercharisma: Peter Wapnewski und das Wissenschaftskolleg.“ *Sinn und Form* 2 (2013): 166–174.

jeder Jahrgang findet dabei seine eigene Balance und seine spezifischen Umgangsformen. Gelegentlich wird diese Frage aber auch explizit gemacht und reflektiert. Die Antworten, die darauf gegeben werden, fallen keineswegs einhellig aus. Ich greife aus dem vorliegenden Jahrbuch nur wenige Beispiele heraus.

Jeremy Adler, der 1985/1986 Fellow war und in diesem Jahr für vier Monate als Short-term Fellow wieder gekommen ist, setzt mit einem Vergleich an: „Interdisciplinary studies were still something of an innovation in the 1980s. Today, almost every scholar at the Kolleg seemed to be engaged in interdisciplinary research; what had to be fought for in the 1980s could therefore be taken for granted today and formed the premise of every discussion, rather than the goal“ (S. 17). Das ist eine optimistische Einschätzung: Ausgerechnet der Literaturwissenschaftler scheint hier so etwas wie Fortschritt zu konstatieren (eine Kategorie, die er im Rahmen eigener Forschungen vermutlich ablehnen würde). Aber was ist unter Interdisziplinarität denn konkret zu verstehen? Wo ziehen wir die Grenzen, die wir überwinden wollen? Ein jüngerer Kollege gelangt zu einer differenzierten Bilanz: „Eine einfache (vielleicht auch allzu einfache) Vorstellung von Interdisziplinarität erfüllt sich nicht unbedingt. Ich habe kein Wissen gewonnen, das direkt in meine Arbeit integriert werden könnte, die Entwicklung neuer Fragestellungen ermöglichen, neue Schnittstellen eröffnen würde. Aber ich habe das Gefühl einer starken indirekten Wirkung, einer Horizonterweiterung. Man lernt Disziplinen kennen, mit denen man bisher wenig zu tun hatte, wichtiger noch: Man studiert Denkweisen, Formen der Weltbearbeitung, Vokabulare“ (S. 176: Dirk von Petersdorff). Ganz ähnlich äußert sich auf der anderen Seite der großen transdisziplinären Grenze ein Biologe: „My time at the Institute has changed my perspective on the relationship between the two cultures, even though I didn't leave with immediate plans to cooperate with any of the exceptional Fellows in the humanities. For example, I have a better understanding of both the similarities and the differences in our approaches to asking and answering questions about the world. I have certainly become more sensitive to scientists' use of metaphors and language. I may also have grasped the concept of ‚normativity‘ at one point“ (S. 22: Ricardo Azevedo). Ein weiterer Biologe (er gehörte, wie der eben zitierte, zu einer Schwerpunktgruppe, die sich mit adaptiver Plastizität beschäftigte) fügt hinzu: „As an experimental biologist working on the evolution and plasticity of development in nematode worms, I aimed at becoming plastic myself: trying to leave professionally imposed biological barriers behind me, exposing myself to different scholarly views and thoughts. Surprise came in three parts. 1. How little I knew about how non-biologists work and think. 2. How

deeply the cultural separation goes between the different academic fields, such as the natural sciences and the humanities. 3. Most importantly: How many interesting things there are to know outside biology!“ (S. 52: Christian Braendle). Aber es gibt auch Skeptiker: „Loin de venir au Wiko avec un entrain prononcé pour la pluridisciplinarité, j’y suis arrivé avec des gros doutes. J’en repars le cœur léger avec une certitude: la pluridisciplinarité ne fonctionne pas ! On a beau mettre des gens ensemble travaillant tous sur l’homme avec des approches différentes, mélanger le tout, arroser ça de petits fours et de vin rouge, rien de bien productif n’en émergera pour autant. Pourquoi ? [...] Les gens utilisent un vocabulaire différent, se posent des questions différentes, campent sur des postulats différents, mais surtout les gens pensent différemment“ (S. 74: Alexandre Courtiol). Man kann die Andersartigkeit als Herausforderung betrachten; man kann sie aber auch als Demarkationskriterium gelten lassen. Es scheint am Kolleg eine gewisse Plastizitätschance zu geben, aber keinen Plastizitätszwang.

Im vorliegenden Jahrbuch kommen vielerlei Stimmen zu Wort – eine aber fehlt, die für den Jahrgang eine wichtige Rolle gespielt hat: Es ist die Stimme von Yehuda Elkana, der am 21. September 2012 in Jerusalem gestorben ist. Er hat das Wissenschaftskolleg als Freund und Kritiker über viele Jahre hinweg begleitet: Mit der Gründung des Kollegs trat er dem wissenschaftlichen Beirat bei, dem er in der entscheidenden Anfangsphase bis 1987 angehörte; danach wurde er Permanent Fellow, fast 20 Jahre lang, *the most permanent of all permanent fellows*. Seit 2006 war er *Senior Advisor to the Rector*: eine Bezeichnung, die wir extra für ihn erfunden haben und an der er Gefallen fand. Die Funktion allerdings war keine Erfindung von uns: Sie entsprach Yehudas Selbstverständnis.

Im Herbst 2011 hatte er erfahren, dass er Krebs hatte. Die Ärzte schlossen eine Operation aus; die Möglichkeit einer Chemotherapie lehnte wiederum Yehuda entschieden ab. Er äußerte den Wunsch, seine letzte Zeit im Kolleg zu verbringen: Im November bezog er eine kleine Wohnung und integrierte sich rasch in die Gemeinschaft der Fellows. Im Frühsommer 2012 verschlechterte sich sein Gesundheitszustand abrupt; Ende Juni fasste er den Entschluss, wieder nach Jerusalem zurückzukehren.

Das letzte Jahr, das Yehuda im Wissenschaftskolleg verbracht hat, war ein Geschenk; er selbst hat das vielleicht als ein Geschenk des Kollegs empfunden: Ich meine umgekehrt, es war ein Geschenk Yehudas an uns. Es ging in dieser Zeit ein intellektueller Zauber von ihm aus, dem sich keiner entziehen konnte. Ein Anreger und Antreiber war er immer schon gewesen; er konnte (wenn er wollte!) auch ungemein verführerisch sein; dazu kamen aber in diesem letzten Jahr eine innere Ruhe und ein Gleichgewicht, die ich

in dieser Form bei ihm noch nie erlebt hatte. Sein ganzes Leben lang hatte er sich mit Wissenschaftsphilosophie beschäftigt: nun, am Ende, war er selber im eigentlichen, emphatischen Sinn des Wortes zum Philosophen geworden.

Luca Giuliani

Arbeitsberichte



FOUR MONTHS IN ARCADIA
JEREMY ADLER

Professor (emer.) of German at King's College London. Studied English and German at Queen Mary College (University of London) and wrote his Ph.D. (on Goethe) at Westfield College. A former scholar of the Herzog August Bibliothek and a sometime Fellow of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, Institute of Advanced Study (1985–86). Fellow of the German Academy of Language and Literature. His books include *“Eine fast magische Anziehungskraft.” Goethes Wahlverwandtschaften und die Chemie seiner Zeit* (1987); *Text als Figur: Visuelle Poesie von der Antike bis zur Moderne* (third edition, 1990); (ed.) *Friedrich Hölderlin: Selected Poems and Fragments* (1998); (ed.) *Franz Baermann Steiner: Selected Writings*. 2 vols. (1999, with Richard Fardon); *Franz Kafka: Illustrated Life* (2001); (ed.) *Elias Canetti: Party im Blitz* (2003); (ed.) *H. G. Adler, Theresienstadt 1941–1945: Das Antlitz einer Zwangsgemeinschaft* (2005); (ed.) *Friedrich Hölderlin: Essays and Letters* (translated with Charlie Louth, 2009). – Address: Department of German, King's College London, East Wing, Strand Campus, London WC2R 2LS. United Kingdom.
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The Arcadian Institution

Returning to the Wissenschaftskolleg after a quarter of a century for a stay of four months, I placed high hopes in the institution and my Fellow scholars, but my expectations were more than exceeded. The stay was blissful and, in both human and scholarly terms, in many ways the happiest time of my academic life.

People asked me repeatedly how the Wiko of 1985–86 compared with the Wiko of today and I could only answer that it had been perfect then and was even more perfect today. Like a well-oiled machine that has been fully run-in, everything seems to operate more smoothly than before. The staff, the institutional structures, the physical apparatus – everything from the reception to the kitchen and administration to the library and the IT provision were as good as they could possibly be. Everyone was dedicated to making study at the Wiko an optimal experience, everything was designed to further intellectual goals, though not in the narrow sense of the *Leistungsethik* that prevails in the modern academy – the presence of a composer in residence and another great musician made the stay at the Kolleg an education in the traditional sense, i.e. rounded, humane, an end in itself.

Certain changes between the 1980s and today were determined historically, both within subject areas and more widely. I'll single out just seven. 1) Interdisciplinary studies were still something of an innovation in the 1980s. Today, almost every scholar at the Kolleg seemed to be engaged in interdisciplinary research; what had to be fought for in the 1980s could therefore be taken for granted today and formed the premise of every discussion, rather than the goal. 2) There was a relatively narrow range of subjects selected in the 1980s, and fairly few scientists; the range has increased enormously, as has the number of scientists, making for a mix that more accurately reflects the wider academic community; this greatly enhances the likelihood of productive serendipity and successful chance debate. 3) Feminism had not yet made itself so widely felt in the 1980s. Women were in a distinct minority in the Kolleg in the early days, but now they were far more strongly represented, whether as Fellows or as partners (who – in another innovation – play a more active part in the community today) – making for a richer, livelier, more rounded community at the Kolleg. 4) On my first stay, we were assigned secretaries, or shared secretaries, who typed our work into word processors. This was a luxury in those days, but it was a time-consuming business. The advent of the personal computer and the World Wide Web has made communication quicker and livelier than ever among Fellows and among Fellows and staff. This directly affects the quality of the exchanges. 5) The same development has also affected the library system quite dramatically; indeed, library ordering now works so quickly, it often seems that one only has to think of a book, and it arrives on the shelves. This has a major impact on research, as finding books has now become as quick as thinking itself, hastening the speed of productive work. 6) The 1980s were a much more authoritarian era than the 2010s, and this was noticeable in the

Kolleg, too. The hierarchical social structures of the second half of the 20th century were mirrored in the Kolleg and the top-down system. Today, the scholarly republic is much more in evidence. Relations between Fellows and between Fellows and staff have become more fluid, more open, more informal and hence also more personal than before. This has a beneficial effect on the working atmosphere. 7) In the 1980s, Berlin was still a divided city, and the political tensions made the Kolleg an edgier, more confrontational place than today. That had advantages in the sharpness that it cultivated. But the city was not the welcoming place it has become today. The sense of being enclosed has given way to a new openness. – These seven changes came together to make the Kolleg I visited in 2012 a more accommodating, more democratic, more efficient, more vibrant community than ever before. However, I must stress that the actual quality of the best exchanges between scholars in the 1980s were no less exciting than today. What has changed is their number, their range, their frequency. Hence partly for historical reasons, partly for academic reasons and partly for institutional reasons, which are often a response to events in the wider world, a perfect institution has become more perfect over time.

The Research Topic

Although Goethe's importance for the intellectual life in the English 19th century is well known – one thinks of Coleridge, Carlyle, George Eliot and Matthew Arnold – there has been next to no research on Goethe's importance for Henry James. A short book on James and Germany, and an article comparing *Die Wahlverwandschaften* (Elective Affinities) and *The Golden Bowl*, are pretty much the sum total of studies undertaken so far. Yet there is rather more to explore.

An analysis of Goethe and James reveals a complex relation to German culture: Goethe remained a prototypical artist for James, whereas he treats Germans and Germany in an increasingly negative light, notably in his critical view of post-unification Germany and his horror at the aggressive Germany behind the Great War.

In "The Great Good Place", Goethe is invoked as one of the three major figures in Western culture, alongside Plato and Beethoven, and Goethe's impact on James was commensurate with this view. In his early twenties, James studied Goethe and Schiller whilst learning German in Bonn, acquiring a knowledge of some extremely difficult texts, including *Die Wahlverwandschaften* and *Hermann und Dorothea*, and he continued to show an interest in Goethe in later life, e.g. in his lengthy review of a reissue of Carlyle's

translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, his defence of Goethe against Dumas and a late letter on *Die Wahlverwandschaften*.

James's literary reception of Goethe can be seen at crucial points in his career, beginning with his first successful novel, *Roderick Hudson*: strands from *Werther*, *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* can all be found in what is essentially a tragic "Künstlerroman"; then, at the end of the middle period, *The Tragic Muse*, with its subject of the theatre, recalls *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* as a "Theaterroman"; and throughout the late period, *Die Wahlverwandschaften* provides a model for James's scenic style and dramatic structures, whilst the idiosyncratic language of *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* may have helped inspire his late style.

The key themes of art and the conflict between art and life that run through so many of James's tales come straight out of German Romanticism and originate in Goethe – *Torquato Tasso* is the model for all later writers from Novalis and Hoffmann to Thomas Mann and Kafka. James belongs in this tradition and his selection of this motif arguably makes much more sense when considered in the German context than when read alongside contemporary English and American writing. Born from this dialectic, the naturalistic theme of *life* ("Live all you can: it's a mistake not to!"), so typical of James, stems directly from Goethe ("Life is life's highest good ...").

Arguably, the transparent structure and the moral ambiguity of *Die Wahlverwandschaften* also played a part in helping to fashion the transparent complexities of the last three novels, the crown of James's achievement, *The Ambassadors*, *The Golden Bowl* and *The Wings of the Dove*. Moreover, James's treatment of "the international theme" throughout his career closely echoes Goethe's call upon writers – as in his correspondence with Carlyle – to produce what he called "Weltliteratur".



ONE CULTURE
RICARDO B. R. AZEVEDO

Ricardo B. R. Azevedo was born in 1970 in Lisbon, Portugal. He received a Licenciatura in Biology from the University of Lisbon in 1992, and a Ph.D. in Evolutionary Biology from the University of Edinburgh in 1997. Some of his doctoral research was carried out at University College London. He conducted post-doctoral research at Imperial College London and Syngenta in the United Kingdom and at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, before taking a faculty position at the University of Houston in 2003. He has used experimental, computational, and theoretical approaches to address questions on, among other topics, the evolution of sexual reproduction, the evolution of mutation rate, and the evolutionary causes and consequences of interactions between genes. – Address: Department of Biology and Biochemistry, University of Houston, 4800 Calhoun Road, Houston, TX 77204–5001, USA. E-mail: razevedo@uh.edu

Remembering the hundred or so days I spent at the Wiko this year puts me in mind of a short poem by Álvaro de Campos, the futurist heteronym of Fernando Pessoa. In the original Portuguese it reads:

O binómio de Newton é tão belo como a Vénus de Milo.

O que há é pouca gente para dar por isso.

óóóó – óóóóóóóóóó – óóóóóóóóóóóóóóóó

(O vento lá fora.)

Here is a rough translation:

Newton's binomium is as beautiful as the Venus de Milo.

The problem is that precious few people notice.

oooo – oooooooooo – oooooooooooooooooo

(The wind outside.)

I love this poem because of the “one culture” sentiment that pervades it.

I, a biologist, believe that the strained communication between the “two cultures” of science and the humanities – the “wind outside” the Institute? – is an enduring problem for our intellectual life. But, despite having spent most of my working life at large universities with plenty of scholars in the humanities, I confess that only rarely had I gone out of my way to communicate across the divide. (My idea of interdisciplinarity was to talk to the odd physicist ...) My time at the Wiko has changed that.

I came to the Institute as part of a group assembled by Mark Viney to work on the evolution of phenotypic plasticity. Phenotypic plasticity is the phenomenon of an organism exhibiting different phenotypes when exposed to different environments. For example, most animals grow to a larger size when they develop at cold temperatures. I worked in this area in the mid-1990s, during my Ph.D. More recently, I have worked on a related topic: the evolution of robustness. My views on phenotypic plasticity have changed as a result of my stay at the Wiko for two reasons. First, because I finally read C. H. Waddington's 1957 masterpiece *The Strategy of the Genes*. This book, decades ahead of its time in outlining a synthesis of cell, developmental, and evolutionary biology around the concepts of phenotypic plasticity and robustness, helped clarify my thinking on these concepts. Second, my working group contemporaries – mainly Mark, Thomas Flatt, and Christian Braendle – were brilliant and stimulated my thinking constantly. I am hopeful that our discussions will soon result in new projects.

As I encountered the novel environment of the Wiko, my work underwent a certain plasticity of its own (whether adaptive or not remains to be seen). The Institute's phenomenal library made me borrow more books in a few months than I had in several years. I read my way to new directions. Perhaps the most salient of these was my adoption of Bayesian statistics. This is an approach to statistics that dispenses with the infamous “*P*-value”, and introduces a rigorous framework to measure the probability that different hypotheses are true given the available data. Bayesian statistics were especially appropriate to analyze the data from a mutation accumulation experiment conducted by some

colleagues of mine. The experiment used a ciliate, a peculiar unicellular creature that, as long as it reproduces asexually, can accumulate mutations in a nucleus that is never exposed to natural selection. This allows us an “unfiltered” look at the consequences of mutations for the fitness of these organisms. We submitted a manuscript on this work to the journal *Genetics* shortly after I returned from the Wiko.

Other readings were suggested by an interdisciplinary project with one of those physicists I alluded to above. They took me into the curious world of phase transitions – the familiar changes that water undergoes from gas to liquid to solid in response to changes in temperature are examples of phase transitions. (I’m embarrassed to admit that I had missed the obvious parallel between phenotypic plasticity and phase transitions until I wrote the previous sentence!) I have been working for a while on the evolutionary consequences of the exchange of genetic material between organisms, commonly known as sex. When I showed the data from some simulations of evolution under different amounts of sex to my colleague he told me that they had something of the phase transition about them. In a narrower manifestation of the “two cultures” phenomenon I did not take his remarks all that seriously at first: physicists see phase transitions everywhere! The more I thought about it, however, the more sense the connection made. Many phase transitions involve change from regimes where local processes dominate the behavior of the system to regimes where system-wide interactions take over. This could very well be the most unexciting way to think about sex in *either* culture ever, but I believe it could tell us something profound about evolution.

My time at the Institute has changed my perspective on the relationship between the two cultures, even though I didn’t leave with immediate plans to collaborate with any of the exceptional Fellows in the humanities. For example, I have a better understanding of both the similarities and the differences in our approaches to asking and answering questions about the world. I have certainly become more sensitive to scientists’ use of metaphors and language. I may also have grasped the concept of “normativity” at one point.

My time at the Wiko was highly stimulating in many other ways. Interacting with many of the Fellows was immensely rewarding. Discovering Berlin was a treat. Trying to learn German under the kind and patient guidance of Ursula Kohler was one of the most challenging things I have done as an adult, but also a lot of fun; I wish I had progressed further. One of the very first conversations I had at the Institute with people I had never met before was about Wagner’s music (one of my passions), and the topic “leitmotived” its way back into conversations throughout my stay with several Fellows, from all kinds of

backgrounds. It was marvelous to be able to attend excellent productions of four of Wagner's operas only a short distance from the Wiko. (I was also able to stump the library for a couple of days when I asked for an English translation of the libretto of *Rienzi* ...) Along with music, food, and drink, football (the Euro 2012) provided another potent catalyst for interdisciplinarity.

In conclusion, I am truly grateful to the Wiko for providing me with an ideal environment to experience real interdisciplinarity and with the opportunity to meet so many wonderful people. The entire staff, in all my interactions with them, were extremely helpful and supportive and always made me feel at home. I would like to single out Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus and the front door, kitchen, and library staff for special praise, simply because I ended up interacting most often with them.



TRAHISON IMMINENTE
HODA BARAKAT

Née à Beyrouth en 1952, Hoda Barakat a étudié les Lettres françaises. Entre 1980 et 1986, ses recherches – au Centre libanais de recherches – portaient sur « la militarisation de la société libanaise ». En 1989, poussée par l'extrême violence de la guerre civile, elle quitte le Liban pour la France où, après une longue carrière dans le journalisme, elle se consacre désormais à l'écriture. Depuis 1985 Hoda Barakat a publié cinq romans, une chronique, un recueil de nouvelles et trois pièces de théâtre. Traduite dans une quinzaine de langues, et bien que parfaitement bilingue, elle continue à écrire en arabe. Son œuvre a été gratifiée de plusieurs prix littéraires, ainsi que de décorations officielles françaises. Son dernier roman « *Le Royaume de cette terre* » a été achevé au Wissenschaftskolleg. – Adresse : 7 Rue des Partants, 75020, Paris, France. E-mail : barakath@hotmail.fr

Jurko, le toujours souriant a dit – l'air particulièrement triste – que rien ne serait plus comme avant. C'était au lendemain de la grande soirée de fin d'année, qui fut une fête très clairement gaie et joyeuse, avec peut-être une pointe d'exagération ...

Et Jurko avait raison. Une tristesse presque dépressive commençait à se faire sentir dans le restaurant. Il y avait comme une décision collective mais tacite, de ne pas parler de « départs ». D'ailleurs concernant le rituel d'échange d'adresses, nous savions que nous aurions la liste complète par Petria. Et doucement, chaque jour davantage, on était moins nombreux autour des tables ... Même ceux qui étaient encore là ne venaient plus manger aussi souvent ...

Nous étions, je crois, surpris et comme pris au dépourvu par cette tristesse envahissante. Bien qu'enfantine parce que clairement prévue, cette tristesse devenait encombrante,

presque honteuse. Surtout quand un sentiment profond de jalousie s'y est greffé : tous nos « anges » du 19 Wallotstraße préparent déjà l'arrivée des nouveaux fellows, qui vont prendre notre place, habiter dans nos « maisons » ... Vera leur sourira certainement de la même manière, à illuminer leur journée, tout comme elle l'a fait pour nous ... Nous étions déjà un peu oubliés, la liste de l'année d'avant. C'était insupportable, limite blessant, ce petit sentiment de trahison inévitable et imminente ... Parce que nous, nous savions, nous n'allions jamais les oublier. Inconsolables dans notre petite rancœur de malaimés, nous ne tarissions pas de remerciements ni de formules manifestes et ostentatoires de gratitude. En vain. Les Autres seront tout aussi admirables, brillants, méritants et gentils. En vain.

Alors, alors il ne nous restait plus, pour nous consoler, que l'acharnement à regarder le côté positif du bilan, à revenir sur la moisson véritablement opulente des réalisations de cette année de rêve. Personnellement, je n'ai jamais autant écrit de toute ma vie. Des conditions de travail exceptionnelles m'ont permis d'achever un roman, de progresser dans l'écriture d'un nouveau ... De travailler sur la correction de la traduction de mon dernier roman en français ... De finir une pièce de théâtre ... De participer à des rencontres littéraires prestigieuses et de rédiger quelques papiers liés à l'actualité arabe d'une saison particulièrement agitée. Etc. ... etc. ...

Alors, alors il y avait aussi les amitiés, inattendues, précieuses et chères. Inespérées pour une méfiante comme moi, d'habitude misanthrope et solitaire, réticente à « la vie de groupe », et doutant toujours de mes aptitudes à la communication ... J'étais partie pour me « couper » du monde, me boucher les oreilles, pour n'écouter que les voix de mes personnages. Et pourtant j'ai tant appris, des conférences du Mardi tout autant que des conversations aux tournures faussement légères ... Je sais maintenant que certains visages sont inscrits dans ma vie ...

Même l'hiver berlinois de cette année a été particulièrement clément avec nous, ignorant les avertissements et autres prévisions alarmantes de Reinhart !

* * *

Maintenant mes cartons sont empilés dans l'entrée. J'attends les transporteurs et il pleut des cordes sur mon petit balcon de la Villa Walther. Nous sommes en juillet mais c'est déjà la nostalgie de l'automne, le moment où je suis arrivée ici, invitée par les plus belles (quatre) saisons, avec mon lac d'en face, vert, gris ou blanc, et ma forêt foisonnante,

d'émeraude, d'or, de feu ou de charbon ... Des lumières défiant tous les exercices de captation de la rétine. Échec lamentable de l'exorciste prétentieux qu'on appelle parfois l'écrivain.

Encore une petite heure derrière les vitres pour boire les images, les retenir dans l'âme, et en rassasier les yeux ...

Stérile orgueil de la perception, vaines illusions de la mnémotechnique ...



EIN BESONDERER ORT
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In jeder Gesellschaft finden sich Bereiche, die als besonders wahrgenommen werden, Orte, an denen Besonderes geschah und geschieht. Diese Orte grenzen sich oftmals ab, kennzeichnen sich als abgeschlossene Bereiche, befinden sich in einer außergewöhnlichen Lage. Sie werden umkreist von Geschichten und Mythen, die von lange zurückliegenden Urereignissen berichten, von übernatürlichen Dingen, welche diese Orte ihres Umfelds entheben. Zugleich sind sie Kontaktbereiche, in denen sich himmlische und irdische

Sphäre berühren. Von solchen Orten führt eine Brücke zum Numinosen, hier enthebt man sich des Alltags, nähert man sich dem Unerklärlichen, spürt man die Anwesenheit überirdischer Mächte. Es gibt diese Orte überall, in jeder Gesellschaft, ihr Aussehen lässt sich beschreiben, ihre suggestive Wirkung lässt sich analysieren, ebenso ihre Bedeutung als Projektionsflächen von Ängsten und Hoffnungen. Was freilich viel schwieriger zu fassen ist, sind die Gründe für ihre Verortung: Warum wurde das Zentralheiligtum des Judentums auf dem Jerusalemer Tempelberg errichtet? Warum wurde das Apollonheiligtum von Delphi am Abhang des Parnass errichtet? Warum die Kaaba in Mekka? Gewiss: Religiöse Erzählungen und Mythen berichten von wundersamen Ereignissen, welche diese Ortswahl zwingend machten, berichten von Übernatürlichem, das sich eben genau dort ereignete. Nun kann es natürlich sein, dass sich tatsächlich an manchen Orten eine Erdspalte öffnete, ein Blitz einschlug, sich etwas Besonderes zutrug, was eine sakrale Anreicherung nach sich zog. Aber mit einer solchen Erklärung würde man es sich sehr einfach machen. Denn die eigentlich spannende Frage ist ja, wie man nachträglich eine Ortswahl erklärte, wie man nach und nach Geschichten spann von wundersamen Ereignissen, die sich angeblich dort zutrug, kurz: Wie man die Besonderheit eines Orts ins kollektive Bewusstsein transportierte.

Auch die Kirche Hagios Demetrios in Thessaloniki war und ist ein besonderer Ort. Sie ist Gegenstand eines Projekts, dem ich im vergangenen Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg nachging. Dabei handelt es sich um das Aufkommen und die Karriere eines Heiligen, des hl. Demetrios, in einer städtischen Gesellschaft von der Spätantike bis ins 15. Jahrhundert. Und wer sich mit der Verehrung eines Heiligen, seiner Rolle als Spiegel kollektiver Befindlichkeiten beschäftigt, der begibt sich unweigerlich in den Dschungel der Hagiographie. Und hier finden wir sie wieder: die Geschichten vom wundersamen Ursprung eines besonderen Orts. Ein christlicher Märtyrer, der angeblich auf Befehl eines grausamen heidnischen Kaisers in einer alten Thermenanlage im Herzen Thessalonikis getötet und verscharrt wurde. Gewiss, das konnte sich so nicht zugetragen haben, denn selbst ein Hingerichteter hatte in der Spätantike das Recht auf eine Bestattung, und diese Bestattung hatte vor den Mauern der Stadt zu erfolgen. Man hatte also nachträglich hagiographisch ‚erklärt‘, was eigentlich nicht sein konnte, eine innerstädtische Märtyrerkirche.

Viel schwieriger zu beantworten ist die Frage, warum die Kirche an jenem Ort entstand, an dem sie sich heute befindet, nördlich der Agora, also des Stadtzentrums des alten Thessaloniki. Der Versuch, eine Antwort hierauf zu finden, führt uns in die Spätantike, in eine Zeit tiefgreifender Umbrüche innerhalb des Städtewesens. Städte mussten

sich, um gegen Angreifer gefeit zu sein, auf einmal wieder mit Mauern umgeben; die Versorgung mit Lebensmitteln stockte, ebenso die Wasserversorgung über die Aquädukte. Die reiche Oberschicht, die seit jeher als Gegenleistung für öffentliche Anerkennung prächtige Baustiftungen unternahm, schmolz zusammen. Theaterbauten, Thermen und Tempel – diese Bauten wurden funktionslos, erhoben sich als riesige Findlinge in der spätantiken Stadt, hatten aber keinen erkennbaren Sinn mehr, keine nachvollziehbare Funktion. Zugleich steigerte sich in der Bevölkerung der spätantiken Stadt die Sehnsucht nach Helfern, übernatürlichen Patronen, Heiligen, welche in die Rolle der staatlichen Instanzen schlüpften und Sicherheit und Wohlergehen zu garantieren hatten. In der spätantiken Stadt trafen somit Unerklärliches und Sinnsuche aufeinander, monumentale Strukturen, die nach einer Erklärung riefen, und das tiefsitzende Bedürfnis nach der Gegenwart übernatürlicher Helfer. Und so ist es kein Zufall, dass sich die Heiligen der Spätantike gerade in den Großbauten aufhielten, dass sich der hl. Demetrius in einer funktionslosen Thermenanlage einnistete. Der Bau lag halbverfallen da, harrete einer Erklärung und zog magisch eine Person an, die sich als Projektion kollektiver Wünsche etablierte. Sinnsuche und Spiritualität waren wie eine gesättigte Lösung, die nur ein Staubkorn braucht, um einen Kristall erblühen zu lassen.

* * *

Besondere Orte lassen sich am besten von besonderen Orten aus verstehen, Orte, die in ähnlicher Weise denjenigen entheben, der sich in ihnen befindet. Die tagtägliche Erfahrung des Besonderen sensibilisiert die Wahrnehmung und befördert das Verständnis anderer besonderer Orte. Gewiss, das Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin ist kein Orakelheiligtum oder eine spätantike Heiligenverehrungsstätte. Und doch ist es ein Ort, der einen Stipendiaten für die Dauer seines Aufenthalts dem Normalen entbindet, ihn in eine besondere Sphäre führt, die notwendigerweise nur von begrenzter Dauer sein kann, weil sie sonst nichts Besonderes wäre. Unser Leben am Wissenschaftskolleg bewegte sich zwischen mehreren Gebäuden und Räumen, die in ihrer Art völlig unterschiedlich sind, Ausdruck verschiedenster Entstehungsumstände sind, die aber in ihrer Lage, dem teuren Grunewald, und in ihrer ebenso aufwändigen wie zurückgenommenen Gestaltung einen besonderen Anspruch formulieren. Da ist das Hauptgebäude, eine Stadtvilla aus dem frühen 20. Jahrhundert, die als Rahmen für Vorträge, Empfänge und gemeinsame Essen dient. Da ist ferner die sogenannte Weiße Villa, ein entkernter und tiefgreifend neu

gestalteter Bau aus dem späten 19. Jahrhundert, der von den Fellows vor allem als Quelle aller gewünschten Bücher wahrgenommen wird. Und da sind natürlich auch jene Gebäude, in denen die Großzahl der Fellows lebt, die etwas wuchtige Villa Walther mit ihrem modernen Anbau, und die Villa Jaffé. Nur ein Gebäude wurde von Grund auf für die Bedürfnisse des Wissenschaftskollegs errichtet, das etwas nüchtern als „Neubau“ bezeichnet wird – ein wahres Juwel im Campus des Wissenschaftskollegs, das allen Anforderungen eines besonderen Wissenschaftsorts Rechnung trägt.



Abb. 1: Der „Neubau“ des Wissenschaftskollegs

Die Gestaltung des Neubaus, der 1981/82 vom Berliner Architekten Burckhardt Fischer konzipiert wurde, geht weit über seine Funktionalität im engeren Sinne hinaus, seine wunderbare gläserne Transparenz erlaubt Einsehbarkeit und Einsichten; sein

Detailreichtum bei gleichzeitigem Verzicht auf bildliche Ausstattung lässt tagtäglich fragen, warum dies so ist, animiert zu Erklärungsversuchen. Jedes Büro hat einen eigenen Schnitt, manche größer, manche kleiner, keines jedoch auf rechteckigem Grundriss, manche mit Glasfront, manche mit eigenem kleinen Austritt, manche mit Terrassenzugang und so fort. Vom Inneren des Neubaus ergibt sich ein wunderbarer Panoramablick auf das Hauptgebäude, und dennoch: keines der Büros öffnet sich zum Hauptgebäude. Die meisten Arbeitsräume öffnen sich in das Grün des schmalen Gartens an der Rückseite des Gebäudes. Wer hier arbeitet, weiß warum: das Betreten des eigenen Büros bewirkt täglich aufs Neue eine Entkoppelung, das Betreten eines Bereichs, der das eher Formale und Verpflichtende des Hauptgebäudes hinter sich lässt. Der Ort eigenen Nachdenkens, das Büro, wird so zu einem Ort des Ausblicks, nicht des Rückblicks.



Abb. 2: Blick aus dem „Neubau“ auf die Wallotstraße

Überall sind Fenster und Türen unterschiedlichen Zuschnitts eingepasst, gerade Winkel sind die Ausnahme, im oberen Geschoss gibt es hinter der Küche eine verwilderte Terrasse, die kaum betreten wird, aber eben vorhanden ist. Verspielte Bauten dieser Art, die zum Entdecken einladen, die unkonventionelles Verhalten ermöglichen, ja geradezu fördern, sind auch Orte der Kreativität. Wo der Körper und das Auge Auslauf haben, da hat auch der Geist Auslauf. Der „Neubau“ ist die perfekte Umsetzung des Ideals, auf dem das Wissenschaftskolleg gründet. Die Entwerfenden dieses Bauwerks haben das verstanden und diese Grundidee bis in die feinste Verästelung umgesetzt, indem sich nichts wiederholt, kein Detail sich doppelt. Sie geben noch heute jedem, der hier arbeitet, das Gefühl des Besonderen.

Man hört, dass sich um den Ort des Wissenschaftskollegs schon bald eine Gründungslegende zu ranken begann, die zu erklären versucht, was so schwer zu erklären ist: warum genau hier? Mein Freund und Fellow-Kollege Clemens Leonhard stieß bei seinen Recherchen auf eine volkstümliche Überlieferung, der zufolge sich an der Stelle des späteren Wissenschaftskollegs schon früh ein Ort befunden hat, an dem Gastlichkeit und Magie auf unheimliche Weise zueinanderfanden. Es geht die Geschichte, vor langer Zeit habe sich hier ein Wirtshaus befunden, gegründet vom Sohn eines Buchbinders, der im Zorn von seinem Vater geschieden war, sich aber dann an diesem Ort wieder mit ihm versöhnte. Auch seine beiden Schwestern, die in der Ferne das Hexeneinmaleins gelernt hatten, fanden sich bald hier ein, und umweht vom Duft gebratener Wildschweine erzählte man sich in einem wachsenden Kreis von interessierten Gästen von den staunenswerten Dingen dieser Welt. So fanden Wissenspflege und die Sorge um das leibliche Wohl schon früh zu einer idealen Verbindung und erfreuen noch heute denjenigen, der das Glück hat, hier länger Gast zu sein.

So weit diese Gründungslegende, so weit diese Erzählung, in der man dem Besonderen eine Geschichte gab. Man versuchte das Besondere zu begreifen, zu erklären, was eben nicht oder nur zum Teil erklärbar ist: dass es in unserer Mitte Orte gibt, in denen wir in idealer Weise verdichten, was wir uns ersehnen. Diese Orte setzen ins Anschauliche und Erfahrbare um, was wir begehren, bilden magnetische Pole in unserer Wunschlandschaft, die sich anreichern, weil sie außergewöhnlich sind, und außergewöhnlich sind, weil sie fortwährend angereichert werden. Das Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin ist ein

solcher Ort. In der Welt der Wissenssuche ist es der Ort, wo unsere Idealvorstellungen Gestalt angenommen haben und jeden Tag neu Gestalt annehmen. Es ist einer jener Bereiche, in denen wir formulieren, was wir wollen, in denen erfahrbar ist, wie es eigentlich sein sollte – ein besonderer Ort eben.



BACK HOME, WITH A SENSE OF POSSIBILITY: A RESEARCH ON THE “AFTERLIFE” OF WEST AFRICAN SLAVERY
ALICE BELLAGAMBA

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August 2012, Turin: back home, I look at the bookshelves around my desk. Not even a year ago I was sorting out the materials that I thought I needed in Berlin. After having been in Germany in 2004 for a Humboldt Research Fellowship at the University of Bayreuth, I now looked forward to spending a year at the Wissenschaftskolleg. I thought,

and so it was, that this memorable human and intellectual adventure would enrich my life in unpredictable ways. I arrived in Berlin with the idea of closing a cycle started in the early 1990s with my first period of fieldwork along the River Gambia, the area of West Africa that has been long at the core of my research. After years devoted to the study of West African slavery and its demise, and of stimulating research collaboration with Sandra Greene of Cornell University and Martin Klein of the University of Toronto, I mulled the idea of changing my topic and field of research. I even made this statement during my first meeting with Joachim Nettelbeck, the Secretary of the Institute. Today, I can say that if I have got a fresh starting, it is not in the direction I anticipated. One year after my initial declaration of change, I am rooted more than before in the field of slavery studies.

At Wiko, I have rediscovered the pleasure of discussing the reasons that in the 1990s turned me into a historical anthropologist, and I recollected episodes of my African fieldwork that I had long stopped thinking about. Thanks to Ioana Macrea-Toma, I have reconsidered the critical contribution of anthropology to a broader understanding of colonial archives, a theme that I had temporarily put aside though it was a landmark of my research. Thomas and Clara Christensen have reawakened my love for classical music, while from Jim Hunt I have learned that wasps have a labor organization that strongly resembles slave-master relationships and that these insects practice the most controversial of human institutions: infanticide. Mark Viney has taught me to look at parasitism as the most widespread feature of life, while Alessandro Stanziani's focus on the Russian Empire and the Indian Ocean has fuelled my interest in historical and cultural contexts other than Africa.

Like the majority of socio-cultural anthropologists, I love ethnographic and historical details, semantic nuances, and dense knots of social relationships. My manuscript on the River Gambia is built from the perspective of grasping local notions of slavery and their significance in the 20th-century history of Gambian society long after the legal abolition of slavery and the slave trade. I have looked at the ways the elderly men and women, whom I met over 20 years of research, described the past world of enslavement and life in slavery; I have compared their memories with the traces contained in travel accounts and colonial archives and questioned how these elderly men and women – the majority of whom were born after abolition – had acquired such a rich knowledge of slavery and its place in society. Delving into that past has brought me to interrogate processes of cultural transmission that occur in the interstices of daily life. Yet, the task of the anthropologist does not end with the recognition and documentation of the concreteness and terrific

variety of human experience. Since its beginning, social and cultural anthropology has fostered a comparative spirit that travels across social, cultural, and theoretical boundaries. So I learned while training at the University of Turin, and so I have rediscovered in the interdisciplinary environment of Wiko.

In the last year, I cultivated my passion for historically and ethnographically grounded analysis and appreciated the never-ending potentiality of following networks of sameness and difference across intellectual domains, historical periods, and cultural contexts. Slavery is a thriving object of study in this respect, one of those millennial human institutions whose understanding broadens our awareness of the challenges faced by contemporary governments, activists, scholars, and citizens who deal with human trafficking and bonded labor. In addition, Berlin is the perfect setting to rethink local problems in terms of global history and establish comparisons between contexts not historically interrelated. I spent part of my sabbatical developing a research agenda that could bridge the study of historical slavery and abolition with that of contemporary forms of oppression and exploitation. By talking about an “afterlife” of slavery, I have started to explore the ensemble of the conceptual and social transformations that have occurred in African labor organization and social relations since legal abolition. Slavery died slowly in colonial Africa, as colonials feared the disruptive effects of mass abolition, which they had already witnessed in other parts of the world. In many areas, the vestiges of old slave-master relationships are still visible today and have continued to evolve in response to changing economic, political, and social circumstances. Meanwhile, in the course of the 20th century, slavery itself has turned into a rallying symbol for struggles against political and social oppression. It started at the time of World War II, when some African intellectuals used the metaphor of slavery to contest colonial oppression and the controversial institution of forced labor.

That history still needs to be documented, while a new abolitionist wave has been investing Africa and the rest of the world since the beginning of this new century. Is there a linkage between the Mauritanian, Sudanese, and Nigerian vestiges of “old” slave-master relationships and the contemporary exploitation of vulnerable subjects such as children, women, and migrants? Activists and anti-slavery organizations meet the victims of contemporary slavers among the disbanded militias of the 1990s African civil wars, the migrants stuck in Saharan oases and North African cities, the domestic laborers of Ghana, Benin, Gabon, and South Africa, the African children recruited for mines and cocoa plantations, and the sex workers of African and European cities. Whether we are facing the “dark side” of late 20th-century policies of wild economic liberalization or witnessing

the late transmogrification of a millennial history of violence and exploitation is a dramatic question that deserves our historical and ethnographic attention. I cannot close this short report without special thanks to Andreas Eckert and the re:work program of the Humboldt University (International Research Center, IGK), where I discussed my research in a stimulating and friendly atmosphere, as much as to the Zentrum Moderner Orient, where I presented part of my results.

Eva von Kügelgen has been a fabulous German teacher and partner of innumerable discussions on the diversity of European lifestyles, while there are no words to commend the moral and intellectual support of Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus to Fellows and their projects. Last but not least, Wiko would not be such an intellectually dynamic community without the multiple talents of the spouses and children of Fellows. My gratitude goes to the legion of “invisible hands” that provided for our families unique opportunities of integration into German culture and society.



LE CLAVIER ROMAND – FROM RESEARCH
PROJECT TO BOOK
SAMANTHA BESSON

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Spending a year at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin (Wiko) is a unique opportunity. Anyone who has been here can confirm this, and it was certainly true for me. As a matter of fact, no reporting exercise could ever do justice to the many aspects of this life-changing experience, whether in terms of musical revelations, scientific development, or personal

encounters. It is essential all the same to express one's enormous gratitude for this transformative opportunity and to account for our scholarly activity while in residence, even if publications are ultimately only a pale reflection of the deeper changes that occurred while at Wiko.

From my perspective, one of the most striking features of this year has been that all those musical, scientific and personal transformations occurred almost without notice. Appearances were saved: no abrupt change of pace or *habitus* for the serious academic. On the contrary, whatever we needed to be able to work was promised to us and provided. This included to my great surprise, and I will never be grateful enough, bringing me, within three days of my arrival, a brand new "clavier romand", i.e., a keyboard that is only used by French-speaking Swiss people, that allows them to type in French and German and, importantly, that is quintessentially neither a German nor a French keyboard. Nothing special, you may say: the Wiko is "our home away from home" and this should be the case as much for the French Swiss as it was for our South Korean Fellow. At Wiko, every detail counts, to the greatest pleasure of those with an eye for luxury: delightful flowers and refined furniture, to mention just a few. And keyboards are part and parcel of the package.

Interestingly, however, Wiko not only provided me with a French-Swiss keyboard to work as freely and unconstrainedly as I would at home, it actually allowed me to use it to pursue my work away from my Swiss institution and hence much more freely than I would have been at home. The important thing, then, is not only that the amazingly generous staff at Wiko works so hard to make us feel at home in this academic heaven – and they are amazing – but that this should occur *away from home*. After just a few weeks, the constant and daunting feeling of having forgotten a class, missed a faculty meeting, or obliterated a student appointment receded, and what was to become an extraordinary year started. All this not only thanks to a keyboard, of course, but many would agree with me that keyboards do matter.

The research project I had set myself for this year was to make decisive progress on and hopefully complete a book on human rights theory I had started working on during my first research semester in autumn 2009. I had in the meantime managed to write what seemed like a third of a book, after teaching the subject once at Duke and once in Fribourg and only committing to publish on human rights theory issues ever since. In the book, I intend to develop a legal theory of human rights. In a nutshell, the book aims to take the legal dimension of human rights more seriously than human rights theories have so far: it

starts from some of the hard questions raised in current human rights law and practice, and not from ideal moral theorizing, and it then addresses them philosophically, and not only legally. So doing, it aims at bridging a gap between current theorizing on human rights by philosophers (even the most practical ones), who either see human rights law as a mere translation or enforcement of moral human rights, or who take it as a static and conservative reality that one can then morally reconstruct, on the one hand, and dogmatic discussions of human rights law by lawyers who do not easily embark into normative theorizing or only, paradoxically, by reference to some kinds of ideal moral theorizing, on the other.

Wiko allowed me to meet my academic objectives. Thanks to conditions surpassing those of my post-doctoral years, I was able to focus almost entirely on my writing. In the course of the year, I completed six further book chapters and tested them month after month in seminars in various academic institutions and before law, philosophy, and international relations audiences in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany. The network of Berliner academic institutions, be they the Humboldt-Universität, the Hertie School of Governance, or other institutions such as the Wissenschaftszentrum Berlin or the American Academy, combined with the fact that Berlin is home to many more German academics than there could be in its institutions, made it possible to exchange with a very large and varied number of specialists in the course of the year. As a matter of fact, presenting the project and its methodological challenges to non-lawyers and non-philosophers, and hence outside of the book's audience, at the Wiko's "Dienstagskolloquium" in January was a memorably difficult task, albeit a very rewarding one. Further, attending various meetings outside my direct field of research where I was asked to comment or respond definitely broadened my horizons. My treatment of human rights in the book has greatly benefited from these incursions in discussions of issues pertaining to migration, dignity, secularization, international courts, language, or normativity in the course of the year. Wiko also allowed me to organize a work visit last May for Allen Buchanan, a friend and colleague also currently writing on the philosophy of human rights, and our discussions on that occasion were extremely productive. As a result of all this, I was able to produce a detailed book proposal that was sent to a major publisher last winter and received with great interest. And the book now stands: it has a structure, a beginning, and an end. And even though a few pieces of the puzzle are still missing, what was a mere research project when I arrived in Berlin has now grown into a book.

Of course, like many others, I could not come over entirely unencumbered. I brought in my luggage some long overdue chapters and essays, together with new deadlines that I could not postpone. Sadly, I do not leave Wiko with a clean slate (who does?), but have now paid many long overdue debts. Luckily, I had tried over the last few years to commit myself to writing only on subjects related to my book project, and as a result completing those other publication projects did not distract me too much from my main goal. This year, I had also accepted as few speaking commitments abroad as possible, and I kept to that precommitment. I had to make an exception in March after an invitation came in October to go and speak about the extraterritorial application of the European Convention of Human Rights at a historical meeting between US judges and judges from the European Court of Human Rights at the US Supreme Court in Washington.

True, for reasons that have to do with our profession, an academic year is never entirely self-standing, however well it may have been planned and prepared. It is always forward-looking, and this implied, in my case, having to write grant applications for new Swiss National Science Foundation research projects and doctoral students and, more generally, planning and organizing the next academic year in terms of teaching and administration. However, I should stress that my year at Wiko could not have been as productive had I not been supported by first-class collaborators and assistants at the University of Fribourg who knew how much this research leave meant to me: they faced all adversities in a very independent fashion, and most of the time left me to my idle distance, and should be thanked warmly for this.

Besides allowing me to meet my own academic expectations together with those to whom I owed chapters and articles, Wiko also offered me the unexpected.

Personally, first, I have had the privilege of meeting wonderful academics and people during my stay, such as my “fellow law Fellows” and friends Miloš Vec and Olivier Jouanjan, but also the other lawyers at Wiko Alexandra Kemmerer, Christoph Möllers, and Dieter Grimm, and, of course, the adorable and communicative Katharina Wiedemann. Meeting the “Others”, and in particular a jolly crowd of evolutionary biologists, Swiss and non-Swiss, was another personal highlight of my year at Wiko and the source of (hopefully mutual) growing curiosity and enlightenment – thank you Christian Braendle, Mark Viney, and Thomas Flatt for your patience and for putting up with my questions! I was also lucky enough to experience the Wiko under Joachim Nettelbeck, its “administrateur”, who is retiring in July after 31 years at the head of the institution. Long discussions with him about the artistry and difficulties of academic administration have

taught me a lot and comforted me in my beliefs about the importance of that dimension of our academic work. Travelling with him to the Institut d'Études Avancées in Nantes and meeting Alain Supiot on that occasion will remain very special memories. Musical awakening was my second changing experience this year. The series of luminous "Gesprächskonzerte" and discussions with Mauricio Sotelo and Alfred Brendel gave me an incentive to finally get a musical education. It is only the beginning, of course, but better late than never.

Scientifically, finally, this year was a true revelation. It has helped me move away from my discipline and, I hope, to go back to it with a very different and enriched take. This was made possible through various encounters and primarily through closer work with historians and a deeper reflection on the ties between legal history and legal theory. This occurred, for instance, in the preparation for the meetings of the discussion group on sources I co-organized with Alessandro Stanziani, my fellow historian here at Wiko. More generally, meeting philosophers of science like Yehuda Elkana and confronting "Rechtswissenschaft" or legal science with other ways of doing science in other disciplines led me to read more on the philosophy of science and to think more reflexively about my own work. I have also greatly benefited in that respect from the conferences and meetings organized under the umbrella of the Wiko's excellent program "Recht im Kontext". I hope to be able to keep in touch with its developments in the future. In the last few months, I have actually developed the project of writing on legal science as science in the future.

I came to Berlin with a third of what I thought was a book project in my computer and I now have a book. The Wiko's "clavier romand" allowed me to write the book, almost to completion. I am about to leave Berlin with two more chapters to write before that book can leave my desk forever, and I even have a new book project. Of course, it will have to be on another keyboard and with much less freedom and inspiration than at Wiko. However, learning to live with Wiko as a thing of the past and a lost paradise is a burden we all have to bear.

Thank you, Wiko, for the keyboard, of course, but for so much more than I can say and even begin to realize.

Publications written while in Berlin

- “Issues in the Legal Philosophy of International Adjudication.” In *Oxford Handbook on International Adjudication*, edited by K. Alter, C. Romano, and Y. Shany. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013 (in preparation).
- “Human Rights and Constitutional Law.” In *Oxford Handbook on Human Rights*, edited by M. Liao, R. Cruft, and M. Renzo. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013 (forthcoming).
- “Compromising Compromises.” Review of Amy Gutmann’s and Dennis Thompson’s *The Spirit of Compromise: Why Governing Demands It and Campaigning Undermines It*. 2013. *Political Theory* (forthcoming).
- “Human Rights Pluralism in Europe.” In *Transnational Law – Rethinking Legal Thinking*, edited by K. Tuori and M. Maduro. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012 (forthcoming).
- “The Allocation of Anti-poverty Rights Duties – Our Rights, but Whose Duties?” In *Duties to Address Poverty*, edited by K. Nadakavukaren Schefer. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012 (forthcoming).
- “International Human Rights and Political Equality – Implications for Global Democracy.” In *Equality in Transnational and Global Democracy*, edited by E. Erman and S. Näsström. London: Palgrave 2012 (forthcoming).
- “Poverty, Migration and Citizenship – A Reaction.” In *Citizenship – Mosse Lectures 2011–2012*, edited by K. Scherpe and E. Wagner. Berlin: Vorwerk, 2012 (forthcoming).
- “The Extraterritoriality of the European Convention on Human Rights: Why Human Rights Depend on Jurisdiction and What Jurisdiction Amounts to.” *Leiden Journal of International Law* 25, 04 (2012): 857–884.
- “Human Rights History and Human Rights Theory: A Tale of Two Odd Bedfellows.” *Ancilla Juris*. Special Issue: International Law and Ethics, 02. 09. 2012 (with Alain Zysset).
- “The Egalitarian Dimension of Human Rights.” *Archiv für Sozial- und Rechtsphilosophie Beiheft* (2012): 19–52.
- “The Truth about Legal Pluralism.” Review of Nico Krisch’s *Beyond Constitutionalism: The Pluralist Structure of Postnational Law*. *European Constitutional Law Review* 8, 2 (2012): 354–361.

“International Legality – A Reply to Shapiro and Hathaway.” Online symposium, *Opinio Juris*, <http://opiniojuris.org/2011/11/13/opinio-juris-ale-law-journal-symposium-hathaway-andshapiro-on-outcasting/>

“The Democratic Legitimacy of WTO Law – On the Dangers of Fast-Food Democracy.” (2011) *World Trade Institute Research Papers*, <http://www.nccr-trade.org/publication/>

Talks given while in Berlin

Reply to Joseph Raz, “Normative Variations – The Law and Beyond.” Normativity Conference, University of Frankfurt, 21–23 June 2012.

Roundtable Commentator, Meeting on Law and Language, Indian-European Advanced Research Network Group, Institute of Advanced Studies, Nantes, 14–15 June 2012.

Reply to Cristina Lafont, “Against the State-Centric Approach to Human Rights.” Legitimate Authority of International Institutions Workshop, University of Pompeu Fabra, Barcelona, 1–2 June 2012.

“The Extraterritoriality of Human Rights – Why Human Rights Depend on Jurisdiction and What Jurisdiction Amounts to.” Law & Society Institute Seminar Series, Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, 15 May 2012.

“International Human Rights and Secularization.” Secularization: History, Meaning and Scope Conference, Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, 28 April 2012.

Commentator, *New Terrain of International Law: Courts, Politics, Rights*. Karen Alter’s Book Workshop, Freie Universität Berlin, 27 April 2012.

“Human Rights and Constitutional Law.” Berlin Colloquium on Rethinking Law in a Global Context, Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin and Wissenschaftszentrum Berlin, 24 April 2012.

“The Extraterritoriality of Human Rights – Why Human Rights Depend on Jurisdiction and What Jurisdiction Amounts to.” Max Planck Institute for Comparative Public Law and International Law, Heidelberg, 21 March 2012.

Reply to Mark Somos, “Modern Imperialism and the Secularisation of International Law.” Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin and Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, 19 March 2012.

“The Extraterritoriality of Human Rights in the European System.” US Supreme Court – European Court of Human Rights Conference, George Washington University Law School, 1–2 March 2012.

- “Conflicts of Human Rights in the EU.” Seminar on Human Rights, EUI Florence, 14 February 2012.
- “Conflicts of Human Rights.” Seminar in Political Theory, Freie Universität Berlin, 31 January 2012.
- “Theorizing Human Rights: Why and How?” Tuesday Colloquium, Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, 10 January 2012.
- Reply to Ayelet Schachar, “The Birthright Lottery.” Mosse Lectures, Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, 1 December 2011.
- General Comment and Conclusions, Human Dignity Conference, Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, Berlin, 16–17 November 2011.
- “The Allocation of Human Rights Duties.” Seminar, Wissenschaftszentrum Berlin, 10 November 2011.
- “Anti-Poverty Rights Duties and their Allocation.” Poverty and International Economic Law Conference, University of Basel, 21–22 October 2011.



WIKO VILLAGE
MONIQUE BORGERHOFF MULDER

Born in 1953 and raised in Lebanon and then Britain, I worked in various professions – teaching, journalism, and archaeology – before turning to academia. I am now Professor of Anthropology at UC Davis. My research encompasses a wide array of topics, but always from an evolutionary-ecological perspective (Conservation: Linking Ecology, Economics and Culture, 2005, with P. Coppolillo), including the evaluation of conservation-development projects in Tanzania with the NGO “Savannas Forever”. My current evolutionary anthropological work addresses issues of health, reproduction, survival, and marriage in Mpimbwe. I aim to bring science to the widest audience possible (*I’ve Been Gone Far Too Long*. 1996, with W. Logsdon) with, for example, our history books for Tanzanian school children (*Historia ya Kabila la WaPimbwe*. 2013, with P. Mgawe, T. Caro, and S.-J. Seel) and ongoing broader comparative work on inequality (“The Intergenerational Transmission of Wealth and the Dynamics of Inequality in Pre-Modern Societies.” *Science* 326, 2009, with S. Bowles et al.). – Address: Department of Anthropology, University of California at Davis, Davis, CA 95616, USA.
E-mail: mborgerhoffmulder@ucdavis.edu

I write this from a dusty village in Mpimbwe (western Tanzania), contemplating my year as a 2011/12 Wissenschaftskolleg Fellow, and how such an experience intersects with the “real” life of both an academic and the more typical inhabitant of this planet. As I think back over such an immensely pleasurable and intellectually stimulating year, looking out onto a breaking dawn over the now dry Msadye River, and registering the chorus of roosters, the cries of young Sukuma children digging for water, and the pattering feet of

the few practicing Muslims on their way back from a *daku* (it's the holy month of Ramadan) I am struck, perhaps somewhat surprisingly, by the similarities between Wiko and an African village.

Most prominent is the sense of community. As an evolutionary anthropologist I cannot of course buy into the romantic idea of harmonious communities made up of cooperating individuals. Indeed these Bantu villages where I work reveal, like every other community in the world, a complex mosaic of ties, of both close interdependence and bitter rivalry, with the former anchoring the extraordinary evolutionary success of our species and the latter prompting witchcraft accusations among even the closest of kin. But whether ties are warm or cold, a sense of community emerges from the fact that everyone knows everyone, and more significantly from the extensive pool of shared knowledge and experience from which each individual samples (often very selectively). Most events in village life are social, or at least interpreted as social: a birth, the construction of a new road, a theft, a marital scandal, a sickness, even a sudden change in the price of items purchased or sold. Each such event instantiates endless discussion, and everyone has his or her own opinion on the causality, consequence, and morality entailed.

So when Mwendapole's *powatila*, a small diesel-powered tractor marketed as a tiller and Mwendapole's gift from a political patron, spluttered to a halt outside the local bar yesterday afternoon, every drinker of the thick maize brew seated on the verandah had his or her own hypothesis: Mwendapole had slept with one of his patron's wives; Mwendapole's disgruntled neighbor had replaced one of the *powatila* spark plugs with worn ones; Mwendapole had never attended primary school and was therefore an incompetent mechanic; the petrol Mwendapole had stolen from the Chinese road-building contractors was spiked; Mwendapole had broken his Ramadan fast. The wonderful thing about these hypotheses is that they are all based on evidence – everyone in the bar has a pool of considerably accurate knowledge about Mwendapole's life. Furthermore, without a rigorous scientific method (particularly after the beer) for evaluating these hypotheses, there is remarkable tolerance for multiple explanations – the patron's first (and now disregarded) wife was working together with the disgruntled neighbor, for example. The shared knowledge, both personal and professional, provides a rich, engaging, and often intellectually stimulating aspect to village life.

As an anthropologist (even of the evolutionary blend), I of course have to spend time “hanging out” in the bar (we call it “participant observation” methodology). Yesterday I was mainly chasing up “missing values” in my anthropometric database, or in other

words tracking down recalcitrant individuals who had so far failed to climb onto my various scales to reveal their weights and heights. Patience is the key to being an anthropologist, so I sit with friends and wait for my “missing values” by soaking up (together with the beer) discussions such as that over Mwendapole’s *powatila*.

Yesterday, as I noted above, I was struck by the parallels between village life and that of a Wiko Fellow. Spending a year together with a group of like-minded people is, in the evolutionary scale of things, not a particularly unusual feature of human social life – we have after all, for thousands (and most likely hundreds of thousands) of years, lived in small relatively stable communities of kin and unrelated individuals who are all highly familiar with one another. In our modern world, with small, nucleated families, predominantly urban residence, and huge international intellectual networks facilitated by conferences and the Internet, relatively few of us enjoy “village life” in the way that our ancestors did. Wiko in a strange way offers this. The sense of community that develops within the year, the intense familiarity with different peoples’ very distinct ways of thinking, the diversity of viewpoints and hypotheses on offer, and the selectivity with which different people call on different kinds of evidence, all combine to produce a richly stimulating and entertaining village life – a truly unique pleasure that few of us enjoy in our normal academic lives. When do we each have the opportunity just to hang out, so often in the equivalent of the village bar and equally “voll mit Wein”, and explore views on the behavior of our (and other) species with people who share some similar bodies of knowledge and who are infused with similar curiosity?

Of course the rub here is “similar bodies of knowledge”. With so many disciplines and topics represented in the Wiko Village, to what degree can we really make a joint exploration of anything? Discussions following our Tuesday Colloquia revealed gaping lacunae among us in our assumptions, hypotheses, and use of evidence. This of course is to be expected, indeed cherished, in a forum where the sciences and the humanities meet. What I learned in the Wiko Village, as I have perceived in bar-room chat about *powatillas*, divorces, or the specific route taken by the new Chinese road that dissects the village, is that everyone is right. This is not simply tolerance of other peoples’ worldviews – surely as academics we should all be well-enough socialized human beings to accept that others can see the world differently. Rather, what I learned in Wiko was how to pursue more deeply such questions as *why* a social scientist views the concept of culture so differently from me, or *why* an evolutionary biologist sees the ontogeny of behavioral diversity somewhat distinctly from me. These differences reduce to differences not in logic, but in values

– deeply held tenets that structure how particular individuals view the world. As you get to know the individuals better on a personal and social level, you begin to appreciate the fundamentally different intellectual landmarks they bring to the analysis of what are, after all, common questions. Just as in Mpimbwe I am intrigued not simply by the different reasons given for why Mwendapole’s *powatila* lies abandoned on the street, but by the personal, social, and idiosyncratic histories that lie behind the different explanatory tools that each individual adopts to make sense of this world. So thanks Wiko for inviting me to your village (and your bar!) for such a wonderful year.

Finally a few more mundane observations about my year at Wiko. On Paul Schmid-Hempel’s invitation I had initially intended to coordinate a group on the evolution of human behavior and conservation; the participants ultimately fell through, but I would strongly encourage another such group in the future. The roots of the current biodiversity crisis obviously lie in human behavior, and there are huge advances to be made from collaborative work in this area; indeed one of my Wiko projects lay in such an analysis, a paper we now have published in *Proceedings of the National Academy of Science*; with regard to conservation I also coauthored several papers during the year on the factors driving illegal bushmeat hunting in Africa. As it turned out, even though the conservation focus group failed to materialize, we ended up with a terrific group of evolutionary anthropologists; although we did not formally collaborate on each other’s projects, I for one can say I learned a huge amount from everyone in the group and really valued their collegiality and friendship. My own work at Wiko lay primarily in untangling the soap opera of a small village in Mpimbwe – seventeen years of marriages, births, divorces, and deaths, interlaced with anthropometric and economic data. With the data now clean and properly coded, I am ready to tackle lots of evolutionary anthropological questions about marriage, parental investment, and economic inequality and to produce papers that will owe a huge debt to the time afforded me at Wiko. In another project, Wiko kindly employed an assistant for me to work on modeling cooperative networks in my Mpimbwe village – this was a fantastic opportunity both for me and for the assistant, and I recommend that this become a more standard procedure insofar as it furthers the training of more junior scholars and scientists in Berlin and brings new ideas and skills to the Fellows. Wiko also supported the visit of one of my Tanzanian collaborators. This was a wonderful experience both for me and for my visitor and will open (I hope) increased outreach to the scholars of the developing world, and particularly Africa. Wiko also gave

me the opportunity to finish two books on the history of Mpimbwe, one in Swahili for school children and one for a broader audience among historians and Tanzanian citizens.

The roosters are now quiet. Excited primary school kids scuttle with their notebooks to their overcrowded, under-furnished classrooms, women head to Msadye to scoop murky water out of shallow wells re-dug each morning in the coarse sand, and teenagers wake to another day of little hope of employment other than the physical labor of hoe agriculture, so typical of rural Africa. I dwell on the unmerited luxury afforded to some of us, particularly my invitation to the Wiko Village, for which I am endlessly grateful and for which I try not to feel guilty.

I finish with a list of the work published or submitted during my year at Wiko.

Seel, S.-J., P. Mgawe, and M. Borgerhoff Mulder (2013). *The history and traditions of the Pimbwe*. Dar es Salaam: Mkuki na Nyota Publishers.

Mgawe, P., M. Borgerhoff Mulder, T. Caro, and S.-J. Seel (2013). *Historia ya Kabila la WaPimbwe*. Dar es Salaam: Mkuki na Nyota Publishers.

Brooks, J. S., K. A. Waylen, and M. Borgerhoff Mulder (2012). "Looking beyond the local: understanding the role of national context, project design, and local features in successful community-based conservation projects." *Proceedings of the National Academy of Science* 109: 21265–21270.

Mgawe, P., M. Borgerhoff Mulder, T. Caro, A. Martin, and C. Kiffner (2012). "Factors affecting bushmeat consumption in the Katavi-Rukwa ecosystem of Tanzania." *Tropical Conservation Science* 5: 446–462.

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Towner, M. C., M. N. Grote, J. Venti, and M. Borgerhoff Mulder (2012). "Cultural macroevolution on neighbor graphs: vertical and horizontal transmission among Western North American Indian societies." *Human Nature* 23: 283–305.

Borgerhoff Mulder, M., L. Msalu, T. Caro and J. Salerno (2012). "Remarkable rates of lightning strike mortality in Malawi." *PLoS One* 7: 1–4.

Salerno, J., L. Msalu, T. Caro, and M. Borgerhoff Mulder (2012). "Risk of injury and death from lightning in northern Malawi." *Natural Hazards* 62: 853–862.

- Borgerhoff Mulder, M. and B. A. Beheim (2011). "Understanding the nature of wealth and its effects on human fitness." *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* 366: 344–356.
- Kasper, C., E. Fitzherbert, and M. Borgerhoff Mulder. "Who helps and why: cooperative networks in Mpimbwe." (submitted).
- Schacht, R. and M. Borgerhoff Mulder. "Explaining sex roles in humans: sex ratio effects on the mating market in southwestern Guyana." (submitted).



PLASTICITY WITHOUT LIMITS
CHRISTIAN BRAENDLE

Born in Solothurn, Switzerland, in 1974. M. Phil. (Cambridge), Ph.D. (Cambridge). Post-doctoral studies in Paris and Marseilles. Since 2008, group leader at the Institut de Biologie Valrose (Nice) and a permanent researcher of the Centre nationale de la recherche scientifique. Main research interests: Gene-environment interactions in development and evolution, evolution and ecology of *Caenorhabditis* nematodes. – Address: Institut de Biologie Valrose, UMR CNRS 7277 – Centre INSERM 1091, Université de Nice Sophia-Antipolis, 06108 Nice cedex 2, France. E-mail: braendle@unice.fr

As an experimental biologist working on the evolution and plasticity of development in nematode worms, I participated in the focus group “Adaptive Plasticity”. During my three-month stay at Wiko, I therefore aimed at being plastic myself: trying to leave professionally imposed biological barriers behind me, exposing myself to different scholarly views and thoughts. Surprise came in three parts. 1. How little I knew about how non-biologists work and think. 2. How very deep the cultural separation goes between the different academic fields, such as the natural sciences and the humanities. 3. Most importantly: How many interesting things there are to know outside biology! The intellectual richness of the Wiko environment typically experienced in discussions over lunch, dinner or coffee/beer made me quickly realize that Wiko wasn’t the seclusive, workaholic monastery I had hoped for (or not).

The objective of my Wiko project was to develop the conceptual aspects of my experimental research on the topic of phenotypic plasticity, in particular, its role in the evolutionary process. The term *phenotypic plasticity* describes all forms of environmentally

induced phenotypic variation – whether adaptive or non-adaptive. Central in the nature-nurture debate, phenotypic plasticity reflects the flexibility of a single genome to express a variety of different phenotypes. That the environment may dramatically affect the development and morphology of many organisms has been acknowledged for a very long time. Yet, with the rise of genetics during the early 20th century, the developmental role of the environment and its evolutionary significance became largely ignored. Despite important exceptions, such as the work by the great British biologist Conrad Hal Waddington, it was only relatively recently that interactions between genes, development and environment received increased attention, particularly in evolutionary biology. The concept and relevance of phenotypic plasticity in evolutionary processes have been controversial and subject to much discussion. In the past decades, it has become very clear that phenotypic plasticity of a given trait is often heritable and might contribute to the persistence of natural populations when they are confronted with extreme environmental conditions. However, the notions that plasticity has pronounced effects in processes of adaptation and speciation remain vague and little supported by empirical data, and theoretical aspects have not been well elaborated. While my limited expertise prevents me from working on theory, I hope to contribute to resolving this issue by focussing on two empirical aspects. First, studying the molecular and developmental mechanisms underlying phenotypic plasticity by exposing a model organism (*C. elegans*) to ecologically relevant environmental variation. Second, studying the evolution and evolutionary consequences of plastic traits through experimental evolution assays. I strongly believe that the detailed understanding of the molecular genetic and developmental underpinnings of plasticity need to be understood for this research program to be successful.

Alexander von Humboldt apparently once said, “Our imagination is struck only by what is great; but the lover of natural philosophy should reflect equally on little things.” I am taking this statement as calming reassurance about having turned into a biologist working on a tiny worm that eats bacteria on rotting fruits. Also, in contrast to many other Wiko Fellows, I can ignore the biological and cultural complexity of humans (well, besides the fact that even biologists are human beings). This insight sometimes provides relief. Overall, my stay at Wiko allowed me primarily to catch up with a lot of literature that was piling up in my office, unread for years. It also helped me to organize my thoughts, plan projects and write papers and grants. Moreover, many scientific seminars at Wiko and the discussions with my fellow biologists Mark, Thomas, Ricardo, Steve and many more were highly motivating and inspirational for my own research activity.

Naturally, the most lasting memories were shaped through interactions with other Fellows at Wiko. One major challenge in my daily scientific life is to bridge a gap between molecular biologists – concerned with proximate causation of biological processes – and evolutionary biologists, primarily focusing on ultimate causation in biology. A non-trivial endeavour. Evolutionary biologists accuse molecular biologists of rampant molecular reductionism, while the latter belittle evolutionary biologists for lack of rigour in causative analysis. At Wiko, such interdisciplinary confrontations (of a mainly positive nature) are taken to extremes, with artists and scholars of philosophy, social sciences, biology or theology entering into dialogue – or at least: listening to each other’s monologues. Never before in my life had I been exposed to such a diversity of surprising thoughts and views, intriguing personalities and academic knowledge. My Wiko experience turned into an enjoyable mental oscillation between fascination, intellectual hunger and mild culture shock. Certain Tuesday Colloquia felt like alien abductions – though, for most part, pleasant to endure. Despite the fact that seminar participation is enforced by Wiko policy, I was always looking forward to the colloquia, eagerly anticipating lecture content and style and the usually wide spectrum of curious, lengthy and impenetrable questions; although at question time, anticipation became increasingly physical, focused on another gourmet lunch.

An overarching Wiko theme is crossing the borders of different academic and artistic professions. This is certainly a very welcome and positive endeavour. But to what extent are we actually able to communicate across these borders? And to what extent do we learn and benefit from these interactions – at a professional and a personal level? I had the impression that interdisciplinary communication, in particular between biologists and non-biologists, was often severely limited, without wanting to blame one or the other side. Nevertheless, while seeking interdisciplinary exchange may sometimes be futile in terms of measurable results, at the very least, interdisciplinary exchange trains our capacity to listen, to be modest – and to be surprised.

My time at Wiko was wonderful. I am taking with me many memories of inspiring and unique interactions with many Fellows. I am very happy and thankful to have shared this time with them. My gratitude to Wiko is great.



A BIS Z EINES PIANISTEN ALFRED BRENDEL

Geboren 1931 in Nordmähren. Frühe Klavierstudien in Zagreb und Graz. Erster Klavierabend „Die Fuge im Klavierwerk“, Graz 1948. Meisterkurse bei Edwin Fischer. Seit 1952 Schallplatten und CDs für Vox-Turnabout, Vanguard und vor allem Philips-Decca. Lebt seit 1971 in London. Zahlreiche Beethoven- und Schubertzyklen. Einführung des Klavierkonzerts von Schönberg auf drei Kontinenten. Liederabende mit Prey, Fischer-Dieskau und Goerne. Regelmäßiger Gast der großen europäischen und amerikanischen Orchester bis Dezember 2007. Hans-von-Bülow-Medaille der Berliner Philharmoniker, Ehrenmitgliedschaft der Wiener Philharmoniker. Ehrendoktorwürde der Universitäten von London, Oxford, Yale u. a. Mitglied des Ordens Pour le mérite und der Deutschen Akademie für Sprache und Dichtung. Frankfurter Musikpreis, Léonie-Sonning-Musikpreis, Ernst von Siemens Musikpreis, Praemium Imperiale. Buchpublikationen (Essays, Gespräche, Gedichte) seit 1976 bei Robson, Piper, Hanser, Faber, Adelphi, Princeton, Cornell. Gesammelte Gedichte bei Hanser und Phaidon Press. – Adresse: 13 Well Walk, London NW3 1By, Großbritannien.

Unser zweiter, ebenso schöner wie produktiver Aufenthalt im Wissenschaftskolleg überraschte uns gleich zu Anfang mit einer Perspektive, die mich fast zum Naturschwärmer machte: Von der Höhe der Baumwipfel aus, nämlich aus den Fenstern des vierten Stocks der Villa Walther, konnten Maria Majno und ich die gesamte Entwicklung des Frühlings beobachten, vom zartesten Sprießen bis zur völligen Belaubung, die uns dann allerdings den magischen Blick auf Seen und Wasserläufe fast entzog. Der Blick hinaus und hinunter auf das Spiel des Windes auf dem Wasser, auf blühende Magnolien, auf den Wechsel des

Lichtes vom Morgen bis in den Abend hinein – dies alles in drei Richtungen staunend zu beobachten, lohnte zunächst schon einmal das Leben.

Wenn ich nicht aus den Fenstern blickte, tat ich, was ich versprochen hatte: Ich beendete mein *A bis Z eines Pianisten: Ein Lesebuch für Klavierliebende*, las die Korrekturen und freute mich an der Einbeziehung von Zeichnungen Gottfried Wiegands, die auf 18 Blättern Klavierhände und Tasten in eine neuartige, zweckentfremdende Beziehung setzten. Das Buch ist ein Destillat dessen, was ich in meinem vorgerückten Alter über das Klavier, die Musik und Angelegenheiten meines Metiers sagen kann und will. Ich hatte über manche dieser Dinge schon ausführlicher geschrieben; der Reiz bestand nun darin, sie in knapper Form, eher fragmentarisch und aphoristisch, zur Sprache zu bringen. Hier sind drei Beispiele.

INTERPRET

Daß Menschen aus Widersprüchen bestehen, weiß man nicht erst seit Hegel. Der Interpret ist ein Musterbeispiel. Er spielt zum Komponisten hin und zugleich zum Publikum. Er überblickt das ganze Stück und läßt es zugleich im Augenblick entstehen. Er folgt einem Konzept und läßt sich zugleich überraschen. Er beherrscht sich und vergißt sich. Er spielt für sich selbst und zugleich für den letzten Winkel des Saals. Er beeindruckt durch seine Präsenz und löst sich zugleich, wenn das Glück ihm hold ist, in der Musik auf. Er herrscht und dient. Er ist überzeugt und kritisch, gläubig und skeptisch. Wenn der richtige Wind weht, ereignet sich in der Interpretation die Synthese.

Rhetoriker sollen, nach einer antiken Definition, lehren, rühren und unterhalten. Der Interpret ist Rhetoriker. Er soll dem Publikum Maßstäbe geben und nicht zum Publikum hinunterspielen. Er soll uns bewegen, aber seine Gefühle nicht auf einem Tablett vor sich hertragen. Und er soll sich nicht scheuen, kühl und leicht, komisch und ironisch zu sein, wenn die Musik es von ihm verlangt.

KOMPONIST

Ohne den Komponisten gäbe es keine Interpreten. Und ohne das Werk, das sich als autonome Schöpfung bis zu einem gewissen Grade vom Komponisten gelöst hat, keine Informationsquelle für den Spieler. Diese Informationsquelle sagt uns, was zu tun ist, nicht immer in erschöpfender Deutlichkeit und Vollständigkeit, aber doch grundlegend. Das hat nichts mit sklavischer Unterwürfigkeit und musikalischem Kasernenhof-Gehorsam zu tun. Wir helfen dem Komponisten nach besten Kräften – und tun dies aus freien Stücken. Aber wir spielen nicht die Gouvernante

des Komponisten und nicht den Retter des Werks, das erst darauf gewartet hat, durch unsere Einsicht zu höheren Weihen zu gelangen.

Ich möchte jedem jungen Pianisten raten, Kompositionsunterricht zu nehmen und eine Zeitlang selbst zu komponieren. Die Erfahrung, Musik zu erfinden und niederzuschreiben, ein Stück zu organisieren und vom Anfang zum Ende zu führen, wird ihm vielleicht dazu verhelfen, die Niederschrift großer Komponisten anders wahrzunehmen und höher zu achten. Was bedeutet dieses piano? Warum steht hier ein Viertel und kein Achtel? Kann dies aus Nachlässigkeit geschehen sein? (Auch das gibt es, wie etwa im Rondo von Beethovens G-Dur-Konzert.) Eine, wenn auch vorübergehende, Kompositionsphase des Spielers wird in seiner künftigen Beurteilung von Werken Spuren hinterlassen; die Frage: „Wie ist das Stück komponiert?“ wird der Beantwortung einer anderen, berufstüblichen („Wie soll das Stück gespielt werden?“) zugute kommen.

LIEBE

Gibt es Musiker, die Musik nicht lieben? Ich fürchte, ja. Gibt es Musiker, die den Komponisten nicht lieben? Aber gewiß. Der Komponist ist unser Vater. Ein Interpret, der seinen Vater nicht liebt und dessen Absichten und Wünschen aus Prinzip entgegenwirkt, sollte selbst Komponist werden.

Gibt es Pianisten, die das Klavier nicht lieben? Liebt ein Dompteur seine Löwen? Oder ein Flohziirkusdirektor seine Flöhe? Ich liebe das Klavier als platonische Idee – und solche Flügel, die ihr nahekommen.

Am Ende eines Konzerts in Ballarat, einem der kältesten Orte Australiens, erklärte ich dem Publikum, ich hätte jetzt gerne eine Axt, um das Klavier zu zertrümmern. Übrigens ist Ballarat eine Reise wert. Es gibt dort ein Prunkstück naiver Architektur, ein Haus, dessen Fassade, Garten und Zaun mit Fragmenten von Teekannen dekoriert ist.

Die Liebe zu den Stücken, die wir spielen, darf, ja soll den Rahmen des rein Strukturellen überschreiten. Farbe, Wärme, Glut, sinnliche Schönheit werden aus dem musikalischen Liebesobjekt ein lebendiges Wesen machen, dessen pianistische Greifbarkeit uns allerdings nicht dazu verleiten sollte, Blutergüsse und blaue Flecken zu verursachen.

Von den 17 Arten der Liebe ist Nr. 16 die seltenste. Sie verbirgt sich, wie der australische Lyra-Vogel, im Dickicht der Wälder. Aber es gibt sie.

Falls Sie meine Gedichte nicht kennen: In dem zweisprachigen Band meiner gesammelten Gedichte *Playing the Human Game* (Phaidon Press), den ich 2010 im Wiko druckfertig gemacht habe, steht das Gedicht „Siebzehn Arten der Liebe“. Mein „A bis Z“ enthält etwa 75 Stichworte, die das Alphabet durchlaufen. Dort, wo zu einem Buchstaben das Stichwort fehlte, machte es Vergnügen, eines zu erfinden.

Meine zweite Arbeit bestand darin, die englische Grundübersetzung des Buches herzustellen. Dabei musste, da es sich um ein „A bis Z“ handelt, manches verändert und neu geordnet werden. Nicht das Wort „Zusammenhang“ beendet nun das Buch, sondern „Zvonimir“, ein sagenhafter mittelalterlicher König der Kroaten.

Dass man Shakespeares „King Lear“ auch darwinistisch interpretieren kann, habe ich in einem höchst spannenden, literarisch-naturwissenschaftlich-philosophischen Seminar zum ersten Mal erfahren.

In den Dienstagskolloquien habe ich den hinreißenden Gesang des australischen Schwarzkehl-Krähenwürgers und das Improvisieren von Musik, ebenfalls in Australien, auf Drahtzäunen mit Freude zur Kenntnis genommen. Dass Vögel, wie es einer Filmvorführung zu entnehmen war, auch tadellos unisono singen können, hatte wohl keiner von uns erwartet.

Es gab weitere Gründe, über die Frage nachzudenken: Wo beginnt Musik bzw. wo hört sie auf? Auch der Komponist Helmut Lachenmann, dem ich im Wiko begegnete, hat mich mit einem Teil seiner Musik vor diese Frage gestellt. Sein Bewunderer, Mauricio Sotelo, präsentierte einen Kammermusikabend eigener Werke, der, auch dank der meisterhaften instrumentalen Ausführung, zu den Glanzpunkten des Aufenthalts gehörte. Der ebenso intelligente wie lebendige Sotelo hatte schon vor meiner Ankunft den Einfall, sich mit Liszts h-moll-Sonate zu beschäftigen. Dies hat dem Verständnis meines Liszt-Vortrags, den ich später halten durfte, unerwartet die Wege geebnet.

Besonders hoch war diesmal die Wärme einzuschätzen, die sich im persönlichen Umgang einstellte. Wir fühlten uns eingebettet in einen Freundeskreis und werden einige dieser Freundschaften als kostbaren Gewinn in unseren Alltag mitnehmen. Doch gilt unser ganz spezieller Dank wiederum Luca Giuliani und seinen Mitarbeitern, von den so schön lächelnden Damen über die Wunderbibliothek und die Engelsgestalten von Küche und Speisesaal bis zu allen organisierenden und assistierenden Instanzen. In der Liebenswürdigkeit und Hilfsbereitschaft aller schien auch in diesem Jahr eine Utopie verwirklicht. Da kann man nur dankbar sein.



ON WORK AND FELLOWSHIP AYŞE BUĞRA

Ayşe Buğra is Professor of Political Economy at Boğaziçi University in Istanbul, where she has been teaching since 1985, first at the Department of Economics and later at the interdisciplinary graduate Institute for Modern Turkish History. She studied Economics in Canada and received her B.A. and M.A. from l'Université Laval and her Ph.D. from McGill University. She pursued research and published in the fields of history and methodology of economics, business history and comparative social policy. She is the co-founder and the current director of the Boğaziçi University research center Social Policy Forum, where she initiated and conducted several studies on inequality, poverty and various foundations of social solidarity. Her books in English include *State and Business in Modern Turkey* (1994); *State, Market and Organizational Form* (co-edited with Behlül Üsdiken, 1997); *Reading Karl Polanyi for the 21st Century: Market Economy as a Political Project* (co-edited with Kaan Ağartan, 2007) and *Trajectories of Female Employment in the Mediterranean* (co-edited with Yalçın Özkan, 2012). She is the translator of Karl Polanyi's *The Great Transformation* into Turkish. – Address: Atatürk Institute of Modern Turkish History, Boğaziçi University, 34342 Bebek, Istanbul, Turkey. E-mail: bugray@boun.edu.tr

I had never lived in Berlin for any extended period of time before my stay at Wiko, which, nevertheless, was a return for me in several senses. First, I was returning to an old area of research, which I had left many years ago, to write a book on politics and business based on an empirical study conducted on the impact of the recent capitalist globalization on the transformation of the Turkish private sector. At Wiko, I also found myself revisiting the methodology-related questions that had been important for me at the earlier stages of my

academic career, questions about how the natural sciences and humanities exercise a mutual influence on each other and how this is related to the social scientists' perceptions of society and politics. Perhaps more significantly, being at Wiko was something like a return to my graduate student days, when academic life was full of "wonder and surprise" at the never-ending possibilities of encountering new subjects, ideas and ways of looking at and interpreting them. As such, it was also a return to a time when new friendships could be formed and developed around debates not necessarily within the confines of one's own academic discipline.

I am aware that interdisciplinary dialogue is not something that can be easily created and interdisciplinary work environments do not always yield productive results in academic work. To be honest, our Tuesday colloquia, especially the question and answer period that followed the presentation, made me somewhat uneasy at the beginning of the year. How were we going to give meaning to these talks on topics that were so different from ours and, on top of it, ask questions that made sense? I was worried that the presentations would be followed by long silences embarrassing both to the speaker and to the audience. These concerns rapidly disappeared, not least because one of the first presentations was Philip Kitcher's "Ethics as a Human Project", which had deep political relevance. This, however, was followed by other colloquia in which disciplinary boundaries did not seem to affect the way Fellows related to and engaged with the problems at hand. Question and answer periods went rapidly and often ended with the chair announcing that "there are now seven more questions and less than two minutes left, so we'd better continue the discussion over lunch". And the discussion continued over lunch and after.

There was something in the atmosphere (and I still do not know the secret) that made us try really hard to explain to other Fellows what we were doing, as well as why and how we were doing it. This went together with a widespread intellectual curiosity about the questions asked and pursued by others. My own topic was not of much interest to other Fellows in my cohort, but there were common methodological concerns. Discussions around these concerns and different ways of dealing with them helped me think more systematically about my own methodological problems. They also helped me answer the questions that emerged as I was trying to decide how to use my empirical material to say things that might be of relevance to an audience beyond the specialists in political economy or business history.

I personally found the environment more conducive to thinking than to easy and smooth writing, which I appreciated because it made me realize how we can at times go

on producing without seriously questioning what our work means in the general context of ideas and beliefs through which people from different disciplines interpret their social and natural environment at a particular historical moment. Trying to write while engaging with such questions might have somehow slowed down the progress I made in my own manuscript, but I believe that the overall impact on quality was clearly positive and, in this regard, I remember one English phrase that I was able to catch when listening to the Berliner Abend lecture that Wolf Lepenies gave in German, something to the effect that “the choice is between writing a good book and not writing a bad book”.

I left Wiko with the first drafts of all but one of the chapters of what I hope will not be a bad book. I also revised two journal articles submitted earlier for publication and completed an edited volume on *Trajectories of Female Employment in the Mediterranean* (Palgrave MacMillan, 2012). But I came back home also with other books, books by Fellows who became friends. It was indeed a great pleasure to read Claudio Lomnitz and Philip Kitcher while enjoying their wonderful friendship. It was lovely to discover Hoda Barakat’s work, her novels as well as a play of hers read, or rather performed, with such real talent by Hollis Taylor and Susannah Heschel. All this was really precious, but for me the most precious of all was watching, day by day, the mural Elena Climent was painting as it developed from idea to work of art. I think that we all owe thanks to Wiko for creating a great environment of fellowship that included partners like my next-door neighbor and dear friend Elena and Valentina Carbone who, with her warm personality, endless energy and enthusiasm for art, made life in Berlin all the more pleasant for me as I am sure for many others.

There was one question that emerged as we were enjoying the full freedom to think and to write while we were being served excellent food and the very friendly staff members were making sure that we felt comfortable in every way: Is Wiko an ivory tower, an unreal place (“paradise on earth”, as some Fellows referred to it) that we were to leave behind to go back to the reality of our teaching duties, committee meetings and other bureaucratic chores? I tend to think that what was successfully created at Wiko was less an ivory tower existence than life in a community of people working freely and with pleasure while sharing interests and concerns beyond the strictly academic ones. The atmosphere was surely different from the one that prevails at many universities, where finding time for reflection sometimes becomes a real challenge. But it was also an atmosphere that made me think about the nature of intellectual work and academic community – and that led me to ask whether the constraints of our “real” work environments are

truly given or whether it is only practical necessity that shapes the increasingly bureaucratic environment of our universities. I hope that I will continue thinking about these questions in my “life after Wiko” and that 2011–2012 will not remain only as a pleasant parenthesis.



HITTING THE RIGHT KEYS THOMAS CHRISTENSEN

Thomas Christensen is the Avalon Foundation Professor of Music and the Humanities at the University of Chicago, where he also serves as Deputy Dean and Master of the Collegiate Humanities Division. A specialist in the history of music theory, Christensen has attempted in his writings to situate the arguments of numerous music theorists from the early modern period deeply within cultural discourses. He has also written extensively on the question of piano transcription as a medium of bourgeois *Bildung* in the 19th century. Christensen received his Ph.D. from Yale University in 1985. Early in his career, he was privileged to receive several grants and fellowships that brought him to Germany, first as a DAAD summer language student in 1982, then a DAAD post-doctoral Fellowship to study with Carl Dahlhaus at the Technische Universität in 1986, and – most dramatically – a Fulbright Fellowship for study in East Germany in 1989, where he arrived just in time to witness the dissolution of the old GDR during the remarkable events of that fall. During his stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg, Christensen worked on a monograph concerning the historiography of tonality in the 19th century. It will be published in 2013 by the University of Chicago Press. – Address: Humanities Collegiate Division, University of Chicago, 1116 East 59th Street, HM 230, Chicago, IL 60637, USA.
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The great myths of our culture need to be retold and reread again and again over the generations. *Wiko* is such a myth, one you can read about in the pages of this volume and its many predecessors. There you will hear tales both wondrous and incredible about a group of scholars that gathers each year in Grunewald: the lively intellectual exchange

that takes place at the legendary lunches and colloquia, the incomparable hospitality offered by the solicitous staff, and the magical setting of Berlin itself. It is a story that has been told many times. Hopefully it will be told many times in the future. And I, too, now gratefully join the lineage of peripatetic bards who sing their praises to Wiko.

I arrived in Berlin with my family on a warm sunny day in August and, within an hour of our moving into our comfortable apartment overlooking the bucolic Herthasee, realized that this was going to be a very special year. Our son and daughter ran outside to the back of Villa Walther and immediately struck up friendships (and a soccer game) with some other children who had just moved in. My wife and I soon met the family of one Fellow who would be our neighbors. And before long, we were already journeying out together to test a few restaurants in the neighborhood (and in the process discovering the joys of sipping a cool Berliner Weiße on a warm, late summer evening). Sometime during this first week, I learned that there was a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony at the Philharmonie that we decided we couldn't miss despite our jet lag. (Miraculously we were able to find two tickets thanks to the energetic phone calls of Vera at the Wiko reception desk.) The concert was a transcendent experience – a symphony of apotheosis serving as an overture to our residency at Wiko. Yes, this was going to be a great year.

But little did I know how catalytic my stay at Wiko would be for my own work in musicology. I came here to write a book on an issue that had preoccupied me for some time: conceptions of musical tonality during the long 19th century. But the topic of the monograph I wished to write was ill-formed in my mind; I needed the time and space to reflect on it more profoundly. And for sure, my residence here provided me that. But I also got something more that I hadn't bargained for: a critical community that contributed in innumerable and unexpectedly positive ways to my project.

Of course we all come from communities, academic, familial, residential. But there is something special about the ecology of Wiko that helps create a kind of space that was new to me. It is a community that I might characterize as the long conversation. For over the prolonged period of our time together, most of us were able to establish a comfort – one might even say intimacy – with colleagues that allowed for the most profound kinds of critical conversation. It turned out to be an education for us all.

The conversations we had unfolded over many places and times. To be sure, there were the canonical Tuesday colloquia with their lively question and answer periods. But just as important were the informal lunch conversations that often stretched well into the

afternoon, as well as the convivial Thursday evening dinners. (A few of those stretched mightily late into the night, too, aided by those bottles of Chateau Castillon.) Then there were the quotidian encounters with Fellows: our trips on the M19 together, drinks on Friday night at the restaurant Floh, bike rides through the Grunewald, walks to our German class ... Little by little, Fellows became friends, queries became questions, and dialogue became debate. Inhibitions quickly fell away and you would find yourself discoursing – and perhaps arguing – with experts on topics that you would otherwise have had no business talking about. (Where else could I have had the Chutzpah to tell Alfred Brendel one evening that his skepticism regarding the worth of Liszt’s opera transcriptions was surely misguided?) It was a liberating time.

Of course, many of us are lucky enough to come from institutions where we can converse with colleagues from diverse fields. But never before have I been able to study so close up the workings of scholars in so many differing areas – and then have opportunity to interrogate them concerning what I saw: to watch historians in medieval theology attempt to piece together their stories from the fragmentary evidence of deteriorating manuscripts; to see the rigorous evaluation of genealogical evidence my colleagues in evolutionary biology brought to their studies; to marvel at the subtle hermeneutics literary colleagues applied to the texts they read. Far from feeling isolated in my own small sub-discipline of historical musicology, I began to feel truly a part of an intellectual community unlike any other that I had hitherto belonged to.

Perhaps the most useful part of this process came when I attempted to describe my own work to colleagues not in my own field. For in explaining to a non-specialist just what musicians mean by the elusive concept of tonality, I was forced to step outside of the comfortable conceptual frames and technical languages of my discipline. Tonality, I would say, was more than just the sum of its empirical elements: the notes of a composition, the scales upon which a melody is drawn, the harmonies one finds. It might be partly these, to be sure. But it is also something more, yet at the same time, something far less tangible. Call it a special kind of style or “tone” one hears in a piece of music; call it that ineffable, dynamic excitement that you feel when all the performers of some ensemble are “in sync” with one another. (Jazz pianists sometimes speak of hitting all the right keys.) In short, tonality is less a collection of objective attributes than it is a certain feeling, a certain quality of play.

In many ways, this description reminds me of Wiko. For we too were more than the sum of our individual parts; we were all members of a virtual music ensemble, voices in a

fugue playing in counterpoint with one another producing riotous harmony and melody. (And at the risk of pushing this hackneyed metaphor to the breaking point, might we designate Luca Giuliani as our intellectual conductor?) For in the process of living and working together, a certain kind of feel – perhaps a certain kind of tonality – developed within our own community. It was sometimes hard for us to identify concretely; yet we all began to experience it.

Thanks to my time at Wiko and the critical feedback I received from so many Fellows here, my project started to jell. I was able to sketch out a structure for my book and finish drafts for four (of the seven planned) chapters. (Incidentally, I cannot thank the library staff enough for their efforts in tracking down some extraordinarily obscure publications from the 19th century that proved catalytic to my research.) I must also thank Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, who repeatedly pestered me to propose a workshop while here. I'm glad he did (and grateful for the generous support of Wiko for funding the proposal). It proved to be an ideal culmination of my research, helping me test many of my ideas in front of an extraordinary gathering of invited scholars. All in all, it was one of the most productive scholarly years I have ever experienced.

This is not to say that all my work proceeded without distraction. Obstacles presented themselves. For example, I promised myself – in vain, as it turned out – to avoid committing to too many conferences or invited papers that would require travel and divert me from my work. (Truth be told, I came to value the camaraderie of our social time together far more than the lure of any travel, and I soon came to resent the time I had to spend outside of our friendly community.) But what I resented most of all as surely the most disruptive to my work schedule – and pocketbook – was the city of Berlin itself, which kept seducing my wife and me almost every weekend to some enticing opera or concert. It was devious and infuriating. I don't know with what right any city should be able to support no less than three opera houses and some half-dozen professional orchestras. Future Fellows who love music be forewarned. Berlin is a dangerous city for you.

* * *

I write these lines as my time at Wiko is now coming to an end. Melancholia fills the air, and I note that our conversations over lunch have become notably more subdued. We all are filled with dread about our imminent expulsion from paradise. Even my children have asked me plaintively why we can't stay on just one more year. When I was about to

depart from Chicago last August to begin my Wiko residence, I was warned by a former Fellow that this would happen; our time would quickly fly by, and we'd be miserably sad at the prospect of its ending. And sure enough, this came to pass. We'll miss our new-found friends from around the globe and our lively table conversations. But we all know, too, that it is now the turn of a new class of Fellows to experience the myth of Wiko for themselves; we will only have our memories to hold on to. Still, like the feeling you get when the last notes of a great symphony die away at the end of a memorable concert performance, you feel you have been through a remarkable journey; a subtle warmth fills your breast. Perhaps you're not sure what it all means. But you know it was profound and the music will stay with you long after you go home. You know the tonality was true and all the right keys were hit.



WIKO, SELON MOI
ALEXANDRE COURTIOL

I am an evolutionary biologist. The goal of my research is to understand the evolution of behavior and life history traits in humans and other organisms. I am mainly interested in sexual selection and mate choice as a whole (i.e., from mating preferences to mating patterns) and in evolutionary changes in modern humans. I did my university studies in Montpellier (France); after my Ph.D. I then moved to Sheffield (UK) meanwhile being funded by the Kone Foundation (Finland), went next to the Wissenschaftskolleg as a Eurias Fellow, and I am currently working at the Institute for Zoo and Wildlife Research in Berlin (IZW) as a staff researcher. I am a father of two and I just discovered I will be 1,500 weeks old next Saturday (on 22 September 2012). – Address: Department of Evolutionary Genetics, Institute for Zoo and Wildlife Research, Alfred-Kowalke-Straße 17, 10315 Berlin. E-mail: alexandre.courtial@gmail.com

Je me demande bien qui lira ce texte un jour, du coup je me demande bien de quoi je pourrais parler ... À tel point que j'écris volontairement ce texte en français afin de faire gagner un peu de temps à tous les non francophones qui auraient pu ouvrir ce bouquin par curiosité. En effet, si les gens veulent me connaître, ils n'ont qu'à me rendre visite ou me contacter, s'ils veulent savoir ce que j'ai fait au Wiko, ils n'ont qu'à lire mon cv ou ma liste de publication. C'est pourquoi je préfère utiliser cet espace pour donner ma vision personnelle du Wiko puisqu'après tout ce texte sera publié dans un livre du Wiko, et puisque je soupçonne que, comme moi, les gens qui feuilleteront ce bouquin sont soit les nouveaux *fellows* en début d'année pour qui je dresse ici une sorte de *trailer*, soit ceux qui en fin d'année doivent se prêter au même exercice pour qui je montre ici qu'on peut tout

écrire, surtout n'importe quoi, et que j'invite à ne pas trop perdre de temps à essayer de générer une prose philosophique, soit les membres du staff qui veulent savoir comment j'ai vécu l'expérience Wiko, ou encore mes *co-fellows* qui se demandent ce que j'ai pu écrire à leur sujet. Dans tous ces cas, blablater sur Wiko (selon moi) devrait donc faire l'affaire.

Remords ?

Pour évaluer certaines expériences de courte durée, on peut se poser la bête question, et si je pouvais remonter le temps prendrais-je le même chemin ? Pour mon expérience au Wiko la réponse est sans appel puisque j'espère même pouvoir y retourner avec plaisir si j'en ai un jour l'opportunité. J'avoue être arrivé au Wiko un peu à reculons, me retrouver au milieu d'intellectuels arrogants et cultureux ne m'enthousiasmait pas plus que ça. En plus, si le Wiko semble être réputé dans plusieurs disciplines, c'est tout juste si j'en avais déjà entendu le nom. Alors pourquoi est-il si bon de vivre au Wiko ? Parce que cela m'a permis d'obtenir un job avant même d'y avoir mis les pieds ? Parce qu'on y mange bien et qu'on est bien loti ? Parce qu'on est libre de travailler sur ce que l'on veut, comme on le veut, quand on le veut ? Parce qu'on est entouré d'Andrea, Corina, Eva, Funda, Katharina, Katarzyna, Nina, Petra, Petria, Sonja, Veras ... (désolé pour celles dont le nom ne finit pas par la lettre A) ? Pas seulement ... même si ma vie aurait été bien plus misérable sans, par exemple, l'immense aide d'Andrea et Vera K., sans le sourire radieux de Katarzyna, et sans la combinaison des deux dans Vera S.-S., l'être suprême que j'essayerai d'épouser dans une autre vie. Mais, par delà ces qualités, ce que j'ai réellement apprécié au Wiko c'est le ressenti d'une expérience unique qui permet de voir comment pensent d'autres chercheurs à propos de n'importe quel sujet y compris celui sur lequel on travaille, de voir comment certains peuvent croire en dieu tout en étudiant la religion, de voir qu'on peut devenir un bon *scholar* sans savoir que l'eau de pluie a un jour été dans un océan, de voir que je peux survivre dans ce monde hostile sans jamais avoir ouvert un livre de Diderot, Kant, Descartes ou je ne sais qui, de voir au grand jour les limites de tous et de chacun, mais plus important encore de voir comment vivent d'autres chercheurs, de voir comment certains réussissent à combiner vie de famille et vie professionnelle alors que d'autres échouent ... Bref, Wiko fut pour moi avant tout un voyage introspectif sur ma propre thématique, ma propre approche de la recherche et sur mon propre mode de vie.

Liberté !

Wiko a une sorte de politique scientifique que j'avoue ne pas avoir bien compris. Toujours est-il que le point de levier que Wiko utilise pour influencer le *schmilblick* se restreint au choix des *fellows* et à l'organisation de diverses soirées culturelles. En dehors de ça, rien, *niet, nichts, nada*, que nenni ! Wiko est un des rares endroits où les dirigeants ont enfin compris que pour qu'un chercheur bosse bien il suffit de le laisser tranquille, et surtout pas inventer des sources de stress supplémentaires puisqu'en effet un chercheur, ou du moins un jeune chercheur, est déjà un être névrosé, stressé, apeuré, sans grande confiance en soi, épris de doutes ... donc pourquoi en rajouter une couche ?

Confiture !

Tout en laissant un maximum de liberté, Wiko a su confectionner un environnement apaisant dans lequel il est aussi agréable de travailler que de ne rien faire. Je me souviens du commentaire d'un invité pour mon *workshop* après 6 ou 7 h de travail non-stop dans la petite salle de réunion. Il a dit quelque chose du genre : c'est incroyable ici on peut travailler plusieurs heures sans avoir mal à la tête car la salle n'est pas éclairée avec ces néons verdâtre fluorescents en fin de vie qui éclairent la majorité des autres instituts. Un petit détail, comme de nombreux autres, bien pensé et qui rend la vie meilleure, mais qui bien sûr coûte plus qu'ailleurs, comme à peu près tout au Wiko. Et oui, Wiko c'est bel et bien une sorte de club Med pour chercheur, un peu comme un hôtel dans un coin sympa sauf qu'en plus on peut discuter avec des gens pas trop cons. En dehors des cours d'allemand qui vous rappellent à quel point nous avons été si courageux de rester tant d'années à l'école (malgré toute la gentillesse et la compétence de ma « maîtresse » Ursula), tout est très agréable au Wiko. J'émettrai une mention spéciale pour le petit déjeuner : confitures, croissants, charcuterie de qualité, fromages, sirop d'érable, fromage blanc, œufs, fruits frais, fruits secs, rien ne manque. Cela dit, la vie de famille exerçant ses contraintes, je n'ai pas pu trop en profiter mais en revanche j'ai découvert les *bean-to-cup* machines à café et je pense que j'en suis devenu complètement dépendant (je viens d'ailleurs d'entamer une cure de désintoxication) ... Les déjeuners et dîners vont aussi me manquer, comparés aux *cheap* chinois/kebab qui m'attendent pour la rentrée de l'autre côté de la ville ...

Excentricité !

Wiko sélectionne ses *fellows and partners* un peu comme on constituerait un zoo. Tout d'abord, il faut des incontournables (les éléphants), ces êtres que tout le monde s'attend à pouvoir rencontrer au Wiko : des Steves, des Philips, des Jims, ou d'autres gens comme ça, c'est-à-dire des gens à la renommée bien établie (donc des vieux) qui ne sont pas encore entrés dans leur phase sénile (donc pas trop vieux quand même). J'adore ces gens car ils ont vu suffisamment d'eau couler sous les ponts pour savoir être intelligent tout en restant accessible et disponible. Ensuite, il faut des *middle-aged* aux dents longues (les castors) comme des Franzs, des Khaleds, ceux qui aspirent à devenir éléphants mais qui savent que ça n'arrive pas juste en claquant des doigts. Leur vie au Wiko consiste à couper leur téléphone, faire planter leur boîte mail, mettre entre parenthèses leur famille autant que possible (même si les opportunités restent rares pour certains) et bâtir un édifice à la sueur de leurs neurones. Pour eux, le Wiko ce n'est pas le club Med, mais plutôt l'ascension d'un sommet où on en bave tout du long mais dont l'accomplissement permet d'en apprécier l'exercice, rétrospectivement. Le bon côté des gens comme ça, c'est leur empathie, ils comprennent mieux que quiconque ce que c'est de galérer. Il faut aussi des gazelles, des jeunes femmes sexy prometteuses comme des Samanthas ou des Virpis apportant un peu de fraîcheur. Il faut aussi des femmes qui ont des couilles (des hyènes), des rebelles courageuses comme des Moniques, ou des Susannahs. Leur rôle consiste à ébranler les éléphants, mais également à tirer hors du trou les animaux de la prochaine catégorie ... oui, il faut enfin un jeune ou deux, comme moi ou Ioana, histoire de montrer que le zoo établit des stratégies à long terme.

Excentricité !!

Il fallait bien deux paragraphes à propos de l'excentricité car en dehors des profils divers et variés décrits ci-dessus, Wiko est aussi très excentrique en ce qui concerne les thématiques de chacun. J'y ai découvert qu'on pouvait jouer du violon sur du fil de fer barbelé, qu'on pouvait théoriser la musique française de naguère, que générer des bruits peut être hautement compliqué et, comme je l'ai déjà dit, qu'on pouvait croire en dieu en étudiant la religion (tâche ô combien bien plus ardue que de combiner biologie évolutive et croyance mystique) ...

Famille & Grunewald

Wiko pense à tout, même au fait que beaucoup de chercheurs se baladent avec une sorte de fardeau (académiquement parlant), la famille. Wiko convie les partenaires à tous les événements, invite les enfants à certains dîners, et aide même à trouver école et baby-sitter. Ce sont des petits détails qui changent la vie. En plus, si comme pour moi la famille/ le fardeau comprend aussi trois terre-neuve, la proximité de la forêt fait de l'emplacement du Wiko un endroit idéal. Il n'y manque qu'un petit jardin clos pour pouvoir laisser sortir les chiens la nuit et ainsi éviter de monter des expéditions nocturnes. Difficile de trouver une situation similaire à la sortie du Wiko pour ceux qui comme moi restent sur Berlin. En revanche pour ceux qui n'ont ni chien, ni partenaire, ni enfant, j'avoue que Grunewald semble assez peu vivant pour ne pas dire carrément mort (sauf si ces derniers veulent s'essayer à la course en sous-bois contre les sangliers) ... il reste le *Floh*, qui faute d'autres concurrents, constitue le meilleur pub du coin.

Productivité

En arrivant j'avais un beau projet scientifique et en repartant j'ai également un beau projet. Le problème c'est que ces deux projets n'en sont qu'un seul ... Certes, le projet a mûri dans mon esprit et s'est enrichi de quelques éléments de réflexion, mais la triste vérité est que j'ai complètement échoué dans mon entreprise. Pourtant, j'ai vraiment l'impression d'avoir travaillé, alors que s'est-il passé ? Tout d'abord j'ai finalisé sept articles (pas tout seul, évidemment) et en ce 23 juillet, quatre d'entre eux sont passés dans des journaux pas trop mauvais. Deux sont en révision, et un, le maudit, devrait être resoumis pour la n+1-ième fois, très bientôt (car il vient juste de se faire rejeter pour la n-ième fois). Ensuite j'ai bien progressé sur un papier difficile dont l'objectif était de le finir ce mois-ci mais je pense que viser septembre est plus raisonnable. J'ai également généré les résultats pour deux autres papiers dont la rédaction ne dépend pas de moi. Et le pur produit d'une interaction avec des *co-fellows* du Wiko est en train de prendre sa tournure finale. Ce n'est donc pas trop mal, même si d'avoir laissé mon projet en plan me tourmente quelque peu. À cet égard, Wiko m'a néanmoins permis de monter un excellent *workshop* qui a abouti au plan d'un article ficelant l'ensemble de mon projet. Je n'ai malheureusement pas encore commencé la rédaction ... Mon conseil pour d'éventuels futurs *fellows* est d'arrêter de commencer tout nouveau projet au moins un an avant la venue au Wiko, c'est la seule

façon d'arriver l'esprit libre et de pouvoir profiter de l'environnement du Wiko à 100 %, c'est-à-dire de s'immerger à fond dans un seul et unique projet. Après tout, finir des articles, on peut toujours faire ça ailleurs, et si on commence à se dire qu'on finira ses papiers le premier mois ça ne marchera pas car tout prend toujours plus de temps que la pire des prédictions et en plus on oublie toujours des impondérables. Pour un jeune comme moi (relativement aux autres *fellows*), essayer de pondre des papiers à la cadence d'une photocopieuse est malheureusement peut-être la meilleure stratégie, mais ça reste une stratégie, rien qu'une stratégie et ce n'est donc pas très valorisant intellectuellement. Donc si le Wiko me réinvite, au moins je saurais en tirer mes leçons.

Culpabilité

Wiko c'est beau, c'est sexy, c'est charmant, c'est cool, c'est stimulant ... oui mais bon, tout cela a un prix et pour le Wiko c'est le prix fort. Dans un monde où de nombreux jeunes scientifiques échouent faute de financement, et plus encore dans un monde où 3 milliards de personnes vivent avec moins de 2 \$ par jour, il existe seulement trois façons principales d'aborder le Wiko pour ceux qui comme moi, et contrairement à mon ami Roberto, ne travaillent pas à améliorer la situation. Soit prendre l'attitude rebelle et tout faire péter, curieusement j'ai pas trop vu de *fellows* dans cet état d'esprit (Olivier, peut-être, très au fond de lui, je ne sais pas) ; soit prendre une posture pessimiste, se dire que de toutes les façons la sélection naturelle génère des inégalités et que malgré la culture et la confiture, l'espèce humaine n'est pas foutue de contrecarrer cela, mais qu'au contraire les humains se basent sur des soupçons d'inégalité pour en générer de plus grandes et donc se dire que Wiko est juste le reflet de notre monde ; soit prendre l'attitude de l'enfant béni, celle qui consiste à réaliser le privilège qu'on a et à savoir apprécier chaque gorgée du saint-émilion qui coule à flot le jeudi soir ... Il existe une quatrième option, celle du naïf qui ne comprend ni la chance qu'il a, ni la chance que les autres n'ont pas, je pense toutefois que peu de *fellows* sont dans cette catégorie là, encore que pour certains, je me demande. Enfin, privilège de la profession, on peut essayer d'aborder l'expérience Wiko comme un anthropologue en mission dans un drôle de terrain, on observe mais on s'efforce de ne pas porter de jugement de valeur (ok, Monique, c'est vrai je ne suis pas un anthropologue, mais presque, non ?). C'est cette dernière option qui domine mon expérience même si mon *background* de biologiste m'amène à dérapier de temps à autre sur l'option 2 et si mes années passées au sud de la France m'amènent malgré tout à apprécier le bon vin et la bonne

bouffe ... Bref, si je ne me sens pas plus coupable que ça, je n'aimerais pas me retrouver à la tête d'une telle institution car du coup je perdrais la possibilité de prendre le tout avec un œil d'anthropologue ... fort heureusement ce n'est pas prêt d'arriver.

Pluridisciplinarité & utilité du Wiko ?

Travaillant sur l'homme j'ai, depuis quelques années maintenant, été amené à discuter avec des chercheurs de différents horizons. Loin de venir au Wiko avec un entrain prononcé pour la pluridisciplinarité, j'y suis arrivé avec de gros doutes. J'en repars le cœur léger avec une certitude : la pluridisciplinarité ne fonctionne pas ! On a beau mettre des gens ensemble travaillant tous sur l'homme avec des approches différentes, mélanger le tout, arroser ça de petits fours et de vin rouge, rien de bien productif n'en émergera pour autant. Pourquoi ? Les raisons sont multiples, les gens utilisent un vocabulaire différent, se posent des questions différentes, campent sur des postulats différents, mais surtout les gens pensent différemment. Je ne vois tout juste pas l'articulation logique de nombreux arguments et sans logique je ne comprends pas comment on peut construire quoi que ce soit qui n'est autre que le vent émis par l'éjacula d'une longue masturbation intellectuelle. Seul Philip semble arriver à comprendre les deux (ou plutôt dix) mondes, et dans une moindre mesure quelques autres semblent y arriver, mais cela aussi reste à vérifier. Donc pour faire bonne figure au Wiko, il suffit d'admirer l'autre. Ça marche plutôt bien, mais le problème c'est que ça marche d'autant mieux que les gens travaillent sur des sujets ne se recoupant pas ou se recoupant seulement superficiellement. C'est peut-être pour cela que les biologistes à la bonne travaillent sur des insectes ou des vers, mais pas sur des comportements sociaux culturels comme Monique, là où pourtant on espérerait voir la pluridisciplinarité porter ses fruits. Si je ne crois pas en la pluridisciplinarité, Wiko m'a montré qu'on peut croire en des hommes (évidemment, j'inclus dans l'expression les femmes). Je suis sûr que je pourrais par exemple travailler sans problème avec Edhem alors qu'à priori rien ne nous recoupe académiquement (affectueusement Edhem et sa femme sont les parents que j'aurais aimé avoir ; mais ça c'est une autre histoire), mais simplement parce qu'on partage une façon commune d'aborder des questions. Je suis à peu près sûr que je pourrais aussi travailler avec Khaled même si on part d'encore plus loin simplement parce que notre amitié nous permet de briser les barrières des réticences initiales. Donc pour permettre des travaux pluridisciplinaires, si le vin et les petits fours ne suffisent pas, ils y contribuent dans une certaine mesure et Wiko remplit à la perfection ce rôle de générateur

de liens sociaux. Je dois aussi dire que personnellement, à une plus petite échelle, les merveilleuses discussions scientifiques avec Monique et Bram constituent des interactions, certes, entre biologistes/anthropologues du même monde mais entre sous-disciplines très différentes. Je pense que nous sommes tous les trois arrivés à la conclusion que de telles discussions, si elles étaient généralisées, pourraient éviter de nombreux débats et faire avancer chaque discipline d'un grand pas via le partage de connaissances car on a tendance à toujours réinventer la roue, mais cela est vrai même au sein des sous-discipline, donc la question est sûrement plus complexe ...

Bref, quatre pages sur mon fichier open office, ce fut laborieux car je n'écris jamais en français et jamais en rallongeant la sauce avec de l'eau comme je viens de le faire. En substance, il n'y a guère plus que ce que je concentrerais pour prendre un style scientifique par : *thank you Wiko* !



DER ZENSURREFLEX¹
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Der Schatten der Verdächtigung fällt in Osteuropa immer auf das gedruckte Wort. Zensur ist zur Routine geworden, ein Pawlow'scher Reflex. Es ist typisch, dass sie sogar ohne Befehl von oben funktioniert. In diesem Reflex lebt der Wille des Staates fort; und tatsächlich funktioniert routinierte Zensur auch ohne einen zentral geführten Willen weiter. Diese Geschichte handelt von der Budapester Inkarnation des komischen Film-Gendarmen Louis de Funès und seinem routinierten Reflex.

1 Auszug aus meinem Buch *Elveszett Szabadság: Személyes Történelem* [Die verlorene Freiheit: Eine persönliche Geschichte]. Budapest: Noran Kiadó, 2012, das am Wissenschaftskolleg im akademischen Jahr 2011/12 fertiggestellt wurde.

Die Szene spielt auf einem der Budapester Boulevards, der nach einem Theoretiker des Kommunismus benannt ist. Die baumbestandenen Straßenränder sind auf beiden Seiten dicht mit Autos zugeparkt. Die Straßenlaternen kämpfen auf verlorenem Posten gegen die Dunkelheit, und die schwüle Sommerhitze verheißt Regen. Es ist zehn Uhr abends; die Straße liegt verlassen. Wir schreiben das Jahr 1987.

Ohne lange darüber nachzudenken, fahre ich über die durchgezogene weiße Linie und parke meinen alten, klapprigen VW auf der falschen Straßenseite. Ich öffne den Kofferraum vorne und nehme einen Sack frisch gebundener Bücher raus: den ersten Roman von Milan Kundera im ungarischen Samizdat. Kaum bin ich ein paar Schritte gegangen, als eine uniformierte Gestalt aus der Dunkelheit auftaucht und meinen Ausweis sehen will. Es ist ein Polizeiwachtmeister mit ergrautem Haar, schwächlich gebaut, aber mit flinken Beinen. Er fragt mich, ob mir bewusst ist, was ich getan habe. Ich gebe das Vergehen zu, die durchgezogene weiße Linie überfahren zu haben, aber die Fragen hören nicht auf. Er macht sich Gedanken über den ziemlich großen weißen Sack, den ich in der Hand habe. Ich versuche seine Zweifel zu beschwichtigen und gebe zu, dass ich einige Bücher mit nach Hause nehme.

„Bücher? Was für Bücher?“

„Veröffentlichungen der Universität“, schwindele ich gewandt.

„Aber sehen Sie ... da steht ja gar kein Preis drauf!“ (Veröffentlichungen des Samizdat sind nicht mit einem Preis versehen.)

Er blättert in dem Buch herum, auf der Suche nach dem Impressum des Verlags, dann schaut er auf:

„Die Bücher sind nicht von der Zensur freigegeben!“

„Ich wusste gar nicht, dass es in Ungarn eine Zensur gibt ...“

„Aber natürlich – man nennt es nur anders!“

Es ist deutlich: Er ist nicht nur hartnäckig, er ist auch auf Zack. Ich spüre, dass er entschlossen ist, mich festzunehmen, aber nicht, bevor er nicht noch eine neue Taktik ausprobiert hat.

„Diese Bücher hier ... die sind nicht durch irgendeinen Zufall von einem Lastwagen gefallen? Sagen Sie mir, wo Sie die herhaben, und wir vergessen die ganze Sache ... also, ich bin jetzt sowieso außer Dienst ...“

Bis jetzt war er hart und aggressiv; nun versucht er, weichherzig und einfach müde auszusehen, er will wissen, was er aus mir herauskriegen kann – irgendwas, das später gegen mich verwendet werden könnte. Ich sage ihm den Namen eines Verlags, den es nicht gibt, und erkläre ihm, dass bei Veröffentlichungen dieses Typs nie ein Impressum erscheint. Er glaubt mir nicht. [...] Jedes meiner Worte ist verdächtig; mein zur Schau getragenes Selbstbewusstsein ist nutzlos: Er spürt es bis tief in seine Polizistenknochen, dass all das sehr verdächtig ist. Er tut nicht einfach nur seine Pflicht, er strebt nach Perfektion, er will den Fehler berichtigen, den ich, und das spürt er, gemacht habe. Als er meinen Ausweis sieht und feststellt, dass ich keine feste Arbeit habe, befeuert das seine Entschlossenheit aufs Neue. Er stellt sich hinter mich und bedeutet mir, dass ich losgehen soll. Seine Gesten und die jetzt gezeigte Ruppigkeit erinnern mich an den entschlossenen, aber ungeschickten französischen Filmpolizisten Louis de Funès; sein Straßentheater wirkt plötzlich wie ein Beweis dafür, dass das Leben die Kunst imitiert. Eine jämmerliche Parodie auf Orwell, gespielt von den Keystone Cops.

Wir gehen los. Ich gehe mit dem Sack auf dem Rücken vorneweg, während dieser Budapester Gendarm seinen Gummiknüppel liebkost. Das Zentrum der Stadt ist voller kleiner Polizeigefängnisse; das nächste ist nur ein paar Straßen entfernt. Ich warte am Schalter, während er einen Wagen anfordert, um mich ins Präsidium bringen zu lassen. Ich staune immer wieder, wie schäbig und ranzig diese offiziellen Fahrzeuge sind. Der Sack wird in den Kofferraum geschmissen und der Fahrer fragt mich, nur so, aus reiner Neugier:

„Wer ist der Autor? Ist doch nicht György Moldova oder Véggh Antal², oder?“

Er erwartet keine Antwort, fragt aber dann, was der Inhalt des Sacks wert ist. Auf dem Präsidium ist der Polizeihauptmann verwirrt. „Was soll das alles?“, fragt er und sieht mich an. Ihn befeuert nicht der gleiche Drang, der meinen Gendarm auszeichnet. Sichtlich gelangweilt blättert er das Buch durch. Er schickt mich vor die Tür seines Dienstzimmers, um zu telefonieren. Ich höre, wie er den Klappentext vorliest; die Verbindung muss wohl schlecht sein, denn man kann deutlich hören, wie er wiederholt:

2 Zähe, isolierte Individualisten, die – jeder auf sehr eigene Weise – reich und außerordentlich populär durch ihre aufmüpfigen Schriften geworden sind; daher werden sie beneidet und sind gleichermaßen suspekt. Ein Buch von Moldova mit dem satirischen Text „Hitler in Ungarn“ wurde zurückgezogen und in den 1970er-Jahren eingestampft; Véggh dagegen, der für sein Buch – ein niederschmetternder Bericht über den Niedergang des ungarischen Fußballs – keinen Verlag finden konnte, veröffentlichte und verkaufte es selbst und hatte phänomenalen Erfolg damit.

„Kundera ist die Galionsfigur der geistigen Erneuerungsbewegung in der Tschechoslowakei der 1960er-Jahre. Mit der Re-Stalinisierung wurde er in die Emigration gedrängt und lebt jetzt in Paris ...“

Aus dem anderen Raum materialisiert sich plötzlich das Bild von Louis de Funès und spricht mich streng an: „Sie müssen uns jetzt wirklich sagen, wo Sie die Bücher herhaben.“

„Das sage ich nicht“, antworte ich und versuche kaum, mein Lächeln zu verbergen.

„Was meinen Sie damit, Sie sagen es nicht?“ Er starrt mich wütend an.

„Ich habe das Recht, Ihnen keine Antwort zu geben.“

„Ach ja?“, fragt er mit echtem Erstaunen in der Stimme. „Na schön, wie Sie wollen, dann machen wir es eben so“, sagt er. Er klingt beleidigt und knallt die Tür hinter sich zu. Anscheinend hat er von dieser Grundregel zum ersten Mal etwas gehört. Er geht zurück zu seiner Schreibmaschine und hackt verdrossen auf sie ein. Mit Sicherheit ist er besser über die Zensur informiert als über die Rechte derjenigen, die in Haft gehalten werden.

Ein Zigeunermädchen wird hereingebracht und setzt sich neben mich auf die Bank. Sie schluckt ihre Tränen hinunter und leugnet die Behauptung des Polizisten, über sie sei ein Aufenthaltsverbot verhängt worden, das sie aus der Hauptstadt verbanne. Als wir alleine sind, tröstet sie mich traurig: „Die lassen Sie sicher schneller raus als mich.“

Das Telefon klingelt im Zimmer des diensthabenden Polizeibeamten. Am anderen Ende der Leitung muss jemand Fragen stellen – in Bezug auf mein Buch, denn er fängt an zu lesen: „Ruzena zog ihren Bademantel aus ...“.

Am anderen Ende wird offenbar um Wiederholung gebeten; noch einmal liest er den Abschnitt aus „Abschiedswalzer“ am Telefon vor.

Es ist jetzt fast zwei Uhr morgens. Er ruft mich hinein. Mit ausgebreiteten Armen erklärt er seine Ratlosigkeit:

„Ich kann einfach nicht feststellen, was für ein Roman das ist. Jedenfalls können Sie Ihren Sack nicht zurückbekommen. Aber natürlich können die Bücher hier auch nicht bleiben“, sagt er nachdenklich und beobachtet mein Gesicht; er will sehen, ob es irgendwas preisgibt.

„Bestimmt wird sie jemand mitnehmen ... sie sollten nicht hier bleiben ...“, wiederholt er. Er spricht langsam und zögerlich.

„Rufen Sie doch die Leute von der Staatssicherheit in der Früh an“, schlage ich vor. „Ich hasse Zeitverschwendung.“

„Also, warum haben Sie das denn nicht gleich gesagt?“, sagt er und sein Gesicht erhellt sich. Er ist dankbar für diese Hilfe. „Wir müssen die Bücher hier behalten, aber glauben Sie mir, das verstößt völlig gegen die Regeln. Verzeihen Sie bitte, dass wir Sie so lange aufgehalten haben.“ Er geleitet mich mit Entschuldigungen hinaus. Vielleicht macht er sich Sorgen, weil seine Männer ohne Befehl von oben gehandelt und vielleicht einen Fehler gemacht haben; vielleicht denkt er sogar, sie seien ins Fettnäpfchen getreten, indem sie einen der ihren eingebuchtet haben.

Einige Wochen später muss ich eine Strafe von 7000 Forint³ zahlen, während Louis de Funès wahrscheinlich belobigt worden ist. Ich sehe ihn oft, wie er seiner Arbeit nachgeht, stets in einer fleckenlosen Uniform: Der selbstbeherrschte Sheriff des Bezirks, der nicht nur seine Pflicht tun, sondern auch selbst die Initiative ergreifen kann – insbesondere wenn es um einen vertrauten Teil seines Reviers geht, etwa um Literatur.

3 Etwas mehr als ein durchschnittlicher Monatslohn.



ON THE OPPORTUNITY OF CHANGING
ONE'S PROJECT
EDHEM ELDEM

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I have never been to a boarding school. Nor have I been through the typically Anglo-American and more particularly American experience of the university dorm or of the intensely communal environment of a graduate school. But I have spent almost a year at the Wissenschaftskolleg and I think that, in a way, my ten months there have partly made up for these moments I could have experienced some three or four decades earlier. In all

honesty, I must add that it was not without some apprehension that I contemplated the perspective of a year-long stay at the Kolleg. Some of the “rituals”, especially the frequent common meals, were likely to acquire a rather invasive character; more generally, the whole idea of sharing a finite space with a relatively dense community of scholars did trigger a mild feeling of discomfort at the idea of a potentially claustrophobic situation.

It took me very little time – perhaps a couple of Thursday dinners – to realize that my fears were unfounded. To quote the late and much missed Yehuda Elkana, the Kolleg is a place that embraces contradictions: containment and freedom, liberty and discipline, comfort and challenge, focus and contemplation ... The result is an indefinable feeling of bliss and contentment, which ends up creating the illusion of a coziness and comfort that will never come to an end. But it eventually does – to be precise, by mid-July; and that is really when one fully realizes how exceptionally blessed we have been throughout our stay in Grunewald. If there is a paradise for deserving scholars, I would like to think that it might have been (re)modeled on the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin.

I have no intention of listing all the virtues of the Kolleg and its amazing staff; I would feel like repeating what many others have said in past editions of the yearbook, and I would fear to overlap with the praise that some Co-Fellows of this year will certainly sing of all the help, understanding, support, and even outright pampering we have all been subjected to. Then again, I cannot either pass under silence my deepest feelings of gratitude, if only because I know that man is an ungrateful animal and because I remember how easy it was at times to take for granted all the advantages and kindnesses that were bestowed on us. From the library to IT services, from the kitchen to Fellow Services, from German language teaching to public relations, from the reception to housing services, every single staff member has contributed in his or her own way to our well-being and our comfort, material and intellectual. In a rather extraordinary way, each and everyone of us has been made to feel special, the target of an individual attention, almost as if the entire system revolved around us. There is no way one can adequately express enough gratitude for such an extraordinary combination of kindness and efficiency. The end-of-the-year party with which we Fellows tried to entertain staff members was a heartfelt but very pale expression of our feelings.

I suppose we, the Fellows, deserve some credit, too, or at least a little bit of patting on the back. After all, we, like any other crop of Fellows before and after us, are not bad people, and the Kolleg certainly helped bring out the best in us. Throughout my stay, I was put in a situation of exposure to, and conversation with, an amazing variety of

disciplines, approaches, methods, beliefs, attitudes, and characters with a density and intensity that is highly unlikely to ever occur again. I have listened, discussed, argued, shared, learned, missed, and failed to understand an overwhelming amount of information. For this, and for all the fun that came with it, I have all my Co-Fellows to thank. Last, but not least, how can one not acknowledge the incredible influence and attraction exerted by the ever-present actor who made all this so enjoyable and so easy, Berlin?

I came to Berlin with a project I had developed years ago and left dormant for lack of time. My discovery – literally – of the Ottoman Bank personnel files went back to 1989, when I had first started to rummage through boxes and crates of archives that had remained untouched for decades in a half-abandoned warehouse belonging to the bank. Part of the material I would discover there, especially the accounting, I just catalogued and was never able to use; most of it, of a less technical nature and concerning the bank's administration, I put to use in a number of publications on the bank's history and on the socio-economic and cultural context of the society it catered to. The personnel files, an impressive 6,000 of them spread over a period of some 40 years between the early 1890s and the early 1930s, was too big a chunk to be properly processed with a busy research and teaching schedule. I had to settle with just drawing a rough nominal inventory and then keeping them "on the back burner" in the expectation of better times, hopefully a productive sabbatical year.

What made this series particularly attractive was, of course, its sheer size, but only because it was combined with a truly amazing level of information concerning each and every individual. To a historian obsessively convinced that history is in the details, this was just too tempting. Each file started with a four-page sheet of paper, printed as a form to be filled in by, or for, the employee at the very beginning of his career, when he or she was still a candidate for a job. These sheets not only provided the basics about the identity of each of these employees – nationality, age, marital status, education, former employment – but they did so with a level of sophistication and detail that was simply astounding. One could thus learn the individual's father's name and occupation and about his religion and obtain a detailed chronological breakdown of all the educational institutions attended and of all former jobs held. Even more astonishingly, the files systematically kept track of the kind of information one could only dream of ever seeing spelled out in such detail. Every individual's linguistic capabilities were recorded under two separate headings: written and spoken languages. Two other entries dealt with what we would today call networking: under one heading, the individual was requested to state all

relatives, however distant, working for the bank; at another point he or she was asked to list “references and guarantors”, i.e., people who would be willing to recommend, or even vouch for, that person. Some of the information, though much more difficult to handle, was fascinating in a very different way: the bank itself made it a point to evaluate the candidate on the basis of mesmerizingly subjective criteria, ranging from “personality” to “dedication” and “demeanor”. This information may have been limited in its capacity to really provide me with a reliable picture of the individual, but it certainly would tell me a lot about the bank’s corporate culture and its social expectations.

In short, I had a complete series of standardized forms revealing an exceptionally detailed view of some six thousand individuals working for the bank throughout the Ottoman lands. As if this were not enough, every file included one full-body, standing photograph of the employee, taken in a studio for this specific purpose. One could thus match the factual information contained in the file with a multitude of visual details concerning the individual’s looks, attitude, pose, style, fashion, attire, headgear, costume, facial hair ... without forgetting the tricky but fascinating issue of the “contamination” of the image by the bank’s expectations and by the photographer’s agency. There was little doubt that the sample was exceptionally rich and promising, but the question remained of what should be done with it. To use it as the basis for a prosopography of bank employees was certainly interesting, but my objective was somewhat more ambitious. Given the centrality of the bank as one of the major economic enterprises in the empire and given its widespread branch network, I was hoping to be able to treat this database as a representative sample of a rising middling class, possibly a white-collar petty bourgeoisie, characteristic of the turn of the 20th century. This could then become a pioneering inquiry into the complex process of transformation undergone by those sectors of the population that were rapidly integrated into modernity through a process of economic, social, and cultural Westernization. The originality of the project lay in the fact that it relied on a formidable amount of detail, thus allowing for an in-depth quantitative analysis of an unprecedented nature. The fact that the period covered by the series spanned the crucial passage from empire to republic and from a multiethnic society to the construction of a nation brought a fascinating diachronic dimension to the whole study.

With all these projects in mind, I made sure I would be able to present my project as soon as possible at my Tuesday Colloquium. The point was to get proper feedback at an early stage so as to be able to take it into account once I started working on my database. Sure enough, my presentation on November 8, 2011 was followed by a long discussion

rich with questions, suggestions, and comments. Rather predictably, the “hard” scientists tended to concentrate on issues of data collection and organization, representativeness, and statistical treatment, while the Fellows from the humanities showed greater concern for historical context and for the overall relevance of the socio-economic reading I proposed. This exchange of ideas was extremely interesting, at least from my perspective, and it did help me reformulate some of my arguments and hypotheses. Nevertheless, there was little it could do to alleviate what was my most banal and immediate concern: feeding the data into my database software so that I could start testing the viability of the whole project. This was a tedious and repetitive task, but one that I could hardly avoid. My hope was to be able to feed a sample of at least 500 to 1,000 individuals in a few months; after some time spent designing the database structure and input mask, I dutifully started entering my records.

And then, during a conversation concerning workshops to be organized by Fellows, Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus said something to the effect that Fellows could, if they felt an urge and sufficient reason for it, sidetrack into an alternative project. In all honesty, I may have partly been lured into a form of procrastination due to the overwhelming feeling caused by the seemingly endless chore of entering data; but it was also true that I had been working for the past two years on a new project on the history of archaeology in the Ottoman lands, from the end of the 18th century to the end of the Empire. Just before leaving Istanbul for Berlin, I had finished a project on this topic, and I was expecting to receive its final product, a collective volume entitled *Scramble for the Past: A Story of Archaeology in the Ottoman Empire, 1753–1914*. Following several talks with my Co-Fellow Franz Alto Bauer, we had started toying with the idea of trying to set up a workshop on this topic, but with a specific focus on Germany and Turkey, and with a chronology that could be stretched down to the present. With Reinhart’s encouragement – as I interpreted it – in mind, I felt I had to lay my bank employees to rest and concentrate on this new research perspective.

There were several other very good excuses for this shift. Obviously, together with London and Paris, Berlin was one of the major centers for scholarship, past and present, in the field of archaeology. More specifically, Germany had started to dominate the archaeological scene in the Ottoman lands from the 1880s on, well into the Republican era, after the downfall of the Empire. The Pergamon Museum, built around the remains of the Zeus altar removed from the Anatolian city in the 1880s, still stands as a stunning reminder of what archaeology could achieve, when combined with Great Power politics

and diplomacy. Yet what made the German dimension interesting was not just history, but also very contemporary issues of politics and ideology closely linked to archaeology in present-day Turkey. With the largest number of excavations carried out by foreign nations throughout the country, the Germans had also become the prime target of a recent escalation of nationalist and protectionist discourse and policies in Turkish governmental circles. The Ministry of Culture and Tourism, in particular, was threatening to rescind foreign excavators' permits in retaliation for a number of alleged misdemeanors, from refusing to restitute finds claimed by Turkey to failing to publish sufficiently or in a timely manner. Rather disturbingly from the perspective of a historian, the ambiguities of European archaeological acquisitions of the 19th century were abundantly exploited to confirm an already well-established feeling of systematic spoliation.

The workshop Franz Alto and I were planning to organize would therefore have to take into account this *longue durée* and bring the historical perspective in contact with the political problems of the present. We were lucky enough to get a very positive response from all the parties concerned: the German Archaeological Institute, the State Museums of Berlin, and German and Turkish universities were represented by some 15 to 20 scholars who submitted papers or shared their views on this complex and multilayered narrative and its latest repercussions. By the end of the workshop, in March, I was fully convinced that the rest of my stay at the Kolleg would be devoted to archival research on the topic, more particularly on the German dimension of archaeology in the Ottoman lands in the last decades of the Empire. Throughout the preceding year I had amassed a very considerable number of documents from the Ottoman state archives; it was now time to probe the major archival series of the Antikensammlung, the Deutsches Archäologisches Institut, and the Staatsbibliothek. Thanks to the help and support of colleagues in these institutions I was soon able to exploit a sizeable portion of these resources; the yield was extremely promising, as it dovetailed perfectly with my documentation from Istanbul.

I like to think that this academic sidetracking was more than just a convenient digression triggered by a series of favorable coincidences, and that it will bear its fruits in a very near future. In fact, I would even suggest that I may have already received "signs" that I did the right thing. Just days before my departure, I was notified that the paper I had submitted to our workshop was accepted for publication in the next issue of the *Jahrbuch des Deutschen Archäologischen Instituts*; less than a month after I had left, a longish piece I had written on the present problems encountered by foreign excavators in Turkey

– encouraged by Reinhart, once again – was published in the *Feuilleton* of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*.

It looks like the Ottoman Bank employees will just have to wait a little longer. Perhaps there is a clause in the Kolleg's chart that allows Fellows to come back for "unfinished business".



AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES
KHALED EL-ROUAYHEB

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My family and I arrived in a sunny, spacious, and tastefully furnished apartment in Villa Walther in early September 2011. I found the volumes of earlier Yearbooks neatly stacked on the bookshelves and of course started flicking through the pages in the following days and weeks, looking for names that I recognize (of which there are plenty) and perusing their reports. (The memory is surprisingly vivid, now that I write of it.) The friendliness and helpfulness of the staff is a recurrent motif in these reports and I very quickly came to see why. To the new Fellows reading this, I can say that the treatment you will receive really is five-star: you will be assisted with impressive competence and heartwarming kindness from the very first by each member of the staff: the receptionists, the librarians, the IT personnel, the kitchen staff, etc. The excellent three-course meals will spoil you,

especially if you arrive here – as I did – from a less-developed culinary culture in which lunch is most often a mass-produced sandwich that one gulps down quietly and rapidly in the office. My worries about gaining access to out-of-the-way books in oriental languages were put to shame by the librarians, who seemed to be able to conjure up anything I could possibly wish for, usually within a day or two. I also deeply appreciated the way Fellows' partners and children were made to feel welcome and integrated into the life of Wiko. My wife Manja had an immensely enjoyable and productive year, and our children loved the monthly family dinners and the Christmas party.

One thing that struck me upon arrival was the rather small number of Fellows. Meeting them on a daily basis, one quickly gets close to most of them. I learned a great deal from conversing with such a brilliant group of scholars and scientists and from listening to a series of outstanding presentations at the weekly colloquia covering a wide range of topics, including topics of which I was woefully unfamiliar. The natural scientists truly impressed me with their skill in making their research comprehensible to outsiders. There were, to be sure, some passionate discussions across the “two cultures”, especially in the early months. Some natural scientists were exposed for the first time – poor souls – to philosophical hermeneutics, Kuhnian paradigms, the social construction of reality, and the *de rigueur* scare quotes around words like “facts”, “objectivity”, and “data”. Conversely, humanists (like myself) received a healthy exposure to the sophisticated techniques and impressive results of natural scientists, usually presented with a conciseness and unpretentiousness that unfortunately are not as widespread in the humanities as they should be. My biologist colleagues and interlocutors may have been unfamiliar with (or unimpressed by) Michel Foucault or Thomas Kuhn, but they are some of the most intelligent and likeable people I have met. Over the course of the year, I also had many occasions to sit with historians, musicians and musicologists, authors and literary scholars, classicists, philosophers, lawyers, and even statisticians and those who commit a social science. I am exceedingly glad that I did.

As the year progressed, the discussions admittedly tended to wane. The main positions and dialectic moves became familiar, and the pressure of time began to make itself felt. Lunches tended to be consumed faster, and attendance at the many seminars, Wednesday or Thursday colloquia, reading groups, etc. began to fall visibly. Though I followed and enjoyed the five-week intensive German course at the beginning of the year, I chose not to continue with the language classes thereafter. This was perhaps the most painful decision I had to make while at Wiko. I had initially looked forward to this

chance – probably my last – to move my German from reading proficiency to active fluency. But alas it was not to be. One quickly realizes that the Tuesday colloquium takes up half of the Tuesday working hours: the colloquium itself from 11 to 1, followed by a seated three-course meal lasting until 2 or 2:30, after which most of us were simply too mentally exhausted (and full) to do more than, for example, catch up on e-mail or return library books. The Intermediate/Advanced German course would have taken up a similar portion of my Wednesdays (11 to 1, followed by lunch) and I simply could not afford to thus “lose” another day. This was especially so, given the additional Wednesday and Thursday colloquia (attendance at these is voluntary but one often does not wish to miss the presentations of one’s colleagues), interdisciplinary discussion meetings and workshops, and – in my case – the many relevant talks at the EUME seminar across the road at Villa Jaffé. From my own selfish perspective, I would have wished that fewer events were crammed into the working hours and would have preferred all colloquia (including the one on Tuesday) to have been scheduled after 4. But I also understand that it is impossible to get agreement on such matters from 40 Fellows – in fact I spoke to a number of Fellows who did not at all like the idea of having all colloquia after 4. Any proposed schedule is bound to be inconvenient to somebody; unfortunately I was that somebody this year, largely because Manja and I have small children and usually cannot supplement normal working hours by working very early in the mornings or very late in the afternoons or on weekends.

I came to Wiko with the somewhat unrealistic hopes of writing a book. I leave having written six chapters out of a planned nine. All in all, I have to be reasonably satisfied with this. I have sometimes in the past been able to write an article or chapter in a month if I had no other duties and could devote myself fully to the task. But a monograph is of course more than a number of separate chapters. It requires constant reflection on how the various parts fit together and contribute to an overall argument. Such second-order questions are clearer to me now, thanks in part to the challenge of presenting my work to the other Fellows at the Tuesday colloquium. I have also managed during my year at Wiko to finish the table of contents and the contracts for the forthcoming *Oxford Handbook of Islamic Philosophy* that I am co-editing with Professor Sabine Schmidtke of the Freie Universität.

Had I had world enough and time over the course of the year, I would now have been able to add a number of further accomplishments. I would have reported substantial progress with my German; seen the classic German movies arranged by Eva for her

German classes; conversed more often with the immensely learned German-speaking Fellows (Wolfgang, Dirk, Olivier); read Rilke with Mauricio and Philip; and participated more actively in the “Sources” workshop started by Alessandro and Samantha. I would have taken the numerous guided tours of Berlin arranged by Wiko; had my fill of the many excellent exhibitions, concerts, and operas that Berlin offers; gone to more talks at the Freie Universität, Humboldt-Universität, and numerous Max Planck Institutes; and attended some of the countless literary readings in the city (including readings of works by Wiko Fellows Dirk, Georgi, and Hoda).

But of course there is never enough time. Especially the second half of the year passed very quickly, and before I knew it I was listening to Philip and Thomas at the farewell party giving a moving performance of “O Wiko dear, the workday world is calling from distant lands, to summon us away ...” (to the tune of “Danny Boy”). As I write this, both my office and our apartment are full of moving boxes. I am painfully aware of all the things that I did not have time to do this year. I leave with six chapters – approximately 70,000 words – on my memory stick. They’d better be good.



ZWISCHEN GÖTTERN UND WÜRMERN:
MEINE MONATE AM WIKO 2011/12
WOLFGANG ESSBACH

Geboren 1944. Studium an den Universitäten in Freiburg und Göttingen. 1970 Erste Staatsprüfung für das Lehramt an Gymnasien (Deutsch und Geschichte). Wechsel zur Soziologie, Mitarbeiter am Soziologischen Seminar der Universität Göttingen. 1978 Promotion dortselbst im Fach Soziologie mit einer Dissertation über Max Stirner und Karl Marx. Hochschulassistent bei Hans Paul Bahrdt. 1984 Habilitation am Fachbereich Sozialwissenschaften der Universität Göttingen mit der Schrift: *Die Junghegelianer: Soziologie einer Intellektuellengruppe*. Seit 1987 Professor für Kultursoziologie an der Universität Freiburg, 2010 emeritiert. Mitbegründer des Frankreich-Zentrums und des Zentrums für Anthropologie und Gender Studies der Freiburger Universität. Gründungspräsident der Helmuth Plessner Gesellschaft und mehrjähriger Sprecher der Sektion Kultursoziologie in der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Soziologie. Arbeiten zur Kultursoziologie und Anthropologie, zur Ideengeschichte und Soziologie der Intellektuellen sowie zur Soziologie der Religion. – Adresse: Institut für Soziologie, Albert-Ludwigs-Universität Freiburg, Rempartstraße 15, 79085 Freiburg im Breisgau.
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Man hat uns gewarnt vor dem Winter in Berlin, es könne frostig werden. Wenn man nur für ein halbes Jahr ans Wissenschaftskolleg komme, dann solle man doch den Sommer wählen, der sei nun wunderschön. Einem, der in Freiburg im Breisgau lebt, dem kann man, was die warmen Temperaturen im Nordosten Deutschlands betrifft, nichts vormachen. Und außerdem soll es ja an die Arbeit gehen. Über Jahre haben sich Manuskripte angesammelt, die darauf warten, in eine Monografie verwandelt zu werden. Der

Zwischenstand des immer wieder korrigierten Titels lautete: „Europäische Religionen zwischen Christentum und Säkularismus“. Ausgangspunkt des Vorhabens war die Wiederkehr des Themas Religion. Es ist fester Bestandteil der öffentlichen Debatte geworden. Das Spektrum reicht vom Streit um das, was Islam für Europa bedeutet, über die Frage, ob wir eine Zivilreligion brauchen und wenn ja welche, weiter zur pädagogischen Sorge, dass junge Menschen irgendwelchen eigenartigen Kulturen oder Psychoreligionen anheimfallen, bis zu dem durch den biotechnischen und medizintechnischen Fortschritt ausgelösten Streit um die Grenzen, die eine religiös motivierte Ehrfurcht vor dem Leben Forschung und Technik zu setzen habe oder eben nicht. Ob die Wiederkehr des Themas Religion zugleich eine „Rückkehr von Religion“ bedeutet, ist oft mit einem Fragezeichen versehen.

Ich war in diesem Jahr nicht der einzige Fellow, den Fragen der Religion interessierten. Israel Yuval, Daniel Stökl Ben Ezra und Clemens Leonhard hatten sich vorgenommen, in spätantiken Texten nach Transfers und Vermischungen zwischen jüdischen und christlichen Riten und Festen zu fahnden. Dies Vorhaben war geeignet, die hoch befestigten Grenzen zwischen den beiden Weltreligionen über einen historischen Umweg zu relativieren. Hatte ich nicht auch mit hoch befestigten Grenzen zu tun? Die Scheidung zwischen Christentum einerseits und andererseits säkularer Welt gehört zu der jedem Soziologen geläufigen Großen Erzählung von der Säkularisierung als einem integralen Bestandteil der Moderne. Mich interessierte jedoch das Dazwischen, d. h. jene religiösen Erscheinungen Europas, die als „Vernunftreligion“, „Kunstreligion“, „Nationalreligion“ oder „Wissenschaftsreligion“ angesprochen werden und bei denen es zweifelhaft ist, in welchem Sinne es sich um „echte“ Religionen handelt oder nur um „Pseudoreligionen“.

Warum sind die Dinge, die zwischen Kohärenzen liegen, interessant? Im Dienstagskolloquium berichtet Stephen C. Stearns von klinischen Forschungen zur Hygiene und den Folgen, die insbesondere die Schlacht gegen gewisse eklige Würmer im Körper des zivilisierten Menschen evolutionsgeschichtlich gehabt hat: eine Schwächung der Abwehrkräfte und Fehlanpassungen, die durch das zeitliche Nachhinken des Anpassungsprozesses zustande kommen. Das erinnert mich an die Warnung unserer Kinderärztin vor übertriebenem Waschen der Kleinen: „Kinder sind keine Fische!“ Aber vielleicht schafft es die Evolution noch mit der Anpassung. Stearns jedenfalls versicherte, dass sich auch die Menschen der Gegenwart immer noch in einem evolutionären Prozess befinden. Ich erfahre, dass er vor Jahren in Basel geforscht und gelehrt hat. Aber wie hat sich die Biologie seit seinem berühmten Baseler Vorgänger Adolf Portmann verändert? Dieser

interessierte sich für die Tiergestalt, für ihr Erscheinen im Licht der Sonne. Damals konnten Biologie und Soziologie noch mehr eine gemeinsame Sprache sprechen, wie der Dialog zwischen ihm und dem Göttinger Soziologen und Philosophen Helmuth Plessner zeigt. Erfreulich war es zu hören, dass der Phänotypus von Lebewesen wieder interessant wird, und die Alleinherrschaft der Soziobiologie in Frage gestellt ist.

In meinem Projekt spielen Würmer keine große Rolle, wohl aber die scharfen Grenzen, die Theologien und Religionswissenschaften zwischen dem, was Glaube und Unglaube ist, gezogen haben und weiter ziehen. Bei meinem Versuch, eine Revision dieser Bipolarität zu begründen und die Mehrfaltigkeit sowie die Struktur der europäischen Religionen aufzuzeigen, wollte ich absichtsvoll die Weltreligions-Debatte relativieren, die sich um den Schlachtruf eines *clash of civilizations* seit dem Epochenbruch von 1989 entwickelt hat. Nicht weil ich der Auffassung bin, diese Debatte sei nicht wichtig, sondern weil sie dazu verführt, die europäische Religionsentwicklung um der Kontraste zu Judentum, Islam, Konfuzianismus, Hinduismus, Buddhismus willen auf die bloße Bipolarität von Christentum und Säkularismus einzuschränken. Damit ist nicht nur die paradoxe Situation entleerter Kirchen und einer laut Umfragen immer noch in ihrer Mehrheit an Gott oder etwas Göttliches glaubenden Bevölkerung nicht aufzulösen, sondern es wird auch verdeckt, dass Europa, was das religiöse Feld angeht, mehr zu bieten hat als Christentum und Säkularismus.

Um in dieser Frage weiterzukommen, bedarf es einer historischen Perspektive, die sich auf die Wandlungen der Stellung von Religion in der Moderne bezieht. Und damit gerät der Soziologe in das Territorium der Historiker mit ihren heiligen Quellen. Unvergessen ist die 1968er-Parole an der Wand eines Historischen Seminars: „Wer in die Quelle fällt, kommt darin um!“ Rasch ist einzusehen: ich werde weder die Präzision von Ehem Eldem erreichen, der eine große Zahl Biografien und Fotos der Angestellten einer osmanischen Bank zeigen konnte, um sie für die Analyse des osmanischen Kleinbürgertums zwischen Reich und Republik zu nutzen, oder die von Alessandro Stanziani mit seinen dichten Quellen zur russischen Leibeigenschaft.

Im Unterschied zu den Kollegen aus der Geschichtswissenschaft, die ihre Forschung auf frische, ungehobene Archivschätze stützen können, verfährt meine historische Soziologie recht grob. Sie zehrt parasitär von den Leistungen quellenbasierter historischer Forschung, ihrer Detailliertheit, ihrem Streben nach Genauigkeit, ihrem Beharren auf Einmaligkeit und Besonderheit, das allen Vergleichen seine Grenze setzt. Welch eine große Hilfe ist da der Bibliotheksdienst des Wissenschaftskollegs, der in Blitzgeschwindigkeit

die Geschichtsbücher besorgte, die ich brauchte, um sie auszusaugen! Ich entwende die Funde, Rekonstruktionen und Bewertungen historischer Forschung, um etwas anderes damit anzufangen. Zielpunkt soziologischer Arbeit ist die Entwicklung von Werkzeugen, mit denen eine freie, wertebezogene Stellungnahme des Menschen zu seiner verworrenen und rätselhaften Wirklichkeit gefördert werden kann. In meiner historisch-soziologischen Perspektive geht es nicht um eine für sich stehende historische Narration, auch nicht um eine für sich stehende systematische, an soziologischer Theorie orientierter Analyse von Religion mit historischer Illustration, sondern um das Aufsuchen von Berührungs- und Kreuzungspunkten, an denen eine bestimmte historisch bedeutsame Erfahrung in der geistigen Arbeit von Intellektuellen zu Umformungen und Erfindungen dessen führt, was man bislang gemeinhin als Religion verstanden hat. Der maßgebliche Gegenstand der Monografie, an der ich am Wissenschaftskolleg gearbeitet habe, sind Intellektuelle, die die dominierenden beunruhigenden Erfahrungen ihrer Gegenwart auf den Begriff bringen wollten und dabei mit der religiösen Situation ihrer Zeit zu tun hatten.

Und unsere Gegenwart? Seit dem Todesurteil gegen den Schriftsteller Salman Rushdie, der Fatwa des Ayatollah Khomeini, des Staatsoberhauptes der Islamischen Republik Iran, wenige Monate vor dem Fall der Berliner Mauer, und insbesondere seit den Angriffen islamistischer Terroristen auf das World Trade Center in New York zehn Jahre später, hat sich anlässlich kleinerer und größerer Gefährdungen durch religiös motivierte Anschläge die Verbindung von Religion und Gewalt in der Wahrnehmung der europäischen Intelligenz als ein kurrentes Thema etabliert. Die Debatte ist uferlos geworden, und sie ist längst nicht mehr auf „den Islam“ beschränkt. In Frage steht, inwieweit gerade monotheistische Religionen zur Gewalt gegen Abtrünnige und Andersgläubige veranlassen können. Gewaltsame Ausschreitungen von fundamentalistisch genannten Hindus gegen Moscheen in Indien widersprechen der These von der bevorzugten Gewaltbereitschaft monotheistischer Religionen. Man ist sich aber auch nicht sicher, ob Religion in den Konflikten tatsächlich das treibende Moment ist oder nur eine rhetorische Zugabe für ganz anders gelagerte Interessen.

Vielleicht kann man in der Iranischen Revolution von 1979 einen Startpunkt der europäischen Debatten um die Wiederkehr religiöser Gewalt sehen. Das Geschehen hatte die europäischen Intellektuellen zutiefst verwirrt. Dass eine Revolution gegen die Diktatur des Schahs und für soziale Gerechtigkeit nicht von progressiven Ideen geleitet, sondern aus Beständen der religiösen Tradition angefeuert wurde, hat europäische Intellektuelle ratlos gemacht. Wann hat es Vergleichbares in der europäischen Vergangenheit gegeben?

Michel Foucault, der 1978/79 als Korrespondent der italienischen Tageszeitung *Corriere della sera* in den Iran reiste, schrieb aus Teheran: „Schon das ganze Jahr stürmt die Revolte durch den gesamten Iran, von Fest zu Gedenkfeier, von Gottesdienst zu Predigt und Gebet.“ Als Europäer fielen ihm nur Vergleiche aus weit zurückliegenden Epochen unserer Geschichte ein: „Als die Moscheen zu klein für die Massen wurden, stellte man auf der Straße Lautsprecher auf und durch die ganze Stadt, das ganze Viertel hallten diese Stimmen, die so furchterregend klangen wie einst die Stimme Savonarolas in Florenz, die der Wiedertäufer in Münster oder die der Presbyterianer zu Cromwells Zeiten.“

Als in den 90er-Jahren des letzten Jahrhunderts im zerfallenden Jugoslawien nicht nur ethnische Differenzen, sondern damit fusioniert religiöse Differenzen zwischen griechisch-orthodoxen, katholischen und muslimischen Gläubigen gewaltsam aufbrachen, tauchte in Presseberichten ein Wort auf, das man lange Zeit nicht gehört hatte: „Soldateska“ – ein Terminus, mit dem die Söldnerheere der Glaubenskriege der frühen Neuzeit bezeichnet wurden. Der Politologe Herfried Münkler verglich die neuen, immer auch religiös motivierten, asymmetrischen Kriege der Gegenwart mit dem Dreißigjährigen Krieg im 17. Jahrhundert.

Diese aktualisierenden Rückgriffe markieren den Startpunkt meines Buches. Mag der Zusammenhang von Religion und Gewalt heute anhand vieler Phänomene aus unterschiedlichen Regionen und verschiedenen Phasen der Menschheitsgeschichte aufweisbar sein, unsere europäische Erinnerung greift gezielt in eine bestimmte Vergangenheit, die integraler Teil der Christentumsgeschichte Europas ist: Aus der Reformation haben sich lang dauernde gewaltsame Konflikte der Konfessionen entwickelt. Zu unserem Erbe gehört der religiöse Fanatismus der frühneuzeitlichen Glaubenskriege. Von den Aktionen der Wittenberger Protestanten, die 1521 mit Gewalt gegen altgläubige Gottesdienste voringen, bis zur Vertreibung der Salzburger Protestanten 1730 herrschen in Europa nicht enden wollende Glaubenskriege.

Die Erinnerung an sie ist so stark tradiert worden, dass wir Europäer ganz habituell angesichts der bedrückenden religiösen Gewalt von heute den vom gewalttätigen Fanatismus Heimgesuchten als Problemlösung den Weg anbieten, den wir selbst vor langer Zeit gegangen sind: den Weg der Zählung der Religion, ihrer Aufklärung und der Stiftung einer vernünftigen Religion. Um diese heute aktualisierte Zeitschicht der europäischen Religionsdynamik geht es im ersten Teil meines Buches, der am Wissenschaftskolleg fertiggestellt werden konnte.

Nun bringt der Vortrag von Thomas Bauer eine wichtige Irritation. Man erfährt, es gab nicht nur einen anderen Islam, sondern einen, dessen Kultur durch Ambiguität gekennzeichnet ist. Thomas Bauer berichtete von Gesellschaften mit einem hohen Grad an innerer Differenzierung und einer entwickelten Gelehrsamkeit und Dichtung, die wegen der Nichtexistenz einer Kirche weitgehend von religiöser Bevormundung frei war. Bedeutsam war der Umstand, dass die mündliche Lesung des Korans aus theologischen Gründen grundsätzlich höher bewertet wurde als die schriftliche Fixierung. Die Mündlichkeit hatte nicht zuletzt auch die ästhetische Qualität der Lesungen und musikalischen Rezitationen mehr hervortreten lassen. Die Schriftauslegung musste daher von Anfang an die vielen Lesarten als gleichwertig behandeln, und die gelehrte Aufzeichnung konnte auf dieser Basis nie zu einem eindeutigen Text kommen, der so verbindlich genommen werden musste wie die Bibel. Die Welt der Militärs und die der islamischen Gelehrten existierten so nebeneinander, dass man fast von einer Trennung zwischen Staat und Religion sprechen könnte. Dieser andere Islam sei heute kaum noch in der arabischen Öffentlichkeit präsent und dies sei im Kern eine Folge der Modernisierung europäischen Stils, die zu den islamistischen Verhärtungen, der dogmatischen Eindeutigkeit der Koranauslegung geführt habe. Macht es da überhaupt Sinn, den vom gewalttätigen Fanatismus Heimgesuchten unseren europäischen Weg der Zähmung der Religion als Problemlösung anzuraten, wenn es die Modernisierung war, die islamische Intellektuelle dazu verleitet hat, ihre alte offene, ambigue und differenzierte Kultur aufzugeben, habe ich mich nach dem Vortrag gefragt.

Vielleicht sollten wir mit Ratschlägen zurückhaltender sein und zunächst unsere Erinnerungen an die europäischen Glaubenskriege besser verstehen lernen. Dieses Gewaltgeschehen unterschied sich grundlegend von früheren gewaltsamen Konflikten, in denen Religion eine Rolle gespielt hat. Das Zeitalter der europäischen Glaubenskriege kann man dort beginnen lassen, wo die mittelalterlichen Anstrengungen einer Reform der Kirche nicht nur zum Dissens in Glaubensfragen führen, was schon in der Antike ein Dauergeschehen war, sondern sich in gewaltförmige Auseinandersetzungen zwischen neuen politischen Akteuren transformieren, die von den zwanziger Jahren des 16. Jahrhunderts bis in den Anfang des 18. Jahrhunderts andauern. Es ist dies die Urszene für das moderne Europa.

In einem 200-jährigen Glaubenskrieg sind gegeneinander profilierte, bis in Kleinigkeiten distinkte Konfessionen entstanden, ein neuer, moderner Typus von Religion, der sich vom Pluralismus der vorangegangenen Christentümer unterschied. Denn die europäischen

Glaubenskriege waren zugleich Staatenbildungskriege, in deren Verlauf Religion in einer paradoxen Doppelbewegung staatsbegründend und zugleich ein Stück weit neutralisiert wurde. Alle Diskussion um die Fragen der Trennung religiöser Organisationen vom Staat oder der Stützung des Staates durch die Kirchen haben hier ihren erstmaligen Auftritt in der Moderne.

Ich werde neugierig auf das dem Wissenschaftskolleg verbundene Postdoktoranden-Programm EUME: Postdocs aus dem Nahen Osten und muslimisch geprägten Ländern werden nach Berlin eingeladen, um an Forschungsvorhaben zu arbeiten, die an Fragen nationaler, religiöser oder kultureller Vorverständnisse ansetzen. Ich höre besuchsweise diesem „Europa im Nahen Osten – Der Nahe Osten in Europa“ zu und fühle mich weit weg versetzt an eine US-amerikanische Universität mit ihrem gnadenlos politisch und religiös korrekten Diskussionsstil. Vielleicht eignet sich die englische Sprache besonders, die vielfältigen Schärpen der Worte zu glätten und auf einen *common sense* zu vertrauen, dem nur böse Menschen nicht folgen. Mag sein, aber abends ziehe ich dann doch die „Rilke-Gruppe“ vor, die sich spontan gebildet hat. Gábor Demszky, Susannah Heschel, Philip Kitcher, Jurko Prochasko, Mauricio Sotelo und Israel Yuval treffen sich abends beim Wein. Christa Karpenstein-Eßbach hat Gedichte vorgeschlagen und trägt sie vor. Man diskutiert über Klang und Rhythmus der Gedichte. Darüber wie man „Lotterbett“ ins Englische übersetzen könnte, welches Bild jüdischen Lebens sich bei Rilke findet u. a. m. Später erweitert sich der Kreis und man geht von Rilke zu Kafka über.

Waren diese Abende nicht auch Ausdruck einer „Kultur der Ambiguität“, von der Thomas Bauer in Bezug auf den Islam gesprochen hat und die durch Modernisierung zerstört wurde? Aber wie sind wir Europäer damals aus dem Wüten religiöser Gewalt herausgekommen? Die intellektuelle Antwort auf die Erfahrung der Glaubenskriege bestand in der Stiftung einer Vernunftreligion, mit der kriegstreibende, dogmatische und institutionelle Bildungen kirchenkritisch abgebaut, der Religionsdiskurs verknüpft und ins Geheimnis des Herzens eingeschlossen wurde. Auf dem Fundament einer vernünftigen Religion konnten Religionsfriede und Religionsfreiheit aufbauen und ein tragender Grund für den Prozess der Menschenrechte in die Welt gebracht werden.

Immer dann, wenn sich in den nachfolgenden Zeiten Glaubenskriegerisches geregt hat, bestand die Möglichkeit, auf eine natürliche Religion zurückzugreifen. Es war dies eine aufgeklärte Religion, die auf den allmächtigen Baumeister aller Welten – wie ihn die Freimaurer nannten – vertraute. Diese Religion gilt es wiederzuentdecken. Aber taugt sie auch für die internationale Sicherung von Menschenrechten? Von Samantha Besson

erfahre ich, dass philosophische Fragen nach den theoretischen Fundamenten der Menschenrechte von Juristen meist umgangen werden. Und nachdem in der soziologischen Modernisierungstheorie religiöse Angelegenheiten als Fragen der Werte übersetzt wurden, was soll da noch eine Religion der Vernunft? Erfolgreicher könnte da Samantha Bessons Rechtstheorie der Menschenrechte sein. Dann wären Juristen wieder unter sich.

Es ist Zeit, die Umzugskisten zu packen. Mit Jie-Hyun Lim verabrede ich, dass wir uns weiter über Nationalreligionen austauschen werden. Nach Abschluss des Kapitels über die europäischen Glaubenskriege und die Geburt der Vernunftreligion warten die Manuskripte zu weiteren Religionstypen, die das Zwischenreich zwischen Christentum und religiöser Indifferenz bevölkert haben. James H. Hunt, der passionierte Naturforscher, erzählt noch, dass er dieses Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg weit weniger Vogelarten gezählt habe als bei seinem letzten Besuch. Die Biodiversität hat abgenommen. Wünschen wir dem Wissenschaftskolleg, dass es im intellektuellen Bereich seine Artenvielfalt bewahren kann.



THREE MONTHS IN AN ACADEMIC
LUXURY RESORT
THOMAS FLATT

Thomas Flatt was born in 1972 in Solothurn, Switzerland. He has been a tenured group leader at the Institute of Population Genetics at the Vetmeduni Vienna since January 2009 and is a faculty member of the Vienna Graduate School of Population Genetics. His research interest is in life history evolution, the biology of aging and evolutionary physiology, using *Drosophila* as a model. He studied biology at the University of Basel and received his M.Sc. from the University of Basel in 1999 for work supervised by Stephen C. Stearns and Richard Shine (Sydney). In 2004 he earned his Ph.D. from the University of Fribourg under Tadeusz Kawecki. He was long-term Fellow of the Swiss Study Foundation between 1994 and 2004. Between 2004 and 2008 he was a postdoctoral Fellow with Marc Tatar at Brown University (USA). He serves as a deciding editor for the *Journal of Evolutionary Biology*, as an associate editor for *Frontiers in Genetics*, as an academic editor for *PLOS ONE*, as a reviewing editor for *Frontiers in Experimental Endocrinology* and as a contributing member of *Faculty of 1000*. Together with Andreas Heyland he is the co-editor of *Mechanisms of Life History Evolution*, which was published by Oxford University Press in 2011. In December 2012 he will take up a SNSF Professorship at the University of Lausanne. – Address: Department of Ecology and Evolution, University of Lausanne, UNIL Sorge, Le Biophore, 1015 Lausanne, Switzerland.
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I had a wonderful time at Wiko. My family (my wife Barbara and our then 18-month-old twins, Anna and Sebastian) arrived in Berlin at the beginning of March. Due to other commitments (teaching, preparing my move from Austria to Switzerland, graduating

students in their final year and getting married) I could spend only three months at Wiko. But despite the brevity of my stay the time at Wiko was a highlight of my (still relatively young, I like to think) career.

The first feeling I had when I received the official invitation to spend an academic year at Wiko was one of greatest “Vorfreude”. First, I had been at Wiko before, albeit just for a few days, as a guest of Gro Amdam, who was a Fellow in 2009/10. So I had already seen this miraculous place, and I therefore knew what a treat I was signing up for (just one example: when you enter your new guest apartment for the first time you will discover a welcome bottle of Bordeaux on the table in your living room and a fridge full of groceries, so you can comfortably get by upon arrival without any shopping). Second, I was thrilled that my best childhood friend, Christian Braendle, would also be there. Third, I was excited about the high calibre of evolutionary biologist colleagues whom I would be able to interact with: my former teacher and mentor Steve Stearns, Mark Viney who had kindly invited me to be part of his focus group, Jacob Koella and Ricardo Azevedo, both of whom I had met previously, Jim Hunt, whose work I had heard about from my friend Gro, the group of evolutionary anthropologists centered on Monique Borgerhoff Mulder and Virpi Lummaa, as well as several excellent biologists who would be visiting for shorter periods of time, including Paul Schmid-Hempel and Raghavendra Gadagkar (both Permanent Fellows at Wiko), Rüdiger Wehner (a former Permanent Fellow), Boris Baer, Henrique Teotonio, Marie-Anne Felix, Olof Leimar, Bob Trivers and others. Fourth, I was very much looking forward to learning from and being stimulated by my Co-Fellows, all eminent scholars who work on subjects I had either never thought or read about or that I had last encountered in high school.

Let me give you a few examples of some of the fun stuff one might talk about over lunch or dinner. At your own risk you might ask (I didn’t!) naive but innocent questions such as: do actually all archaeologists perform excavations? Or as a natural scientist you might wonder (I certainly did!) about jargon outside your field: what the heck do social scientists mean by “normative”, or “postmodernism” or “hermeneutic”? Other conversations, for example, might revolve around the question whether birds make music, the prevailing intellectual trends in the 17th-century Ottoman empire, the nexus between child development, music and neurobiology, the etymology of the first names of slaves, whether it is sociologically/culturally/politically correct if evolutionary biologists speak about reproductive “success” or where to get the spiciest Korean food in town (Kimchi Princess is a good bet).

Most importantly, though, I was happy to be away from the typical academic treadmill, with its never-ending stream of deadlines for peer reviews and grants, time-consuming meetings, mind-numbing administrative tasks, seminars and conferences and teaching duties: in today's ever-accelerating world of academia, the true luxury of a stay at Wiko is the privilege of having substantial blocks of time and silence to do scholarly work – to think, read and write – or as Christian Braendle put it: to “decompress” (while at the same time being pleasantly distracted by seminars, evening lectures, workshops [e.g., about what Shakespeare's *King Lear* has to do with the evolution of aging], the fantastic in-house library service [who will get for you about any book on planet earth in 24 hours or less], fun conversations over lunch [see above], Thursday dinners with lots of excellent food and wine [e.g., a very tasty Gigondas], in-house concerts, movie previews [e.g., on the life of the honeybee], guided museum tours, ping pong matches, evenings in the beer garden and so on).

So what did I work on? While Fellows often decide to work on something completely new at Wiko (e.g., to embark on a new book project), I brought five unfinished writing projects with me, some of them barely started, others much closer to completion. My largest and least-finished writing “assignment” was to write up the results of a massive genome-wide analysis, based on so-called next-generation sequencing data, of genetic variation and differentiation along a well-known latitudinal (clinal) gradient in my study organism, the fruit fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*). In a nutshell, these flies occur, among many other places, in populations along the east coast of North America, from very warm and humid places (Florida) to temperate/seasonal places that get very cold in winter (e.g., Maine or Vermont). This steep environmental North-South gradient causes, via adaptive evolution by natural selection, southern and northern flies to be very different from each other in terms of their “phenotypes” (traits). For example, flies from Florida lay many eggs, are relatively small, and do not live very long, whereas flies from Maine lay fewer eggs, are much larger and live much longer. Our aim was to obtain the first genome-wide description of the genetic basis of such differences along the North American cline. We identified hundreds of important candidate genes in many central molecular pathways that might underlie the pattern observed along the North-South cline. I spent pretty much all of March writing up the results (we had competition from at least two other teams working on very similar data, so we needed to be fast). My co-authors and I managed to submit the manuscript in April and got the paper accepted with flying colours at *Molecular Ecology* in May. In addition to this manuscript, my collaborators and I also worked on another

data paper (dealing with the phenomenon of reproductive and post-reproductive lifespan in flies), as well as on three review papers (one about the neuronal aspects of longevity; one about life history plasticity; and one about the connection between reproductive physiology, fat metabolism and lifespan). So given that three months fly by at almost the speed of light, I was happy with what I got done in the time at Wiko (crucial elements were a quiet office and that I had decided not to travel much).

In closing, a few words about my favourite highlights. The coffee breaks with my fellow evolutionary biologists were always a great time (and special thanks to Frau Speder, who always kindly supplied us with a constant stream of cookies!). The evening talks, for example by Steve Stearns about the evolution of life histories, aging and cancer (my field of interest) and by Yehuda Elkana about the sociology of science and science administration, were thought-provoking and stimulating (and so were the buffet and wine that followed). The *Gesprächskonzert* by Alfred Brendel about Liszt was most beautiful as well as witty, and the colloquium room was – not surprisingly – absolutely packed (my guess is that about one-third of the people who showed up did not have a formal invitation). The Tuesday colloquia: often interesting and educating – but sometimes also slightly annoying (for example, overuse of unnecessary technical jargon, or the habit of some to turn a rather trivial question into a twenty-minute statement). Wonderful dinners with Beverly and Steve Stearns; with Maria Majno and Alfred Brendel; with Adam Wilkins; chez Olivier Jouanjan (who probably cooks the best honey-marinated pork tenderloin with asparagus in the world); or at Peter Hammerstein's house (Peter, who is the head of the Fellowclub, is not only a very well-known theoretical biologist but also a former chef, trained in France!); and, of course, the fabulous Thursday evenings at Wiko (for some strange reason, I always ended up at the last table – I am not mentioning who else – in math, one would call it an invariant set). Taking walks exploring the city with Barbara; all the fantastic museums, bookshops, parks and restaurants in Berlin. Watching Anna and Sebastian giggling and roaming around our apartment in Villa Walther or the playground (or watching them tickle some of my famous Co-Fellows' toes!).

But above all, two things stand out. One is how extraordinarily well all the Fellows got along and how much everyone tried to learn from each other; one could really sense the fun people had interacting with each other – it felt like we are a class of schoolmates and good friends. The other thing is how friendly, helpful and efficient the lovely Wiko staff are. They really make you feel welcome and at home – they are the good spirit of the

place. Since every Fellow is eventually kicked out of this paradise, what remains are the fondest memories and the strongest possible urge to be back.



A SHORT LIST OF SECONDS GEORGI GOSPODINOV

Georgi Gospodinov (1968) is writer and researcher, one of the most translated Bulgarian authors after 1989. He has published four poetry books awarded with national literary prizes. A volume of his selected poetry, *Kleines morgendliches Verbrechen* (Droschl), came out in German in 2010. His *Natural Novel* has been published in 19 languages, including English, French, Spanish, and Italian. It was praised by *The New Yorker*, *NY Times*, *Guardian*, and *Times*. The German edition, *Natürlicher Roman* (Droschl, 2007), was qualified as a “small and elegant masterpiece” (*FAZ*) and its author as a “humorist of desperation” (*NZZ*). Gospodinov edited *I’ve Lived Socialism: 171 Personal Stories* (2006), a collection of ordinary people’s memories of socialist times. His work in this field continued with the *Inventory Book of Socialism* (2006, co-authorship with Y. Genova), a catalogue of Bulgarian everyday life objects from the period 1956–89. He has written two plays, a collection of short stories also widely translated, scripts for short feature films, etc. His new novel, *Physics of Sorrow*, was published in December 2011. Georgi Gospodinov has a Ph.D. in Bulgarian literature from the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences. He has been awarded a year’s fellowship from the Berliner Künstlerprogramm, DAAD (2008–09). He lives and works in Sofia, Bulgaria. – Address: Mladost 1, bl. 129, entr. 1, apt. 4, 1784 Sofia, Bulgaria. E-mail: g_gospodinov@yahoo.com

Sometimes the things we write about play strange jokes on us. They (the things written) suddenly happen. My Wiko project was to work on a book of essays with the title “A World Denied: Short History of the Unhappened”. How could one describe anything that has not happened? How sometimes the unfulfilled becomes more important in our

personal and collective biographies than the real facts of life. A history of what you have dreamed but never managed to achieve. It is both a personal and a historical feeling. How, for example, the desire to be elsewhere, a normal human desire, could expand in the totalitarian societies where it is impossible to leave.

These themes are my preoccupation both as a writer and as a researcher. I come from a place where there is a heavy accumulation of things unhappened and unspoken (besides, the two are correlated). So, while I was contemplating the three months of undisturbed work on my book dedicated to this topic, I broke a leg and found myself at the beginning of my own story of the unhappened and the denied world of Wiko. Yet, for the second half of these three months and with a crutch, I tried to make something happen, at least part of it. To have only a month and a half at this place instead of three months or a year, of course, is part of the world's injustice. It seemed just a minute. Yet, below I want to mark the seconds that live in that minute.

- The at first sight unthinkable but in fact wonderful mixture of evolutionary biologists, specialists in a rare kind of earth worms, wasps' society, phenotype plasticity, mate choice ... Ultimately everything, even nature, passes through language and narration. Sooner or later everything becomes literature. I dare say this as a naïve natural historian who titled his first novel *Natural Novel*.
- The King Lear seminar with Stephen Greenblatt. Another unforgettable moment. To listen to one of the best Shakespearean scholars and to witness how biologists carefully read a literary work, seek after its codes, and examine it as a separate species was quite an experience.
- The way Alfred Brendel listened to music and played the piano at his Liszt colloquium. How for a few seconds he was transformed into a child and the music became a physical sensation.
- The quietness of Grunewald – something you can hear in very few places in the world.
- The different nuances of green and the absence of a name for each of them.
- The Migration of Sorrows. Does sorrow have its own geography? Is the Bulgarian (Eastern) “tuga” translatable? These and other topics appeared in my light afternoon reading at Wiko, at my lectures at Humboldt-Universität and the Freie Universität, and during a discussion at the Literaturwerkstatt.
- Some nice afternoon talks with Andrei Pleșu, Jurko Prochasko, Edhem Eldem, Manja Klemenčič and Khaled El-Rouayheb, Katharina Biegger, Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus ...

- Wiko children: Ajda and Rami, Katherine and Eddie, Simon and Toma, Ella ... and my daughter Raya. This invisible and better Wissenschaftskolleg.

These are parts of the seconds written down in my small notebook, which I carry always with me.

As a writer and a researcher of the non-durable and perishable amid this academic world, I share one of the lowest levels of evolution. At the top of the evolutionary chain, of course, are the evolutionary biologists. Sometimes, I must admit, I was irritated at their firm and easy explanations of the world through models, percentages, and diagrams. I stay on the side of literature, which means on the side of uncertainty. While I hesitated to ask whether sorrow could as well be explained by evolution or whether it is a rudimentary trait, a waste by-product ... and my stay was over. I ask this question indirectly now.

I am sure about one thing after all that has happened in science, after the transcription of DNA: we are moving libraries full of unread books. Our genes are full of stories and the big reading awaits us. That is why the biology-literature relation will become stronger and stronger. And a place like Wiko that is not afraid to gather the two fields together has a good future.

And I hope to go there again one day and to finish my unfinished history of the un-happened. And to be careful what I invent.



WHEN REALITY SURPASSES FICTION ...
ROBERTO P. GUIMARÃES

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It goes without saying that my stay at Wiko can only be conveyed with superlatives. All expectations I had before coming were greatly exceeded by reality. Having worked in many institutional settings and embedded in distinct national cultures, I have never had the privilege of being involved with a group of professionals so committed to making life smoother and flawless for researchers.

I also arrived at Wiko convinced that the conventional debate between Science and Policy had been to a great extent “settled”, in as much as the disconnect between Natural and Social Sciences had been already overcome. Well, I entertained these illusions until I started to attend the weekly Colloquia. Even without referring to the questionable assumption that Humanities and Social Sciences share the same epistemological characteristics, I found out also that many Wiko Fellows still fictionalize the relationships between Science and Policy.

There are undoubtedly plenty and diversified ways to approach the challenge of how to translate the wealth of knowledge produced by *science* into sound responses to the demands for public action that decision-makers must confront in the *policy* arena. However, some of the debates at Wallotstraße 19 seem to elude the *circular* relationships between science and policy. Science does not come about in a policy vacuum, nor does policy operate in a void of knowledge. That is precisely why politics is embedded in this interplay from the outset. This circularity can be expressed with three straightforward questions. First, one should inquire how a social concern is incorporated into the agenda of public decisions, particularly via knowledge generated by scientific research. Second, once this specific societal challenge is fully integrated into political discourse and the public agenda, how are policies changed to effectively bring scientific knowledge to the fore of concrete actions? Third, one must pose the question how the actual results of policies change the scientific agenda by identifying knowledge gaps that call for further research. Needless to say, the results produced by new science will keep this process going indefinitely, shaping existing policies and forging new ones, which will in turn generate new research questions including in areas that were not contemplated in the original agenda, neither of Policy nor of Science.

Nonetheless, I have witnessed once again the frequent difficulty of those on the *science* side of this spectrum who still believe that science speaks for itself. Assuming that science does respond to real challenges faced by society, oftentimes one mistakenly expects that every research result, by its intrinsic value “for the common good”, does not require more than the power and brilliance of breakthroughs to be translated into action. Nothing could be further from reality, as Francis M. Cornford, a Professor of Classics in Cambridge indicated in his razor-sharp, witty *Microcosmographia Academica* in 1908: “You think (do you not?) that you have only to state a reasonable case, and people must listen to reason and act upon at once. It is just this conviction that makes you so unpleasant. There is little hope of dissuading you; but has it occurred to you that nothing is ever done until everyone

is convinced that it ought to be done, and has been convinced for so long that it is now time to do something else?”

In effect, one must recognize that any issue, scientific or otherwise, can only be incorporated in the public debate insofar as its connection to the dominant political process can be firmly established, which can be represented by ongoing policies or longstanding demands of civil society. For instance, even though much research already existed in areas such as environmental change or racial and gender discrimination, the wealth of data about environmental decay and natural resource depletion came to the forefront of public policies only after it was effectively associated with other demands in the areas of human rights, democratization and social equality. Thus, it was no historical “coincidence” that both the environment and gender policies gained respectability and strength in the late 1960s, part and parcel of, or at least benefiting from, the anti-war, pro-freedom of expression and counter-culture bandwagon that crisscrossed most Western countries at that time.

Conversely, it should not surprise anyone that, even after environmental issues attained legitimacy through several world summits, scientific insights about matters such as climate change have been the hardest to be translated into action. Why? Due to lack of scientific data? Of course not. As a matter of fact, climate change has been so far the only issue in the public agenda that has counted on an *institutionalized* channel for the world’s science community to “communicate” with policy, the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change created in 1988. Hence, the answer to this paradox does not lie in a failure of science to convey the seriousness of the situation to policy. Rather, the answer can be found in the fact that the actions proposed by the scientific community ran against the hegemonic yardstick for public policy.

One is forced to acknowledge that the more climate change became an established scientific fact, the more the Washington Consensus spread its wings throughout the world. From a *politics* perspective (much in the same vein as has been suggested above for the “peace-environment” link of the 1960s) this cannot be ascribed to pure “chance”. Barely one year after the IPCC came into being, two of the Ten Commandments of neo-liberal economics prescribed “privatization” and “deregulation” as the cure-all recipe for the profound external debt crises of the 1980s. Thus, it was not a question, in Aaron Wildasky’s words, of science failing to *Speak Truth to Power* (1987). It was and still remains a fact that power was simply not willing to listen to a scientific challenge that requires government intervention and more regulatory mechanisms to correct the failure of market

addiction to fossil fuels. Not surprisingly, the world had to wait for the increased occurrence and increased severity of “natural” disasters, the corresponding economic loss to entire countries, and the awakening of insurance companies before taking action. Still, only the actual increase of a couple of degrees in mean temperatures will do more than all scientific evidence so far, particularly now that the Washington Consensus is apparently receding at a faster pace than the glaciers themselves.

The above description may partially put the questions about the circularity of the Science-Policy nexus into motion, but one must go a step further and pose the question. Is the fact that an issue brought about by science has been effectively incorporated in the discourse of policy a guarantee for actual change? Sorry, but not really.

Any discussion of scientific knowledge provoking societal changes requires a political instead of a scientific or technical treatment. At stake is much more than the simple arrangement of public actions in one area. It is the concept of *development* itself that is being called into question. Indeed, new policies will often imply redefining, or at least redirecting, the process of development, as the policy options in response to climate change clearly indicate. The holistic and, at the same time, the specific nature of science-induced policy change also underscores the political nature of public choices. Because we cannot deal with all problems at once, we are forced to choose particular areas or problems for concentrated efforts. However, by doing that, by singling out any given area, we are bound to provoke jurisdictional disputes within and between bureaucratic and societal institutions. This in addition to the difficulties derived from what Nobel Laureate Herbert Simon called “bounded rationality” – the limited capacity of the human mind compared with the scope of the problems it needs to address (*Models of Man*, 1956). As a result, what are often considered “scientific” criteria (e.g., standards and norms) will have to be bargained for and politically negotiated and will therefore favour some interests over others. The crucial question, then, turns out to be whether the policy “conflict” that often results from the advancement of knowledge is well administered or not.

Elites in general, but particularly policy-makers, have devised astute strategies to cope with scientific breakthroughs and innovations. Faced with new challenges, both private and public bureaucracies customarily adopt what Donald Schon, in his brilliant 1973 *Beyond the Stable State*, describes as “dynamic conservatism”. First, one accepts a discourse that incorporates the new findings, as politicians have been able to do with great flair about Climate Change or Sustainable Development. Then follows the institutional stage of “containment and isolation”, when one veritably throws the discourse into a bureaucratic

box. Care should be taken, of course, not to provide adequate resources to this new institutional arrangement. Just enough people should be employed to give the impression that something major is being done – and to serve as scapegoats when things do not (as one *knows* that they will not) get done. Just enough resources should be allocated, it should not be forgotten, for studies, dozens and dozens of scientific studies. Containment and isolation also have another key, beneficial side effect for dynamic conservatism. These processes lead to the compartmentalization of knowledge and scientific expertise. Now that adequate institutions are in place, busily tilting against the windmills of change, there comes the phase of “selective inattention”. In other words, new policies and research priorities must be placed in a bus stop where the bus of power does not stop. We may include a policy representative on an interagency scientific committee, because, after all, we do not expect results to come out of committee work anyway. As former President Herbert Hoover candidly recognized in his 1952 memoirs, “There is no more dangerous citizen than a person with a gift of gab, a crusading complex and a determination ‘to pass a law’ as the antidote for all human ills. The most effective diversion of such an individual to constructive action and the greatest silencer on earth for foolishness is to associate him on a *research committee* [emphasis added] with a few persons who have a passion for truth, especially if they pay their own expenses.”

In short, one should promote the minimum change possible so as to guarantee that nothing will actually change. This is dynamic conservatism. It is dynamic because it is not the result of a carefully conceived scheme of overt resistance to new scientific evidence about extant phenomena. There is no conspiracy theory at work here. This brand of conservatism develops out of the synergistic effect of disparate interests. The individual, group, discipline or institution is able to establish a connection between his or its special interests and the (inertial) interests of the social system as a whole (known not to be very fond of dramatic or profound changes). Because everyone is bound to be affected by policy choices in response to change in scientific knowledge, there is no need to connive against taking them seriously. It is just a question of letting the officious process run its course.

We have seen this movie before, at different times, with different characters, and in different national settings and disciplinary territories. But there can be no doubt that the script is tailor-made for the way Science and Policy advance nowadays. And the bureaucracy, both the scientific as well as the policy bureaucracy, have plenty of candidates for the roles of starring actor, supporting actors and, as a matter of fact, for the entire cast. The only thing we will not find in this fiction is the traditional disclaimer. If any character,

event or situation resembles science-derived policies in particular, it is not merely a coincidence.

That Natural and Social Sciences, and both in their relationships to Policy, can be “blamed” for this dialogue of the deafest does not constitute a new reality. I am sure I stand to be accused of perhaps stretching the “politics” argument too far in registering some of my reactions upon leaving the most enlightening scientific colloquia at Wiko. Yet, once again reality, the Wiko reality, superseded my expectations about the kind of scientific inquiry I would encounter here.

I came to Wiko to explore the hypothesis that one may find common, universal roots of Ethics that may be adequate to tackle the crisis of civilization that confronts humankind today as the result of globalization and global environmental changes. The basic assumption to justify this endeavour arose from the conviction that the combined consequences of globalization and of global environmental change threaten human security, the very livelihood of individuals and of entire communities in every corner of the world, and impacts negatively on their social and human rights.

Our current predicament cannot be solved with technocratic solutions, barely disguising the political interests of each actor. When all countries, rich and poor, are reminded of their common duties for current and future generations, one should recall that there is also a reality of domination that governs both the relationships between different generations and between Man and Nature as well. It was also clear to me that it does not make any sense to reinvent a new society based on the expansion of markets, even more so when technological progress remains the driving force of globalization. If this could be somewhat correct in terms of production, the evolution of humankind indicates that technology must be oriented by a value system. Without this, without a new environmental ethics of development, Man is simply an artefact, devoid of humanity.

These convictions bring the traditional discourse on Ethics to the forefront of the debate once again. The incorporation of nature into human culture and productive activities, which have for a long time led to progress and the improvement of life in many respects, currently shows increasing signs of being exhausted and calls for the “re-invention” of Human-Nature relationships. Consequently, to explore the ethical foundations for global change has deep scientific, conceptual and methodological implications and may call for the emergence of a different brand of social sciences: among others, a new Economics, a new Political Science and a new Sociology.

In conclusion, my stay has changed many of my previous notions and reinforced some. I leave Wiko having strengthened my conviction that this sort of inquiry is as much scientific as it is policy-oriented and thus not value-free, but rather value-laden. However, I have been forced to bow to the reality that this science-policy relationship is murkier today than in the past I thought it had been. The rich and fruitful discussions I have witnessed here stirred my (failed, fictional) beliefs that some sort of “post-modern” and also post-colonialist science had already come of age in the halls of Wiko.

Notwithstanding my hopes and wild aspirations, discussions in the woods of Grunewald prove that Western and European-centred scientific rationality is alive and well. I thus leave with the impression that there is still a long road ahead of us if we indeed want to accomplish the most desired ideal of “re-enchanting” a world so effectively maimed and objectified by Cartesian science. Robert Frost’s teachings are definitely germane for the scientific enterprise in the coming years, similarly for Natural Sciences, Social Sciences and Humanities. The “two roads” of rational, value-free, objective science and, conversely, that of a policy-embedded scientific inquire, do diverge “in a yellow wood” somewhere deep in Grunewald. I now firmly believe that once I and most Fellows do take “the road less travelled”, Frost was right, it will make “all the difference”.



SURPRISING SERENITY: THREE SPRING
MONTHS IN GRUNEWALD, WITH DIDEROT
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That I was born in the “American Occupied Zone of Germany”, 37 months after the end of World War II and four days before the introduction of a new German currency (the D-Mark), has clearly shaped my mind – and my life. In 1989, I became a Professor of Literature at Stanford University, between San Francisco Bay and the Pacific; and since the year 2000, I have been a citizen of the United States of America. But hardly a week in California passes without somebody more local than us asking my wife or me “Where are you guys from?” and thus reacting to a very noticeable German accent in our otherwise

American English. My teaching and writing on the West Coast have probably been more influenced by past German traditions and present German debates than they ever were before my departure from the country of my birth. Martin Heidegger, for example, has become uniquely important for me – although he was an author whom I had never read until 1989, out of a kind of “historical repulsion” that kept me from taking him seriously during my German years. Strangely, therefore, coming to Berlin for three spring months in 2012, that is, spending, for the first time in my life, more than just a few days in the former and present German capital city where the fate of that nation took its tragic and guilty turn, had foreshadowed itself as an ambiguous adventure for me. Of course I knew about the distinction of the Wiko as an intellectual (rather than “academic”) institution, and I had no doubt about the resources for the mind that the city of Berlin offers today; on the other hand, I was wondering whether this partly oedipal reaction of a deliberately ungrateful son of Germany would be strongly reactivated between late March and June 30, 2012. I was surely ready for three months without teaching and administrative obligations, but was I ready to live in Berlin?

As I had announced to the Wissenschaftskolleg, my main working project for that spring was to lay the foundations of a book on Denis Diderot, who, through a proseminar in my first semester at the University of Munich (in the Winter of 1967/68), had become the gatekeeper for the academic middle of my life, and who, among the great protagonists of European Enlightenment, is the one whose “Weltoffenheit” may be most appealing to our early 21-century situation. My Berlin-specific plan was to become familiar with the everyday minutiae of Denis Diderot’s life and to find those details that make up the salt of every biography – by reading through slowly, while taking notes, the 16 edited volumes of his correspondence (plus three volumes of letters to his woman friend Sophie Volland). I managed to fulfill this self-assignment – which is an admittedly undramatic but (in my own life) unusual achievement (for I tend to jump on new intellectual opportunities and fascinations rather than to quietly lay the necessary groundwork).

After two-thirds of my Wiko stay, I had an opportunity to present my complexified view of Diderot’s work and life (and I am deliberately using this old-fashioned formula) and a first outline of a possible book to the august assembly of Wiko authorities, Wiko Fellows, and some outside guests. My image of Diderot had gained new contours: a certainty, for example, that his work had no center – which was a side-effect of his absolute openness to the world. Diderot wrote hundreds of entries for his and d’Alembert’s “Encyclopédie”, for example, on topics from “butcher” to “mind”. There is, as a counterpoint to

such infinity, the spatial concentration and limitation of Diderot's life to the larger city of Paris – with only one dramatic exception late in life, i.e. his journey to St. Petersburg, where, for a few months, he would have almost daily afternoon conversations with Catherine the Great. Above all, I became fully aware of the often euphoric intensity in Diderot's reactions to his environment, often with an obsessive attention to seemingly irrelevant detail. Due to my concentrated reading in my Wiko office, I had reached a point where I was able to present a complex, lively, captivating, and hopefully innovative image of Diderot, without knowing yet what the exact outlines of a possible book would be – so that I left Berlin with the impression of an “intellectual mission accomplished”.

A somehow surprising result of numerous interactions during my Wiko months, with condensation in the discussions following the Diderot-colloquium, was the impression that I had inadvertently become, over the past decade, an eccentric (not to say simply strange) presence in the academic world. Already while I was presenting my ideas on Diderot, I could feel that there were two very different reactions in the room – and this feeling was later on confirmed by numerous individual conversations that I had: many of those Fellows for whom the German concept of “Wissenschaftlichkeit” is a guiding value in their work, found what I had to say “too literary”, too “outrageous”, and in some cases straightforwardly “arrogant”. At the same time, I believe and hope that some of the more positive reactions came from Wiko Fellows from the Arts-side of the “Humanities and Arts” – for example, from my eminent friend, the composer Mauricio Sotelo, or from the great Alfred Brendel (a surprise that made me proud). In its ambiguity, this was both a shocking and important experience, an experience that, without any doubt, will have an impact on the form and the tone of my work in the dawn of a career that indeed is no longer exclusively academic.

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There was another aspect in the relationship with my immediate Wiko environment that I had by no means anticipated. Over the past decade, it has become part of my life to actively participate in German feuilleton debates, especially (but not exclusively) on the pages of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, with the core of this activity being my weekly blog under the title “digital/pausen”. Now, spending time in Germany must have clearly meant that I was more synchronized with the local discussions because, week after week, my blogs had a much greater number of readers (of “hits”) than they do when I write

them in California. There is, however, one Berlin-highlight within this dimension that is not associated with the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*. Early on during my Berlin stay, and in anticipation of the European Soccer Championship in Poland and the Ukraine (which took place at the end of my stay in Berlin), I wrote a text in praise of the German center-fielder Mesut Özil (born in Schalke and playing today for Real Madrid) which was published in the soccer magazine *Elf Freunde*. The title of the text was “Özil’s Aesthetic Minimalism”. Some weeks later, in an interview with the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, Özil was asked whether he knew of my text – and he answered that he had indeed read it and was in full agreement, “however little he had understood”.

After only a few days, and to my surprise, I realized that I had begun to like the Wiko. What I loved (more than liked) right from the start was my fourth-floor attic apartment with its beautiful views of the local lakes and its relatively old furniture (which, in my opinion, should never have been replaced this summer); but I told myself that my feeling of pleasure could not just be the effect of an apartment and of my two daily seven-minute, one-cigarette-long walks from this apartment to my Wiko office in the “Neubau”. Thinking about the reason for my incipient euphoria, I discovered that what impressed me most was the consistent competence and friendliness of each member of the Wiko staff. Whatever eccentric concerns I could come up with (soccer tickets, FedExes and mailings to Stanford, electronic incompetence), my wishes were taken care of as if, beyond the Wissenschaftskolleg, they mattered to Humankind. Someone from outside the institution then told me that this effect was famous and that it was a lifetime achievement of the Wiko’s “Verwalter”. To add one detail: I could hardly believe that, after only a few lunches, the restaurant staff knew of my specific gastronomic preferences (and bad habits – for which I was always forgiven).

To be honest, I have doubts about the “present-day pertinence” of the institutional format to which the Wissenschaftskolleg belongs, which in America we like to hyperbolically characterize as “think tanks”. My question is whether, in the age of electronic hyper-communication, we still need what think tanks produce best, namely environments of inspiration (“Anregungen”), or whether our problem has not increasingly become that the accumulation of inspiration coming from different directions will turn into an effect of intellectual dispersion and a difficulty to concentrate. This is not a criticism – but

I believe it could become the topic for a worthwhile internal discussion, and thus perhaps a starting point for the Wissenschaftskolleg to again occupy an avantgarde position in changing our academic and intellectual environment.

For all my academic skepticism, however, I have no ambiguity, as I said, about the calm, the friendliness, and even the friendly anonymity of the Wiko staff. And while I understand that this short text is not a place to talk about personal issues, I simply need to mention that, halfway through my Wiko-months, I was hit by the perhaps-most-challenging personal crisis of my life. Retrospectively, I am convinced that this friendly anonymity of the Wiko staff was the best possible environment for me in such a challenging situation. One evening, after a long day of work, despair, and depression, I was waiting for a taxi on the Wallotstraße when the Wiko-“Verwalter” walked by. “How are you?” he asked (in German of course). “I am fine,” I said. “But you are not fine,” he replied: “it is evident, I can see that in your face. If I can ever be of any help for you, please let me know.” With these words, he went to the “Hauptgebäude” and we never talked about my problem again. Without any doubt, this was the most impressive moment during my Wiko stay, a moment that I will never forget and for which I will be eternally grateful.

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When I left Berlin on June 30 (a Saturday), I did not anticipate that my crisis would ever be over – but I had laid the foundation for a new book, I had learned a lot about myself, with not only pleasant insights, and Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus had organized an unforgettably intimate birthday lunch for me in the Wiko garden with my two very best friends; above all, I had not folded in that crisis. On the contrary, I had been able to react with the resoluteness (“Entschlossenheit”) that was needed – and I believe the Wissenschaftskolleg gave me a new *serenity* without which I might not have overcome those weeks. I flew back from Berlin to Cornell University (in upstate New York) and, five days later, to the Pacific Coast and Stanford with a feeling of being more relaxed than ever about and more reconciled with Germany, also because I had arrived in Berlin just early enough to become friends with Yehuda Elkana. This is what the days in Grunewald had done to me. My panorama is without any importance for Germany – but huge, no doubt, for the rest of my life.



THE JEWISH FASCINATION WITH ISLAM
AND MY FASCINATION WITH BERLIN
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When God created the Garden of Eden, surely the blueprint was the *Wissenschaftskolleg*.

A year at the Wiko is not only a year off from teaching and other academic responsibilities, nor is it simply a peaceful year to pursue research and writing (the seminars and lectures and concerts are too frequent and too tempting, and the Fellows are kept quite busy just keeping up with the Wiko program); it is rather a year of transformation, a transformation of mind and spirit. To be surrounded by brilliant colleagues pursuing fascinating research topics is tremendously stimulating, but what makes the Wiko unique is the gracious and generous staff. Being in their presence every day is a balm for the heart and soul: to enter the building each morning and receive a big smile from Vera Schulze-Seeger, that is paradise; to be with the gracious Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, the sophisticated Luca Giuliani, the witty Joachim Nettelbeck!

The Wiko felt like magic the day I arrived. It was a very hot Friday in late August, and I had traveled for nearly 20 hours with my two young daughters. We sat down, exhausted, for our first Shabbat dinner in our new lodgings, together with an old Berlin friend from my student days, and I opened the magnificent bottle of Saint-Émilion that was left as a gift from the Rektor. What a great wine! Magically, all the exhaustion disappeared, replaced by sheer bliss. It was a taste of what was to come – a daily exaltation that lasted all year.

For me, however, the Wiko has been even more than an extraordinary place: it has been a year that has changed my relationship to Germany and allowed me to reclaim important parts of my family heritage. As the daughter of a scholar refugee from Hitler's Europe, I grew up in two worlds. Physically, we lived on the Upper West Side of New York City. Emotionally and intellectually, we were living in pre-war Germany.

I grew up surrounded by the German-Jewish refugee scholars who were my parents' friends, hearing stories of the academic life of Berlin during the 1920s and 30s, when my father and his friends had been students, and my dream was to have been there with them. My father came to Berlin in 1927 from Warsaw, where he grew up as Jewish nobility, scion to a long line of famous rabbis, and remained in Germany until he was deported in 1938. Since my childhood, I loved to imagine myself as my father's fellow student in Berlin, joining him in his classes and at those evening events, wondering what my life would have been like had my father not been exiled. He would have remained in Germany, had Hitler not come to power, and, I imagined, become a professor at a Berlin university, and I would have grown up in Berlin, receiving the traditional German-Jewish *Bildung* I used to hear about from my parents' friends. After the war, my father would never return to Germany, and it became a forbidden place for me for a long time.

Trepidation: a year in Berlin seemed a violation of my family's history. Although I have spent time in Germany over the past decades, as a student learning German, then giving lectures, doing research in archives, and as the Buber Visiting Professor at the University of Frankfurt, coming to the Wiko was my first and lengthiest experience of academic life in Berlin. The scholars who peopled my childhood are now gone, but they remained vivid as I walked in the neighborhoods where they had lived and studied, and my emotions were intense: longing to return to those early years, rage that Germans had become Nazis. The corner of Erdener Straße and Wallotstraße was precisely the spot where German Jews were gathered and then marched to the Grunewald train station, for deportation to places of murder. Years ago, when I was a student, I met Fritz Teppich, a

journalist who had tried for years to place a memorial plaque at the Grunewald station, but failed when neighborhood residents protested. Change has come: now there is a major memorial in place and an annual commemoration service, when the train tracks are covered with white roses left by present-day Berliners.

My scholarship was also ready for a change. I had written a book on Abraham Geiger's efforts to overcome Christian theological anti-Judaism in the 19th century and another about pro-Nazi German Protestants who argued that Jesus was an "Aryan" who sought the destruction of Jews and Judaism (a goal they thought would be finally achieved by Hitler). Now, at last, I was now working on a positive topic: the modern Jewish fascination with Islam. From the 1830s to the 1930s, I discovered, German Jews shaped the field of Islamic Studies and modern Jewish thinkers and historians spoke of Islam in highly positive terms as a religion very similar to Judaism, sharing its strict monotheism, rejection of anthropomorphism, and emphasis on ethical law. This was not only a different kind of "orientalism", it also offers a new way of thinking about modern Judaism: not a Christianization, as is commonly held, but a more complex phenomenon. With trips to archives and the chance to locate obscure publications, thanks to the extraordinary Wiko library staff, my research uncovered vast and unexpected material and became a daily source of joy.

What I discovered at the Wiko that was an unexpected delight is that conversations I had not heard since childhood were alive and flourishing. The German Jews whom I had heard speaking of their teachers turned up in Wiko conversations. Long forgotten in America, I heard once again the names of Eugen Mittwoch, Ismar Elbogen, Guido Kisch, Max Dessoir, Lion Feuchtwanger, Martin Schreiner, Paul Kahle, and so many others.

But the people – this was the great delight of my year at the Wiko. So many colleagues I discovered in Berlin! Every day I met someone interesting! They came to join me for lunch or coffee or breakfast, and we had long and wonderful talks. Jewish Studies is flourishing in Germany, with remarkable scholars pursuing all sorts of fascinating research, and a new Jewish Studies program opened during the spring, a consortium of four universities. It was those many conversations that formed the backbone of my year and gave me the sense of being at home in Berlin.

Yes, I did write, and even if my book is not yet completed, it is conceptualized, organized, with a chunk of each chapter now in draft form. The opportunity at the Wiko to explain my topic on several occasions over the course of the year to colleagues from a vast range of fields helped me think through my arguments. I am grateful to friendships

forged, but also for the brief encounters over breakfast or lunch with some of the visitors and former Fellows and for the time with the Wiko staff.

The EUME program, run by the extraordinary Georges Khalil, was a highlight for me. Here I found a group of remarkable post-doctoral Fellows from around the world working on topics related to the Middle East and Islam. Their presentations at EUME seminars and conferences were a glimpse into a marvelous future: fabulous new areas of research and wonderfully original ways of thinking. The chance to spend time with the remarkable Angelika Neuwirth was the great treasure. The most important, interesting, innovative Qur'an scholar, she is also an admirer of the work of those German Jews I am studying, and listening to her analyze texts was revelatory.

Our group of Fellows was not at all like my colleagues at Dartmouth, where critical theory dominates the humanities. I heard nothing at the Wiko about queer temporality or feminist theory, but much about Wagner and Thomas Mann and classical works of literary scholarship. I loved our small Rilke reading group, which soon expanded to include Kafka's writings as well. Christa and Wolfgang Eßbach were with us for too short a time; I wish I could talk to them every day. Having Jeremy Adler at the Wiko opened my eyes to wonderful books – his own, on Goethe, and those by Dorothee Mücke and Elinor Shaffer, in particular. Hoda Barakat brought vivacity and immense charm, and I loved participating in the reading of her play, together with our wonderful music scholar, Hollis Taylor. Sepp Gumbrecht arrived and the air became electric up on the second floor of the Neubau, thanks to his energy and enthusiasm. Listening to Alfred Brendel play his piano in the neighboring apartment through my bedroom wall: this is heaven.

All of us were amazed to meet a scholar from Korea who specializes in Polish history, Jie-Hyun Lim, and I was all the more excited to discover that his comparative analyses of the politics of catastrophe memory included Israel – certainly no one in Jewish Studies can imagine comparing Israel and Korea – and his insights were wonderful. Hearing Philip Kitcher introduce a Fellow at the Tuesday colloquium was also a highlight – his enthusiasm and bounteous praise were matched by a big smile and his bright, shining eyes that remain a vivid memory. What I miss most, though, is hearing Mark Viney laugh at lunch and dinner!

Having the opportunity to spend months with Israel Yuval, a scholar whose work I have admired for years and whom I knew slightly but whose writings I cite constantly, was one of the greatest gifts anyone in my field could ever imagine. Our collaboration

with Clemens Leonhard in creating a Passover Seder was also memorable: imagine the privilege of having a Seder with two of the world's greatest experts on that liturgy!

Those of us with a partner and children loved the integration of our families in the life of the Wiko. The monthly Thursday dinners, with babysitters watching the children, were a huge treat. For my two daughters, ages 10 and 12, Berlin was a chance to learn some German and explore Europe. The amazing BVG made it possible for them to travel around the city by themselves, and out they went, to Alexanderplatz, Potsdamer Platz, Dahlem, and Mitte – exploring, meeting friends, going to movies. Such freedom is utterly impossible in the backward cities of America, where mothers and fathers are not parents, but chauffeurs.

But what should Jewish parents do when their daughter reaches the crucial age of 13 in Berlin? We initially thought we would postpone Gittel's Bat Mitzvah until we returned to the US – how could we hold such a celebration in the land of the Nazis? But the Wiko quickly changed our mood: celebrating our daughter's Bat Mitzvah was not a betrayal of the family history, but a reclamation of it. At Shabbat morning services in the one synagogue in Berlin that permits women's equal participation in the service, the glorious Oranienburger Straße synagogue in Mitte, our daughter chanted from the Torah, chanted the prophetic texts, led part of the service, and delivered three sermons – in Hebrew, English, and German. Our Wiko friends as well as friends from Germany, Israel, and the United States attended (warned by me in advance to arrive late and bring a book – the synagogue service lasts three very long hours!) and celebrated with us that sunny, very cold morning, and then danced with us to the music of a klezmer band at the Wiko that evening, possibly the first klezmer evening at the Wiko or even in Grunewald!

Ultimately, the Wiko transformed my experience of Berlin: the year became an opportunity to have my own taste of the German intellectual life that I had heard about in my childhood. I kept thinking about my parents' friends and how they would have experienced a year's fellowship at the Wiko, and decided that this was, indeed, precisely what those German Jewish scholars had tasted, remembered, and kept vivid, even in their exile. My research project was a resurrection of an important moment in German-Jewish history, tragically interrupted. Thanks largely to the vitality and generosity I experienced at the Wiko, my work came to feel not like a eulogy for a dead era of Jewish history, but a revivification of an extraordinary, precious chapter in German as well as Jewish intellectual creativity.

Yes, my year in paradise has come to an end. But I don't feel I have been expelled. Rather, as a rabbinic text states, it is not the rabbis, studying Torah, who are in paradise; it is paradise that is in the rabbis. Though I have departed Berlin, the Wiko is alive and flourishing within me.



A FAILURE OR A DECENT START?
JAMES H. HUNT

Born in Tennessee in 1944 and raised in North Carolina, Jim Hunt has sought a mechanistic understanding of social wasp evolution since 1974. He studied zoology at North Carolina State University, Louisiana State University, and the University of California, Berkeley. Following a postdoctoral year at Harvard University, he accepted a one-year Visiting Assistant Professorship at the University of Missouri-St. Louis. He retired from that institution in 2007 following a 33-year career, ending as Chair of the Department. He was a Visiting Professor of Entomology at the University of Kansas in the spring of 1986 and now is a Visiting Professor of Biology and of Entomology at North Carolina State University. It is an open-ended appointment in which he will “visit” for many years to come. He has published diverse articles on the biology of social wasps, based on laboratory studies together with field studies in Missouri, North Carolina, and several neotropical locations. In 1981 he compiled and edited *Selected Readings in Sociobiology* (McGraw Hill), in 1994 co-edited *Nourishment and Evolution in Insect Societies* (Westview Press/Oxford & IBH Publishing), and in 2007 authored *The Evolution of Social Wasps* (Oxford University Press), which was written during a 2003–04 fellowship year at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. – Address: Department of Entomology, Box 7613, North Carolina State University, Raleigh, NC 27695 USA. Web: www4.ncsu.edu/~jhhunt

It was an audacious proposal – to write a comprehensive treatise on the biology of social insects. The only book like it had been published in 1971, authored by Edward O. Wilson – by now the author of more than twenty books. For several decades Wilson’s *The Insect Societies* was the entry point for academic inquiry into the lives of social insects, but it is

seriously of date. A new *Insect Societies* is long overdue. However, the increase in knowledge since 1971 is enormous, and the quantity of literature is orders of magnitude more. It would be a daunting undertaking.

The Insect Societies was little less than a miracle of timing and utility for me. I began to study social insects as a first-year Ph.D. student in the spring of 1970. I already knew a bit about ants from my lifelong fascination with natural history, but my knowledge of ants as subjects of academic inquiry was nonexistent. As a student undertaking a research program on organisms I scarcely knew, I began to read ant literature from left, right, and everywhere. There was much to read, but the more I read the more jumbled my knowledge became. I had no coherent picture of ants as I wanted and needed to know them. Then *The Insect Societies* appeared, and the jumbled pieces fell into place. From that milestone I was able to move ahead with my research and begin my career-long engagement with social insects. In spring 1986 I was a visiting professor at the University of Kansas, where my teaching responsibility included a course on social insects. I invested heavily in course preparation, and by the end of the semester I had a substantial body of materials that covered the breadth of social insect biology. I looked at what I had accomplished and thought that if I could teach the course twice more and then take a sabbatical, I could write an updated *Insect Societies*. Alas, the students at my home university lacked sufficient background knowledge to enable me to teach the course at an advanced level, and my vision of a new *Insect Societies* fell away. It didn't, though, fall completely from my mind. I occasionally wondered if it could be done and, more to the point, if I could do it.

By the time I applied to the Wissenschaftskolleg to undertake the project, I had a combination of experiences and circumstances that lent themselves to what I envisioned. I had success with a previous book project undertaken at the Wissenschaftskolleg. I came; I wrote a book; I went home. I am retired and have the time. Working with co-investigators, but also often working alone, I had published in many areas of investigation: natural history, ecology, demography, behavior, biochemistry, physiology, development, and recent studies based on genomics. As I looked at the discipline, I could see no other investigator with that diversity of experience. On top of all this, I boldly said that I had the chutzpah to think I could pull it off. In the summer before leaving home, however, I began to doubt my ability to do what I had proposed. I was daunted by my own project.

My arrival at Wiko coincided with the receipt of two manuscripts returned to me for pre-publication responses to reviewers. One of these was a nuisance, but the other was the most important publication of my career. I invested heavily in its improvement. Former

Wiko Fellow Timothy Linksvayer and the journal's editor, Allen Moore, provided valuable reviews. Moore also sent e-mails with laudatory comments such as I have never seen from an editor. By mid-fall both papers were in press, and I had an unobstructed view of what lay ahead. I was beyond being daunted by my project – I was frozen. I decided the project couldn't be done. I felt an obligation, though, to provide a product to Wiko to repay the confidence and investment placed in me, so I undertook a small book that could be completed by the end of the year. As I labored I didn't enjoy it, and it wasn't good. When a somewhat similar and very good book appeared in early winter, I gave up.

I stayed in Berlin over the holidays and turned my attention to a review article to be written with a co-author, who had been invited by a journal editor to write it. Working in an area in which I had no experience was the hardest writing I had ever done. I produced a decent first draft of my part of the review, but doing so was unenjoyable. After that, what to do?? I read Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*. I read Shakespeare's *King Lear* and wrote an essay for the Lear workshop organized by Stephen Greenblatt and Meredith Reishes. Working on the essay was a brain-cleansing delight. When it was completed, however, I once again faced the void. I described my state of mind to a friend, Frau Prof. Dr. rer. nat. habil. Gudrun A. Brockmann (I love German academic titles), whereupon she promptly gave me a swift kick in the pants. The next morning I began to work. I arranged tables in my apartment into a work space with a view of sky and trees – the best work space of my career. I began with a chapter on termites, the social insects I know least well. My envisioned structure of the book was the same as Wilson's *The Insect Societies*. Four taxonomic chapters – termites, wasps, ants, bees – to be followed by a number of topical chapters – communication, food and foraging, nourishment, development, and so on. I never made it out of termites. The sheer volume of literature is enormous, and specialists among termite biologists have knowledge far beyond anything I could hope to learn. As I tried to cover the biology of termites from a broad perspective, I struggled increasingly with the weight of my lack of meaningful progress. I read a great deal and wrote a modest amount, but what I wrote was not very good. Long days made no difference. In mid-May I put in 10-hour days through four days of glorious sunny weather. The second evening after gray weather returned I thought, "This is crazy; I'm killing myself." The next morning I awoke clear-headed and decided that it was indeed crazy. I wrote not another word about termites. A week or so later I undertook a chapter on social bees but within a few days encountered the same problem: a mountain of literature covering a broad range of topics that I knew I couldn't conquer. I put the project in mothballs altogether. In my first Wiko

year I had ventured into Berlin often – three opera companies, two symphony orchestras, and many museums. I exercised daily and lost ten kilos. This year I made a virtual prisoner of myself and gained three kilos. In June and early July, then, I did what I theretofore had not done – I went out to enjoy Berlin. There is nothing in the foreseeable future that might bring me back to Europe, and I decided to not let the year be a total loss in the enjoyment of being there.

On the 16th of July – I stayed as long as possible – I flew to India to spend a month at Raghavendra Gadagkar's home base, the Centre for Ecological Studies at the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore. It was a marvelous and memorable experience. When leaving India I told Raghavendra that I didn't have it in me to continue my project. That may not be the case. I recently have re-engaged with the invited review, now two reviews, being written with my colleague in France. This time the writing has been stimulating and enjoyable, and I think we are doing a good job. It's a vastly different feeling from when I put the book into mothballs. Based on my experience with the review article, it has struck me that I had attacked the book project in an altogether incorrect way. I had planned the same organization as in *The Insect Societies*: chapters on termites, wasps, ants, and bees followed by a series of topical chapters. My Wiko experience, however, taught me that to assemble the literature covering the breadth of knowledge on a single taxonomic group is impossible. Now, though, I have written a review that covers all social insects on a topic about which I previously knew next to nothing. Because I have learned this can be done, then perhaps other topics can similarly be done. The chapter on termites is gone. In its place, the writing done at Wiko, which turned out to be more than I thought, can be divided into sections that treat a diversity of topics. I once again see the project as do-able. I once again am prepared to undertake it. I may once again fail. I may not.

I cannot overstate my admiration and respect for the Wissenschaftskolleg staff, administration, and leadership. They have my deep and lifelong thanks. The collegiality and congeniality of the Fellows class were superb. The colloquia were stimulating and educational in fields far beyond my prior knowledge. The meals together were a delight, although the mental stimulation that accompanied the lunches may have been gone by the second glass of wine on Thursday nights. There were some pleasant evenings and enjoyable events and outings with closer friends from among the large group. The end-of-year party was a delight. Fond memories of the year will linger long even though I departed forlorn that my project had been a failure ... Or is it a decent start?



BONNE ANNÉE
OLIVIER JOUANJAN

Après ma nomination comme professeur de droit public à l'Université de Bourgogne (Dijon) en 1992, j'ai été élu professeur à l'Université de Strasbourg en 1994, puis professeur honoraire à l'Université de Fribourg-en-Brisgau depuis 2004. J'ai été nommé membre junior de l'Institut universitaire de France en 1996 pour cinq années. J'ai reçu le prix de la Fondation Alexander von Humboldt en 2007. Mes travaux portent essentiellement sur l'histoire de la pensée juridique, notamment allemande (*Une histoire de la pensée juridique en Allemagne, 1800–1918*, Paris, PUF, 2005), sur la théorie du droit (*Avant Dire Droit*, avec Friedrich Müller, Presses Universitaires de Laval, 2007 ; *Hans Kelsen, forme du droit et politique de l'autonomie*, Paris, PUF, 2010) et sur le droit constitutionnel comparé, notamment les questions de justice constitutionnelle (*Verfassungsgerichtsbarkeit*, avec Johannes Masing, Tübingen, Mohr, 2010). J'ai fondé, en 2000, avec Johannes Masing, le *Cercle franco-allemand pour le droit public* qui se réunit tous les deux ans. Je suis enfin également membre de la *Vereinigung der Deutschen Staatsrechtslehrer* depuis 2010. – Adresse: Institut de Recherches Carré de Malberg, Université de Strasbourg, 11, rue du Maréchal Juin, BP 68, 67046 Strasbourg, France. E-mail : olivier.jouanjan@hotmail.com

Arriver au Wiko, c'est un peu comme fêter la Saint-Sylvestre : on se dit que toutes les frustrations de l'année qui s'achève seront transfigurées par celle qui s'annonce. Alors on prend de bonnes résolutions. Certes, le programme de recherche est fixé depuis longtemps, mais la bonne résolution consiste à se dire que, enfin, on va le réaliser. On se souhaite une « bonne année ».

Dans la vie ordinaire, lorsque la Saint-Sylvestre prochaine arrive, on préfère généralement éviter de faire un bilan qui démontrerait seulement combien les espoirs furent déçus, combien les « bonnes résolutions » furent rapidement oubliées et, surtout, combien toutes les frustrations demeurent intactes comme au premier jour : politique de l'autruche. Mais à la fin d'une année au Wiko, il est demandé que l'on fasse le bilan, que l'on rédige son *Jahresbericht* : on n'échappe pas à la frustration. Et pourtant, l'on s'aperçoit, faisant cet exercice, que la frustration n'en fut pas une, pas vraiment.

La raison première, mais pas exclusive, en est que l'année au Wiko est, à tous les sens du terme, une année extraordinaire. Notre socialisation, en tant que chercheur et professeur, nous incite bien sûr, si l'on parle de « bilan d'activité de recherche », à nous pencher d'abord sur l'*output*, sur nos productions concrètes et palpables, sur les textes que nous avons pu et su expulser hors de nous. Il ne convient pas d'omettre cet aspect substantiel du *Jahresbericht*. Mais on ne peut s'empêcher de penser aussi à l'*input*, à cette masse inévaluable et surtout inquantifiable de choses que le Wiko nous a données et que nous avons reçues sans d'ailleurs très bien savoir ce à quoi elles pourront nous servir véritablement. Cet *input*, on ne peut ni l'évaluer, ni le quantifier, mais on ne peut pas même le décrire car il est fait d'une multitude de moments : conversations, rencontres, écoute de *Kolloquien* même sur des sujets très éloignés de notre programme, débats pendant et après – même longtemps après – les réunions du mardi entre 11 et 13 heures. Il a été dit ailleurs combien les repas communs avaient d'importance : ils nourrissent aussi des curiosités dont on n'avait pas le soupçon. Même son propre *Kolloquium*, qu'on prépare sur le mode *output*, revient à la figure de son auteur comme une impulsion nouvelle, un *input* inattendu qui force à des réaménagements, des précisions et approfondissements et des changements de perspective dont on n'avait pas initialement l'idée.

Telle est la partie strictement indicible de l'expérience au Wiko qui fait pourtant aussi partie du « bilan » du séjour. Elle ne libère toutefois pas de l'obligation d'exposer ce qui a pu être fait et produit durant cette année peu ordinaire.

J'avais annoncé un double projet : d'une part un travail sur la doctrine juridique de Weimar ; d'autre part, l'approfondissement, en vue d'un livre, de mes recherches sur la doctrine juridique nazie. Ce faisant, il s'agissait de boucler un long programme de recherches débuté vers 1995 et portant sur l'histoire de la pensée juridique allemande moderne. J'avais publié en 2005 mon *Histoire de la pensée juridique en Allemagne (1800–1918)*. Il convenait de continuer ce travail dans le temps pour arriver jusqu'à 1945 et proposer ainsi une vision non pas exhaustive, mais globale de la pensée juridique moderne dans son

expression allemande. Entre 2005 et 2011, j'ai souvent été sollicité pour approfondir certains points de ma recherche sur le XIXe siècle. J'en ai profité pour mettre en confrontation les doctrines allemandes classiques avec les doctrines françaises. L'année au Wiko devait cependant me permettre de me replonger dans l'histoire allemande des doctrines sous Weimar et le nazisme.

Il existe bien sûr, en langue allemande surtout, une littérature déjà considérable sur toute cette histoire de 1800 à 1945. Le paysage littéraire français est beaucoup moins encombré. Toutefois, mon ambition n'a jamais été de donner au public français une sorte de *compendium* de la littérature allemande. L'originalité de ma démarche, même par rapport à la littérature allemande, vient d'une prise de position théorique : le « droit » n'étant pas donné comme tel (comme ordre ou système juridique), la tâche première de toute « pensée juridique » consiste à *inventer* une représentation globale du droit, à déterminer les conditions de possibilités d'un *ordre* juridique. Mon objet particulier et – je crois – original consiste donc à fouiller ce que j'ai appelé les « trésors d'imagination » des juristes, à en reconstruire les montages et à en exhumer les sources qui sont nécessairement non juridiques, mais philosophiques, historiques, sociologiques ou politiques. Je travaille donc à la charnière entre le droit et les autres disciplines, là où l'on comprend comment le droit se construit comme « droit ».

Après que j'eus formulé mon programme pour le Wiko, il m'a été fait la proposition d'un livre consistant en la traduction, l'annotation et le commentaire d'un texte de Hermann Heller (*La crise de la théorie de l'Etat*), un auteur un peu marginalisé aujourd'hui, très peu connu en France et qui a pourtant joué un rôle majeur dans la discussion weimarienne. J'ai donc considéré que ce travail me permettrait de remplir la partie « Weimar » de mon programme. J'avais espéré me consacrer entièrement à ce livre durant les premiers mois de mon séjour et pouvoir le finir dès avant Noël 2011. Le manuscrit définitif n'a pu être envoyé qu'en février 2012. Entre-temps, d'anciennes obligations m'avaient retardé : le colloque « Savigny international ? » à Francfort (octobre 2011) que j'avais déjà préparé mais qui m'a pris les toutes premières semaines de mon séjour pour en achever le texte, le colloque « Kelsen », fin octobre à Munich, où je n'ai joué que le rôle de président de séance mais qui m'a demandé quelques jours de préparation, le colloque « Histoire des libertés publiques » à Nantes en décembre 2011 où je suis intervenu sur un thème relativement nouveau pour moi (les droits fondamentaux dans la Constitution de Francfort de 1849, paru à l'été 2012 à la *Revue du droit public*) et le colloque « Anthropologie et droit » à Sciences Po Paris (janvier 2012) dans lequel je suis intervenu sur le sens de l'historicisme

de l'école historique allemande du droit. Mais en février 2012, j'ai pu terminer le manuscrit du livre sur Heller. Ce livre a été publié aux éditions Dalloz (Paris) à la fin du mois de novembre 2012.

Ce petit livre (environ 100 pages) est important pour moi pour deux raisons au moins : d'une part il permet d'élargir la perspective du public français sur les doctrines de Weimar trop souvent réduites à l'affrontement entre Carl Schmitt et Hans Kelsen ; d'autre part, Heller est précisément un auteur qui ne masque pas les sources philosophiques, historiques, sociologiques et politiques de sa pensée du droit et l'on peut donc bien montrer comment sa théorie juridique se construit sur ces bases « extra-juridiques ».

À partir de la mi-février, j'ai pu me consacrer entièrement à l'autre partie de mon programme, à savoir les doctrines nazies du droit. J'ai profité des possibilités offertes par le Wiko pour organiser en mars un séminaire sur ce thème où j'ai invité historiens, historiens du droit et philosophes pour mettre à l'épreuve mes thèses sur ce sujet, des thèses qui ont mûri depuis mes premières publications sur le nazisme juridique, à partir de 1995. Sur la base de ces discussions, je me suis fixé pour principal objectif de formuler de la manière la plus précise possible les principales thèses en vue de mon *Kolloquium*, dont la date était fixée au 22 mai 2012. Avec la rédaction du texte de mon *Kolloquium*, qui revêtait donc pour moi une importance toute particulière, je me suis assigné trois objectifs : d'abord, il s'agissait de soumettre à la critique de mes pairs, dans un cadre interdisciplinaire particulièrement propice, non pas seulement un projet de recherche, mais le résultat condensé et reformulé d'une recherche de longue haleine poursuivie au Wiko ; ensuite, ce texte devait servir de base à un article qui m'avait été demandé sur le sujet par Marcel Gauchet pour la revue *Le Débat* (Gallimard) et cet article devrait paraître dans un numéro prochain de la revue ; enfin, il s'agissait pour moi de préciser les éléments essentiels qui doivent former la trame du livre que je projetais depuis longtemps et qui a été entre-temps accepté par les Presses Universitaires de France pour la collection « Léviathan ». La fin de l'année 2012 et le début de l'année 2013 seront donc consacrés à la rédaction de ce livre et, ainsi, à la finalisation d'une partie essentielle d'un programme bien engagé au Wiko.

Une fois encore, mon approche du « droit nazi » ne consiste pas à faire la description de ses procédés et de ses pratiques (cela a été déjà fait et fort bien), mais à scruter les imaginaires de juristes engagés dans un projet inouï et scandaleux, à reconstruire donc, en ses éléments essentiels, un imaginaire *monstrueux* du droit. Si les objets dont je m'empare sont, en eux-mêmes, de caractère historique, le projet bâti sur ces objets est quant à lui de

nature philosophique : comprendre comment l'on fait le droit pour pouvoir « faire *du* droit » et, en l'occurrence, du droit monstrueux. Je dois concéder que cette démarche ne rend pas toujours facile la communication avec les collègues juristes, habitués généralement à réfléchir aux seules manières de « faire du droit ». La discussion, lors de mon *Kolloquium*, a d'ailleurs montré que l'intérêt pour une telle démarche venait davantage du côté de la philosophie et des sciences humaines que du côté des juristes.

Sauf exception, un *Jahresbericht* est nécessairement l'aveu d'une certaine insatisfaction. On aurait voulu produire plus. Mais en même temps l'on sait que, sans les conditions exceptionnelles du Wiko, l'on aurait fait moins. Et surtout, ce que l'on ne sait dire, c'est tout ce que le Wiko a apporté. Alors la petite insatisfaction est largement compensée par tout ce qui nous fut donné. Ce fut donc une « bonne année ».



CHANCE AND COMMUNITY
(ÜBER ZUFÄLLIGE GEMEINSCHAFT)
PHILIP KITCHER

Born in 1947 in London. John Dewey Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University, New York. Studied Mathematics, History and Philosophy of Science at Christ's College Cambridge (B.A. 1969) and at Princeton University (Ph.D. 1974). Publications include *The Ethical Project* (2011); *Science, Truth, and Democracy* (2001); and *Living with Darwin* (2007). – Address: Department of Philosophy, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027, USA. E-mail: psk16@columbia.edu

Because I had been here before, as a “partner” in 2007–08, I thought I knew what a year at Wiko would be like. Returning was attractive not just because of the chance to spend time in a culturally rich city, nor simply in virtue of the advantages of scholarly leisure with the full support of an extraordinary team of *Mitarbeiter* – no, beyond that I wanted to be part of the fellowship, to pass a year in the company of scholars from many different countries and disciplines, with whom I might forge intellectual and personal bonds. So I came with clear expectations. I didn't know in advance that Wiko years are unlike Tolstoyan families, that the happy ones are happy in their own way.

The first hours and days were odd, almost disconcerting. Here were the familiar places, but the faces and the voices that should have filled them were eerily absent. Where were they – Candace and Moira, Ruth and Michael, Sasha and Sabine, and Catriona and Peter? Within a week, however, Koenigsallee and Wallotstraße had been filled with new inhabitants. An experiment in community had begun. Now, as I write this report, as almost all have reluctantly packed and gone in their different directions, the environment is again pregnant with absences, emptier now because I have been part of a fellowship.

In the beginning was *Deutschstunde*. That was already remarkable – and different. For the *C Gruppe* revolved around conversation, lively conversation about interesting topics, among five of us, who came to know and befriend one another, intellectually and personally, *auf Deutsch*. Those early days with Susannah and Thomas, Bénédicte and Mauricio, were an augur of a happy future. For example, a chance remark of Mauricio's brought an enthusiastic response from Susannah, and the Rilke group was born.

The end of the *Intensivkurs* signalled the arrival of many more new Fellows, of meals regularly taken together – and a longer research workday. After years of writing, I promised myself (and Wiko) that this was not to be a period in which I worked on a new book. I wanted time to read and think, and, although there was a collection of articles to bring to conclusion, that was to be the extent of my writing. My aim was to think through the implications of my decade-long turn to pragmatism, to try to formulate a structure that might shape research on a future book. Already I had some materials from unpublished lectures, and I assumed that there would be a simple way of extending my drafts.

I was wrong. The project I'd committed myself to turned out to be larger and more complex than I had anticipated. Furthermore, I hadn't reckoned with the implications of the Atlantic as a psychological barrier: invitations came in from various European countries, suggesting that "now that I was in the neighbourhood" I might visit and give a talk or two ("Berlin–Sheffield – ein Katzensprung" was the heading on one e-mail), and it often seemed churlish to refuse. So, from quite early in the year, I found myself pressed to articulate ideas from my recent work and also to present the first tentative themes from my new general project on pragmatism – in short, writing (and traveling) *far* more than I had intended.

So did all of this interfere with my goals for the year? Certainly, the route I had planned wasn't the one I actually followed. In the end, however, I fulfilled my hopes.

In recent years, I've been arguing that classical pragmatism, particularly that of William James and John Dewey, aimed at changing the direction of philosophy (something that has happened periodically in the long history of the subject). The envisaged revolution was compromised by an apparently advantageous alliance between pragmatism and positivism, but the logical positivists quickly became the dominant partners, and, after Dewey's death, pragmatism became consigned to the margins of academic philosophy. Its recent renaissance takes one of two main forms: some neo-pragmatists emphasize the continuity between pragmatist themes and discussions in other parts of contemporary philosophy; others (Richard Rorty being the most prominent) view pragmatism as rightly

“overcoming” philosophy, bringing it to an end. I agree with Rorty that the pragmatists offer a lethal diagnosis of philosophy-as-usual, but, unlike him, I see possibilities for new directions.

The project I advertised tended to focus on the negative part of this message. The drafts I was thinking of extending were focused on showing how metaphysical excesses might be purged and a healthier – naturalistic – synthetic picture of the world and our place in it articulated. Through my reading, thinking, writing, and talking during the past year, I’ve come to view this as the first stage in a more extensive philosophical program, one that proceeds beyond the displacement of (supernaturalistic) metaphysics, to serious ventures in understanding questions about values, about the workings of collective inquiry and about the haphazard evolution of the institutions that structure human lives.

Out of the various lectures I have given, the dialogue with many different audiences, and my repeated attempts to think through the structure of my ideas and arguments has come a relatively detailed plan for a future book (or possibly a series of books). The project is far larger than I had previously supposed, and the reading I have done has by no means prepared me to start writing. There is much I must learn, but I now have a far clearer sense of what needs to be learned. I don’t know the schedule on which my plan might unfold, or how the details I now have will need to be changed as I try to elaborate them. Thanks to a year of wrestling with the issues, however, I have a structure. It crystallized in May, when I gave the annual series of lectures to the Nordic Pragmatism Network, but all the previous attempts, the false starts and the misstatements that other audiences helped me to correct, prepared the way.

Yet the story of my year isn’t simply one of hours of solitary reading and pondering in Berlin, punctuated by periods of taking the show on the road and discovering where it needed modifying. All those trips might easily have detached me from the fellowship I had so wanted. Wiko could have been the place where I sat in my office, emerging only for a once-weekly colloquium. Instead, conversations of all kinds, with historians and anthropologists, with evolutionary biologists and literary scholars and legal theorists and sociologists, pointed me in interesting new directions. Philosophy was rarely the topic of a discussion – I was the only philosophy professor in our *Jahrgang* – but there are many intellectual sources for the kind of philosophy I aspire to think through. Colloquia and lectures prodded me to new thoughts. Lunches and dinners had a tendency to lapse into friendly gossip and political chat, but they were sometimes intellectually inspiring (especially

when I sat with Ayşe, or with Jeremy). There were wonderfully enlightening one-on-one discussions at teatime at the *Café Wiener* at Hagenplatz. My fellow Fellows have played important roles in the evolution of my ideas. Among them, I am particularly indebted to Ayşe for the subtlety of her thoughts, the sympathy of her conversation and her gift for friendship.

The bonds of the fellowship were not only intellectual, but also cultural and personal. Mauricio's suggestion that our *Deutschstunde* read some Rilke together flowered into the discussion group that often met on Monday evenings, guided generously by Wolfgang and Christa for a while, and later by the gentle lucidity and wisdom of Jeremy, with helpful support from Jurko and Olivier. Those conversations have not only enlarged my understanding of Rilke (and Kafka) but also broadened my literary horizons.

Equally, if not more, significant were the enrichments brought through music. From the beginning of the year, conversations with Mauricio, and listening to his music, have brought uplift and joy. When Hollis arrived, she came with what is probably the most interesting of all our projects. Her concert in homage to the pied butcherbird was unforgettable, her colloquium was captivating, and discussions with her (and with Jon) have opened my mind and ears. Then there was Wiko's stroke of pure genius – inviting Alfred and Maria for a return visit. What they have given us can only be summed up in a recommendation (better: a demand) that they should come back, each spring, to transform the musical and cultural experiences of each generation of Fellows – and also to give object lessons in *Menschlichkeit*.

I know no Arabic, and so have access to Hoda's writings only in translation. Yet the music and the silky textures of her prose can be sensed at least in reading. Or in listening to Hollis and Susannah perform one of her plays – surely one of the most memorable evenings of the year.

So, thanks for so many memories of fellowship, including many besides those already mentioned. For Mark's tenacity in defending (wrong) opinions, his skill at challenging entrenched assumptions, and his exceptional open-mindedness; for Monique's intellectual stimulation and her provision (with Tim) of such a fund of good cheer; for ruminations with Jacob, who really is a natural philosopher; for Khaled's frequent ability to cut through to the heart of things; for the founts of wisdom and harmony offered by Claudio and Elena; for Olivier's wry humor and his *Teddyliebe*.

Rousseau taught us long ago that not just any group of people can form a society. I wanted a fellowship, but there was no guarantee of its happening. We were all lucky.



READ, THINK, INTERACT
JACOB C. KOELLA

Born in 1958. After having received a diploma in Mechanical Engineering from the ETH Zurich, Jacob Koella started to work on problems of evolutionary ecology as a Ph.D. student of Steve Stearns, with whom in 1986 he co-authored an influential paper about life-history theory. His scientific career continued in several countries. Until recently he was Professor of Epidemiology at Imperial College London. As of September 2012 he is Professor of Parasitology at the University of Neuchâtel. Jacob Koella's research interests lie in the evolutionary ecology of host-parasite interactions; he tries to understand their complex co-evolutionary dynamics by combining theoretical models, laboratory experiments and field investigations of several host-parasite systems. Publications: Koella, J. C., A. Saddler and T. P. S. Karacs (2011). "Blocking the evolution of insecticide-resistant malaria vectors with a microsporidian." *Evolutionary Applications* 5: 283–292; Koella, J. C., P. A. Lynch, M. B. Thomas, and A. F. Read (2009). "Towards evolution-proof malaria control with insecticides." *Evolutionary Applications* 2: 469–480; Stearns, S. C. and J. C. Koella (1986). "The evolution of phenotypic plasticity in life-history traits: predictions of reaction norms for age and size at maturity." *Evolution* 40: 893–913. – Address: Institut de Biologie, Université de Neuchâtel, rue Emile-Argand 11, 2000 Neuchâtel, Switzerland. E-mail: jkoella@gmail.com

My report on a year at Wiko can only begin with a big thank you to the staff who created such a comfortable environment, who did almost anything to make our stay pleasant and productive, and who managed to be cheerful despite all the strange requirements that we

Fellows may have had. They contributed enormously to a very enjoyable and unforgettable year.

What makes Wiko so special, among other things, is the company of and discussions with an amazing group of people, the location of Wiko in the city of Berlin, and having the freedom and time to think about my research interests.

Before arriving at Wiko, I was looking forward to, but also anxious about, the interactions with the other Fellows, many of whom are much more accomplished than me. My worries turned out to be unnecessary, my hopes more than fulfilled. Wiko managed to create an environment that was intellectually stimulating, yet friendly and relaxed. The Tuesday Colloquia and the lunches and dinners were conducive to creating intellectual and personal links among the diverse Fellows and their families, who come from a wide range of backgrounds, ages and nationalities. This led in my case to many stimulating, interesting, and eye-opening conversations about areas I had very little knowledge of. The relaxed and friendly atmosphere also let us discover aspects of others that we see too rarely in professional colleagues. For me, the most important and enjoyable one was the musicality of a large number of people at Wiko, giving me regular opportunities to play chamber music (indeed I haven't played so much cello in many years) with staff (Sonja), Fellows (Mark, Daniel, and Hollis) and the Fellows' partners (Clara and Gemma). Thus, Wiko has been a source of wonderful and wonderfully interesting people to talk to and to play music with. I suspect and hope that at least some of friendships we have forged will last longer than July 15 when we sadly must leave to return to the real world.

It became most clear to me how much we had grown together as a community after my stay at Wiko was unfortunately cut short when my wife fell ill, so that I had to spend most of the last three months of the year in the UK. Concerned e-mails from my fellow Fellows and warm greetings when I arrived back in Berlin were a great comfort and gave me the feeling of being part of a large family.

Then there is Wiko's setting in an amazing city. Foremost are the number, quality and diversity of the musical culture, with outstanding performances at the Philharmonie, the Deutsche Oper, and many other venues. Indeed, with enough time (and money) one could enjoy a great concert almost every day. Of course this is not restricted to classical music; a favorite jazz club (A-Trane) is almost just around the corner from Wiko. On the other hand, what is also just around the corner from Wiko, and what struck me whenever I passed it as I was jogging, is "Gleis 17", a monument at the train station from where tens

of thousands of people were deported to death camps. Indeed, one of the most striking aspects of Berlin is this ubiquitous proximity of the best and worst of humankind.

One of my first impressions of Berlin was of space, induced by its big streets, its parks, its lakes, and most importantly (in particular in comparison with the other large cities I have lived in, Paris and London) the lack of crowds. The city usually feels quite empty. I sometimes jogged in Grunewald without seeing a single person; I was almost always able to find a seat in the S-Bahn or U-Bahn, even on Friday evenings (whereas in London it's difficult to even get into the tube). Berlin is a great city to travel in on bike: it is flat and has an impressive network of bike paths (though I realized a bit late that a trip to the eastern parts of Berlin is a rather long bike ride). It does, though, seem strange to build many of the bike paths in the middle of the sidewalk. I had a number of near-hits with pedestrians crossing the bike paths.

Finally, being at Wiko gave me the opportunity to read and think and to evaluate and redefine my research interests. Most of my thinking this year has been about how the quality of a host's environment affects the epidemiology and evolution of its parasites. This led to two grant proposals on issues that had been at the back of my mind for quite some time. One is to predict how our current climate changes might affect the development of mosquitoes, their interaction with malaria parasites, and thus the epidemiology of malaria. Although there are numerous studies suggesting that climate warming will increase the transmission of malaria, it has long appeared to me that most of these ideas are much too simplistic and in particular that they neglect important issues of the natural history and the evolutionary biology of the mosquito-malaria interaction. My time at Wiko let me formalize these ideas more concretely. The other is on how a host's food levels influence the growth and evolution of the parasites that infect it. Most ideas about the evolution of parasites neglect that the host's condition influences the parasite's pathogenicity, although it seems fairly obvious that, for example, undernourished individuals suffer more than well-nourished ones. Such differences must influence the parasite's optimal strategy. My work on these issues during the last year has been theoretical, writing down equations describing the host's and parasite's evolution when they are constrained by the host's energy budget (the difference between the energy the host takes up, the energy it uses for its metabolism and the energy stolen by the parasite to support its own growth). I started working on this with the idea that I could use standard evolutionary theory relating the host's growth to its life-history traits. I realized, however, that the way this is generally done is inconsistent with the mechanics of the energy budget. I hope that,

after several months of frustration and quite a bit of input from fellow Fellows, I have managed to find a way that gives a mechanistic underpinning of the link between the host's growth and life-history traits and that I can thus continue thinking about the co-evolution of the host and parasite. I am looking forward to considering some of these issues experimentally in my lab.

Although I managed to give up my editorial duties on journals and to say "no" to most invitations for talks, I was only partly successful in restricting my work to thinking about new ideas. Other work has included helping Steve to teach a course on evolutionary medicine in Portugal, which would have been difficult without the freedom of being at Wiko, and applying for a new position in Switzerland, which I have received (certainly in part due to the feedback I received from Fellows on my application and presentation) and am in the process of moving to.

I end as I started, with a big thank you. I am grateful to Wiko for enabling me to enjoy an exciting and productive year and to my fellow Fellows and their families for providing so much fun and intellectual stimulation.



THREE MONTHS IN A MEMORY PALACE
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When I came to Grunewald in January, I had no idea what would be waiting for me. I was happy to have been given an opportunity to concentrate on my project connecting ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic writing and the classical art of memory (with the working title *Ars Memoriae Aegyptiaca: Egyptian Hieroglyphs and the Classical Art of Memory*) and basically thought I would use the lovely Berlin environment and the break from my usual teaching duties back home for catching up on reading and getting some time to think.

I had, however, not expected to arrive right in the middle of a scholar’s Utopia. First there is the library. Incredibly, the quite small but incredibly conveniently organized library was able to find everything I needed, including books I had been seeking for a

long time on my own. I did not have to travel around Berlin; everything was made available for me right at the Wiko.

Then there were the communal lunches every day and one amazing dinner per week. I felt positively spoiled, not only by the healthy and tasty food, but especially by the amazing, stimulating company of the other Fellows. Basically every conversation at the lunch or dinner table widened my horizons, as everyone came from a different field and even finding a common language could sometimes prove a challenge – a challenge, though, that most Fellows seemed to have accepted with an open mind. The knowledge of the natural sciences that I attained through both formal and informal talks at the Wiko has significantly heightened my general understanding of humanity (and changed my thinking in and about the humanities).

This is connected to the most important part of the Wiko experience, and that is the company of brilliant people from all over the world and a wide variety of subjects. As one of the younger Fellows, I initially felt a little overwhelmed by the company of people who were often downright famous in their respective fields, but soon found all these people were open-minded and accepting, and soon we were having not just serious conversations, but also tremendous fun together. I learned a lot from various fields and often found I could use much of this new information in my own work.

And then, last but not least, there is the location of the Wiko premises in Berlin, just at the boundary of the Grunewald forest. This may well be one of the best places in the world to live. One has at one's disposal all the cultural scene of a metropolis, but at the same time, there is the calm and quiet of the forest just behind the corner. I had spent two years in Berlin before, and returning to Berlin was something I was looking forward for from the very beginning.

My previous stay in Berlin, where I was working in a multidisciplinary project dealing with the iconicity of writing (*Graduiertenkolleg Schriftbildlichkeit*), was actually where I originally came up with the idea of my Wiko project. As I do a lot of teaching at the Czech Institute of Egyptology in Prague and work on translating texts from our excavations, I can usually hardly find the time for such extensive research that reaches well beyond the boundary of my discipline. I took the time at the Wiko as my chance to really get started with the project, collect and read materials, and present the main ideas and theories to the other Fellows.

I spent most of my three months at the Wiko looking for and reading materials on the art of memory, as books and articles on details of the Egyptian writing system are available

to me at home. As I need to compare the system of the art of memory, which I understand as a kind of mental writing system, and the logophonetic (and on the surface also highly iconic) writing system of the ancient Egyptians, I need to understand in detail how the art of memory worked, both in Antiquity and in later times, when, as it would seem, the same rules were applied and the same system was used.

As the art of memory consists of encoding meanings in visual signs (using various, sometimes very elaborate, coding strategies), it can be seen as a form of immaterial or mental writing. Indeed, in her research on the art of memory in medieval times, Mary Carruthers has shown that, far from being an art connected with oral cultures (which have their own memory strategies based primarily on rhythm and sound similarity), the art of memory is actually to be seen as belonging to the so-called manuscript cultures, i.e. the cultures of the Ancient world and the European Middle Ages, and its dark ages came only with the rise of the printed – and thus generally accessible – book.

Before my time at the Wiko, I have had access to only one book by Mary Carruthers – her *The Book of Memory*, but in the course of my stay, I was able to study two more, as well as a vast number of material on the art of memory and its various aspects, including its connections to Hermetism and the occult. Thanks to having access to these materials and the time I had to concentrate on the project, I was able to formulate an initial (still very much “work in progress”) theory, which I presented at the Forschungskolloquium close to the end of my stay. The valuable criticism and remarks I have received from a number of Fellows helped me to better see the strengths and weaknesses of the theory, and I was recently able to formulate an updated version in written form in an article for the *Prague Egyptological Studies* (in Czech).

But it did not stop on the theoretical level in the Wiko. To my astonishment, quite a group of the Fellows were interested in memory, the art of memory, and the way (individual) memory functions, which led to prolonged stimulating discussions and even the formation of an informal group around the practice of the art of memory, culminating in the transformation of the Wiko main building into a kind of memory palace.

I learned more during my short three months’ stay at the Wiko than I ever did in any other two years. The intensity of work, the conditions that the Fellows work in, and the intellectually stimulating community all added to what was an incredible experience.

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HEILIGE ZEIT
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Der gesellschaftlichen Konstruktion besonderer Orte, die Franz Alto Bauer bearbeitet und beschrieben hat, entspricht notwendigerweise diejenige besonderer – wenn nicht gar *heiliger* – Zeit. Mit den besonderen Orten hat heilige Zeit gemeinsam, dass sie sich in der distanzierten Außenperspektive nicht genau bestimmen lässt, obwohl die meisten, denen sie gerade geschenkt ist, darum wissen. Man sollte am besten selbst eintauchen in sie, um etwas darüber sagen zu können (und aus vielen anderen Gründen obendrein). Es sei also

am Anfang festgestellt und betont, dass man im Wissenschaftskolleg keinen Tag daran zweifelt, dass es sich hier um besondere Zeit handelt – vom Ort ganz zu schweigen.

So hat es die Vorsehung (oder die Auswahlkommission) gewollt, die Erforschung heiliger Zeiten aus den Ritzen und Lücken, die dafür im Universitätsalltag bleiben, herauszunehmen und in einem Jahr der besonderen Zeit aufleben zu lassen. Am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin konnte ich daher zusammen mit Israel Yuval und (leider zu kurz) auch mit Daniel Stökl Ben Ezra gemeinsam Fragen der Beziehungen zwischen jüdischen und christlichen Festen bearbeiten. Mein wichtigstes Interesse war dabei die Suche nach antiken Zeugnissen zu Beziehungen zwischen Juden und Christen anlässlich des jüdischen Wochenfestes und des christlichen Pfingsten, obwohl ich auch mit Daniel Stökl Ben Ezra und Israel Yuval über Weihnachten und Chanukka diskutierte und Texte dazu las. Während es früheren Forschergenerationen plausibel erschien, dass christliche Feste als Weiterentwicklung ihrer jüdischen Entsprechungen entstanden sind, dass die antiken Juden aber kaum an diesem Prozess interessiert waren, suchen wir derzeit, vor allem nach den Studien und methodischen Neuansätzen von Israel Yuval, nach Zeugnissen dafür, dass beide, nämlich Juden und Christen, die Konstruktionen heiliger Zeit der jeweils anderen Gruppe wahrnahmen und darauf mit Polemik oder Übernahmen von konkreten Elementen der Rituale und ihrer Deutungen agierten und reagierten. Solche Prozesse hatten sich in der Vergangenheit klar und deutlich im Fall von Pesach und Ostern genauso wie bei Weihnachten und Chanukka gezeigt.

Pfingsten sträubte sich allerdings dagegen, dass wir es nach diesem Paradigma wie geplant abarbeiteten, obwohl grundsätzlich die Vorzeichen nicht schlecht standen. Es taucht bereits zum Ende des zweiten Jahrhunderts in christlichen Quellen auf. Zu dieser Zeit wissen die christlichen Autoren noch nicht so recht, was sie damit anfangen sollen, wie sie es deuten sollen und welche Beziehung es zu Ostern über die Nähe im Kalender hinaus hat. Als direkte Übernahme des biblischen Wochenfestes wurde es in jedem Fall nicht eingeführt, obwohl es genauso heißt. Auf der Seite der rabbinischen Juden fällt auf, dass man sich nicht die Mühe gemacht hat, zu diesem Fest (wie zu den anderen wichtigen Festen) einen Traktat in Mischna und Talmud zusammenzustellen. Das bedeutet freilich nicht, dass sich nicht in anderen Texten Informationen über das Wochenfest finden. Die Rabbinen reagieren, wie Israel Yuval an einigen Texten herausgefunden hat, sicher auf die neutestamentliche Pfingsterzählung der Apostelgeschichte, zeigen aber tatsächlich kein großes Interesse an christlicher Liturgie. Es sah also so aus, als hätten die rabbinischen Juden das tatsächlich gefeierte christliche Pfingstfest erfolgreich ignoriert und die frühen

Kirchen sich auch nicht darum gekümmert, dass sie genauso wie ihre jüdischen Zeitgenossen die Geschichte von einem der biblischen Feste fortsetzen, wenn auch nur dem Namen nach. An vielen Stellen, wo die Rabbinen über das Wochenfest sprechen, geht es auch kaum um Rituale, sondern sehr schnell um Traktate über das Gesetz und seine Gabe am Sinai. Sobald im vierten Jahrhundert christliche Texte über Pfingsten sprechen, kommt die neutestamentliche Geschichte in den Blick und es werden Vorstellungen über den Heiligen Geist debattiert. War da nicht noch ein tatsächlich von den Rabbinen gefeiertes Fest? Die gemeinsame Suche hat uns zwar neue Ansätze gebracht. Diese müssen wir aber jetzt noch einige Zeit weiter verfolgen und an Textdetails überprüfen, bis eine tragfähige These daraus wird.

Daneben konnte ich einige kleinere Arbeiten, die in den letzten Jahren begonnen, aber nicht weitergeführt wurden, abschließen, zum Teil auch schon in Form von Aufsätzen abschicken. Aus diesem Bereich eine Anekdote, die typisch für die Heiligung der Zeit durch die Mitarbeiter und Mitarbeiterinnen des Kollegs ist. Ich hatte im Sommer nach der Arbeit zu einem Aufsatz über die paganen Vergleichspunkte zum jüdischen Laubhüttenfest zufällig bei einem kurzen Besuch im Nationalmuseum von Neapel ein kleines Fresko aus Pompeji gesehen, das einen Aspekt des Festes, das ich gerade bearbeitete, illustrieren könnte. Ich notierte die Museumsnummer des Freskos auf eine Fahrkarte der Schmalspurbahn, die um den Vesuv fährt – und verlor die Fahrkarte. Die Direktorin der Bibliothek, Sonja Grund (selbst Kunsthistorikerin und Kennerin der Szene in Neapel), hat mich in Berlin nicht nur sofort in die richtige Bibliothek geschickt, um dort die richtigen Bücher durchzublättern, sondern, nachdem ich ansatzweise geklärt hatte, worum es sich handelt, auch gleich die beste, allgemein zugängliche Fotografie des Bildes gefunden.

So kurz sie ist, die Kollegszeit hinterlässt bleibende Spuren in der Persönlichkeit. Das ist jetzt, nachdem das Jahr zu Ende ist, deutlich zu spüren. Auch wenn ich mich zuvor nur selten damit beschäftigt hatte, ist es unumgänglich, nach diesen Monaten in Berlin atonale Musik zumindest interessant, viel eher noch faszinierend zu finden. Dieses Upgrade des individuellen Musikgeschmacks stellte sich als ein sehr beharrlich und geduldig verfolgtes Erziehungsziel des Kollegs heraus. Um von mir auf andere zu schließen: es muss wohl erfolgreich sein. Analog dazu vermittelt das Kolleg durch seine exzellenten Köchinnen und Köche, dass „Mittagessen“ auch etwas anderes sein kann als das schnelle Vertilgen einer Tüte von Backwaren auf dem Rückweg von der Bäckerei zum heimatischen Seminarbüro, wo die Arbeit gleich wieder weitergeht. Das Mittagessen im Kolleg

hat so manche meiner gerade eben begonnenen Arbeitsdurchgänge unterbrochen. Man wurde dann aber immer für diesen kleinen Umstand prächtig entschädigt. Der hohe Standard dieser Institution wird aller Wahrscheinlichkeit nach in meinem zukünftigen Leben nicht zu halten sein und der verklärenden Erinnerung anheimfallen.

Der Alltag im Wissenschaftskolleg war stark geprägt von den vielen Entdeckungstouren zu anderen Wissenschaften und Wissenschaftskulturen. Im Nachhinein könnte ich sagen, dass das längst überfällig war. Es wäre freilich ohne das Kolleg nicht geschehen. Während ich an meiner Universität die Kolleginnen und Kollegen von den Naturwissenschaften vor allem in Kontexten der Universitätsadministration gesehen hatte – von der anderen Seite der angeblich runden, de facto aber immer sehr eckigen Tische und eher als mächtige Konkurrenten um knappes Geld denn als faszinierende Forscherpersönlichkeiten –, konnte ich in Berlin erfahren, wie sie ihre Daten sammeln und ihre Thesen begründen. In offiziellen Vorträgen und inoffiziellen Gesprächen haben sie manchen Anspruch auf die ihren Wissenschaften oft zugeschriebene Deutungshoheit über die Welt aufrechterhalten, manche aber auch selbst relativiert. Bei mir haben sie vor allem Respekt für ihre Arbeit und Interesse an deren Ergebnissen hinterlassen. In diesem Kontext war es interessant, mit Philip Kitcher (nicht nur, aber auch) über Thomas Kuhn zu sprechen.

Die Organisationszufälle waren ungemein günstig – sogar, was die Zuteilung meiner Wohnung betrifft; denn im Stockwerk darunter arbeiteten die Mitarbeiter des Netzwerks von Europe in the Middle East – the Middle East in Europe. Schon beim Weg zum Mittagessen kündete oft der mitten im Foyer angerichtete Kaffeetisch an, dass an diesem Tag wieder eine Veranstaltung im Seminarraum sein würde. Von Anfang an fand ich mich daher nicht nur öfter im Publikum der Vorträge und Diskussionsrunden, sondern zum Beispiel auch als Chairman einer Sitzung über die jüdischen und christlichen Auslegungstraditionen der Bibel im Koran (zu einem Referat von Joseph Witztum) in diesem Kontext wieder. Die integrative Kraft dieser Gruppe von Gelehrten aller akademischen Grade (vor allem um die Institute von Angelika Neuwirth und Michael Marx) macht es ganz und gar unwahrscheinlich, dass jemand durch die Wallotstraße geht – egal aus welcher Richtung –, ohne nachher den Koran ganz oben auf seiner Leseliste zu haben. Im selben Seminarraum luden auch Susannah Heschel und Israel Yuval die Fellows, die zu Ostern in Berlin geblieben waren, zu Pesach zur Feier des Seder ein. Ich habe mich sehr gefreut, dass ich in deren Arbeit zur Vorbereitung integriert wurde. Über Kashrut kann man viele Lebenszeiten erforschen und Stapel von Büchern lesen, was alles mindestens

doppelt so interessant wird, wenn man die Chance hat, von Freunden eingeladen zu werden, die diese Tradition zu leben gelernt haben.

Zurück zur Frage nach der Heiligkeit der Zeit. Eines der wichtigsten Ergebnisse des Forschungsaufenthalts ist die im Selbstexperiment erprobte, immer wieder mit andern Fellows im selben Selbstexperiment gemeinsam bedauerte und daher über jeden Zweifel erhabene Erkenntnis, dass die Zeit im Wissenschaftskolleg schneller vergeht als draußen. Das ist dann aber auch schon ihr einziger Nachteil gewesen.



ICH BIN KEIN BERLINER
JIE-HYUN LIM

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January 1991. It was smoky and cold. I encountered Berlin for the first time. Seen through the window in the “wagon sypialny” (sleeping car) of the Polish night express train from Warsaw, Berlin was gray and scratched by the dictatorship and Cold War. Smoke with the toxic smell from burning wet brown coal was crawling low from cabin to cabin when the express train “Chopin” approached Berlin on that gloomy winter morning. Passengers were coughing and trembling. When I came out of my cabin and stood in the narrow corridor of the sleeping wagon, I found the noxious smoke was not caused by the polluted

air in East Berlin. A Polish conductor apologized for the failure of the brown coal boiler to heat the wagon. The train did not have a central heating system. Each conductor in charge of management and security of a single wagon had to take care of individual heating. Perhaps he tried to inflame the coal boiler several times, which brought poisonous smoke instead of warmth to our wagon.

The toxic brown smoke and the wintery cold was not the right combination to bring me a pleasant memory of Berlin on that first encounter. When I entered my colleague's apartment in Kreuzberg, I could smell this noxious smoke again. There stood a museum-piece-like brown coal stove decorated with ceramic tiles in a corner of the living room, which smelled the same as the Polish night express. Sometimes memory becomes animated with the smell inscribed on our bodies. Berlin was remembered with that toxic smell for a while. I cannot remember if I preferred that toxic smell to the *nasskalt* outside. The monotonous gray color of the former East Berlin, the toxic smell, and *nasskalt* winter were overlapping in my nascent memory of Berlin.

I came from the "East" in a dual sense: Korea as the West's East and Poland as Germany's East. I travelled from East to West in the imaginary geography. Not to mention Korea as a part of Asia, Poland has been "no man's land" or "a European Third World" in the terms of German *Ostforschung*. While *Ostforschung* (Eastern Studies) in Germany meant Polish Studies, *studia zahodnie* (Western Studies) in Poland meant German Studies. If California is to the USA what Bohemia was to Germany in the medieval period, the border between Europe and Asia is not the Ural but the place where the settlements of Germanic people stop and pure Slavdom begins. A German soldier, stationed in Poland, wrote in his war diary in 1939, "The soul of an Eastern man is mysterious." I am very keen to know how this German soldier would have responded to Konrad Adenauer, the postwar German chancellor from the western Rhineland, who muttered "Asia" every time his train crossed the Elbe into Prussia. The strategic position of Berlin in the imaginary geography has been shaky. The fake ancient Roman ruins in Sanssouci Palace in Potsdam indicate that ambivalence of Berlin's position in the world.

January 2001. I was a participating observer of the demonstration march in memory of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. I took advantage of my research stay in Warsaw to come to Berlin, where veteran historians associated with the international Rosa Luxemburg Conference would get together. The famous slogan *Die Freiheit ist immer die Freiheit des Andersdenkenden* was carried by several different political groups. Chewing an

irony of history that East German dissidents favored this slogan against the communist regime, I had been following up the parade by popping in and out at intervals. The marchers looked pleasant as much as serious. There was no more toxic smell, the gray monotone gave way to color in many a street. I found that *Glühwein* is as effective as vodka to fight against the cold. I was thinking of Rosa Luxemburg as a border-crossing socialist activist who had to fight the multiple prejudices against Poles, Jewesses, women, and the disabled in Wilhelmine Germany.

Berlin accommodated a band of South Korean leftist intelligentsia in post-war Europe. Many a South Korean border-crosser remembers Berlin as a border zone of the political schism in the Cold War era. Pondering the historical irony that Rosa Luxemburg was favored not by the Communist Party but by anti-communist dissidents, I had to think of South Korean intellectuals who migrated to Berlin in the Cold War era. To those South Korean migrants involved in the so-called “East Berlin Affair” (1967–70), such as the composer Yun I Sang, West Berlin seemed like a post-Cold War space. Indeed the communication and exchange with North Korea, which was impossible in the Korean peninsula, was feasible in West Berlin, transcending the ideological borders of the Cold War. The good intention of crossing the border of the Cold War regime and seeing the other half of the Korean nation was, in the final analysis, exploited by the state powers in North and South Korea. In fact, their desire to cross borders was caught up in the binary framework of the Cold War world order, as can be seen in the “East Berlin Affair” and its aftermath. To me, Berlin has been an ideological taboo not to be broken as well as an intriguing post-Cold War space to cross the borders before the *Mauerfall*.

September 2011. I arrived in Berlin with the beginning of *Pfifferling* season in 2011 and left Berlin with the end of *Spargel* season in 2012. It was a bright sunny day peculiar to the golden autumn when I came back to Berlin again. The weather forecast congratulated us by saying that there were 50% more hours of sunshine in the autumn of 2011 than in the previous year. I was not alone, but with family. The Villa Walther lay by the lake. Upon our arrival we could toast with wine glasses on the balcony of our apartment, no. 123, looking over Herthasee. Gentle breeze, bright sunshine, the serene Herthasee, nice neighbors, a comfortable residence, and opulent wine at the Thursday dinner table – all these made a modest luxury. This Berlin was quite different from the one I had known.

I expected that I could be a Berliner if I lived in Berlin. As the German language course began in mid-September as a warm-up program, my expectation was soon betrayed.

Whenever I murmured *ich bin ein Berliner*, mimicking John F. Kennedy, I was told that I should say *ich bin Berliner* without the indefinite article *ein*. However, I found it doesn't matter whether I am a donut or a Berliner while I marveled at the reading text titled *ich bin kein Berliner* in the intensive German language course. The essays on the culture and life of Berliners, written by non-Berliners living in Berlin, cast ridicule upon any authenticity of the cultural stereotype of any certain local, national, or regional unit. These essays of sharpened wits, ironies, satires, and guts evidence that Berlin had meanwhile shifted from a border zone to a hybrid space.

Compared to the text of German authenticity through which I learned German in the early 1980's, this is a sea change. In this lively hybrid space, the Döner Kebab becomes the Berliner's most popular lunch menu and stops being a Turkish national menu. The *Ecke* for standing eaters, from Rogacki market to the sixth floor of the KaDeWe, supplies the whole range of world cuisine.

Berlin as a hybrid space was confirmed by the exhibition of "Tür an Tür/drzwi na drzwi/next door" in the autumn of 2011. It was about 1000 years of the *Beziehungsgeschichte* between Poland and Germany. I remember vividly how Polish public opinion was angry at the German estimation of Copernicus as one of the proudest Germans in history. The *Beziehungsgeschichte* of Germany and Poland dotted with the battle of Grunwald/Tannenberg, the Teutonic Knights, German medieval colonization, the partition of Poland, etc. has been a very dense minefield. To my surprise, the national history of the different interpretations was quite deterritorialized and had been replaced by the transnational history. A young Polish artist parodied Jan Matejko's famous painting of "Battle of Grunwald" by inscribing *Scheiße* and *kurwa* in a dialogue balloon. I have no idea how a German curator explained this parody to the Polish visitors, but I am sure it would be no longer be national blasphemy to future generations.

While I am wandering over the Jewish Berlin, Charlottengrad (the Russian Charlottenburg), the Turkish market in Kreuzberg, and living in the Wiko's deterritorialized ghetto, *ich bin kein Berliner*. Perhaps I shall have no chance to be *ein Berliner* because Berlin will remain a hybrid space of transnational culture. *Ich war, ich bin, ich werde kein Berliner*. Any regret at no chance to be *ein Berliner*? Yes, I do have. However, I would be proud of being *kein Berliner* as Berliners are proud of that. Berlin is sexy, the Wiko is sexier, Berliners as *kein Berliner* are the sexiest.



MY YEAR AT WIKO
CLAUDIO LOMNITZ

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I wrote a book during my year at Wiko. Its title is *The Revolution According to Judas*, and it is a primary document-based historical anthropology of exile, cooperation, betrayal, and revolution.

My time at Wiko was everywhere marked by daily immersion in this work, and my thoughts on the book are now suffused with the humid beauty of the fall, with acorns cracking underfoot on our daily trudges from the Villa Walther to the Wallotstraße. When summer finally came, my book received the imprimatur of a pair of swans, whose five chicks nested on the island that sits right behind the Villa Walther. The white and grey swanlings swim in single file, with the father at the back of the line and the mother at its head (or maybe it is the other way around, I could never tell).

The swan was the preferred symbol of effortless grace for Spanish America’s *modernista* poets, several of whom were favorite writers of my own anarchist exiles – Rubén Darío,

Manuel Othón, José Martí ... The anarchists' own *poesía de combate* was, in some respects at least, a politicized emulsion of that exalted aesthetic.

Alongside the Mexican Revolution, there came also a revolt against these *Belle Epoque* poets, with Enrique González Martínez's poem, *Tuércela el cuello al cisne* ("Wring the Swan's Neck"), fired as its opening volley.

I must say that I had no desire to follow González Martínez's instructions. Berlin is such a maze that I could not turn away from reflection and poetic creation to destructive revolt. The path of Romanticism and the Bildungsroman, which I learned more about from Jeremy Adler, seemed to derive unexpected powers from the stillness of the lake, the oaks and chestnut flowers (that I had never seen before), and the great red beech in front of the Weiße Villa. That path then crossed with that of the *modernistas*, with their keen sense of beauty, an emotion that, for them, vibrated with Paris rather than with Berlin (sausage and potatoes never was the preferred food of the swan). But whatever the *modernistas* might have thought, I had those swans, right there, before my eyes. In the incredible, interminable darkness of the Berlin winter, I kept hoping that they would take off their feathers, transform, and rescue me from the despair of my book, but they never did.

The third, almost equally inescapable Berlin path was the way of violence. My anarchists were staunch defenders of dignity. They were also lovers of beauty. "Man has wronged the Beautiful," Ricardo Flores Magón wrote from his prison in Kansas, "Being the most intelligent animal, the one most favored by Nature, Man has lived in moral and material filth." For Ricardo, violence was a natural phenomenon, like a red dawn, beautiful because it announced the imminent arrival of human freedom and the return to the natural life of cooperation that had been betrayed by humanity's three great enemies: Capital, Authority, and the Clergy.

But in Berlin, scarring, or "after-violence", is everywhere. Sometimes it caresses you in the form of the melancholic kindness of those who have suffered violence; at other times, it is simply an unbearable oppression or tear. It took me three months to muster the courage to walk up the steps of Gleis 17 at Grunewald station, though its cold air often pierced me as I walked down that S-Bahn tunnel.

The anarchists' ideal of the red dawn is challenged daily by Berlin's rusty ochre – the dried blood of World War I, the blood of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, the blood of the Jews, the blood of Stalinism and communism. It is all there, and it makes peace something to defend and preserve, an undeniable value. It asks, pleads, for resistance

to find a different way, and for the responsibility of nurturing a vibrant public life, supported by basic social rights.

Berlin was the epicenter of so much violence that many seemingly remote and disparate biographies can trace connections back to it. The place, somehow, is known, even by those who don't suspect it.

This was very much my own case. My grandparents, father, and uncle packed their bags and left Germany a few months after Hitler's election. My grandfather was a lawyer, and so had a sense of at least some of what might be coming. My father never taught us German – he did not wish to ask us to expend our efforts cultivating that particular field. There were other languages, and other places.

But, on my arrival to Germany, I found that the relationship between language and culture, a connection that is so central to my own field of Anthropology, is one that I still understood very little. I spoke no German, but I had eaten soft-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast in my childhood. I spoke no German, but my grandmother, who was a singer, loved Mahler. I spoke no German, but I shared Nietzsche's love of Italy, and his rejection of "Germanic heaviness", even before knowing Germany (or Italy).

I can't say that these discoveries tempted me to dissolve myself into some sort of Germanic primal soup, or to identify particularly with a Herderian Germanic community either. In my case, at least, the fracture runs too deep. During my year at Wiko, I went to Cologne, the city where my father was born, and I was a perfect stranger there. But still, there was at least some rush of feeling, a blush that, again, found no language.

The image of the sun (though not the sun itself) warmed me at least a little during the long Wiko winter, thanks to the daily progress of my wife's painting. Elena worked tirelessly this year. She got a commission for a narrative mural on books, reading, and writing for a new library and museum of the book, housed in a historical 18th-century building in Mexico City. As I labored on section after section of my book, I saw forms and colors appear at a surprising rate: a rendition of the Alexandria library, the cell in Genoa where Marco Polo dictated the story of his travels, the deciphering of Maya hieroglyphs, the life of Louis Braille ... "If it's Tuesday, this must be Mesopotamia." – That was me, catching a fleeting glimpse of Elena at her easel, while taking a break from my writing.

The final thing that I want to reflect upon has to do with the very German theme of community, and its relationship to cultivation.

When I arrived at Wiko, I had no special desire to meet anyone. I have the privilege of living in New York and in Mexico and the good fortune of having friends, relations,

colleagues, contacts, and stimulation in those places. I was not eager to make new acquaintances. In fact, I sometimes resented going to lunches and being social at Wiko.

Of course, this reaction demonstrated, better than anything else, the luxury that Wiko was affording me – the care taken over our living conditions, the respect and preservation of my time, the efficiency, warmth, and courtesy of Wiko’s genuinely remarkable staff. If my only complaint was that I was fed one delicious and nutritious meal every day, then I was indeed in an ideal world!

Even so, at first I was a bit of a clam when it came to “community”. However, I found there was a soft, penetrating effect of the quotidian at Wiko. By dint of living close to people, to the routine comings and goings to the Tuesday colloquium, and to those sometimes mildly dreaded lunches, I began to make truly close friendships, which are dearer to me still because they were unsought, unexpected, and entirely free. By the time the year came to a close, I realized that I had developed real feelings – warmth, concern, and solidarity – for my community. I was heartsick during my final weeks at Wiko.

And, on the summery day of our last, golden, Thursday dinner, I finished a draft of my book.



KIDS, DOGS, TITS AND ELEPHANTS VIRPI LUMMAA

I am a Finnish evolutionary biologist born in 1974, and my main aim is to understand the ecological causes and evolutionary consequences of variation in reproductive success, longevity and life-history strategies. I have worked mostly on analysing longitudinal demographic data that I have collected on several historical human populations from Finland living in the 18th and 19th centuries, but I have recently become interested also in how my findings on natural selection, reproductive scheduling, menopause and lifespan in humans apply to other extremely long-lived mammals, such as elephants, or to contemporary human populations in Finland and elsewhere. I received my undergraduate degrees at the University of Turku in Finland and in 1999 my Ph.D. there. I then moved to the Zoology Department in Cambridge (UK) with Academy of Finland and Marie Curie Fellowships. Since 2003, I have been a Royal Society University Research Fellow at the Department of Animal and Plant Sciences, University of Sheffield. – Address: Department of Animal and Plant Sciences, University of Sheffield, Sheffield, S10 2TN, United Kingdom. E-mail: v.lummaa@sheffield.ac.uk

I came to Wiko with the idea, like many people there, of putting my work on the evolutionary demography of historical Finnish people all in one book. I left with no book and having devoted most of the year not to the Finnish farmers at all, but to a new project on Burmese elephants. I'd still call it a very successful year, as perhaps Wiko was what was needed for me to dare taking that first step to look for new directions and motivations in my career.

When I first discussed the possibility of a Wiko fellowship with Paul Schmid-Hempel back in 2009, I asked whether coming with a small child – and a very large dog – would be a problem. Paul told me that it is not a problem, and so I eventually turned up in 2011 with TWO small children, three enormous Newfoundland dogs, a grandmother, and a large selection of plants. – And of course, Alexandre Courtiol. Someone might say that doing a Wiko fellowship with 1- and 4-year-old children is not the best idea, and it is true that I missed out all the Berlin clubs, operas, galleries, exhibitions and even a lot of social life and discussions constantly going on at Wiko (I think I went to the pub twice). Instead, I enjoyed the opportunity to work hard free of students and other obligations and with good childcare support, and during the year I finished many “nightmare” papers that had been too long under construction, as well as one big grant application. But when I was not working, I preferred to spend time with my kids and dogs roaming around the Grunewald forest amongst the wild boar, swimming in all the possible lakes (apart from the short period when they were all frozen!) or simply digging sand in the Villa Walther playground. That was my paradise for the year. Meanwhile, I learned a lot about how other Fellows managed (and sometimes did not manage) to fit together busy research careers, social life and family, as I have never had the opportunity to follow the life of others (in science) as closely as we necessarily did at Wiko.

In spring, our family was supplemented by three homeless Great Tit chicks that fell from their nest onto our doorstep. I must admit that when rescuing the helpless naked babies into my son’s green magic hat, I knew very little about bird life. – That they need feeding every 15 minutes with only a shortish break at night; that finding caterpillars in the forest can be so hard; that they go through hundreds of caterpillars each day, and that we must look after them for several weeks even after they have fledged, to teach them how to forage on their own. So in May and June, everyone at Wiko got a share of our tits: Hollis Taylor gave advice; Jim Hunt and the family Gospodinov were babysitting when we went dog-walking; Eva and the German group had to put up with me handling worms while we were together practising German adjective endings; my son’s kindergarten spent a whole day collecting caterpillars for us; and the birds were under the table even during the holy Thursday dinners. Eventually, one made it and was released at the end of our stay with great glory, while another one escaped presumably too early to survive alone, and the third one sadly passed away. Now I will never be able to think about Berlin or Wiko without thinking of tits!

Apart from the time and peace to focus on writing (and feeding tits!), my greatest gains during the year were related to observing the life of others coming from different disciplines and different research cultures: how they schedule their workday, keep their motivation, make arguments, have fun, collaborate, think about biologists, get funding, supervise students, struggle in their everyday life. To me, this was the biggest gift of Wiko, even if it does not directly translate into books, papers or grants – or even immediate collaborations. I had no idea that “data” can mean so many things depending on what you call yourself, be it biologist, historian or lawyer, and I certainly did not know that what I call a Ph.D. student can be such a different experience to a supervisor elsewhere. Perhaps I should learn to take mine a bit less seriously. I enjoyed my “year of anthropology”: weekly interactions with Monique Borgerhoff Mulder and Bram Tucker as well as their visitors, and I learned so much about everything and just life. Thanks guys. I also enjoyed collaborating with Alex, Steve Stearns and Ian Rickard, a short-term fellow, on a paper we wrote on the effects of the demographic transitions to low mortality and fertility rates in many recent human populations on the opportunity and direction of natural selection affecting such societies. This has made me think much more widely how modern human populations are, and are not, experiencing selection; this could perhaps lead to more future work. My Berlin year also led to very useful links established to world-leading German groups working on demography and primatology, as well as discovering that some of the world experts in elephant biology camp just an hour away, at the other end of Berlin.

I could write a whole book on what I learnt during the year from the Germans themselves. I'll just summarise here by saying that I admire their dog training skills and the effectiveness of “HALT!” in any situation – it even works on my (rather stupid) Finnish-speaking dogs! I was scared driving in the traffic, I was happy in public transport for the first time in my life, I was lost in the supermarkets, I was frustrated with trying to get myself understood just about anywhere, I was thrilled with all the recycling and organic food around, I was positively surprised at the doctors and dentists, I hated my German speaking satellite navigator, I loved all the “free” things to do and I was envious about how the banks work as compared with those in Britain. Writing this, in October and three months on since I left Berlin, I still automatically say “Möhre” when I see carrots, I collect all the plastic wrappings separately just to discover that there is no way to recycle them in Sheffield, and I am thinking of starting to use my bicycle more. Maybe something permanent and irreversible did happen during my Wiko year, after all!

Wiko is full of absolutely fantastic people, but the one person I will miss most is Vera. Thank you for all the friendliness, smiles and giggles, gossip and advice ranging from where is the best beach to how to find a testicle doctor. Thank you, Wiko!

The papers I worked on during my Wiko year:

- Courtiol, A., J. Pettay, M. Jokela, A. Rotkirch, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Natural and sexual selection in a monogamous historical human population.” *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of USA*. 109: 8044–8049.
- Hayward, A. D., J. Holopainen, J. E. Pettay, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Food and fitness: associations between crop yields and life-history traits in a longitudinally monitored pre-industrial human population.” *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London B* October 22, 279, 1745: 4165–4173.
- Lahdenperä, M., D. O. S. Gillespie, V. Lummaa, and A. F. Russell (2012). “Severe inter-generational reproductive conflict and the evolution of menopause.” *Ecology Letters* 15, 11: 1283–1290.
- Liu, J., A. Rotkirch, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Maternal risk of breeding failure and life-history shifts during demographic transitions in Finland.” *PLOS One* 7, 4: e34898.
- Mar, K. U., M. Lahdenperä, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Causes and correlates of calf mortality in semi-captive Asian elephants (*Elaphas maximus*).” *PLOS One* 7, 3: e32335.
- Mumby, H. S., A. Courtiol, K. U. Mar, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Climatic variation and age-specific survival in Asian elephants from Myanmar.” *Ecology* (in press).
- Nitsch, A., C. Faurie, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Are elder siblings helpers or competitors? Long-term fitness effects of sibling interactions in humans.” *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London B* (in press).
- Rickard, I. J., A. Courtiol, A. M. Prentice, A. J. C. Fulford, T. H. Clutton-Brock, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Intergenerational effects of maternal birth season on offspring size in rural Gambia.” *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London B* October 22, 279, 1745: 4253–4262.
- Rickard, I. J., A. Courtiol, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Why is lifetime fertility higher in twinning women, and what does this say about heterogeneity?” *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London B* July 7, 279, 1738: 2510–2511.

Robinson, M. R., K. U. Mar, and V. Lummaa (2012). “Senescence and age-specific trade-offs between reproduction and survival in female Asian elephants.” *Ecology Letters* 15: 260–266.

Some more papers conceived at Wiko that didn’t quite make it to “in press” yet:

Berg, V., V. Lummaa, I. J. Rickard, K. Silventoinen, J. Kaprio, and M. Jokela. “Genetic associations between personality traits and reproduction in humans.”

Bouwhuis, S., J. E. Pettay, and V. Lummaa. “Women win sexual conflict over lifespan in humans.”

Courtiol, A., I. J. Rickard, V. Lummaa, A. M. Prentice, A. J. C. Fulford, and S. C. Stearns. “The demographic transition influences variance in fitness and selection on height and BMI in rural Gambia.”

Hayward, A. D. and V. Lummaa. “Testing the evolutionary basis of the predictive adaptive response hypothesis in a preindustrial human population.”

Liu, J. and V. Lummaa. “The dynamics of socio-economic status related differentials in male mating and reproductive success during the demographic transition in fertility.”

Mar, K. U., A. D. Hayward, M. Lahdenperä, and V. Lummaa. “Early reproductive investment, senescence and lifetime reproductive success in female Asian elephants.”

Mar, K. U., M. Lahdenperä, A. Courtiol, and V. Lummaa. “Effects of capture from the wild on age-specific survival in Asian elephants.”

Pettay, J. E., A. Rotkirch, A. Courtiol, M. Jokela, and V. Lummaa. “Multiple mating did not enhance male or female long-term fitness in a monogamous human population.”



WHEN BOOKS TURN INTO PEOPLE
AND THE OTHER WAY AROUND
IOANA MACREA-TOMA

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I have deliberately postponed the writing of this account of my work and my life at Wiko. Like a moving crystal, the memories about it take a different, almost phantasm-like color every time, but a never-fading one. I remember having read the reports of previous Fellows at bedtime hours in my first days at Wiko. Months full of splendor were ahead of me. They were. And they passed like a dream. It is hard to write about them, especially from back home, when one feels hung in between worlds, trying to elucidate a whirling mixture in a part of a world where things seem stagnant.

It was a treasure year, the passing of which I have almost minutely archived, keeping a systematic diary for the first time in my life. Fleeting conversations in my wonderful walks with Jim Hunt in Grunewald Forest, bohemian instants with friends near Schlesisches Tor after an exhibition closure, charming oriental flavors shared with Claudio Lomnitz

and his wife Elena Climent in the Tadjik teahouse in Mitte, after-Dienstagskolloquium ruminations, dinners, German classes, delicate and enriching friendships – all had to be recorded and preserved as in a herbarium of rare items.

One of the striking things for me as a junior researcher at Wiko was the conversion of books into people, the *deus ex machina* of meeting somebody whom I had previously read and had been inspired by. Some of these encounters would happen as the result of the research project itself (Lorraine Daston), some along the way, thanks to generous intermediaries (Ann Laura Stoler), or because of the institute's own agenda (the meeting with Carlo Ginzburg). People would lead to other people or, sometimes, unseen coordinates of affinities would bring me closer to authors whom I have devoured for my previous book. Recognizing Nathalie Heinich, the sociologist of literature, at one of the workshops at Max Planck made me aware of academic Berlin as a sort of all-encompassing academic cyberspace of one's sequential longings. And, speaking of unusual junctures and virtual worlds, talking with Siegfried Zielinski on one of Wiko's terraces on the occasion of a workshop on mirrors seemed like one of Alice's adventures. Unusual things would thus unfold as in a sort of magic based on contamination or similarity, as for example Mauricio Sotelo's colloquium on spectral music after attending, a day before, Peter Galison's lecture on time and cosmological holography. A "natural" deployment of nuances of a gnawing topic unfolded along embodiments of ideas into people and places and the other way around. Being fascinated with the relations between arts, history, and technology with regards to the archives, I couldn't have been in a better place. The artsy thrills of media studies reconfigured my project in an existential way, and former friendly relationships transformed into collaborative ones through the organization of a workshop in Bucharest on interdisciplinary approaches to Secret Police archives.

I was enchanted by the pulsatile role of Wiko within a vibrant Berlin, which acquired the profile of a sophisticated character for me, spatializing the theories of "variantology" into which I was happily plunging. Finally finding my place and my group at the Max Planck seminars on archives resonated with dialogues on informal archives with Alice Bellagamba or Claudio Lomnitz. While trying to understand the intricacies of Cold War exchanges, I couldn't have found a better interlocutor than in the person of my neighbor and bike companion, Gábor Demszky, initiator of the Hungarian Samizdat in the '80s. Struggling over questionnaires and composing a critical narrative on values measurement, I got help from Bénédicte Zimmermann. The casual encounter with the former Fellow Sara Danius enriched my readings about "visibility". The lunch with

Carlo Ginzburg set me on a more optimistic detective's path in my own searches; the title he suggested for my future book launched me on a Borgesian adventure within which previous problems turned into nodal points. Ideas did not acquire just a face, but also substance and coherence, by weaving together emotional, personal, and conceptual threads. At the end of the year that my friend Elena characterized as being a "luxury cruise", a reverse phenomenon would happen: now people that I met and liked were doing the things that I was expecting, like in a generative grammar of intellectual currents. I almost knew Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht's books before reading them.

Occurrences like these are rare. I've never been in an institution and a city where desires would fall into molds so easily, and on many levels. Friends that I made during the German class remained close buddies throughout the year and, I strongly believe, even afterwards. For any strange book requested, there was the miracle library. For the articles that I wrote I have easily found publications, thanks to generous and professional eyes that took the patience to look over them. For inarticulate questions I have found articulated suggestions. For eccentric wishes I could easily immerse myself in Berlin's offers, ranging from the Kino Arsenal to the Institute for Cultural Inquiry. For musical experiments there was Hollis Taylor and her husband, Jon Rose, with their barbed wire singing over Australian and any other personal deserts. For melancholia there was my balcony and the Grunewald lakes. For joyful cultural comparisons and mental recreation there were the German classes with the wonderful Eva and all the other classmates, together with whom we took delight in being students and reading stories again. Learning German through decoding Berlin or – even – a few academic texts proved an inspiring interlocking experience.

There are, however, many things I regret. They are associated with a desire to do too much and with an anxiety about happiness, specific to a place of unusual ease and promises. I hope that the afterlife of the Wiko experience will bring them to fulfillment, thanks to the invisible strings that attach people.



WHAT FOLLOWS WIKO? EMMANUEL STEFANOV MOUTAFOV

Born in 1968 in Sofia; 1987, graduated from the National College of Ancient Languages and Cultures “St. Cyril”, Sofia and published his first book entitled *Pagan Elements in the Cult and Iconography of St. Eliah* in Bulgarian; 1988/89, studied History at the University of Sofia “St. Kliment Oehridski”; 1989, accepted at the University of Athens, Philosophy Department, majored in Archaeology and Art History; 1996, took Master’s Degree in Greece; 1996–97, specialized in Byzantine and Slavonic Palaeography and Art at the Research Center for Slavo-Byzantine Studies “Ivan Dujčev” in Sofia; 2001, became a Ph.D. in world history of the 15th–19th centuries at the Institute for Balkan Studies, Sofia, with the book *Europeanization on Paper: Treatises on Painting in Greek during the First Half of the 18th Century*. Sofia, 2001; 2003 (March–May), Visiting Research Fellow at the Program in Hellenic Studies at Princeton University, NJ; 2010, became an Associate Professor of Medieval and Post-Byzantine Art at the Institute of Art Studies, Sofia; 2010, became a member of the Scientific Board at the Institute for Art Studies and a member of the General Assembly of the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences. – Address: 6 Balkan Street, Sofia 1303, Bulgaria. E-mail: moutafov1@gmail.com

1. Proposed Project and Related Topics

My research objective here was to work on “Typology and Semantics of the Reverse of Post-Byzantine Icons”. Until now, Katherine Marsengill has been the only person who has done research on this issue: in her 2001 M.A. thesis “Viewing the Back: The Reverse of Byzantine Icons”, submitted at the Lamar Dodd School of Art in Athens, Georgia.

However, the findings of her study have not been published and they deal only with the Byzantine period. Some larger catalogues of Christian art exhibitions and published conference papers occasionally include icon reverses as well, but they have not yet been the object of thorough research. Thus, there was a need for a more complex and comprehensive study – more complex research on the Balkans, that is, based on real and more extensive material, by doing field work and studying materials to be found in museum warehouses.

The methodology of this research was interdisciplinary, using methods from philology, theology, epigraphy, history of art and cultural anthropology. Some of the sources that I examined include: writings by the Church Fathers (such as St. John of Damascus, St. Gregory of Nazianzos, Origen, St. Gregory the Great), Byzantine ekphraseis, 18th- and 19th-century iconographic manuals, donor and dedicational inscriptions and other Greek and Slavic inscriptions and cryptograms. I analyzed the significance of the represented iconographic symbols, the cult practices related to icon worship, their removal from the space of the temple and the home, the rituals in which they are included etc.

I hope the results of this project will help clarify the role of the icon in cult practice, shedding light on its apotropaic function in border spaces and casting doubt on the flat character of Orthodox painting and the lack of perspective and three-dimensionality in the East until the middle of the 19th century. They will also help to explain some aspects of everyday Christianity and the believer's individual relation to the represented character, as well as the direction of his "reading" of the holy images.

I was able to use the extensive holdings in books and catalogues at the Berlin libraries.

While in Wiko I also had the opportunity to write a project-related paper entitled "The image of a cross with cryptograms on the Molos' watermill and its relation to the Cypriot religious tradition of cryptic inscriptions on walls of buildings"; this was possible because of the stimulating atmosphere of the Wiko and of other university departments I visited here. This paper was submitted for publication in October at the University of Glasgow, Scotland.

During my stay in Berlin I noticed also some interesting parallels with decorated reverses of Catholic altar triptychs dated from the 15th and 16th centuries. They contain floral decoration or have certain images like the Holy Mandyion, which probably means that there is a parallel tradition in the West, but this issue has to be studied more carefully and separately because of the differences in the liturgical practices in the two Churches as well as in view of the existence of sculptured holy images in Central and Western Europe.

At the end of my stay I also collected ideas for another paper entitled “Research problems in terminology and periodization of the Christian art in the Ottoman Empire”.

Needless to say I improved my English while working in Wiko, but I also started German language classes, which created a solid basis to keep learning German elsewhere. I really admire the professionalism of Eva and Ursula as language instructors and think they deserve academic positions as well.

2. Workshop Talk

I was invited to present a paper at the weekly colloquium of the Institute (December 13, 2011) and I gave a lecture on “The Both Obvious and Hidden Aspect of Holy Images: the Back Side of the Orthodox Icons”. In preparing for the talk, I was able to reformulate some arguments and clarify certain points with my Co-Fellow Franz Alto Bauer (who is one of the best experts on late Antiquity and early Byzantine art worldwide and who made a glorious introduction to the topic and moderated the follow-up discussion) and to work with the native speakers from the translator’s office in preparing the announcement and the hand-out. My talk was attended by most of the Fellows and their partners and those who couldn’t come asked me to send them my text and image presentation in advance. My talk was followed by perhaps the longest discussion in the period October–December 2011 and the further queries by e-mail lasted for three more days. Unexpectedly, the topic of my lecture also appeared as an inspiration for Mauricio Sotelo, who came to my apartment three days later together with his scenographer Alexander Polzin to comment on one of the future scenes in his opera project “El Público: Ópera bajo la arena”, where they would like to use a bilateral icon and imitate a religious procession. We spoke also about circular movement in religious rituals, the structure of the temple, the division between human and sacred, the obvious and hidden messages of the altar screen and about the principles of the Byzantine music and fire dancing on the feast of St. Constantine and St. Helen in Bulgaria. I offered them my PowerPoint presentation and some other folders with religious images from the Balkans to use as a basis for the scenography. So not only can art inspire research, scholarship can stimulate art, too.

I would like to suggest the establishment of an annual journal with a title like Wiko Tuesdays in which all those colloquium talks could be published, because this would reveal the history and intellectual activity of the research community year by year and in all its variety. Most scholars prefer reading to listening ...

3. Byzantium in Wiko – an Art Experience

During my stay in Wiko I was inspired by the atmosphere, some manuscripts and icons and I made a cycle of pen-and-ink drawings, called Byzantium in Wiko. One of them was exhibited on December 13 outside the Large Colloquium room. I received a few, but generous compliments for my work.

I also visited the Pergamon Museum, the Bode Museum, the Old and New Galleries, the Kulturforum etc., which was a spiritual feast for me and I hope will enlarge my horizon as an artist and scholar. I gave some of my sketches made during the talks to colleagues.

I am happy that I had a chance to meet here in person the truly fantastic American artist of Mexican origin Elena Clement (wife of Claudio Lomnitz), to listen to Horst Bredekamp during the magnificent guided tour he offered us at the Bode Museum, as well as to have the honour to live at the apartment in Villa Walther where Luigi Nono composed his “La Lontananza Nostalgica Utopica Futura, madrigale per più ‘caminantes’”. Anyway, I preferred listening to Alexander Scriabin’s “Concerto per Pianoforte ed Orchestra op. 20” here.

4. Professional Contacts and Consultations

At Wiko, I have been in contact with almost all other visiting Fellows, enjoying papers, attending meetings, participating in workshops and giving more consultations than accepting them, because of the nature of my research and education. I was impressed by the intelligent queries about Christian art made by “hard” scholars like Avril Coghlan, Mark Viney and Sarah Reece.

I spent some hours working on Greek toponyms for the project of Edhem Eldem, with whom I had wonderful conversations about the Ottoman Empire, the Balkans, the Turkish language and delights ... I also had pleasant meetings and fruitful discussions with Susannah Heschel, Khaled El-Rouayheb, James Hunt, Ayşe Buğra, Clemens Leonhard, Bram Tucker, Hoda Barakat, Hollis Taylor, Miloš Vec, James Aronson, Hye Young Sung (Jie-Hyun Lim’s wife) etc.

5. Conclusion

I wish every humanistic institution had one Luca Giuliani (luminous mind), one Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus (intelligent motor) and one Sonja Grund (charming book-thrower); then contemporary scholarship and intellectual life in general would be much different. Once again, I would like to thank the office staff for making my stay here easy, joyful and comfortable.

As Wiko has left its significant trace in my career, I hope I left my own small trace here, too, just because one of my *Weisheitszähne* was taken out during my stay in the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. What a coincidence and what a superficial parallel? Since Wiko is the best, the main question is: what follows it in my life? – Well, I have one more *Weisheitszahn* left ...

Recommended reading

1. Moutafov, Emmanuel, I. Gergova, A. Koujoumdzhiev, E. Popova, E. Genova, and D. Gonis. *Гръцки зографи в България след 1453 г. – Έλληνες αγιογράφοι στη Βουλγαρία μετά το 1453* (Greek Icon-Painters in Bulgaria after 1453), Sofia, 2008, 297 p., 350 ill. (bilingual edition in Bulgarian and Modern Greek with summary in English).
2. Moutafov, Emmanuel. “Cryptograms and Bilingualism in Paleologian Art.” *Patrimonium* 3, Skopje, 2010, 251–261 (in Bulgarian with summary in English).
3. Moutafov, Emmanuel. “EIKONOΠΑΘΕΙΑ (Iconopathy) or Who are the Ancient Philosophers represented in the frescoes of the Refectory of Bachkovo monastery and of the Nativity Church in Arbanassi?” *Art Studies Quarterly* 2, Sofia, 2010, 15–19 (in Bulgarian with summary in English).
4. Moutafov, Emmanuel. “How Central the Significance of Icons in the Orthodoxy is?” In *Medieval Christianitas: Different Regions, “Faces”, Approaches*, edited by Tsvetelin Stepanov and Georgi Kazakov, 166–180. Sofia, 2010 (Mediaevalia Christiana, 3).
5. Moutafov, Emmanuel. “Ioannes Tsetiris from Grabovo or Jovan Chetirevich Grabovan?” In *Topics in Post-Byzantine Painting – In Memory of Manolis Chatzidakis*, edited by E. Dracopoulou, 217–229. Athens, 2002.



E'11
*Emanuel Aretzhofer, „Temptation of Adam and
Eva“, cycle „Byzantium in Wiko“, October 2011,
Berlin*

Byzantium in Wiko: Temptation of Adam and Eva



EIN JAHR (GESCHICHTE WIRD GEMACHT,
ES GEHT VORAN)
DIRK VON PETERSDORFF

Geboren 1966 in Kiel, Lyriker und Literaturwissenschaftler, Professor an der Friedrich-Schiller-Universität Jena, mehrere literarische Auszeichnungen (u. a. Kleist-Preis 1998), zuletzt erschienen: *Nimm den langen Weg nach Haus*. Gedichte (C. H. Beck, 2010); *Literaturgeschichte der Bundesrepublik Deutschland* (C. H. Beck, 2011). Als Herausgeber: *Ein Gedicht von mir: Lyrikerinnen und Lyriker der Gegenwart stellen sich vor* (Reclam, 2012). – Adresse: Institut für Germanistische Literaturwissenschaft, Friedrich-Schiller-Universität Jena, Fürstengraben 8, 07743 Jena. E-mail: dirk.von-petersdorff@uni-jena.de

Manchmal war es wie früher. Wenn man in der Küche stand, dem Tee beim Ziehen zusah, ein Mensch in Schlafklamotten, mit verstrubbeltem Haar und halbgeschlossenen Augen eintrat, nach seiner Espresso-Maschine tastete. Das erinnerte doch sehr an eine WG. Auch wenn es sich dabei um den hochangesehenen Rechtshistoriker Olivier Jouanjan handelte: So früh am Morgen in der Küche sind alle gleich. Ich bestrich mir ein Schwarzbrot, er sah stirnrunzelnd zu. Der Franzose isst zu so früher Stunde nichts, Schwarzbrot sowieso nie.

Abends konnte es in dieser Lebensabschnitts-WG in der Villa Jaffé, zu der fest noch Clemens Leonhard gehörte, ganz anders aussehen. Am späten Nachmittag begann Olivier mit der Zubereitung eines französischen Menüs, wusch Gemüse, mixte eine kunstvolle Salatsoße, schnitt Filets, rührte „Crème brûlée“, dabei unter großen Funkkopfhörern zufriedenen pfeifend, immer in der Hoffnung, uns Deutsche doch noch auf den Weg des Geschmacks und Genusses zu bringen. Beim Essen, zu dem wir nur den Wein beizusteuern hatten, ging es um seine liberale Heidegger-Auslegung, um das Verflüssigen von

Normen, wogegen ich ein wenig Habermas ins Spiel brachte, was Olivier aber als naive deutsche Ordnungswut ansah, so wie er Clemens ob seiner theologischen Profession ohnehin nur als „Jesuit“ titulierte.

Es sind Zustände von Freiheit, in die das Wiko versetzt. Plötzlich wird man aus dem Alltag herausgenommen, findet sich in einer Jugendstil-Villa am Grunewald wieder und kann im Prinzip tun, was man will. Wie erstaunlich: Man gerät in ein Kontinuum der Gedankenentwicklung; man sitzt in Ruhe beim Mittagessen, das auch noch viel besser schmeckt und viel gesünder ist als die Dinge, die man im normalen Leben nebenbei herunterschlingt; man kann sogar am Nachmittag mitten während der Arbeitszeit eine Runde durch den Grunewald joggen, mit einem halb wohligen, halb sündhaften Gefühl. War das erlaubt? Aber ich hatte ja auch schon das eigentlich für das Wiko-Jahr vorgesehene Projekt gekippt und beschlossen, nur an Gegenständen zu arbeiten, die mir gefallen. Fast jeden Morgen beim Aufwachen habe ich gedacht: Was für ein Luxus!

So habe ich bei der zweiten Tasse Tee mit der Arbeit an meinen Gedichten begonnen; Verse und Strophen haben sich versammelt, die nun mit dem Berliner Jahr verbunden sind. Gelegentlich turnte ein Eichhörnchen in erstaunlichen Bewegungen in der großen Kiefer vor dem Schreibtischfenster herum. Dass diese Tiere auch kopfüber an Zweigen hängen können! Zwei Bücher sind fertig geworden: eine Anthologie zur deutschen Gegenwartlyrik, für die die Autoren jeweils ein Gedicht ausgesucht haben, das sie als Selbstcharakterisierung ansehen (*Ein Gedicht von mir: Lyrikerinnen und Lyriker der Gegenwart stellen sich vor*, Reclam 2012). Ein Lehrbuch *Kreatives Schreiben: Lyrik* (Reclam, 2013), das lyrische Formen erklärt und eine größere Zahl von Schreibaufgaben enthält. Das wollte ich schon immer machen, jetzt war die Zeit. Zeit war auch für einige kleinere Arbeiten, so für eine Kolumne „Sprachmusik“, die in dem neu gegründeten Magazin *128* der Berliner Philharmoniker erscheint. Dabei habe ich gedacht: Wenn das meine alte Musiklehrerin wüsste.

Die Freiheit hatte auch ihre dunklen und anstrengenden Seiten. Denn wer auf einmal viel Zeit zum Nachdenken hat, sich etwas jenseits der Lebensmitte befindet, aus seinen Alltagsroutinen und Sicherheiten herausgenommen ist, der kann Zwischenbilanz ziehen, bemerkt gerade angesichts der neuen Spielräume sein sonstiges Arretiert-Sein, nimmt seine Lebensbahn auch als Ausschluss von Alternativen wahr. Der Verlust von Möglichkeiten, die Einengung des Raumes, in dem man sich bewegt, der Berliner Winter: Das genügt, um depressiv zu werden. Der Grunewald blattlos, durch den Nebel joggen. Tröstlich war, dass es einigen anderen Fellows so ähnlich gehen musste, die ihr Zimmer

auch mit Selbstzweifeln teilen. Aber man wusste: Auch das gehört zu diesem Jahr. Es war fällig, die Bestände zu sichten, mit ihnen zu rechnen. Durch diesen Nebel musste man laufen. Und dann gibt es ja Menschen, die z. B. neben ihrer Kernkompetenz der Bibliotheksleitung ein offenes Ohr haben, sehr viel wahrnehmen, verstehen, Geduld haben, mit Fragezeichen umgehen können: danke dafür!

Was lernt man im Wissenschaftskolleg? Eine einfache (vielleicht auch zu einfache) Vorstellung von Interdisziplinarität erfüllt sich nicht unbedingt. Ich habe kein Wissen gewonnen, das direkt in meine Arbeiten integriert werden könnte, die Entwicklung neuer Fragestellungen ermöglichen, neue Schnittstellen öffnen würde. Aber ich habe das Gefühl einer starken indirekten Wirkung, einer Horizonterweiterung. Man lernt Disziplinen kennen, mit denen man bisher wenig zu tun hatte, wichtiger noch: Man studiert Denkweisen, Formen der Weltbearbeitung, Vokabulare. Neben der Heterogenität wirkt auch die Vielzahl der Kulturen. Wo kann man in kurzer Zeit so viele höchst unterschiedlich sozialisierte Menschen kennenlernen und beobachten? Das Wissenschaftskolleg als Füllhorn der Typen: überraschend argumentierend, überraschend gekleidet, Eitle und Verunsicherte, monologisierend, schweigend, Ironiker, Zigarilloraucher, Tischtennispieler, Darwinisten, alte Weise, schrille Post-Docs, östliche Melancholiker, westliche Siegertypen, viele Sprachen, viele Kinder, viel Musik im Hauptgebäude.

Weil die Anregungen aus der Kerngruppe heraus zahlreich sind und weil das Wiko vor allem Freiheit ermöglichen soll, muss es sich der üblichen Dynamik des Betriebs nicht anschließen. Vor dem hochtoureunden Aktivismus anderer Wissenschaftseinrichtungen ist es eher zu schützen. Auch im Inneren muss es nicht unbedingt Reize setzen. Mir scheint, dass es wichtig ist, die Differenz zu anderen Institutionen zu betonen, ohne dass man sich deshalb gleich für besser halten müsste. Anders und produktiv, das würde genügen. Den Beweis der Leistungsfähigkeit erbringt das Kolleg nicht über Aktivitäten, sondern über die (späteren) Leistungen von Individuen – womit nichts gegen die originellen, heiteren Abendveranstaltungen mit anschließendem Weintrinken gesagt sein soll, gar nicht. Auch die Bildung von Gruppen muss man nicht forcieren. In den Essensraum würde ich auch einige Zweiertische stellen. Aber natürlich sind das Geschmacksfragen.

Schließlich Berlin: Zur Zeit der Gründung des Kollegs war nicht abzusehen, welche Attraktivität das Kolleg durch diese Stadt besitzt, die nach 1989 Dynamik, Heterogenität und sogar eine basale Freundlichkeit gewonnen hat. An langen Sommerabenden durch Berlin zu streifen, das ist einfach ein erhebendes Gefühl, weil so viel zu sehen, zu hören, zu riechen und zu schmecken ist. Einen Nachmittag durch Galerien zu wandern, ein

Fußballabend mit Elfmeterschießen in einer Kreuzberger Kneipe, das ist wohl das, was man Lebensqualität nennt. Aus Sicht eines deutschen Fellows war es auch schön und erleichternd zu hören, dass die Fellow-Familien aus vielen Ländern sich in Berlin gut aufgenommen fühlten. Ich selber bin an den Wochenenden zu meiner Familie nach Jena gependelt. Einige Wochenenden haben wir aber auch gemeinsam in Berlin verbracht, in der schönen kleinen Wohnung in der Villa Jaffé. Da wir dort zusammengedrängt lebten, was den Kindern sehr gefiel, verkündete unser kleiner Sohn später, dass Berlin so toll sei, weil es so klein sei. Es ist eben alles eine Frage der Perspektive.



KING LEAR, GERONTOLOGIE, GENETIK
ANDREI G. PLEȘU

Andrei G. 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); *Das Schweigen der Engel* (2007). – Adresse: New Europe College, Stradă Plantelor 21, 023971 Bukarest 2, Rumänien.
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Der erste der beiden Monate, die ich letztes Jahr am Wiko verbrachte, war hektisch. Ich habe am Institut d'Études Avancées in Nantes einen Vortrag über die „Gleichnisse Jesu“ gehalten und einen anderen, über Toleranz, am Rumänischen Kulturinstitut in Stockholm. Ebenfalls in Stockholm habe ich, zusammen mit Richard Schwartz, an einem Dialog über Gregor von Rezzoris erst vor Kurzem ins Schwedische übersetztes Buch *Die Memoiren eines Antisemiten* teilgenommen. Auf den ersten Blick scheinbar disparate Zusammenhänge. Wenn ich aber für meine Reisen einen gemeinsamen Nenner finden müsste, dann würde ich sagen, dass sich alle auf das Alter und das Älterwerden beziehen. Die Parabeln sind alte Texte. Gregor von Rezzori habe ich als alten Mann im Jahr 1989 kennengelernt, als er plötzlich in Bukarest im Getöse der Revolution erschien, bestrebt, seine Herkunft und seine Jugend wiederzufinden. Der Vortrag über Toleranz stellte seinerseits den

Versuch dar, Ursprünge des Konzepts jenseits von John Locke in einigen (alten) neutestamentarischen Textausschnitten über „Geduld“ (*hypomone*) zu identifizieren.

Es schien mir deswegen fast selbstverständlich, dass das Thema des Älterwerdens auch im Kolloquium des Wissenschaftskollegs vorkam. Es war das unverkennbare Merkmal meines Berliner Aufenthalts. Zuerst hatte ich die Gelegenheit, bei einem von Stephen Greenblatt, Raghavendra Gadagkar und Paul Schmid-Hempel organisierten Seminar zum Thema „Aging in Evolutionary Biology and Shakespeare’s King Lear“ teilzunehmen. Wie immer, Wiko at its best! Ein weiteres einmaliges Ereignis war der Vortrag von Stephen C. Stearns „Life History Evolution, Aging, Cancer“. Es wurde über das Verhältnis zwischen der Fortpflanzungsfähigkeit des Menschen, dem Alterungsprozess, dem Auftreten von Krebs und der Lebensdauer gesprochen. Die These des Redners beruhte auf einer Reihe von Entdeckungen und statistischen Analysen, die heutzutage von einer ganzen Forschungsbranche, die sich „life history theory“ nennt, einstimmig anerkannt wird. Seit einiger Zeit schon weiß ich, dass man sich am Wissenschaftskolleg nicht aufhalten kann, ohne vom Virus der Biologie angesteckt zu werden. Und ich fühle mich fast verpflichtet, das Maß meiner rezeptiven Inkompetenz zu zeigen, indem ich versuche, diese Provokation anzunehmen. Der Vortrag hat mich betrübt. Ich könnte sogar sagen, dass er mich in eine missmutige Stimmung versetzt hat. Selbstverständlich konnte ich nicht alle Details der Argumentation nachvollziehen, doch glaube ich, sie folgendermaßen richtig zusammenfassen zu können:

1. Es gibt neueste Beweise dafür, dass die mit dem Ausbruch von Krebs in Verbindung stehenden Gene mit denjenigen übereinstimmen, die die Fortpflanzungsfähigkeit stimulieren (vor allem während der Jugend). Schließlich verursachen sowohl Krebs als auch die Fortpflanzung der Spezies eine (wohltuende oder schädliche) Vervielfältigung.
2. Die Fortpflanzungsaktivität des Individuums wird mit der Minderung der Lebenserwartung bezahlt. Je mehr und je früher man Kinder hat, desto größer ist das Risiko, kürzer zu leben.
3. Die „Natur“ gewährt dem Individuum nicht allzu viel Wert. Zweck, „Ziel“ der natürlichen Selektion ist nicht das Einzelwesen, sondern eine Art genetische überindividuelle Verfeinerung, eine wachsende Vervollkommnung auf dem Niveau des biologischen Aggregats, für dessen Realisierung der Mensch nur eine zu vernachlässigende Etappe ist, irgendein Entwicklungsabschnitt, eine Episode.

Ich entschuldige mich bei den Fachexperten, falls meine Zusammenfassung zu ungenau ist. Aus den anschließenden Diskussionen verstand ich jedoch, dass ich nicht weit entfernt von einer angemessenen Deutung des wissenschaftlichen Diskurses bin. Der Redner selbst gab übrigens zu, dass seine Theorie schwer zu verdauen ist. Am Ende stellte ich, mehr oder weniger ernst, eine unschuldige Frage. Als Ausgangspunkt diente mir eine von dem Vortragenden selbst erwähnte Tatsache, dass in den 60er-Jahren die Entdeckungen über die Rolle von Hypertonie, Diabetes und Cholesterin beim Auftreten von kardiovaskulären Krankheiten die Lebensweise der Menschen beträchtlich beeinflussten, und zwar dahingehend, dass die Lebenserwartung stieg. Ich erwarte nun, dass sich auch durch die vorgeführten Entdeckungen neue Verhaltensstandards durchsetzen, dass sie meine Lebensweise positiv beeinflussen. Kurz gefasst, möchte ich wissen, was ich ab sofort tun muss, um die große Entdeckung der zeitgenössischen Genetiker wahrhaftig auszunutzen. Noch bin ich nur deprimiert. Ich habe gerade erfahren, dass es besser gewesen wäre, Kinder erst im hohen Alter (oder gar nicht) zu haben, und dass meine individuelle Zusammensetzung nicht wirklich zählt. Ich habe weiterhin erfahren, dass ich, mitsamt meiner Fortpflanzungsfähigkeit, in meiner innigsten Faser eine Bombe erhalten habe, und zwar eine solche, die bestimmt ist, mein Leben zu verkürzen. Ich kann mich also nur beklagen. Hat die Wissenschaft tatsächlich das Recht, mir all das zu sagen, was sie zu wissen glaubt, ohne sich um meine Seelenruhe zu kümmern? Was würde geschehen, wenn man mir morgen nachdrücklich, mit steifen Syllogismen, anhand unbestreitbarer Zahlen, beibringen würde, dass der Mensch nichts weiter als ein Fehler in der Geschichte des irdischen Lebens ist, dass wir das Sekundenzögern einer Entwicklung sind, die uns nichts angeht? Ist jede Wahrheit *wahr*, also auch ergiebig, schöpferisch, nützlich? Ganz davon zu schweigen, dass ich eine Pfarrerin aus einem rumänischen Dorf kenne, die schon in ihrer Jugend 23 Kinder gebar und erst mit 92 Jahren starb ...

Die Antwort des Professors aus Yale wählte die freundliche Variante: „Angesichts der Ergebnisse, die ich ihnen mitgeteilt habe, kann ich Ihnen einen einzigen Ratschlag geben: Genießen Sie das Leben!“ Thank you, Sir! Aber dafür wäre es nicht nötig gewesen zu erfahren, dass mich jede fruchtbare Verkopplung dem Grab einen Schritt näher brachte.

Letztendlich habe ich den Anfall schlechter Laune, in den mich der Vortrag versetzte, überwunden, und mir wurde plötzlich klar, dass in der europäischen Kultur Mikroskope und Aufzählungen nie nötig gewesen sind, um das Thema der Wollust mit dem Thema des Todes zu verknüpfen. Der Ärger existiert schon seit eh und je: Die Wehen und der Tod traten ins Rampenlicht – laut der Genesis – schon seit der „Erbsünde“. Der Keim des

individuellen Endes wurde uns durch die Vertreibung aus dem Paradies sofort nach dem erotischen Ausrutscher der Stammeltern eingepflanzt. Seitdem und bis Maurice Barrès (*Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*) oder Freud bildeten Eros und Thanatos ein stabiles, fast schon banales Paar. Es stimmt aber, anhand eines „kulturellen“ Themas kann man sich ohne äußere Risiken unterhalten. Solche Themen regen meine Gedanken an, ohne mich zu verurteilen. Mit einer „wissenschaftlichen“ Vorführung aber kann man sich keine Scherze erlauben. Ihr Urteil hält mich fest, stellt mich zwischen Klammern. *No comment!* Daher ziehe ich es vor, mich in die nichtige Geschichte zurückzuziehen: mich beispielsweise daran zu erinnern, dass man den Orgasmus im 18. Jahrhundert „la petite mort“ nannte. Eine Art, die orgastische Exaltation zu umhüllen? Oder eine Art, den Tod mit einer frivolen Anmut zu bagatellisieren?

Unerwarteterweise hat sich die Melancholie dieser Reflexionen erst durch ein Ereignis gemindert, das eigentlich traurig war: den Rückzug Joachim Nettelbecks aus seinem Amt am Wissenschaftskolleg. Der frische „Rentner“ war jung, energievoll, froh über die offenkundige Zuneigung der gesamten Assistenz. Mit King Lear hatte er nichts gemeinsam. Er blickte über alle möglichen Messungen und Statistiken hinaus. Und es war wohl-tuend, meinen Berliner Aufenthalt mit einer *laudatio* zu beenden, die seiner stiftenden Energie gewidmet war.



EIN JAHR, EIN LEBEN
JURKO PROCHASKO

Jurko Prochasko, geboren 1970 im ostgalizischen Iwano-Frankiwsk; Germanist, Übersetzer, Essayist und Publizist (*Krytyka*, *Ji*, *Tygodnik Powszechny*, *Die Zeit*, *Kafka-Zeitschrift*, *La Repubblica*, *Falter*, *Frankfurter Rundschau*, *Volltext*). Er studierte Germanistik (1987–92) und Psychologie (2004–09) an der Universität Lemberg und absolvierte eine Ausbildung zum Gruppenanalytiker in Altaussee, Österreich (1997–2007). Übersetzungen aus dem Deutschen ins Ukrainische (u. a. Robert Musil, Joseph Roth, Franz Kafka, Rainer Maria Rilke, Judith Hermann), Polnische (Józef Wittlin, Jarosław Iwaszkiewicz, Leszek Kołakowski) und Jiddische. Korrespondierendes Mitglied der Sächsischen Akademie der Künste, Dresden (seit 2007). Friedrich-Gundolf-Preisträger für Vermittlung der deutschen Kultur im Ausland der Deutschen Akademie für Sprache und Dichtung, Darmstadt (2008). Österreichischer Staatspreis für literarische Übersetzung *Translatio* 2008. Jurko Prochasko lebt in Lemberg, wo er seit 1993 am Iwan-Franko-Institut der Ukrainischen Akademie der Wissenschaften tätig ist sowie an der Nationalen Iwan-Franko-Universität und an dem von ihm mitbegründeten Psychoanalytischen Institut lehrt (seit 2010). – Adresse: wul. Konowalca 7/12, 79013 Lviv, Ukraine.

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Es war ein Jahr der Überraschungen. Das Jahr selbst war eine Überraschung. Die wichtigste und schönste war, dass es überhaupt zustande gekommen ist. Das Jahr stand für mich unter dem Zeichen der Musik und mehreren Abschieden, manche davon waren endgültig.

Ein alter Freund von mir, er ist Professor in Harvard, hat es einmal auf den Punkt gebracht, wie sich die herausragende Qualität des Wissenschaftskollegs auf das Verhalten der Fellows auswirkt. Jeder Fellow, behauptet mein Freund, ist insgeheim davon überzeugt, dass alle anderen Fellows dort völlig berechtigt an dem ihnen gebührenden Platz sind – außer ihm selbst. Dass man als Fellow an das Wissenschaftskolleg eingeladen wurde, hält er oder sie für ein unerklärliches Missverständnis, für einen kolossalen Irrtum, der aber verborgen bleiben soll.

Diese Anekdote trifft auch auf mich vollkommen zu. Dass ich und meine Familie am Wissenschaftskolleg sein durften, halte ich eigentlich heute noch für ein wunderschönes Missverständnis, das mein und unser Leben so sehr zum Positiven verändert hat.

Das sahen offenbar viele, aber nicht alle in diesem Jahrgang so. Aus dieser wunderbaren Kombination von konträren Selbstverständnissen ergab sich eine faszinierende Dynamik. Ganz zu Beginn des akademischen Jahres ging es furchtbar narzisstisch zu: Wir waren dauernd in hochtrabende, genialische Gespräche verwickelt, todernst, tief-schürfend, hochgeistig, von brillanten Paradoxien und eleganten Provokationen nur so sprühend. Man legte es nicht nur darauf an, andere zu beeindrucken, sondern sich selbst davon zu überzeugen, dass man am richtigen Platz ist.

Nach einer Weile wurde das Auftreten moderater, die Paradoxien gingen uns allmählich aus, es wurde Zeit, wieder ganz normal zu werden. Und gerade in dieser Normalität hat man die wirklich menschliche, akademische, persönliche und kreative Größe sehen können. Und das war wirklich beeindruckend.

Es war ein Jahr wichtiger persönlicher Entdeckungen, Einsichten und Entwicklungen. Dass man so leben kann, vielleicht manchmal wirklich so leben sollte – hier wurde es offenbar. Dass so ein Leben überhaupt möglich ist, macht Mut und Hoffnung und Lust, es auch anderswo auszuprobieren, es außerhalb des Wissenschaftskollegs, zumindest stückweise selber zu praktizieren, der Tatsache zum Trotz, dass es in seiner Gesamtheit nur am Wissenschaftskolleg möglich ist. Vieles habe ich mir hier abgeschaut, einiges möchte ich unbedingt einlösen. Manches hat auf mich schon abgefärbt, ohne dass ich es bewusst anstrebte. Man geht hier als ein anderer Mensch weg. Eigentlich aber geht man hier nie ganz weg.

Unser kleiner abendlicher Rilke-Kafka-Lesekreis mit Jeremy Adler, Wolfgang Eßbach und Christa Karpenstein-Eßbach, Susannah Heschel, Philip Kitcher, Mauricio Sotelo und Israel Yuval, zeitweise auch mit Gábor Demszky war mir von unschätzbbarer Bedeutung und wird mir in sehr warmer Erinnerung bleiben.

Es war ein Jahr des Familiären. Nicht nur dass man mit Partner(in) und Kindern hier leben, sogar sehr gut leben kann: Man begegnet anderen Paaren und Familien, und das reflektiert den Zustand der eigenen Beziehung. Dieses Leben als Fellow und gleichzeitig als privater Mensch ist einmalig. Kinder schließen hier Freundschaften und verlieben sich (ich möchte aber nicht behaupten, dass es nur bei den Kindern so ist); die Erwachsenen kümmern sich gegenseitig um die Kinder, man springt im Alltag füreinander ein, das wird erwidert. Und so entsteht nicht nur ein wunderbares Geflecht an Beziehungen und emotionalen Verbindungen, sondern auch das Gefühl, dass es immer so weitergehen könnte, mit diesen Menschen, unter diesen Verhältnissen.

Das Nachbarschaftliche, das Kooperative und das Freundschaftliche erlebten wir mit den Familien Bellagamba, Christensen, Sotelo, Heschel, Stanziani, Gospodinov, Bauer und El-Rouayheb. Als Partner verstanden wir uns mit den Paaren Adler, Brendel, Lim, Eßbach, Kitcher und Lomnitz.

Wir konnten miterleben, wie schön und wichtig die Freundschaften unserer Kinder sind und wie schmerzhaft die Trennungen. Wir konnten darin erkennen, wie wir selbst im Leben mit Zuneigungen und Sympathien umgehen, ebenso wie mit Trennungen, die immer wieder vollzogen werden müssen.

Dass der Abschied vorprogrammiert war, wussten alle. Es gibt zwar verschiedene Mittel, ihn etwas weniger schmerzhaft zu machen, aber jeder versteht und fühlt: Dies ist nur ein kleines Abbild der überwältigenden Vielfalt, atemberaubenden Einmaligkeit und unbedingten Endlichkeit des Lebens. Wenn man so will, ist es eine Übung, sich dem Vergänglichen zu stellen.

Es war ein Jahr, in dem sich die Zustände in meinem Land zusehends verschlechterten, und ich hatte immer wieder die teils sehr unangenehme Pflicht, diese medial zu kommentieren. Das lenkte mich sehr von meinem geplanten Buch über Lemberg ab, doch konnte und wollte ich meine Einschätzung der Öffentlichkeit unseres Gastlandes unmöglich vorenthalten. Ich glaube, dies war die richtige Entscheidung.

Ich habe erlebt, wie das akademische, künstlerische und intellektuelle Leben in diesem gewaltigen Berlin funktioniert: Man ist hier überhaupt nicht eifersüchtig, man geizt weder mit neuen Bekanntschaften noch versucht man, ihnen etwas zu verwehren. Ganz im Gegenteil: Ich wurde weitergereicht und weiterempfohlen, mir wurden immer wieder neue Menschen vorgestellt, es entstanden faszinierende, unendlich viel versprechende Netzwerke.

Es war ein Jahr der greifbaren Harmonie: mit der Natur dieser Weltstadt, mit dem Stadtteil, in dem wir wohnten, mit dem Wissenschaftskollegs-Campus, mit dem menschlichen und kulturellen Umfeld. Die Institution Wissenschaftskolleg ist so beschaffen, dass man die Andeutung dieser Harmonien als Wirklichkeit erleben kann.

Unvergesslich und bereichernd waren mir auch die Begegnungen mit dem Gründungsrektor Peter Wapnewski.

Es war ein Jahr voller Versprechungen und Verheißungen – unerhört, unverhofft, alltäglich schön. Am Anfang leuchteten, blendeten und verführten sie, dann entpuppten sie sich im Laufe des Jahres immer mehr als Illusionen von Möglichkeiten, als Möglichkeitsillusionen und verschoben sich dann, hauptsächlich wegen der begrenzten Zeit, immer mehr in den Bereich des Unerreichten, weil Unerreichbaren. Doch die Sehnsucht danach blieb, bleibt bis heute und strahlt bereits auf das andere, gewohnte, gewohnere Leben aus. Auch Träume und Illusionen vergehen nicht spurlos. Das Wissenschaftskolleg und Berlin verkörpern unter anderem auch eine gewaltige Reihe von Unerfülltem und Unmöglichem, mit anderen Worten: die Verdeutlichung der Begrenztheit, nicht nur Begrenzung, eines armen menschlichen Lebens.

Die Arbeit am Lemberg-Buch: unvollendet, unvollkommen, doch wie viele Entdeckungen, wie viel Erhellendes kam hinzu. Wie naiv kommt einem nach diesem Jahr das anfängliche Vorhaben vor, wie blauäugig, unerfahren, nach all diesen Gesprächen und Offenbarungen mit den anderen, durch die anderen. Und das ist wohl auch die wichtigste Errungenschaft: diese Einsicht in die unerreichbare Komplexität, die ein Ideal bleiben soll.

Und dann dieses: nicht Vereinfachung der Komplexität, sondern Durchleuchtung. Es war ein Jahr voller Geschenke:

Die profunde Menschlichkeit des Olivier Jouanjan, die kulinarischen und musikalischen Ekstasen mit ihm.

Die heitere Intelligenz, Gastfreundschaft und Großzügigkeit der Susannah Heschel.

Die kluge Traurigkeit und tief sinnige Wortkargheit des Jeremy Adler, seine Wärme.

Die Eleganz und gedankliche Prägnanz des Miloš Vec.

Das Zarte und die zähe Zerbrechlichkeit des Philip Kitcher.

Die Vitalität und Weltgewandtheit des Edhem Eldem.

Die unglaubliche Ausstrahlung des Israel Yuval.

Die schlafwandlerische Feinheit und Freiheit des Thomas Christensen.

Die intelligente Sensibilität der Samantha Besson.

Die Gesamterscheinung Hoda Barakats.
Die intensive Neugierde des Jie-Hyun Lim.
Die entrückte Sicherheit des Khaled El-Rouayheb.
Die stille Präsenz des Wolfgang Eßbach.
Die subtile Souveränität des Mauricio Sotelo.
Die unscheinbare Weisheit der Ioana Macrea-Toma ...

Dieser unglaubliche Ort, die Wirklichkeit gewordene Unmöglichkeit. Fast möchte ich glauben, dass es sich hier um eine Entelechie handelt.



EIN GLÜCKLICHES UND KREATIVES JAHR
IM „KROKODILHAUS“
MAURICIO SOTELO

Mauricio Sotelo gehört zu den international anerkanntesten spanischen Komponisten. Er ist Professor für Komposition an der Escola Superior de Música de Catalunya in Barcelona. Sein Studium absolvierte er an der Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Wien (1987 Diplom mit einstimmiger Auszeichnung). Sotelo erhielt zahlreiche Preise und Auszeichnungen, darunter den renommierten „Premio Nacional de Música“ oder den „Premio Reina Sofía“. Er ist Erfinder des sogenannten „flamenco espectral“. Sotelo arbeitet derzeit an der Komposition einer neuen Oper nach einem Text von Federico García Lorca: „El Público: Ópera bajo la arena“. Es handelt sich um ein Auftragswerk von Gerard Mortier für das Teatro Real in Madrid. Die Premiere ist für Februar 2015 geplant. – Adresse: Universal Edition, Karlsplatz 6, 1010 Wien, Österreich.
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Ein Komponist lebt in der Regel wie ein Mönch in seiner Klausur, Tag und Nacht konzentriert auf seine Klangwelt, die er in Werke umsetzen will. Sein gesellschaftliches Leben beschränkt sich im Wesentlichen auf den Besuch von Konzerten, vor allem auf die Uraufführung seiner eigenen Werke, denen er immer mit Lampenfieber entgegenseht. Zu anderen Anlässen seine Klausur zu verlassen, ist immer ein Problem.

Was mich beim Eintreffen im Wissenschaftskolleg zunächst mit einigem Schrecken erfüllte, war das intensive soziale Leben, das sich schon nach wenigen Tagen zusammen mit den 40 bis 50 anderen Fellows ergab. Würde mich das nicht von meiner Konzentration aufs Komponieren abhalten? Der vorbereitende intensive Deutschunterricht im September, an dem meine Frau Gemma und ich teilnahmen, war allerdings die beste

Initiation in dieses Leben in Gemeinschaft. Rasch wurden wir miteinander bekannt, und aus den zufällig zusammengewürfelten Fellows, die unterschiedliche Disziplinen und Länder vertraten, wurde eine kleine, freundschaftlich verbundene Gruppe, eine Quasi-Familie. Das Besondere dieser Begegnungen war die Tatsache, dass man die Fellows kennenlernte, ohne ihre Bedeutung für ihre Disziplin auch nur zu ahnen. Das war ein wenig wie früher in der Schule: Wir waren alle gleich und hatten alle ein gemeinsames Ziel, nämlich unsere Sprachkenntnisse zu verbessern. Und wir litten alle gemeinsam unter den schwierigen grammatischen Konstruktionen des Deutschen und seinem komplizierten Wortschatz, und dieses Leiden mag uns am meisten verbunden haben. Gemma und ich haben dann während des akademischen Jahres erlebt, wie diese Fellows, die gemeinsam die Bänke des Deutschunterrichts gedrückt hatten, immer ganz besondere Beziehungen innerhalb der Fellow-Gruppe hatten, vermutlich, weil sie durch die gemeinsamen Erfahrungen eine besondere Art der Solidarität, der Sympathie und Freundschaft entwickelt hatten. Jedenfalls war dieser vorbereitende Deutschunterricht ein hervorragender Einstieg in das Leben am Kolleg.

Nachdem das akademische Jahr offiziell begonnen hatte, trugen die gemeinsamen Mittagessen zum Abbau weiterer Fremdheitsschwellen bei. Obgleich diese Gespräche bei Tisch nur in seltenen Fällen fachliche Spezialgespräche sind, so haben sie doch immer einen ernsthaften Charakter, jeder fühlt sich verpflichtet, sich auf einem bestimmten Niveau zu bewegen, und jeder wird davon irgendetwas für ihn Nützliches mit nach Hause tragen. Aus diesem Austausch mit verschiedenen Fellows bildet sich, und das habe ich in meiner eigenen Arbeit gemerkt, ein kreatives Feld von Anregungen, Ermutigungen und sogar blitzartig auftretenden Intuitionen, die die eigenen Projekte voranbringen – nie oder selten im Sinne von direkten Anregungen oder Suggestionen, wie etwas zu machen ist, sondern vielmehr auf indirektem Wege, wie ein Uhrwerk, das sich immer dreht und an irgendeiner peripheren Stelle – wo man es nicht erwartet hat – einen Hebel in Bewegung setzt. Das war für mich das Überraschende dieser Monate am Kolleg: Was ich zunächst nur als eine Ablenkung von der eigenen Arbeit oder als eine freundschaftliche Verpflichtung wahrgenommen hatte, wurde zu einer Antriebsenergie für meine eigene Arbeit, als ob der permanente Austausch mit anderen Fellows verborgene Energiequellen auch für mein Komponieren erschlossen und freigesetzt hätte – was ich natürlich im Einzelnen gar nicht restlos erklären kann.

Als Beispiel nenne ich nur die intensiven Gespräche mit Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus über literarische Texte, Musik, Vortragskunst, Musiktheater und Oper. Er hat mir einmal

beschrieben, wie Franz Schubert seine Lieder komponiert hat: Er hat die Liedtexte wieder und wieder laut vorgelesen bzw. rezitiert und aus dieser Übung dann Melodien, Harmonien, Rhythmen und Stimmungen gewonnen, die er für seine Klavierlieder ins Musikalische umgesetzt hat. Diese Schubert-Methode habe ich auch bei meinem Hauptprojekt in diesem Jahr angewendet – und wie sich dann herausstellte, mit großem Erfolg. Ich bin dabei, eine große Oper für die Madrider Oper auf der Grundlage des Dramas von Federico García Lorca „El Público“ zu komponieren. Nachdem ich lange nicht wusste, wie ich den Text musikalisch umsetzen sollte – viele Vorbilder existieren ja nicht, weil es eine eigentliche spanische Operntradition nicht gibt –, platzte mit einem Mal der Knoten und ich hörte den Text, nachdem ich ihn nur lange genug laut vorgelesen hatte. Plötzlich standen alle Details der musikalischen Linie vor meinem inneren Ohr. Eine andere Anregung kam von Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht, der von Lorca sprechen kann, als habe er gerade am Nachbartisch ein Gespräch mit ihm geführt. Die Gespräche mit ihm über Lorca und anderes haben mir so viele Anregungen gegeben, dass ich den szenischen Rahmen für die Bühnen-Realisierung im Sinne von Lorca plötzlich klar vor Augen hatte. Aber auch andere Fellows wie Alfred Brendel, Hoda Barakat, Thomas Christensen, Gábor Demszky, Edhem Eldem, Wolfgang Eßbach, Olivier Jouanjan, Philip Kitcher, Renata Landgráfová, Jie-Hyun Lim, Claudio Lomnitz, Jurko Prochasko, Alessandro Stanziani und Bénédicte Zimmermann haben durch ihre Ideen und Bemerkungen Einfluss auf meine Arbeit gehabt, ohne dass sie dies wussten und ohne dass ich mit dem Finger auf die Stelle der Partitur zeigen könnte, wo sich dieser Einfluss manifestiert hat. Aus all diesen Gesprächen ist ein Netz von Ideen hervorgegangen, die nun den Unterbau meiner Opernkomposition bilden – insofern ist diese Oper wirklich am Kolleg entstanden und ohne das Kolleg gar nicht zu denken.

Nicht gelungen ist mir hingegen die Umsetzung von Anregungen der evolutionären Biologie in meine Kompositionsmethoden. Ich habe zwar immer wieder darüber gegrübelt, wie ich Verbindungen zwischen dem, was ich von den Biologen dieses Jahrgangs gelernt habe, und meiner eigenen Arbeit herstellen könnte, doch mit keinem greifbaren Ergebnis. Vielleicht waren die Horizonte des Wissens doch zu verschieden – wenn ich auch die Gespräche mit den einzelnen Fellows ungemein geschätzt habe.

Aus all diesen Verbindungen mit den Fellows sind auch eine Reihe von gemeinsamen Aktivitäten im Haus hervorgegangen. Zusammen mit Gemma habe ich die Konzertreihe „House of Glass“ dienstags- bzw. donnerstagnachmittags ins Leben gerufen, bei der die Kinder der Fellows ihre zum Teil erstaunlichen musikalischen Talente vorführten.

Immerhin fanden drei solcher Veranstaltungen statt, die halfen, den Kindern ein Selbstbewusstsein als Teil dieses Fellowjahrgangs zu geben. Weiterhin entstand aus dem Deutschunterricht eine Rilke-Lesegruppe, die zeitweise wöchentlich tagte. Jeremy Adler und seine Frau Eva haben uns dabei wichtige Einsichten vermittelt. Olivier Jouanjan überraschte uns mit seinen eigenen Übersetzungen von Rilke-Elegien ins Französische. Auch die „Art of memory“-Gruppe um Renata Landgráfová, bei der wir die Bedeutung von Rhetorik und *ars memoriae* lernten, ist hier zu nennen. Leider fand sie nur dreimal statt.

Eine erste Gelegenheit, meine Kompositionen vorzustellen, war ein Konzert am 23. November 2011 mit dem Titel „Luz sobre lienzo“, bei dem die namhafte Geigerin Patricia Kopatchinskaja (Moldavien) zusammen mit der Flamenco-Tänzerin Fuensanta „La Moneta“ und zwei anderen befreundeten spanischen Musikern eine Vorab-Uraufführung eines Stücks im Wissenschaftskolleg gaben, das dann wenige Tage später in Madrid zum Anlass des Bicentariums der spanischen Verfassung (1812) aufgeführt wurde. Dieses Konzert wird mir wegen der Expressivität und Kraft der beiden Protagonistinnen unvergesslich bleiben, und auch die Fellows wurden davon entflammt. Ein zweites Konzert fand am 7. Mai 2012 statt, als das Pariser Diotima-Quartett zwei Streichquartette von mir spielte und der Flamenco-Gitarrist Cañizares ein Gitarren-Solostück von mir „Como llora el agua“ aufführte. Ich hatte den Eindruck, dass für das Publikum von Fellows und Berliner Zuhörern diese beiden Konzerte einen ganz besonderen Stellenwert hatten, weil die Zuhörer weder die spanischen Musiktraditionen kannten noch meine Art und Weise, diese Traditionen in die Gegenwartsmusik zu übertragen.

Trotz der vielen Aktivitäten in diesem Jahr habe ich immerhin sieben Werke komponieren können, die international uraufgeführt wurden und für mich als wichtige Experimentierfelder für die Oper dienen (s. u.). Es war ein Prozess der stetigen Akkumulation von Erfahrungen während des ganzen Jahres, doch so richtig in Schwung kam mein Komponieren erst am Ende des akademischen Jahres, weshalb ich dem Kolleg dankbar dafür bin, dass ich noch einige Monate länger in Berlin bleiben durfte (ein Freund nannte dies mein „Nachsitzen“), um die Oper hier abschließen zu können, die im Februar 2015 in Madrid uraufgeführt wird.

Aus vielen Gründen war die Anwesenheit von Maria Majno und Alfred Brendel ein Glanzpunkt dieses Jahrgangs für mich, daneben war aber auch die Begegnung mit Yehuda Elkana und die Erfahrung seiner Wärme, seiner Intelligenz und Großzügigkeit etwas ganz Besonderes. Wir hatten das Privileg, ihn in diesem Jahr noch kennenzulernen, und

wohl keiner von uns wird ihn so leicht vergessen. Die ganze Atmosphäre des Kollegs hatte übrigens auch eine große Wirkung auf meine Familie, vor allem auf meinen elfjährigen Sohn Mauricio (Mauri), der sich als Teil der Kollegsfamilie fühlte, u. a. bekam er Hausaufgabenhilfe von einigen Fellows. Aus dieser Perspektive betrachtet, kann ich sagen, dass dieser Berliner Aufenthalt für die ganze Familie eine der wichtigsten und schönsten Erfahrungen unseres Lebens gewesen ist.

Wir waren sehr glücklich im „Krokodilhaus“. So bezeichnete Mauri das Haus (eine umgebaute Remise), in dem wir auf dem Wiko-Campus wohnten. Wolf Lepenies erzählte ihm bei einem Donnerstagabendessen, die Remise sei ursprünglich gebaut worden, um darin das Mitbringsel des ehemaligen Besitzers von einer Ägyptenreise unterzubringen: ein Krokodil.

Ich habe das Kolleg erstmals im Februar 1988 kennengelernt, als ich den damaligen Composer in Residence Luigi Nono in seiner Wohnung in der Villa Walther besuchte. Hatte dieser Besuch die Pflöcke für mein musikalisches Denken für die nächsten 20 Jahre eingeschlagen, so sehe ich schon heute voraus, dass dieses vergangene Jahr eine ähnlich starke geistige Wirkung für die nächsten 20 Jahre haben wird.

Im Wissenschaftskolleg entstandene Kompositionen von Mauricio Sotelo

Luz sobre Lienzo (2011) für Violine, Flamencotänzerin, Schlagzeug und Elektronik.

UA: 03. 12. 2011. Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid. Patricia Kopatchinskaja (Violine), Fuensanta „La Moneta“ (Flamenco-Tanz).

Wien: Universal Edition.

Mapas celestes ... I (2011) für Ensemble und Live-Elektronik.

UA: 01. 12. 2011. Badajoz.

Wien: Universal Edition.

Azul de lontananza (2012) für Streichsextett.

UA: 05. 05. 2012. Teatro alla Scala, Mailand.

Wien: Universal Edition.

Klang Muro ... II (2012) für Ensemble.

UA: 29. 05. 2012. Centro del Carmen, Valencia.

Wien: Universal Edition.

Sub Rosa (2012) für Klavier.

UA: 12. 06. 2012. Madrid.

Wien: Universal Edition.

Aber das Wehende höre ... (2012) für Klavier und elektronische Klänge.

Wien: Universal Edition.

Cripta – Música para Manuel de Falla (2012) für Ensemble und Elektronik.

UA: 07. 06. 2012, Teatro Goldoni, „Maggio musicale Fiorentino“, Florenz.

Wien: Universal Edition.

El Público. Ópera bajo la arena (in Vorbereitung).

Premiere: Februar 2015. Teatro Real, Madrid.



BONDAGE IN EURASIA, FREEDOM
AT WIKO
ALESSANDRO STANZIANI

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Unlike many other final reports, mine will not evoke religious metaphors – paradise and the like – to describe my stay at Wiko, for I consider that it is too much a living and exciting place to be associated with paradise. And also because I do not intend to go back to hell.

My initial project aimed at studying the evolution of labour and labour institutions in Russia, Europe, Central Asia, China and the Indian Ocean between the 16th and the early 20th centuries. In doing so, I intended to question common ideas about the origin of labour institutions and market economies and their evolution and transformation in the early modern and modern world. In particular I wished to contest the clear-cut opposition between “free” and “unfree” labour and argue that these notions are historically embedded.

During my stay at the Wiko I have achieved this program beyond my best hopes. First, I decided to intervene as the first to give a Tuesday Colloquium in order to get useful suggestions as early as possible. I was not disappointed. During the Colloquium and/or after it, friends from history, social sciences, biology and philosophy suggested valuable corrections, integrations etc. I thus completed my manuscript and sent it to Cambridge in January. In contradiction to widespread arguments, my manuscript shows that Inner Asian and later on Russian bonded people were in fact part of a gradation of legal status and labour constraints that belonged to a wider Eurasian notion and practice of labour as service. This was partially true in Western Europe, as well, and gave rise to an extreme form of legal constraints in the colonies, not only under slavery, but especially after it (indentured labour). These institutions did not disappear with the French Revolution or the British industrial revolution, but only with the second industrial revolution and the rise of the welfare state, while in the colonies forms of coerced labour survived deep into the 20th century. I developed three main axes: Central Eurasia, Russia and the Indian Ocean.

In May I received a positive answer from Cambridge asking for just some minor revisions (including, of course, to the language). I never could have completed my manuscript, with such a result, without the splendid Wiko environment.

I also started or completed other works. First, I am taking part in the Cambridge Global History, several volumes under the direction of Kenneth Pomeranz and William McNeill. I have been asked to contribute a long chapter on the “abolitions” of slavery, serfdom and forced labour between the 18th and the 19th century. I completed this work between October and April. I did this work during the winter; I start with the intellectual and political debate on free labour in 18th- and 19th-century Europe and Russia; I then provide an original view of Russian serfdom and its abolition, before analysing the transatlantic slave trade and the abolition of slavery in European colonies in connection with economic and social dynamics in Africa, India, Europe and Latin America. Then I show that abolition in the US had impacts in such different areas as Brazil, Egypt, Russian Turkestan, India and, of course, Europe. I conclude with the abolition of slavery in Africa before WW I and a broader recall of persistent forms of bondage and coercion up through our days.

These achievements have pushed me to include Russian and Eurasian development in a broader historical perspective. After all, the history of serfdom and forced labour found one of its antecedents in the state and empire buildings in Eurasia during the early modern

and modern periods (16th through 18th centuries). I have thus developed a new area of research, already started the year before my coming to the Wiko, whose first outcome I reached last year. First, I have completed a book, in French, *Bâisseurs d'empires: Russie, Chine et Inde à la croisée des mondes, XVe–XIXe siècle* (Liber, 2012), in which I develop a comparative analysis of the way Muscovy, Qing China and Moghul India recruited and fed their armies. It is a way out of the concept of “Oriental despotism”, but also away from a purely ethnocentric perspective. The imperial dynamics of China, Russia and India and the way they organized their armies are related not only to fiscal structures, but also, starting from there, to the hierarchies between landlords, peasants and military elites.

Wiko offered me the possibility of testing and enlarging this work by contributing to finance a workshop precisely on the mobile frontiers of Asiatic empires. This workshop sought to analyse the way Eurasian empires such as China, India, Russia and the Ottoman Empire were built up. We thus put the accent on two related themes:

1) What is the core and what is the frontier of an empire? For example, for centuries under several dynasties, the northern part of China was the core and not necessarily a “periphery” of the southern area. Similarly, the steppe and the South played a major role in the development of the Russian Empire, well beyond the assertions made by conventional historiographies stressing the role of Moscow and Petersburg and overriding the Mongol heritage.

The same can be said of the Mughal Empire, which moved from Kabul and Afghanistan and certainly not from Delhi.

2) Mobile frontiers and decentralized empires lead us to rethink the role of the town in the process of growth. Towns have been conventionally seen as the engine of progress both politically and economically, not only in Europe but also elsewhere. Thus, the lack of towns or their qualification as “bureaucratic” areas has been considered a symptom and cause of backwardness. We suggest overcoming this view and considering the role of deserts, steppes and the ocean in empire building. As civilizational encounters, these areas were anything but the simple realm of illegal (pirates, brigands), nomadic, unsettled barbarians.

This workshop has encouraged me to develop some general reflections on comparative history. In particular, in April I took part in a workshop in Kazan, where I presented a paper on “Reciprocal comparatism in history: The Russian case”.

Indeed, when we evaluate the circulation of knowledge and imperial historical performances, we often operate under two paradigms:

- 1) Knowledge as power: the circulation of knowledge is mostly considered as going from the core to the periphery, within empires and between empires (from the West to Russia, for example). We suggest that hierarchical translation of categories and local practices by “core” powers, while important, is never unidirectional. Local practises reshape notions and practises in the “core” as well. In my approach, I stress the importance of mutual influences in historical dynamics.
- 2) We are still under the explicit or implicit influence of the notion of backwardness invented in the 18th century. Comparison is therefore made on the basis of an ideal type of a given (Western) economy and society, then looking for “missing factors” in local societies (lack of democracy, lack of private property, lack of the “bourgeoisie” etc.). This approach is ahistorical and deterministic: it conceives of one single scale of time and, to a certain extent (even if not necessarily), one path of development. It excludes historical bifurcations and contingency in history.

Is reciprocal comparison a tool for overcoming these limits?

Reciprocal comparison – as I see it – means that in both the circulation of ideas and values and in the evaluation of historical dynamics we do not hesitate to question the “West” from the standpoint of non-Western societies. For example, once admitted that common lands survived well into the 19th century in many European and non-European countries, why did Britain institute their privatization?

All the same: once admitted that the development of capitalism can be well obtained through forced labour (American and Brazilian slavery; at present, forms of bondage in South-East Asia) and also that democracy is not a prerequisite for market growth (the case of contemporary China), why did some empires seek to institute abolition (Britain since the 1830s) and/or liberal institutions?

Again, I owe my deep acknowledgment to Wiko for pushing me towards these methodological questions. Discussions of comparisons were constantly evoked during and after the Tuesday Colloquiums to the point that I was encouraged to organize with Samantha Besson a discussion group at the Wiko on “sources and evidence” in the social and natural sciences. We organized our discussion in four thematic meetings held between January and April, in which almost half of the Fellows took part. At each meeting, four speakers gave the impulse to the discussion. We selected four initial questions:

- 1) What is a source? The definition of a source is itself essential: written sources are not the only ones and, conversely, some written documents are not considered sources. Stones, fossils, empirical observation, art, icons and sounds can or cannot be considered

sources. Their identification, the reasons behind this and the implications of our choices should be clarified.

- 2) Sources appeal to be classified and qualified. Classifications in the archives reflect the origin of the archives and their evolution, that is, the authorities and powers at the origin of the documents and their classifications by one or another category. The general question behind this is: How are classifications of sources made, who makes them and how do they evolve? We take fragmented sources to mean incomplete sources, i.e. sources from which we have only pieces, excerpts or fragments. The question that arises, of course, is whether sources can ever be complete (singly or as a corpus) and what makes them complete.
- 3) Interpretations vs. evidence? Different fields make different uses of the source to validate an argument. An extreme position consists in saying that everything is discourse; at the opposite pole, history is opposed to literature and both are opposed to “real” sciences. Between one extreme and the other, intermediate positions are possible, although more difficult to express. This possibility or impossibility of moving between proof, evidence and description is what can be most appropriate to discuss here.
- 4) The temporality in and of sources. The construction of sources belongs to temporalities that have to be elucidated in order to make a correct interpretation of the source. The context of production is central, and, starting from this, historians can use sources to reconstruct appropriate temporal dynamics.

Now that I am about to leave the Wiko, I have to mention still other projects that I have started this year. First, I have written some chapters of what will probably become a second volume of my global history of bondage, this time on the period between 1870 and 1939 and including Russia, the Indian Ocean, part of Africa and Europe. In the chapters already written, I show that the history of labour in Europe and colonial history can no longer be kept as separate fields, as if the history of labour in the “West” was independent of labour relations in other parts of the world. In particular, I show that indentured labour in the Indian Ocean would have not been possible if working people in Europe had not been servants. Europe did not export a generic “wage-earner” or proletarian, but a specific historical form of these roles. This institution was filtered by colonial elites and interacted with specific values, forms of labour and institutions in the Indian Ocean.

All the same, at the turn of the 19th century, slavery was abolished in colonial Africa at the same moment that a “new” labour contract and the first form of welfare state emerged in Europe. This link is missing in current historiography; yet, without it, it is

impossible to understand why new forms of bondage emerged in colonial Africa and why tensions rose in the aftermath of WW I between Europe and its colonies.

The next chapters, still to write, intend to link the dynamics of Russia between 1861 and 1914 to those of Europe, in particular by showing the direct link between these economies and the good performances of the Russian economy as a whole until WW I. Then, after developing the major role WW I played in the use of new forms of militarized labour in both Europe and its colonies, I will develop a detailed analysis of the evolution of labour and forced labour in some European colonies in Africa and India between 1914 and 1939; I will link this evolution to that of the states (welfare) and the economies of Europe during this same period. Finally, special attention will be devoted to Soviet Russia and the old/new conceptions and use of labour until WW II (forced collectivization, Gulag, industrial labour).

I cannot but be grateful to Wiko for pushing me so much and above all for putting me in a position to carry out this work. I must mention not only the working splendid environment, but also the efficiency of the library team. My kind of working on so many topics absolutely depends upon efficient access to sources. Wiko cannot give me the archives, but it provided me with massive secondary bibliography. It would have been impossible elsewhere.



EVOLUTION, MEDICINE,
AND DEMOGRAPHY – THE GIFT OF TIME
STEPHEN C. STEARNS

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My year at Wiko was divided into two halves, October–December and May–July, because commitments at my home institution required my presence from January through April. In both halves I experienced the great gift of time: time to think, to read, to write, and to interact with colleagues across disciplines. With that essential gift, Wiko provides superb support. The apartment and the meals, wonderful as they are, are more than matched by the warm hospitality from everyone at Wiko and the intellectual stimulation from colleagues.

While I will take away many memories from events occurring within the Wiko walls, I will also remember the diverse, enticing city of Berlin, bicycle excursions through Grunewald, Potsdam, and the Tiergarten, and evenings at the Deutsche Oper and Philharmonie.

It is a lovely, livable city with wonderful museums and music and excellent public transportation.

Much of my time in Fall 2011 was devoted to organizing the new journal. The decision to launch the journal was taken just as I was arriving at Wiko, and I spent much of October and November putting together the editorial board and setting up the non-profit foundation that owns the journal. Negotiations with publishers occupied much of the spring; the contract with Oxford University Press was signed in June 2012. The journal is open access, with papers published only on the Web, not in print, and started to receive its first papers July 1, 2012. Its founding continues the important role that Wiko has played in supporting the development of evolutionary medicine. Eleven of the members of the Editorial Board of the journal are past, present, or future Fellows or short-term visitors at Wiko: Alison Galvani, Andrew Read, Carl Bergstrom, Carlo Maley, Gillian Bentley, Jacob Koella, Michael Hochberg, Randolph Nesse, Stephen Corbett, Stephen Stearns, and Virpi Lummaa. Randolph Nesse is also the President of the Foundation for Evolution, Medicine, and Public Health, which owns the journal.

When I was not working on the journal, I completed four papers.

The first paper discussed how to apply evolutionary theory to King Lear, which I did for Stephen Greenblatt's Wiko symposium in May. In my sophomore year at Yale, in the spring of 1965, I had taken a course on Tragedy from Richard Sewall, one of Yale's great teachers. For the paper, I suggested to Professor Sewall that I write on Biology and Tragedy. He encouraged me, but my performance was not strong, and I was disappointed in the grade. I never thought I would have a chance to revisit that issue, but Stephen provided me with an opportunity that I greatly enjoyed, learning much about Lear, myself, and my colleagues. My only regret is not being able to send Professor Sewall my revised draft, 47 years later: he died in 2003.

The second paper concerns the conflicts that arise between the two sexes for two reasons: selection can differ between males and females, and the genes that influence traits are present in both sexes, expressed in both sexes, correlated between the two sexes, and move between them from generation to generation. Using the data available in the Framingham Heart Study, we have been able to demonstrate that such evolutionary conflicts exist in humans. Selection on males is constraining responses in females, and selection on females is constraining responses in males. Should we so choose, we could blame the other sex for some of our lack of perfection. The paper appeared in *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* on September 26, 2012.

The third paper is a long review of evolutionary medicine commissioned by the Royal Society of London as the first of a new series in their Proceedings. Based on the Colloquium I gave in November, it occupied much of my time in May and June and will be helpful in teaching and structuring a book on evolutionary medicine. It appeared in *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* on August 29, 2012.

The fourth paper was made possible by Wiko's generosity in supporting short-term visits by Ian Rickard and Stephen Corbett. Their presence made possible the analysis of data from The Gambia (1956–2010), which we used to discover whether selection pressures on humans change during the Demographic Transition, occurring in The Gambia about 1975. We have shown for the first time how the demographic transition can influence the strength, direction, and type of selection; understanding this has important implications for anthropology, demography, and medicine.

Besides giving the normal Fellow's Colloquium, I also organized a day-long symposium on phenotypic plasticity for Peter Hammerstein's group at Humboldt University on December 7, gave the evening talk at the meeting of the Scientific Advisory Board on May 20, participated in Jim Hunt's symposium on social insects from May 10 to 11 and Stephen Greenblatt's symposium on King Lear from May 18 to 19, and organized the panel discussion at the Former Fellow's Meeting on July 6. (Apparently the Wiko leadership was concerned that I not get bored.) On a less intellectual note, I organized a red wine tasting for the Fellows in the fall and a white wine tasting in the spring. Neither appeared to slow the progress of scholarship.



VIER PLUS ZWEI WOCHEN WIKO ODER
PARADISE FOUND, LOST AND REGAINED
DANIEL STÖKL BEN EZRA

Daniel Stökl Ben Ezra ist seit 2010 Directeur d'Études auf dem Lehrstuhl für Langue, littérature, épigraphie et paléographie hébraïques et araméennes du IV^e siècle avant notre ère au IV^e siècle de notre ère an der Sektion für Geschichte und Philologie der École pratique des hautes études, Paris. Zuvor war er vier Jahre Forscher am CNRS in Aix-en-Provence (Centre Paul-Albert Février) sowie Mandel-Fellow am Scholion Institute for Interdisciplinary Jewish Studies an der Hebrew University in Jerusalem, Golda Meir-Fellow im Fachbereich für Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes, ebenfalls an der Hebräischen Universität, und Rothschild-Fellow am Fachbereich für Religionswissenschaften der Universität Princeton. Nach einem Studium der Evangelischen Theologie in Bochum und Bern hat Stökl Religionswissenschaften und Judaistik an der Hebräischen Universität in Jerusalem studiert. Er ist Visiting Scholar an den Universitäten Zürich und Bern sowie an der Dormition Abbey in Jerusalem gewesen. Seine Hauptforschungsinteressen betreffen kollektive Identitäten im frühen Judentum und Christentum insbesondere anhand von Festen, Liturgien, Lektionaren und Bibliotheken; Qumranrollen; frührabbinische Literatur (Mischna); Hebräische Paläographie sowie Digital Humanities und die Verwendung quantitativer Studien in den Geschichtswissenschaften. – Adresse: EPHE 4e section, 190 avenue de France, 75013 Paris, France. E-mail: stoekldaniel@gmail.com

„Ein Strom entspringt in Eden, der den Garten bewässert.“ Wie ich bei der Bootsfahrt in der ersten Woche entdecken durfte, heißt er Spree. Von Berlin habe ich – bei dieser Bootsfahrt – nicht viel gesehen. Zu interessant waren die Gespräche mit den Mitfellows

und den Mitarbeitern. Tief durchdacht das kunstvoll gewebte Netz aus den Forschungsthemen, vielleicht mit Begegnung zweier Welten und Evolution im Zentrum – Malariaerreger und ihre Wirte, Bienen, Wespen, Elefanten, Menschen, ihre Krankheiten und ihre Partnerwahl, Stämme, Philosophie, Wirtschaft, Recht, Musik, Architektur, Religion. Jedes Mittagessen, jedes der wundervollen Abendessen wurde so zu einer Entdeckungsreise von bekannten in unbekannte Gefilde, Fragestellungen, Denkweisen, Themen. Olivier Jouanjan gab mir noch im Bus eine wunderbare Literaturempfehlung. Die wöchentlichen Seminare, die ich miterleben durfte, von Alessandro Stanziani, Philip Kitcher und Stephen Stearns waren jedes für sich eine intellektuelle Tour de Force, dessen Fundamente sich tief ins Gedächtnis eingegraben haben. Dazu die zahlreichen Events von EUME (Europe in the Middle East – The Middle East in Europe) mit einer weiteren großen Gruppe anregender Forscher.

Dieses intellektuelle Feuerwerk allein wäre noch kein Paradies gewesen. Zum Kopf gehören Herz und Bauch. So wurde Musik zum zweiten Zentrum im Gespräch am Mittagstisch und im gemeinsamen Musizieren mit Sonja Grund und Jacob Koella am nun sehr vermissten Konzertflügel.

Das Wohnen und gemeinsame Essen in der Villa Jaffé weckte Erinnerungen an das menschliche Zusammensein in den Wohngemeinschaften aus der Studentenzeit – wenn auch die Villa ungleich komfortabler war. Die MitarbeiterInnen, manchmal sichtbar, öfter gleich Heinzelmännchen und -frauen unsichtbar, ließen den Eindruck entstehen, als wäre das Wiko ganz speziell für diesen Jahrgang gegründet worden und stellten den Jahrgang doch gerade auch in die ehrwürdige Geschichte der Institution. Jeder Name war von Anfang an bekannt, der Kühlschrank war gefüllt und auf dem Tisch stand Obst, Schokolade und eine Flasche Wein. Noch so ausgefallene Buch- oder Artikelwünsche wurden akribisch bearbeitet und, wo immer es irgend ging, erfüllt. Und es gab viele Wünsche. Sehr viele! Merci!!

Der Höhepunkt war die fast tägliche Arbeitsgruppe mit Clemens Leonhard und Israel Yuval. Wir waren nach Berlin gekommen, um jüdische und christliche liturgische Texte auf gegenseitige positive oder negative Bezüge zu untersuchen. In dem Teilprojekt, das mich betraf, ging es in erster Linie um Chanukka und Weihnachten in der Spätantike. Sooft es irgend ging, studierten wir gemeinsam Texte in einer Hevruta wie in der Talmudschule – in Grunewald, in den ehemaligen Gemächern von Görings unheiligem Verein, was mich durchaus mit einer besonders tiefen Genugtuung erfüllte. Auch wenn ich Israel und Clemens seit vielen Jahren sehr gut kenne, sind wir uns in diesen vier Wochen

menschlich wie fachlich noch sehr viel näher gekommen. Wir verbrachten viele Stunden mit *close readings* jüdischer und christlicher Predigten zu Chanukka und Weihnachten, blickten in Lektionare und historische Quellen. Die stetig wachsende Zahl gemeinsamer Entdeckungen erfüllte uns mit einem steigenden Enthusiasmus. Das entstandene Bild ist recht komplex und bezieht verschiedene Feste mit ein, die heute längst vergessen sind, aber wir denken, vor allem zur Frühgeschichte des jüdischen Chanukkafestes einige Einflüsse des Christentums aufgetan zu haben. Ohne die Rahmenbedingungen und die Freiheiten des Wikos wäre uns dieses intensive gemeinsame Studium kaum möglich gewesen.

Paradise Lost

Und dann war plötzlich alles vorbei. Die vorbestimmte Zeit war abgelaufen. Ein ganzes Jahr eingeladen – das aus familiären Gründen auf nur 31 Tage abgekürzt werden musste. Für die in der Ferne verbliebene Familie waren die 31 Tage lang. Insofern freute ich mich sehr, dass es überhaupt möglich geworden war. Doch wer verlässt schon gern das gerade entdeckte Paradies? Einen Tag vor dem Empfang mit den Berliner Kollegen. So war der Abschied tränenreich, die Zeit danach – ohne Hevruta, Musizieren, Mittagstisch, Literaturbestellungen – ernüchternd. Eine Rückkehr im Verlauf des Jahres schien aus familienlogistischen Gründen mit drei kleinen Kindern quasi unmöglich.

Paradise Regained

Glücklicherweise waren die Cherubim wohlwollend. Nach sieben Monaten kam es schließlich und überraschenderweise doch noch zu einem kurzen Comeback. Zwei Wochen ließ mich meine liebe Frau trotz völliger Überarbeitung zurück ins Paradies und die Leitung des Wiko zeigte sich unglaublich flexibel. Die Rückkehr war fast, als hätte die Abwesenheit nur ein Wochenende gedauert. Der Empfang durch die im Herbst gewonnenen Freunde unter Fellows und Mitarbeitern hätte herzlicher nicht sein können. Das Gästezimmer hoch oben in der Villa Walther mit dem Blick auf den wunderbar grünen Garten gefiel mir noch besser als das Apartment im Oktober. Intensiv machten Israel und ich uns an die Arbeit, den begonnenen Artikel weiter voranzubringen. Er ist zwar noch nicht ganz abgeschlossen, wird es aber hoffentlich in Kürze sein und als Grundstock zu einem gemeinsamen Buch dienen.

Alfred Brendel war noch da, ja, das Idol noch aus Grundschulzeiten, genau der von den Musikkassetten mit Mozarts Klavierkonzerten. Wenn ich doch nur mehr Mut gehabt hätte, die Ehrfurcht zu überwinden und ein richtiges Gespräch zu beginnen! Hélas. Immerhin wagten Sonja und ich uns wieder an unsere Bachsonaten im Vortragssaal, wenn wir einigermaßen sicher sein konnten, dass die potenzielle Zuhörerzahl möglichst gering war. Der erneute Genuss zweier Dinners und zweier Seminare, dem anregenden, wenn – zumindest bei den Geisteswissenschaftlern – auch Protest aufrufenden Beitrag von Alexandre Courtiol und der Musik des unvergleichlichen Mauricio Sotelo. Schließlich der Abend mit der Uraufführung von Hoda Barakats beeindruckendem „Last vigil of the night“. Der Abschied nach 12 Tagen war dann fast schon normal mit einem hoffnungsvollen „Auf *Wiedersehen*“.



IMAGINING WIKO
HOLLIS TAYLOR

After thirty years as a classical, jazz, and world music violinist/composer, including artist residencies in Paris, Budapest, New York City, and the Dominican Republic, I moved to Australia with my partner Jon Rose to realize our Great Fences of Australia project. My book *Post Impressions: A Travel Book for Tragic Intellectuals* documents how we circumnavigated the continent as musical cartographers bowing outback fences. In the desert of Western Australia, I had an epiphany. I heard a startlingly arresting birdsong performed by several pied butcherbirds (*Cracticus nigrogularis*), each contributing to an antiphonal trio in rich, clear voices. This and several subsequent encounters with the species made such an impact that I decided to devote myself to researching their vocalizations. I pursued a Ph.D. across the disciplines of zoology and musicology (or zoömusicology, if you will) at the University of Western Sydney, followed by a Postdoctoral Research Fellowship at Paris' Musée national d'Histoire naturelle and then my Wiko Fellowship. Currently, I am a Chancellor's Postdoctoral Research Fellow at the University of Technology, Sydney. – Address: University of Technology, Sydney, PO Box 123, Broadway NSW 2007, Australia. E-mail: Hollis.Taylor@uts.edu.au

Whenever I send in a proposal, I imagine success. I do this not out of New Age optimism to somehow increase my chances. Quite the opposite – I do it from a pessimist's point of view. Assuming the reply will be “no”, I can take full pleasure in the possibility until the result arrives. However, there is one application for which I never got around to imagining a “yes” – the one to Wissenschaftskolleg. How could it work? Forty Fellows forming a temporary community in a Grunewald lakeside villa pursuing projects of their choice ...

even as an outsider, I could only vaguely imagine it – none of the 40 Fellows would be me. When I received Wiko’s “yes”, I was as befuddled as I was thrilled.

My own work I *could* imagine, and there was lots to be done. Since few songbirds have been studied in depth or in situ, much of our limited knowledge is based on several “white rats” of the bird world. I am the first researcher to devote herself to the vocalizations of the pied butcherbird. As a field musicologist, I spend four months per year immersed in their song culture.

I believe that this species could revolutionize the way we think about birdsong, human exceptionalism, and the core values of music. Both sexes sing, including in duos, trios, and even larger choirs. In the spring, they sing nocturnally for up to six hours, especially on moonlit nights. Their magnificent, flute-like songs are dynamic and change annually – no two mature birds sing the same. My previous research included compiling many examples from their song culture that display a striking overlap with human music and the human sense of musicality.

Long songs could be pertinent to comparisons of birdsong and human language, to statistical regularities related to human melodic organization, to issues of memory, and much more. And yet, current birdsong research scarcely contains representatives of the more sophisticated singers among the birds, because they are difficult to breed and house in a laboratory and because their songs in the wild are problematical for biologists to analyze. But such a methodology has been developed in Western art music, with its formal notation and analytic apparatus.

Early in my Wiko stay, I invited the Swedish neuroscientist Björn Merker, co-editor of *The Origins of Music*, to be in residence for several days. We reviewed what I knew to date about the species and brainstormed about how to code or export my many long song transcriptions. During one lunch, Björn was speaking about the important work of evolutionary biologist Mike Ryan, to which a voice at the end of the table replied, “That’s my work!” (Mike was a short-term Fellow.) Another lunch with short-term Fellow Avril Coghlan was also fortuitous – she guided me in the process of exporting my music transcriptions into a format amenable to various statistical analyses. Thus, Björn and I began collaboration with linguists to analyze the syntax and structure of pied butcherbird long songs.

There is much groundwork to be laid when introducing an unstudied species to the research community. My second project was to prepare an overarching summary of where, when, and what song types they sing, including reviewing 650 hours of field recordings and observations. The methodology entails numerous measurements and

statistical analyses, including items of interest to both zoologists and musicologists. While in Berlin, I was able to meet weekly with Professor Constance Scharff, Head of Animal Behavior at the Freie Universität Berlin, with whom I am writing this vocal ethogram paper.

I was also able to take two detours onto birdsong transcription projects that had been on hold for several years. I had been given copies of fifteen pages of Australian birdsong transcriptions from Olivier Messiaen's *cahiers d'oiseaux*. These resulted from three recordings given to him by my Australian colleague, the ornithologist Sydney Curtis. (As a bonus, there are six pied butcherbird examples.) With only a couple of instances where it is known that Messiaen transcribed from recordings, his transcription accuracy has remained a difficult subject for musicologists to prove one way or the other. Pairing these recordings and transcriptions gives us new insights into Messiaen's birdsong studies.

The second detour allowed me to spend several weeks transcribing and analyzing songs from three years of fieldwork by my superb lyrebird (*Menura novaehollandiae*) research group. All of these projects were more fully spelled out in my colloquium, and I benefitted both from the formal comments and questions and from the informal ones given at other times. The philosopher of science Philip Kitcher's introduction to my colloquium and ongoing support of my project were one of the year's highlights. The "weekly" colloquium occurs, of course, much more frequently, given the large number of short-term Fellows and other fascinating scholars who cycle through during the year. My partner, Jon Rose, contributed his own, during which Alfred Brendel appointed him his "honorary Dadaist". These colloquiums took time away from my work, but they also fed it, even if indirectly.

Zoömusicology seeks to bring musicology and other humanities into conversation with biology. It also understands that birdsong is not entirely told by notation, sonograms, numbers, graphs, charts, text, and other formal analysis. There is another way to knowing, and I wanted my Co-Fellows to experience the wonders of a pied butcherbird in the Australian outback as much as possible. I designed a concert that began with field recordings of this species: birds delivering nocturnal solo song in the still of a full-moon night, birds participating in dynamic diurnal antiphonal song, and birds mimicking other species. I followed this with songs of the Australian pied butcherbird performed by me on violin accompanied by other field recordings – various birds, insects, mammals (kangaroo, dingo, and *Homo sapiens*, such as the Australian Air Force taking off in a helicopter as I recorded on a remote Arnhemland airstrip) – whatever I encounter on my trips. My (re)compositions do not seek to develop so much as to illuminate and celebrate pied butcherbird vocalizations, including the melodies, rhythms, timbres (when possible), and

other conventions. Much of this concert's material was prepared while in residence. I was fortunate to have Raghavendra Gadagkar, a Wiko Permanent Fellow, introduce my concert (any encounter with him is both an inspiration and a revelation).

The year offered a number of terrific lecture/concerts by Fellows, notably Alfred Brendel, Thomas and Clara Christensen (four-handed piano), and Mauricio Sotelo. I was honored to contribute to two evenings devoted to the work of Hoda Barakat: first, readings from her novels, and subsequently, a reading of her three-act play along with Susannah Heschel.

From the outset, I designed a heavy work agenda that I knew would not allow time for trips outside Berlin. I made three brief exceptions, to give papers and/or concerts in Paris, Utrecht, and Monte Verità (for a Neuroscience and Music conference). From my apartment on the ground floor in the back of Villa Walther, I kept an eye through the seasons on the foxes and punk-looking red squirrels (I never did see a wild boar), as well as the swans (the five cygnets were teenagers when we departed), Eurasian coots, Mallard ducks, and a host of other bird species. I prepared a booklet for the Fellows of the birds most likely to be seen in the area. I managed a May outing to Beelitz (south of Potsdam) when the asparagus was up and the birds were singing – we counted 54 species in all that morning. We also saw roe deer, ermine, hare, and the tracks of the *Marderhund* (sable dog).

I cherish a number of conversations with partners of Fellows, many of whom could have been Fellows in their own right: in fact, Patricia Kitcher had been.

Reflections on my stay involve not just the Fellows but also the staff. Luca Giuliani and Joachim Nettelbeck can be exceedingly proud of the team they have assembled. The expertise and enthusiasm to attend to our every need was apparent in each staff member – there was no weak link. For example, you would be forgiven for supposing, as I initially did, that Vera Schulze-Seeger (whose office is at Wiko's front door and whose e-mail address reads "Empfang") is a receptionist. Ironing out full-blown crises or little irritations, greasing the wheels of life, solving in a minute what would take me an afternoon – she never waned. One wonders if the whole endeavor might collapse without her.

As Vera is much more than a receptionist, so Eva von Kügelgen is much more than a German teacher. Eva attended our colloquia, sponsored evenings of German films, distributed clippings of German cultural events, and organized outings. She both aided us in taking part in the larger German community (and its culture) and was part of our small community herself.

My first "passport" was a library card, and I have never found a library I could not praise. Nevertheless, Wiko's library staff outdid themselves. For example, I had ordered a



Three seasonal views of the tree trunk in front of Wiko.

book by German composer Heinz Tiessen, who is virtually unknown for the work he did notating blackbird songs and then composing based on them. Later, I ordered some of his sheet music. Head Librarian Sonja Grund noticed this pattern of interest in my orders and wrote me an e-mail to say that the Heinz Tiessen Archives were located in Berlin. She facilitated my visit and successfully intervened when the bureaucracy determined I could only have 20 photocopies from amongst the many treasures I had found.

My final thank you goes to my fellow Fellows. We were 40+, but for a short while, we were one, with all the dynamics of an extended family. Some talked too much; others not enough. Some provoked; others joked. Some had good questions; others good answers. Everyone shaped the year and made me, at some moment or at many, think differently. Imagining Wiko, I imagine you.



“A YEAR AT WIKO IS KIND OF LIKE
A YEAR IN THE FIELD”
BRAM TUCKER

Bram Tucker is an Associate Professor of Anthropology at the University of Georgia in the United States. He received his Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 2001. The topic of his research is economic decision-making and household livelihood strategies among hunter-gatherers, farmers, and fishermen in southwestern Madagascar. His research employs theory from evolutionary biology, ecology, economics, psychology, and cultural anthropology, using methods including behavioral observation, experiments, interviews, and oral history. – Address: Department of Anthropology, University of Georgia, 250A Baldwin Hall, Jackson St., Athens, GA 30602, USA.
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This end-of-the-year essay is inspired by a conversation I had one day with fellow anthropologist, fellow Africanist, and fellow Fellow Alice Bellagamba. Alice commented that a year at Wiko is kind of like a year in the field. I hadn't exactly thought of it that way before. Although it had occurred to me that I will remember 2011–12 with the same fondness as 1997–99, the 19 months I lived among Mikea hunter-gatherers in rural Madagascar collecting data for my doctoral dissertation. What both years have in common is the transformative effect they had on my life, imagination, and intellect.

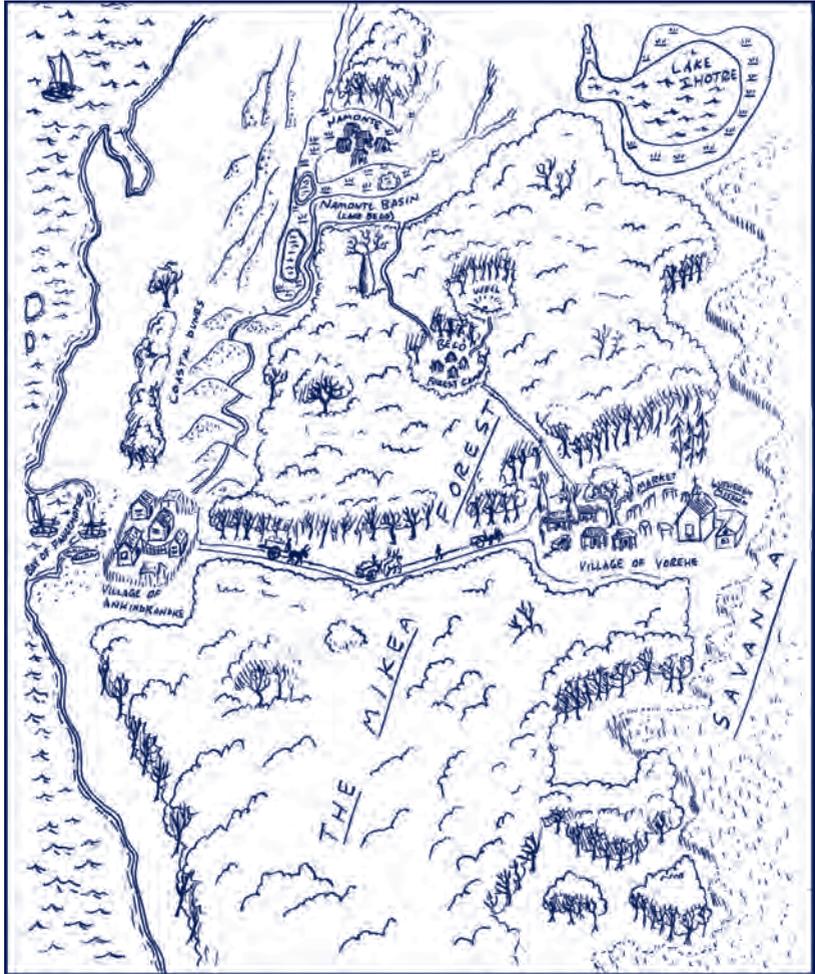
A year at Wiko *is* a lot like a year spent doing fieldwork. Both start with a period of linguistic and cultural adjustment, when even taking care of your basic biological and social needs poses challenges. This is followed by a phase of increasing linguistic and cultural competence, when things become easier, knowledge accumulates rapidly, and life is thrilling. There inevitably follows a period of lag, as it becomes increasingly clear that

life and learning still require a lot of work, that language skills may never really be good enough, and that it's impossible to accomplish as much as hoped. I write to you today, Monday, July 9, 2012, from the midst of the final phase, an emotional tug-of-war between eagerness to get back home to family, friends, colleagues, students, and so-called "real life" and remorse over the end of a fabulously rich experience.

I spent October 1997 living in the seaside city of Toliara, Madagascar, known locally as "the city of the sun". I lived with my collaborator Professor Tsiazonera in what constituted a middle-class home in that place and time – a rented cinderblock structure with three rooms, a few light bulbs dangling from a corrugated metal roof full of cobwebs, a single outdoor water tap, an outdoor kitchen where meals were prepared on a charcoal stove, and a toilet worse than the one from *Trainspotting*. Tsiazonera and his wife Louisette lived there with their three young daughters, plus two nieces and a nephew from the country who were attending school in the city, plus an ever-rotating cast of country visitors, plus dogs, chickens, ducks, pigs, and a tortoise, all in a space a little larger than the courtyard of Villa Walther. During the day the place was alive with the sounds of the radio, yelling children, barking dogs, ambulant vendors, beggars at the door and the smells of cooking. At night we slept chock-a-block in the limited indoor space, on beds, couches, chairs, and sheets of sponge on the concrete floor. This is where I learned to speak the Malagasy language. Tsiazonera and I went through sentences and grammar several times per day. I would copy and recopy my notes. Then I would practice what I'd learned on family, friends, neighbors, and vendors. I should probably mention that English was useless in this context. I had to translate Malagasy lessons through my hazy command of French, which, at the time, I spoke with a Mexican accent due to having participated in a study abroad in Meridá two years earlier.

September 2011, my first month in Berlin, was of course much more comfortable, with a nice apartment in the top floor of Villa Walther. But it posed some similar challenges. For the first three weeks, I struggled through intensive German language lessons (which I eventually dropped), while on the street I learned to decipher menus, public transit, manners, rules, protocols, and landscapes (what is a *Schrebergarten*? I asked Franz Alto one day). I remember that after the first week in Berlin I had the semblance of a routine, yet I still lacked some basic knowledge, such as how to dispose of household rubbish. October 1st brought another wave of adjustments, with the beginning of the lunches, dinners, and colloquia, plus new names, faces, rules, guidelines, manners, and protocols to learn (such as: do I preferentially sit next to people with whom I have had great conversations in the

past, or with those I have not met yet? If I have a great conversation with Fellow X one day and don't sit by him again for a week, will he take offense?).



Ill. 1: Map of Mikea Forest

By March 1998, five months into field research in the Mikea Forest, I had become accustomed to my surroundings, comfortable with thinking in French and speaking Malagasy, and integrated into the local kinship structure. As they say in southwestern Madagascar, I had become *zatsse* (adapted). Working alternately with Tsiazonera and another collaborator from the Université de Toliara, Jaovola Tombo, we spent half our time in the small forest camp of Belò and half our time traveling among three other field sites.

Belò became home. It still is (or was, last time I was there in 2008). In 1998 Belò consisted of seven bark-thatched huts with roofs too low to stand up in, on a carpet of red sand peppered with dried goat droppings, surrounded by a mosaic of dry deciduous forest and clearings for swidden maize cultivation. One of the seven huts was ours. We made the mistake of using baobab bark for wall thatch. At night we could hear the resident herd of goats chewing through the walls. Cooking was done over a campfire. The nearest water source was a natural sinkhole well with water the color of apple cider, located two kilometers away in the forest. We visited the well on alternating days, where we enjoyed our only chance to bathe and filled 30 L jerry cans that we hauled back to camp for cooking and drinking.

To get from Belò to the other fieldsites required a journey on foot with our baggage either strapped to our backs or in a rented oxcart. It took about four hours to hike the 15 km from the large market town of Vorehe on the edge of the savanna to the forest camp of Belò. It was another four-hour hike, through some amazing old growth forest and past a truly impressive baobab tree, to reach the lakeside villages of the Namonte Basin, where Mikea live in comfortable reed-thatched houses on clean, white sand. The next 10 km leg of our circuit we typically did at night. It took us across tall dunes of yellow, red, and white sand that would have been blinding and hot during the day. Around 10 or 11 p.m. we would bed down in the soft sand at the summit of the final dune before the coast. Then in the morning we would stumble down to the bayside village of Ankindranoke for a breakfast of coffee and fried fish. The final leg of our journey was the hardest, but often the most enjoyable. It involved a 37-km walk from Ankindranoke back to Vorehe, through the heart of the Mikea Forest. We travelled through the night with our baggage in an oxcart, at a slow pace due to the sandy soil. If it happened to be the night before market, the sandy road was a very social highway full of peddlers carrying smoked fish, dried octopus, and live crabs from the coast.

To be *zatsse* in this life meant adapting to some serious social and physical challenges. I've already described the physical challenges – long hikes, hauling baggage and jerry

cans, and constant outdoor living. Socially, I learned the names and faces of a large number of people. I learned who was interested in us because they genuinely liked us and who simply wanted to profit from our presence. I became incorporated into kinship networks. At Belò I was adopted by Solo and Zariana, whom I still address as *baba* (father) and *rene* (mother), and who refer to me as their white child (*anake vazaha*). At Ankindranoke I had a more complicated situation, with father Jisy and mother Nety competing for my attention with Jisy's younger sister Fanagnane, who became my sister, too. And there were countless other brothers and sisters, including a cadre of children that I "grew up with" and who are now adults and valuable friends.

To be *zatsé* at Wiko was a remarkably similar process. There is the building of kinship ties. For example, one cold Saturday morning in February I boarded a cab with Thomas and Clara Christensen, Mark Viney, David Tricker, and Christa Eßbach. We were on our way to the beautiful synagogue on Oranienburger Straße, to attend the *bat mitzvah* of Susannah Heschel and Jim Aronson's daughter Gittel. The cab ride over was a bonding experience, as we discussed our previous experience with Jewish ritual (and for some of us, lack thereof). Then we were at the synagogue, along with many of the other Fellows, sharing in a personal family experience, watching Fellows like Jeremy Adler and Israel Yuval read Hebrew texts, and watching two very happy parents beaming with pride (I think Gittel was happy, too). Thursday night dinners were similar kinship-building ceremonies, from the drinks beforehand, to the brotherhood and sisterhood of the late night crew that stayed to ensure that no half-emptied wine bottles were wasted, to the walk home to Villa Walther where the inhabitants of our village dwelt behind the lighted windows. The village-like feeling of Villa Walther was amplified when the weather warmed in spring, as the Wiko children began to spend more time outside and, with their new-found knowledge of the German language, learned to play together and eventually formed rowdy gangs. As I would do in a rural village in Madagascar, I found myself feeling responsible for Fellows' kids and would lend a co-parental hand when necessary (indeed, the day after the *bat mitzvah* I went with Alex Courtiol and his two sons Eelis and Aatos to Legoland Berlin).

In both Madagascar 1998 and Berlin 2012 I learned things I never expected to learn and never even knew I was interested in learning. My main objective in Madagascar was to collect quantitative economic data, such as foraging returns, agricultural yields, labor allocations, and market prices. My goals in Berlin were similarly limited: to do some data analyses and write some papers. But in Madagascar I became increasingly fascinated by

clan politics, astrological calendars, witchcraft accusations, oral histories, and wizardlore. I learned that the village of Vorehe was named for evil magic (*vorike*), which was supposedly practiced by one of its founders. I enjoyed the tales of the great wizard Tsiasinda from Namonte, who both assisted the French colonial forces by collecting their taxes and used his magic to protect Mikea people from the colonial regime by hiding the village of Namonte whenever colonial agents wanted to cause them harm. In Germany this year, I learned to read Berlin's post-Prussian, post-Empire, post-Weimar Republic, post-Third Reich, post-Cold War historical landscape. In the spring I played tour guide for several waves of visitors from the United States and Madagascar. I showed my guests many a Schloss on the Havel River, built by various Königs, Kaisers, and Kurfürsts of the Hohenzollern clan, most of who seem to have been named Friedrich or Wilhelm. We visited the haunting memorial to the Jewish people exported from Berlin to concentration camps from platform 17 of the Grunewald Station. And I've read every plaque and seen each film at the fascinating outdoor Wall Museum along Bernauer Straße several times over. My favorite place to take visitors was the Deutsche Historische Museum on Unter den Linden.

Of course I also gained new knowledge from my fellow Fellows. In particular I learned that whatever you think you know about other fields of study is probably wrong. It turns out that Jews borrowed ritual from Christians, the Dark Ages weren't that dark, parasites may be good for you, slaves have agency, birdsong is music, the backs of icons are just as meaningful as the fronts, Lemberg (Lviv) was once the center of the intellectual world, and genes are often less important than growth and development (okay, I knew that last one already). I learned that malaria plasmodia have sperm, the Ottoman Bank created a linguistically and ethnically diverse bourgeois class, music doesn't inevitably evolve to greater tonality, hieroglyphs helped Egyptians to remember things, and of course that deceased saints may periodically emit an icky (yet holy) goo called *myron*.

And then, alas, in both fieldwork and sabbatical, one inevitably enters a phase of lag. I wish to describe this phase rather briefly, both because this essay is getting rather long, and because this part is decidedly less fun to talk about. I think it should be acknowledged, though, for it would be dishonest to portray my first year in Madagascar and this previous year in Berlin as all smiles and happiness. Around September 1998 many people in the village of Vorehe decided that I was being too generous with the people in the forest and not generous enough with them. I had to deal with beggars of many sorts, from poor and sick people in genuine destitution to relatively successful peasants who just wanted

their share of my supposed wealth to a new tax on resident researchers invented by the town council (*fokon'olo*). One day I had to deal with five beggars before I could even drink my morning coffee. The more I gave to any one person, the more everyone else thought they were owed.

I'm happy to report that there was very little jealousy and witchcraft at Wiko – indeed, none that I was privy to. My Wiko lag took a different form, in the month of April, when I simultaneously realized that my remaining time was limited, that I had started more projects than I had finished, and that I had four consecutive waves of guests (family, friends) to entertain. I thoroughly enjoyed all my guests, but the time commitment posed a challenge to productivity.

And now here we are with just a few days left in this Wiko paradise. Our goodbyes here at Wiko have taken many forms, but most memorable will probably be the party we threw for the staff. There is an obvious parallel with my last day at Belò. We threw a huge party. We slaughtered a goat and a turkey and cooked a mountain of rice. We played loud music and drank too much rum and danced until morning.

Meanwhile, in the village of Vorehe, one of our best friends, Mr. Tantely, was dying. Tantely had been an honest friend and a fantastic informant, and he was the father of our constant companion Veve, who drove our oxcart. Tantely died on my very last day of fieldwork in 1999; I had neither time nor money to attend the funeral. Many goodbyes went unsaid (my next trip would be four years later, in 2003).

I've presented two narratives here, one about Madagascar and one about Berlin. The two stories converged on April 2012, when Wiko very generously invited Tsiazonera and Jaovola to spend ten days in Berlin (I should mention that the three of us have continued working together in Madagascar since my dissertation fieldwork, and we're planning another project for the near future). Tsiazonera and Jaovola introduced my *Dienstagskolloquium*, and then on *Donnerstag* I introduced their presentations to a full audience at Wiko. In the meantime, the three of us worked very hard and laughed a lot. We laughed about their observations as Africans visiting Berlin and about old times.



III. 2: Berlin Mitte

I have tried to format this essay as an adventure tale. Not for reasons of glamour or entertainment, but because adventure is the reason I love anthropology, and thus the reason why I am a scholar. What this year at Wiko has been about for me is getting myself unstuck from the rut of producing academic papers simply for the sake of promotion and tenure and resetting my attention on fieldwork and the adventure of learning new things about the world. So I spent much of the year on my couch in the basement of Villa Jaffé, reading and thinking, or scribbling on the dry erase board. I think I have some exciting ideas for the next field project in Madagascar. I would like to test whether and how increasing involvement in cash exchanges influences sociality and trust and whether these changes influence mental health and how people perceive the world. Tsiazonera and Jaovola are as excited as I am about the idea of extending our research area to the mountains, forests, and drylands of Bara cattle herders, east of the Mikea Forest. So while I did not complete

all the tasks I had planned to finish, I did accomplish this one thing. I have rekindled my appetite for fieldwork, and for this reason I consider my time at Wiko to be a success.

A year at Wiko is a lot like a year spent in the field. Both transform you as a person. I am delighted that both Madagascar and Berlin will always be a part of my life, and that my family extends both to African hunter-gatherers and scholars from throughout the world.



J.N. KOLLEGSPLITTER
MILOŠ VEC

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„Die Kinder ausschimpfen und Witze machen funktioniert in einer Fremdsprache nicht“ (12. Dezember 2011). Wer solche Einsichten gewonnen hat, gab sich mit beiden Herausforderungen vermutlich viele Jahre redlich und vergeblich Mühe. Und es gehört lebenspraktischer Sinn dazu, solche Regeln aus Selbst- und Fremdbeobachtung heraus formulieren zu können.

Joachim Nettelbeck, von dem der Satz stammt, ist dem Kolleg ein Wissenschaftsverwalter der besonderen Art gewesen und den Fellows ein akademischer Tischherr auf Zeit (und das meint nicht nur, dass er donnerstagsabends immer mehrfach den Platz wechselt). Seinen Anteil an Gründung und Aufbau des Kollegs kann der Besucher, trotz oder wegen aller Fama, kaum ermessen. Historizität ist schwer zu erkennen, wenn eine so vitale Gegenwart im Vollzug begriffen ist. Das hängt auch mit dem eigenwilligen Quietismus von JN zusammen, den dieser als sein paradoxes Rollenverständnis kultiviert hat. Er spricht über Verwaltung, dann aber nicht über sich selbst. Er redet nicht über Wissenschaft und beruft sich dafür auf seiner Verwalterrolle. Er scheint oft scheu. Man wird nicht so recht schlau aus JN.

Der Fellowjahrgang 2011/12 durfte ihn ein letztes Mal bei dem kultivierten Kurzpassspiel erleben, als welches er seine *persona* interpretiert. Schon deswegen lohnt es sich, über das Wissenschaftskolleg und seine besondere Atmosphäre anhand seines scheidenden Sekretärs nachzudenken. JN ist eine Figur, um die man nicht herumkommt, vor allem in diesem Jahr, das sein Abschiedsjahr ist, wozu sich jeder am Kolleg auf seine Weise verhält.

Joachim Nettelbeck sitzt im Restaurant. Man sieht ihn dort oft mit Menschen sprechen. Er ist immer interessiert an etwas, das über die soziale Situation hinausweist; auch daraus ergibt sich eine subtile Rastlosigkeit. Seine Begeisterungstätigkeit verdichtet sich in diesen Gesprächen, bei denen er sich erstaunlich wenig um die Haltung des Gegenübers schert, da er seiner Sache sicher ist. Die Fellows des aktuellen Jahrgangs sehen immer besonders genau hin, wenn es keiner der vierzig ihrigen ist, dem sich JN widmet. Was aber nicht heißt, dass die Gespräche abgeschlossen sind, im Gegenteil. JN bindet gerne die Fellows spontan in seine Konversationen ein und stiftet Verbindungen. Er agiert wie ein Patriarch. Man ist vor diesen Einbindungen nicht gesichert, wenn man durch raschen Schritt und untergeklemmte Papiere Eile vorschützt; umgekehrt besteht keine Garantie, dass das demonstrativ beschäftigungslose Vorbeisclendern umstandslos zur sicheren Ansprache führt. Manchmal ruft er an und schlägt kurzfristig ein Treffen zu dritt vor. JN ist eigen-sinnig in seinem Blick auf Netzwerke. Er begründet dabei seine Stiftungen gerne, indem er konkrete Bezüge zwischen Fächern, Orten oder Projekten aufruft, damit beiden Parteien klar ist, warum sie miteinander ins Gespräch kommen könnten. Das klingt unverbindlich im Ton, aber JNs Vorschläge besitzen ein normatives Element, das sich aus Erfahrung und Urteilsvermögen speist und dem man nicht ausweichen sollte. Seine Daseinsgewissheit verleiht ihm bei aller Konzentration eine hintergründige Lockerheit, die verblüffende Facetten hat. Vor allem für Neuankömmlinge.

Während Joachim Nettelbeck mit einem Fellow des Jahrgangs 2011/12 und dem Tübinger Ehepaar Niethammer am Tisch im Oktober über Protest, Demokratie und „Wutbürger“ redet, umschwirrt eine spätsommerliche Stechmücke das Gesicht von Herrn Niethammer, der uns später als Berater des Rektors vorgestellt werden wird. Herr Nettelbeck klatscht mehrfach nach ihr, verfehlt sie aber immer knapp. Die Mücke schwirrt ab und setzt sich auf die Fensterscheibe. Das Protestthema geht weiter. Es ist ein heller Oktobervormittag. Die Mücke kommt zurück und nimmt wieder Herrn Niethammer ins Visier. Herr Nettelbeck, immer noch mit Ausführungen zum Protest beschäftigt, klatscht wieder mit beiden Händen nach ihr, erstaunlich dicht vor Herrn Niethammers Nase übrigens, kontrolliert seine Handflächen und stellt beim dritten Mal triumphierend fest: „Jetzt habe ich sie!“ und fügt dann, zu Herrn Niethammer gewandt, mit autoritativem Gestus hinzu: „Sehen Sie, so fürsorglich sind wir hier!“ Herr Niethammer repliziert sonor, das wisse er schon seit seinem ersten Aufenthalt (7. Oktober 2011).

Im Kolleg kommt man nicht um ihn herum; zumal den Damen, aber eigentlich den Herren noch viel mehr, mag auffallen, dass er gut aussieht. Wenn man etwas vorschlägt, antizipieren die Mitarbeiter des Kollegs schon die Haltung, die JN zu diesem Vorschlag einnehmen würde. Seine Entscheidung wird ihre sein. Er hat eine Art, Entscheidungen zu begründen, die einnehmend ist. Das schließt nicht aus, dass die Mitarbeiter des Kollegs untereinander kontrovers diskutieren. Er wirkt nicht so, als ob er sich gerne später umstimmen lässt.

Sein stereotyper Satz „Ich bin hier der Verwalter“ ist eine paradoxe Zurückweisung bestimmter Erwartungen, die ihm seine Umwelt reflexhaft andient. Paradox ist die Zurückweisung, weil die Kehrseite der Selbstbeschränkung eine Aufladung des Verwaltens und aller Administrationen mit sich bringt; das begreift man als Zuhörer aber nicht sofort. JN sagt diesen Satz beispielsweise, wenn man ihn fragt, warum er sich im Dienstagskolloquium nie zu Wort meldet (1. Februar 2012). Die, die ihn das fragen, wissen ebenso wie JN selbst, dass er zu jedem der Vorträge in Inhalt, Methode und Stil eine klare und pointierte Einschätzung abgeben könnte. Manchmal kann man ihm später, nach den Diskussionen, noch solche Werturteile entlocken und mit den eigenen abgleichen. Manchmal geht von der Übereinstimmung der Einschätzungen eine beruhigende Wirkung aus. So erging es mir nach dem Kolloquium, der Moderation und den Diskussionsbeiträgen von Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht, der seine fellow Fellows stärker polarisierte, als ich es je vermutet hätte. Darüber freut sich Sepp übrigens diebisch und betont, dass

dann hoffentlich bei allen endlich der Groschen gefallen sei, dass das, was er treibe, keine „Geisteswissenschaft“ sein will.

Im Kolloquium sitzt JN immer nahe des Seiteneingangs, um möglichst unauffällig verschwinden zu können. Er lächelt nicht, sondern hört konzentriert zu, auf seinem Stammpfad neben dem Feuerlöscher. Seine Stirn und der Kopf sind vorgeschoben, die Brust eingerollt. Gegen die dunkle Holztür ist sein Teint noch dunkler als sonst, grau melierte Haare, sein sonnengegerbtes hageres Gesicht gemahnt in diesem Moment an Charles Bronson, der Mann, der bei Sergio Leone „Mundharmonika“ spielen durfte, weil man „mit seinem Gesicht einen Zug anhalten kann“. Der Eindruck, dass er fotogen ist, übersteht auch die Information, dass er sich nicht gerne fotografieren lässt. Er hat leuchtende Augen und ein Lächeln, das die Zähne zeigt.

JNs Briefe sind in aller Förmlichkeit reizend. Ich hätte damals, als ich die Einladung ans Wissenschaftskolleg bekam und den Aufenthalt vorbereitete, gerne gewusst, wie der Schreibtisch ihres Verfassers aussieht. Als ich das erste Mal während des Jahres das helle Zimmer im 1. Stock der Villa Linde betrat, kam es mir plausibel vor, dass JN einen sehr aufgeräumten, großzügig, ja geradezu leer wirkenden Arbeitstisch hat. Darum herum sind an drei Seiten Fenster. Maurice Weiss' Foto in „Köpfe und Ideen 2012“ zeigt JN in einer Zwischenwelt zwischen innen und außen, am Fenster sitzend zwischen dem Garten des Hauses und dem Büro der Villa Linde, zwischen Fenstern, in denen er sich spiegelt. Obwohl es ein inszeniertes Portrait ist, scheint ihm die Pose wie auf den Leib geschneidert.

Dieses offene Gehäuse des Patriarchen strahlt jene Ruhe aus, welche hilft, um den Kopf frei zu haben für jene Details, die das Fellowleben am Wissenschaftskolleg in so unnachahmlicher Weise prägen. Man entdeckt Bedürfnisse, die man vorher nicht hatte. Die Kopierer sind nie defekt, haben erstaunliche Funktionen und erledigen ihre Arbeit ohne Geräusche. Daneben steht ein Novus B 45/3, der mich bei der ersten Benutzung so begeisterte, dass ich sofort einen eigenen bestellte und in W2 in Griffweite unterbrachte. Damit wird jetzt geheftet, was das Zeug hält (eine Klammer durchstößt bis zu 140 Blatt!). Die Bibliothek überrascht durch Serviceleistungen und Abläufe, die man zu Hause selbst in Jahren nicht etablieren konnte. Begleitbrief von Katharina Wiedemann von der Öffentlichkeitsarbeit: Wenn man keinen Kontakt mit der Presse wünscht, bitte auch sagen! Um den Grunewaldsee joggen, eine Bache mit Frischlingen baut sich böse vor mir auf. Es fehlen dem Kolleg entsprechende Verhaltensratschläge an seine Fellows, ist die allgemeine Meinung. Nur Meyer-Kalkus ist amüsiert, es sei ja doch alles gut ausgegangen! (9. November 2011). Im Keller steht eine Schuhputzmaschine, die niemand verwendet.

JN hat immer saubere Schuhe, aber gewiss nicht von einer Maschine. Er bevorzugt Kombinationen, trägt selten Krawatten und nie Anzüge. Die Hosen sind ausgebeult, immer etwas weit geschnitten und betonen die sehr schlank sitzenden weißen Hemden, die er offen trägt. Er trägt dabei die Garderobe seines Stiefvaters auf, der einen ausgeprägten Begriff von Qualität gehabt haben muss. Es ist eine akademische professorale Eleganz in typisch geisteswissenschaftlichem Understatement. JN ist ein Typ Intellektueller, den man sich an Universitäten öfter wünschen würde; nicht nur wegen der Bildung, sondern wegen des Stils und der Gelassenheit, mit der er agiert. Ich habe ihn nie getrieben erlebt.

„Je mehr Distanz man sich zum etablierten Betrieb leisten will, desto mehr Macht braucht man“ (26. Januar 2012). JNs Blick auf die Wissenschaftswelt ist politischer, als man es ob der romantisch-ungezwungenen Atmosphäre des Kollegalltags ahnen möchte. Er besitzt Klugheit im vormodernen Sinne, das heißt einen Möglichkeitssinn, der immer auch die Wege und Mittel der Durchsetzung von Programmen und Projekten reflektiert. Dass er neben Rechtswissenschaften auch Soziologie studierte, passt sehr gut dazu. Oder ist es umgekehrt?

„Kreativität braucht Genuss und Langeweile“ (2. Mai 2012). Dass das Wissenschaftskolleg so eingerichtet ist, wie es ist, ist sein Verdienst. Er verteidigt die Notwendigkeit des scheinbar Überflüssigen und lässt sich keine vordergründigen Nützlichkeitspostulate aufdrängen. Nach der materiellen Ausstattung sind es immer wieder Zeit und Freiheit, die JN als gelebte Tugenden des Kollegs akzentuiert. Er ist sich ihrer Vorzüge so sicher, dass er keinen Kandidaten zu reich oder berühmt wähnt, um nicht Geschmack am Wissenschaftskolleg zu finden. „Einen größeren Luxus als hier gibt es nicht!“ (10. Juli 2012).

Rund 1400 Fellows hat er ins Wissenschaftskolleg ein- und wieder austreten sehen. Er erinnert sich an alle, auch wenn es immer wieder die gleichen Namen scheinen, auf die er seine Gesprächspartner verweist. Und er selbst? Einunddreißig Jahrgänge. Ob er wohl mehr zugehört oder mehr gesprochen hat? Und hat es sich in dieser Lebensspanne, seiner und des Kollegs, wohl verschoben? Wie seltsam, dass am Ende unseres Fellowjahres am Kolleg auch der Wissenschaftsverwalter von Bord ging. Die Wiko-Nostalgie, deren Heraufziehen man schon früh ahnte, wird objektiviert und Teil einer institutionellen Periodisierung.

Die Zäsur von Verabschiedung und Anfang erreicht auch das Wiko selbst, das sich nun nicht nur über einen nächsten Fellowjahrgang erneuert, sondern auch mit einem neuen Sekretär startet. Meine aufkeimende Nostalgie nach dem unvergleichlichen Jahr im Grunewald konterte Wiebke Güse von der IT, die ich Monate später um eine verschollene Datei anging, in wunderbar fröhlichem Ton; ihr spontaner Ausruf sollte meinen

Orts- und Stellungswechsel würdigen, aber er spricht gegen alle Wehmut die Unbekümmertheit aus, die beide Seiten trägt: „Jetzt geht es erst richtig los!“

Liste meiner Arbeiten, die während des Fellowjahres erschienen sind:

Völkerrecht und Weltwirtschaft im 19. Jahrhundert, herausgegeben von Rainer Klump und Miloš Vec. Baden-Baden: Nomos Verlag, 2012. (Studien zur Geschichte des Völkerrechts 26.)

Constructing International Law – The Birth of a Discipline, herausgegeben von Luigi Nuzzo und Miloš Vec. Frankfurt/Main: Klostermann, 2012. (Studien zur europäischen Rechtsgeschichte 273.)

„Interventionsstaat.“ In *Handwörterbuch zur Deutschen Rechtsgeschichte*, 2. Aufl., Bd. 2, herausgegeben von Albrecht Cordes, Heiner Lück und Dieter Werkmüller. Berlin, 2011, Sp. 1279–1283.

„De-Juridifying ‚Balance of Power‘ – a Principle in 19th Century International Legal Doctrine.“ European Society of International Law (ESIL) Conference Paper Series (December 5, 2011).

Available at SSRN: http://papers.ssrn.com/sol3/papers.cfm?abstract_id=1968667

„Wie aufklärerisch war die Völkerrechtswissenschaft des 18. Jahrhunderts?“ In *Aufklärung und Wissenschaft: Meeting* veranstaltet von der Deutschen Akademie der Naturforscher Leopoldina, dem Interdisziplinären Zentrum für die Erforschung der Europäischen Aufklärung (IZEA) und dem Seminar für Philosophie der Martin-Luther-Universität Halle-Wittenberg vom 25. bis 26. Januar 2007 in Halle (Saale), herausgegeben von Rainer Enskat und Andreas Kleinert, 25–47. Acta Historica Leopoldina Nr. 57, 2012.

„The Birth of International Law as a Legal Discipline in the 19th Century“ (zusammen mit Luigi Nuzzo). In *Constructing International Law – The Birth of a Discipline*, herausgegeben von denselben, S. IX–XVI. Frankfurt/Main: Klostermann, 2012. (Studien zur europäischen Rechtsgeschichte 273.)

„Principles in 19th Century International Law Doctrine.“ In *Constructing International Law – The Birth of a Discipline*“, herausgegeben von Luigi Nuzzo und Miloš Vec, 209–227. Frankfurt/Main: Klostermann, 2012. (Studien zur europäischen Rechtsgeschichte 273.)

“I am not sure we are actually very truthful to one another. Miloš Vec über Samantha Besson als fellow Fellow.“ In *Köpfe und Ideen* 2012, S. 34–47.

- „Alle Weltworte streben nach Standardisierung: Vereinheitlichung und Vereinheitlichungskritik in historischer Perspektive.“ In *Normen, Standards, Werte – was die Welt zusammenhält*, herausgegeben von Heinz-Dieter Assmann, Frank Baasner und Jürgen Wertheimer, 11–34. Baden-Baden: Nomos Verlagsgesellschaft, 2012. (Wertewelten 3.)
- „Große Erwartungen: Völkerrecht und Weltwirtschaft im 19. Jahrhundert“ (zus. mit Rainer Klump). In *Völkerrecht und Weltwirtschaft im 19. Jahrhundert*, herausgegeben von denselben, 1–16. Baden-Baden: Nomos Verlagsgesellschaft, 2012. (Studien zur Geschichte des Völkerrechts 26.)
- „Gerechtigkeit, unendliche.“ In 2012. *Das vielleicht letzte Magazin der Welt* (Online-Fassung auf der facebook-Seite des Magazins). Red Bulletin GmbH Wien.
http://www.facebook.com/note.php?note_id=202757286511509
- „Völkerrechtswissenschaft.“ In *Enzyklopädie der Neuzeit*, Bd. 14, herausgegeben von Friedrich Jaeger. Stuttgart: Metzler, 2011, Sp. 392–394.
- „Rechtskritik als Verpflichtung: Juristische Zeitgeschichte in aufklärerisch-bürgerlicher Absicht.“ In *Rechtsgestaltung – Rechtskritik – Konkurrenz von Rechtsordnungen ... Neue Akzente für die Juristenausbildung*, herausgegeben von Hagen Hof und Peter Götz von Olenhusen, 300–314. Baden-Baden: Nomos Verlagsgesellschaft, 2012.
- „Brot und Butter der meisten Juristen sind Blut und Blech. Eine Tagung der VW-Stiftung diskutiert Reformen der Juristenausbildung und entzweit sich über streitbare Reformer.“ In *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung. Forschung und Lehre* (14. Dezember 2011), S. N 5.
- „Das Theater des Rechts.“ Rezension zu: Cornelia Vismann. *Medien der Rechtsprechung*, herausgegeben von Alexandra Kemmerer und Markus Krajewski. Frankfurt/Main: Fischer, 2011. In *Zeitschrift für Ideengeschichte* 6 (2012): 109–112.
- „Die Sache mit diesem Sockenabdruck.“ Rezension zu: Jens Söring. *Nicht schuldig – Wie ich zum Opfer der US-Justiz wurde*. München: Droemer, 2012. In *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (26. März 2012), S. 28.



A FINALE
MARK VINEY

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The time has come, finally. One always knew it would, but it is still rather a surprise, and a slightly unpleasant one at that. All year long I've toyed with ideas of what to write now, but those half thought-through thoughts now seem dim and dull. As I've read ever more predecessors' yearbooks it's also clear that there's little hope of novelty. My fellow Fellow, and now friend, Miloš Vec told me in the first few weeks of this Wissenschaftskolleg year that he had already started writing his end-of-year reflection. I laughed when he told me this, but now I am slightly envious. I don't normally keep a diary, though I am an avid reader of them. This year I did keep a diary, just for the experience and to try to capture moments of what I anticipated would be a special time. While I've been diligent in this diary keeping, it has become a bit of a chore. I'm not sure it's going to help writing this now.

In preparing to come to Berlin I thought of the Wissenschaftskolleg as a rather pleasant monastery – a place where I would be left in peace and quiet, to do the work I wished. It has certainly been a place where I have been left to work, but the stimulation and busyness has been astounding – very un-monastery-like. Busyness may sound odd, but it's been busyness of the head. I normally sleep very well. I'm asleep within moments of my head touching a pillow and don't stir for eight hours or so. Not so at Wiko. Here my sleep has been very disturbed, yet I'm more refreshed than ever. In the early weeks of the intensive German language course (level A = total beginner) I often stirred around 4 a.m., conjugating a verb, and by 5 a.m. I was awake and up, having to look up the correct answer. The language course finished, and my sleep was no longer interrupted by German grammar, but by lunch and dinnertime conversations and by the Tuesday Colloquiums. Very often I found myself early in the morning going over a conversation from the previous day, trying to reconstruct it or make sure I understood it. Biologically what I think was happening was that my brain cells were being rewired – breaking existing connections and making new ones.

I had eagerly anticipated meeting people from different disciplines, especially those from the humanities. Meeting and talking to everyone was easy, a delight in fact. Trying to understand many people's work has been much harder than I had expected, sometimes frustratingly hard. For the humanities I went on quite a journey. Initially, I eagerly anticipated learning about people's work, but I was then frustrated at how hard it was for me to understand what they were doing, or why. Latterly, my view matured to respect for what I think are the hard things that people are trying to do. Perhaps I was being too optimistic about what one could achieve in a year, and rather this year has set my head in a new way for the future. (And, of course, if only I had had this sort of humanities exposure 20 years ago ...). I thought the start of the year was interesting. Everyone was away from their normal environment and their comfort zone; we all gathered slightly nervously. I think this had a juggling effect on us all, and silently there was a negotiation and renegotiation of self-perceived relative position and role. I wonder if we've actually all been in an anthropological experiment?

The Tuesday Colloquiums became the set piece of each week. I enjoyed all of these, maybe with a couple of exceptions. I think we were probably insufficiently challenging to each other during very many of these discussions. Perhaps this was a good trade-off because we became, and remained, a group of friends, though I think we could have both been more challenging and still stayed close. Chance conversations were very important

too. I took to getting a cup of tea from the restaurant about 9:30 most mornings, because then there were always some people having breakfast who were happy to natter. Sometimes we talked of trivia, sometimes we laughed, and sometimes we had a serious conversation – or all of these together.

My office in the New Building was a slight surprise. It had (and, indeed, continues to have) no right angles. It was actually a few weeks before I realised that it actually had any internal symmetry at all. The room had two desks, which gave me a new way to work. One table was for reading, the other for computer stuff. I think I've spent about two-thirds of my time reading, the remainder attached to a computer; normally it's easily the other way around. I came to Berlin wanting to read widely around the area of phenotypic plasticity, but I also brought some other pieces of work; for example, I was thinking of writing a grant application or two. Early on I decided against writing these applications, because this is what I normally do, and I didn't want this year to be normal. I did read though. I got particularly interested in some recent work (although actually the basic phenomena are known from the 1950's, though only now are the mechanisms being understood) about noise in biological systems, specifically noise in how genes produce protein products. One of the consequences of such noise is that genetically identical cells in identical environments end up being different. While Sarah Reece was in Berlin, we both realised that we were confused about biological bet hedging. Jacob Koella and Steve Stearns patiently put us straight on bet hedging theory, but Sarah and I were still confused about what many people wrote about bet hedging. Then noise and bet hedging came together, because noise generating phenotypic difference among genetically identical individuals is commonly being called bet hedging, but we're really not so sure this is right – and we're continuing to work on this. That I ended up working on this wasn't what I had anticipated, not least because I thought I knew what bet hedging was.

When we arrived there was much talk about previous years' Fellows arriving with secret projects. I think there was a tacit hope that we'd reveal hitherto secret projects. Well I did come with one – something I worked on a few years ago, but which rather dwindled. I haven't done any active work on this in Berlin, but a surprising number of chance conversations (Franz Alto Bauer, Samantha Besson, Luca Giuliani, Philip Kitcher, Clemens Leonhard) kept bringing me back to this. So, I also leave here with a resolve to resurrect this project, that is once I've finished the new things I've started here. Oh dear.

Being in Berlin has given me a new perspective to think about the usual academic environment in which I work. Many things are good: there's a pretty large academic base

and, particularly for the natural sciences, this is comparatively richly funded. Over the last 15 years or so there have been increasing drives to measure and value our national academic endeavour. Again, this seems not unreasonable – it is good to think about how public money is being used. But this simple question seems to have turned into an obsessive, metrics-driven driver of the academic endeavour. Instead of addressing the questions of what we're doing and why, with thought and judgement, ranges of metrics (impact factors, citation rates, grant income) have become all that matters. (Yehuda Elkana pointed me to Onora O'Neill's *A Question of Trust*, which thinks clearly about these questions in other settings.) This has long-term effects too. Whole generations of younger academics now no longer know that it doesn't have to be like this. Worse, they judge the interest and quality of their work by these metrics. I don't deeply know how the Wissenschaftskolleg works – that is, how it gathers Fellows and chooses which different areas to pursue. I get a sense that it carefully thinks for itself, often over some time, and maybe asks for expert advice (which it may take, or ignore) and then it trusts its own judgement. As I look to return to the UK (which, incidentally, will be at a six-year peak of metric counting), the Wissenschaftskolleg has given me pause to look beyond metrics and reminded me what an academic life is and why I have chosen it, and so I hope to keep part of me centred and nourished from Berlin.

The Wissenschaftskolleg Fellows, partners and families became a family itself. In Wallotstraße and Koenigsallee, the Hasensprung and the Grunewald, the Wilmersdorf swimming pool, the Philharmonie, Deutsche Oper or Staatsoper, on the S-Bahn or the M19 bus, one bumps into the Wissenschaftskolleg family all the time. This has been a delight. In the back of the Villa Walther, a whole gaggle of children play together. This easy intimacy of a ready-made community sharing a Berlin life has been a rich joy. As we come to leave, we're mourning. The Wissenschaftskolleg staff are of course part of this family too. One thing that I noticed early on was that the Wissenschaftskolleg staff smiled – all the time! This isn't something one sees so often, but these smiles are real, and this is good for everyone's souls. All the previous yearbooks have said everything that I would wish to say, and far more eloquently, in praise of the staff – and so I simply echo these with my deepest respect and sincere gratitude.



A TEMPLE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY
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I came to Wiko after ten years of academic-administrative work, during which I established a new research center at the Hebrew University called “Scholion”. My ability to conduct research during those years was limited. Coming to Wiko was therefore a much-needed incentive. I hoped that it would quickly refuel my creativity and writing. I won’t forget my first day in Berlin. I landed in Schönefeld in the morning and by noon I was already working at my desk. The reception was perfect. I had never received such hospitality before. The unique beginning was an omen of the future and indicative of my entire stay at Wiko. Fellows tend to compare Wiko to paradise, but this comparison is insulting. Wiko is a much more enticing garden. Whereas in the mythological garden of Eden God banishes anyone who eats the fruit from the tree of knowledge, in Wiko you are urged to eat more and more of it. Moreover, in the biblical Eden there is only one God who envies one man: “For God knows that when you eat from it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil” (Genesis 3, 5). In the Wiko garden there are 40 men and women who are treated like gods.

After settling in so quickly, I was able to begin some very productive research. I came to Wiko with the intention of working on an 8th-century text, a *Midrash* (exegesis) called

Pesikta Rabbati. For the past twenty years I have been trying to find echoes of a Christian presence within Jewish rabbinical literature, either in a polemical form or by appropriating some of its premises and turning them into Jewish concepts. Underlying these attempts is the hypothesis that during the first millennium AD Judaism was slowly marginalized, while Christianity became dominant. At a certain historical moment rabbinical Judaism suddenly found itself absorbing and not simply bequeathing. My historical assumption is that this process could not have taken place without the development of Jewish defence mechanisms and attempts to delegitimize the competing religion.

The sources defy these assumptions. Rabbinic literature scarcely makes mention of Christianity. This silence is provocative and has brought me to seek an alternative ear. I began to listen to the way they conducted their polemics in a concealed manner. I began by examining a text – *Pesikta* – that was to be a kind of exploratory drill, looking for some signs of oil. But how can one prove the presence of a polemic when its creators are trying to hide it?

The work of a scholar is unpredictable and it is hard to guess when the drill will produce oil and whether it will be crude or refined. The text I chose immediately struck oil. As I delved into it, together with Clemens Leonhard and Daniel Stökl Ben Ezra, I realized that research on this text has to this day completely missed its most important context – the dialogue with Christianity. *Pesikta* was probably edited in the Land of Israel (though some scholars think it was edited in Italy) in a Byzantine environment and during the Arab conquests. These upheavals emerge in the text as the editors desired to establish a Jewish identity and see it survive in a competing religious environment that appropriates the canonical text – the Bible. This was done by absorbing Christian ideas into the Jewish sphere, but sometimes the process created disagreement and polemics. *Pesikta Rabbati* appears as the Midrashic text most influenced by Christianity, but also one that is constantly debating with the latter's principles.

As I mentioned before, two partners joined me in this project – Daniel and Clemens. The three of us are studying liturgy and are searching for the footprints of the respective other religion in the Jewish and Christian liturgies. The days dedicated to our joint readings were the most beautiful of my stay at Wiko.

I was privileged to be part of an institute whose human, cultural and spiritual values were very much like those of the institute I established in Jerusalem. The Talmud states that one of the 49 qualities needed for the study of the Torah is a “community of friends”. The greatest achievements in experimental and theoretical sciences, as in art and literature,

were perhaps made by exceptional individuals, but the “community of friends” that Wiko so carefully nurtures is not at the expense of individuality. The joint lunches were the most difficult ritual for me to become accustomed to. I am not used to eating in the middle of the day, and the obligation to stop working and make time for small talk seemed to me a waste of time. But now, one of the new innovations I wish to implement in Scholion will be: joint lunches.

Another wondrous socialization mechanism in Wiko was music. The concerts that took place in Wiko and the joint excursions of the Fellows to concerts downtown made music a valuable cohesive agent. Indeed, 19th-century literature and classical music were the two most common subjects of discussion among the Fellows. The conversations on the former subject made me realize how ignorant I am. The conversations on the latter made me realize how much more I have to study. These subjects are indicative of the cultural horizons in which the discourse in Wiko takes place. Yet, they are extremely Western. The majority of scholars came from Europe and North America. Africa, South America, Central and East Asia were hardly represented. Some of the Fellows from the Middle East have lived and taught for years in the West. I think it is appropriate to offer a wider range of cultural representation.

History is forever present in Wiko. The corner of Erdener Straße, from which Jews were sent *en masse* to the Grunewald station, and the monument commemorating the murder of the German-Jewish foreign minister Walter Rathenau were daily reminders not just of the almost complete disappearance of Jews from Berlin but also to the disappearance of the Jewish-German culture that flourished in Berlin until a few decades ago. My grandparents, both from Vienna, were executed by Austrian soldiers who served in the *Wehrmacht* as retaliation for the killing of 22 German soldiers by the Serbian underground. Being their grandson, returning to Berlin, speaking German, enjoying German music and making German friends is a great comfort, but also the source of immense sadness for what could have been in this city if hatred had not taken root in people’s hearts.

I was fortunate to come to a city that today cherishes culture and is tolerant of people as they are. Wiko is the temple in the heart of this city.



« S'IL VOUS PLAÎT ... DESSINE-MOI
UN WIKO »
BÉNÉDICTE ZIMMERMANN

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Juste avant mon arrivée au Wissenschaftskolleg, je venais de publier un livre synthétisant les résultats de mes dernières années de recherche et je ressentais le besoin de faire le point, d'identifier les questions clés d'un nouveau chantier pour les années à venir. J'avais quelques articles à rendre. Je les ai rédigés en arrivant, ils ont été publiés depuis.

Je ne suis pas arrivée au Wiko avec un projet d'écriture, plutôt avec l'espoir d'enfin (re)trouver le temps de lire, de voyager d'un auteur à l'autre, sans me préoccuper d'un rendement productif immédiat : pas d'objectif de nombre d'articles à publier, pas de chasse aux financements de la recherche, pas de tâches chronophages de management de

la recherche. Mes espoirs n'ont pas été déçus, même si sur les deux derniers points j'ai souvent été rattrapée, et bien plus que je ne le pensais, par mon institution d'origine. Tout au long de l'année, j'ai apprécié au plus haut point qu'existent encore des îlots comme le Wiko qui résistent à une culture de l'excellence strictement pilotée par des critères quantitatifs et court-termistes d'évaluation de la production scientifique. Le chercheur y est si bien traité, ses recherches tant considérées, qu'il a l'impression d'atterrir sur une autre planète.

J'avais des idées de textes à écrire, dont certains me tenaient à cœur, mais pour lesquels je n'avais pris aucun engagement, ni par rapport à un éditeur, ni par rapport à moi-même. Je n'en ai écrit aucun, mais j'en ai écrit d'autres, en accord avec le principe que je m'étais fixé de profiter du luxe qu'offre le Wiko de pouvoir me laisser guider là où le hasard des rencontres et le désir d'exploration m'emmèneraient. Les idées avec lesquelles j'étais arrivée ont entre-temps muries et je rentre avec autant d'engagements, désormais pris avec moi-même, pour les mois à venir.

En lien avec l'ouvrage que je venais de publier, cette année a aussi été marquée par de nombreux séminaires et conférences donnés en France et en Allemagne. Trop peut-être, mais la présentation de mes travaux, en particulier auprès de collègues allemands (Bochum, Berlin, Göttingen, Hambourg) et leur réception, assez différente de la réception française, ont été des expériences hautement instructives et enrichissantes.

Mais au-delà de tout, le vrai bonheur a été cette année de pouvoir me consacrer à un même texte de manière continue, des journées entières, jusqu'à ce qu'il soit fini. Les conditions de travail offertes par le Wiko ont été décisives, mais aussi les conditions de vie familiale : un mari en année sabbatique, entièrement disponible pour s'occuper de nos enfants et des multiples petites tâches chronophages qui rythment une vie de famille. Nous nous sommes tous les cinq beaucoup plu dans l'environnement prévenant du Wiko et à Berlin, ville si accueillante et facile à vivre. Sans doute le Wiko ne serait-il pas le Wiko s'il n'était à Berlin !

Certains de mes co-Fellows ont pu comparer le Wiko à un zoo ou un cirque, braquant les projecteurs sur la comédie humaine qui s'y joue. Et de fait, le Wiko c'est aussi cela : une forme d'expérimentation qui se renouvelle chaque année. Mettez quarante chercheurs dans un bocal où les frontières entre vie professionnelle et vie privée deviennent labiles et voyez ce que ça donne. Au fil des années, les dévoués membres du staff doivent voir les mêmes scènes se reproduire, s'en amuser parfois, peut-être aussi s'en lasser. Je me

suis pour ma part délectée à observer cette petite communauté dans son bocal, me sentant à la fois dedans et dehors – déformation probablement liée au métier de sociologue.

Du dehors, on voit comment, au gré des semaines et des mois qui passent, les personnalités individuelles, mais aussi les dynamiques de groupes et de sous-groupes se font et se défont, comment peu à peu se révèlent les caractères que l'on retrouve dans toute comédie humaine : le sage, la diva, la bonne mère, l'artiste, le pitre, le taciturne, le mélancolique, le rêveur, le don juan ... – eh oui, la communauté était très majoritairement masculine ! Derrière la plupart de ces caractères se cachent des personnalités fortes, parfois à fleur de peau. Dans les jeux de l'être et du paraître, les personnes se font jour avec le temps, au-delà des personnages dans lesquels les uns et les autres se coulent plus ou moins consciemment. Il y a ceux et celles qu'on croit connaître, mais qu'on connaît mal, ceux qui se révèlent progressivement et ceux qui resteront secret(e)s jusqu'au bout. Il en résulte de belles rencontres et de belles surprises, y compris avec soi-même.

Du dedans, on a plutôt le sentiment d'une réserve naturelle, d'un parc de régénération d'une espèce en voie de disparition : le chercheur, considéré au titre de ses recherches, l'artiste au titre de son art. Le respect et la reconnaissance de la contribution de chacun sont des points essentiels que je retiendrai de cette année au Wiko. Cultivées par l'institution et son staff, ces valeurs contaminent aussi les relations entre les chercheurs, même si certains, séduits dans un premier temps par la délicieuse sensation de quitter le cadre étriqué et délétère de l'esprit académique national de compétition, ne peuvent s'empêcher dans un second temps d'instiller des dynamiques de mise en concurrence entre fellows. Fort heureusement, il s'est agi là d'une minorité ; pour beaucoup d'autres, dont moi-même, la fonction de régénération et d'échange a fonctionné à plein.